

TWO SIDES OF THE ATLANTIC

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TWO SIDES OF THE ATLANTIC



NOTES OF AN ANGLO-AMERICAN
NEWSPAPERMAN

6316/III

BY

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LONDON
GRANT RICHARDS LTD.
ST MARTIN'S STREET

1917

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TO
ARTHUR MAJOR ALLEN, ESQUIRE, LL.B.,
LONDON CORRESPONDENT OF THE
"LIVERPOOL COURIER,"
WITH GREAT REGARD.
1917.

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CHAPTER I

AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS

IT is hardly an exaggeration to say that most Britons think of an American as in some way or other a man who, whatever else he may, or may not be, is always a journalist. The psychology of this particular "idol of the mind" is one that entirely beats *us*, we must confess; and be it that ninety per cent. of Americans who go abroad, whether for business, or simply for a vā-cation, invariably manage to persuade editors known to them to print accounts of their wanderings and experiences, or that they really possess a more highly specialized nose for news, we find ourselves unable to decide at the moment. Benjamin Franklin, it will be remembered, more than once declared that a besetting sin of his countrymen was curiosity, and perhaps it is a consciousness of this trait in his fellows that makes your American of all classes so anxious to see himself in type; while the same principle would of course make Americans omnivorous newspaper-readers — which they undoubtedly are.

It is a very well established fact, however, and every Briton who has resided in the States or in Canada will attest it, that the youth of America,

no matter in what branch of commerce they may work, never despair of earning a livelihood so long as papers continue to be published. We once—to give an instance—lived in a house in New York where our five fellow-lodgers were: a salesman, who earned about “25 dollars per,” as he would tell anyone without adequate provocation; an automobile demonstrator whose emoluments rarely exceeded 30 dollars weekly; a young lawyer who had never yet seen more than 20 dollars at one time; a physician—there are no mere *doctors* in the States, the term not being sonorous enough—who only physicked himself, and that with lager beer, gin-rickey, or rock-and-rye, for the most part; a young politician, still in the mugwump stage, who during primary and ward elections was accustomed to do spell-binding stunts from the tail-end of a cart, his business being to fire off Philippics at so many dollars the hour; since elections or political crises were, however, not always active, why, the politician rarely saw more than twenty separate “bones” in one and the same week.

We were ourselves at that period temporarily in Mister Micawber's condition, and one day as a result of an interview which was accorded us by a highly important managing-editor, were placed in a comfortable position on a big New York paper, the emoluments of which changed our outlook, not only financially, but also professionally. The result was, however, to add five more newspapermen to the already large enough army in New York, for all our fellow-lodgers, following on our

fortunate promotion, straightway left their positions, and within three days became staff-members of various publications in New York City or Brooklyn. This is by no means a case by itself. It is a common occurrence, not only in New York but in all the big newspaper centres of the United States, the principal of which are Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St Louis, San Francisco. In these cities no man who has any powers of observation and who can write more or less readable English, need remain without a remunerative position for twenty-four hours. This fact accounts for there being so many Britons in American journalism, who never thought of earning a livelihood in that way until they “hit” a big city in the Union where newspapers happened to be plentiful and average rewards far handsomer than in the majority of the liberal professions—even as in England.

Not many of the English newspapermen one meets in America have served their time on English newspapers. A very large percentage of them have made their way into American journalism from the ranching, the railway, or the insurance worlds, in which occupations there are many Britons engaged. Those who have reached the newspaper offices have, nearly all of them, the same tale to tell, namely, that they had suddenly found themselves without employment and turned to journalism as likely to afford them a chance of using their academic advantages.

Moreover, the process termed “butting into the newspaper game” by men who have had no

experience of it, is of such frequent occurrence in big cities of the States, that the success it often meets with, even in the case of Americans who have no journalistic ability beyond that of gathering facts, is sufficient to tempt Englishmen of good parts to try their luck at a game that occasionally offers big rewards. Often, too, the fact that a well-educated Englishman has had no experience of English journalism is good enough to recommend him to American editors who object to the process of reconstructing the young idea.

We doubt, however, if the Briton who has had only an American experience of the craft would make much appeal to English editors, no matter what his academic attainments. When an Englishman has resided in America for five or six years, he is no longer the Englishman he was when he left home. Neither is he an American. Yet he has become what the French call *dépaysé*, or denationalized, to the extent that English customs have become odd and strange to him; and if he is a writer, the change has affected his style. No man lives in America for half-a-dozen years without undergoing the process known as "Americanization," and the change communicates itself to his way of thinking and his way of expressing himself.

This being so, one is confronted with the fact that a style of expression, which is good in an American paper, is not necessarily good in an English paper, a truth the wanderer soon realizes on his return home. Not that the entire balance

of merit is in favour of the English papers. Far from that! In the great American papers there daily appear individual stories that would make the fortune of any London paper, and which are perfect in style and taste. On the other hand, the bulk of the matter is but a slovenly marshalling of facts in very crude English which is redeemed, however, by its capital sub-editing and descriptive headings. American newspaper extremes, it must be said, are pronounced; their middle or average is weak—talking very generally, of course. In England the high average is the strong point of the paper, the total result going to provide an excellent balance all round.

In the great mass of daily papers of Canada and the United States, it may be accepted as in general true, that there is nothing educative, nor any attempt or intention to educate.¹ Unlike the best British sheets, which seek to combine a certain amount of instruction with the news, the North American dailies aim solely at the presentment of news in as full and interesting a manner as possible. If there are a few exceptions to this, they are just such exceptions as prove the rule. Even in church-going Canada the newspapers, to a large extent modelled on those of the States, look to the police-courts and the law-courts to supply them with seventy-five per cent. of their stock reading matter, the result being that crime is the major stand-by of the more popular and more largely circulated organs.

¹ An exception must be made in the case of Sunday editions in the States.—H. G.

Without the frankly commercial appeal to the pruriency of a certain public and the quest of its taste for the scandalous and even the obscene, it is quite certain that the earlier papers of the "Yellow" systems, and the existing sheets of the Hearst system of morning and evening sheets, could neither have paid expenses nor attained anything like the vast daily audience which they now possess. With regard to Joseph Pulitzer's *New York World*, however, it may be said that its tone has so much changed within the past fifteen years as to make it now-a-days almost quakerish and sedate by comparison with what it was when the very successful Hungarian re-made the paper in 1883, having bought it from his relative, Albert Pulitzer.

At his death in 1911, the value of Joseph Pulitzer's estate was declared at the enormous sum of five millions sterling, the actual valuation of the *World*—which he had bought in 1883 for £20,000—being made at three million pounds, or fifteen million dollars—a fortune entirely built up in the course of thirty-three years as a newspaper-owner. That he was well and favourably known throughout the world was shown at his demise, when every important organ of opinion at home and abroad paid its tribute of respect to the departed journalist, his fellow newspaper-magnates in England all devoting many columns of their own newspapers to personal reminiscences of, and respectful tributes to, the great Hungarian publicist.

The writer was a *World* worker for some years, and can say, without exaggeration, that the editor-

proprietor was not only the ablest but also the most popular member of the entire organization—a popularity which has indeed descended to his sons, Ralph, Joseph and Herbert Pulitzer, who now very worthily control the destinies of the great organ of United States Democracy in Park Row. An unquestioned editorial genius, Joseph Pulitzer's enterprise ultimately made the *New York World*, despite its early sensationalism, the champion of all whom political and economic conditions in America held in bondage and oppression. As Pulitzer himself often excusably enough would boast, and without the least note of vain-gloriousness, the enemies of Common Right had never once succeeded in muzzling the *World*.

The great American editor—for he is in the same class as Greeley, Dana, Watterson and Godkin—had the good fortune, so rare now-a-days among commercially successful journalists and toilers with the editorial pen, of having been throughout his career entirely faithful to the political principles with which he started. He began as a Democrat and ended as one, though Heaven only knows how many of the great despotic Trusts had tried to buy him over to an advocacy and sanctioning of their policies. From the day on which he wrote his very first editorial he became a force to be reckoned with among the thoughtful political and really humanitarian forces of the Union, and so continued till his passing. However much sensationalism may once have discoloured the news-columns of his paper, it is certain that when the unmistakable stylus of

the Chief appeared in the editorial columns of the *World*, all manner of citizens in all categories of good and of evil began to sit up and take notice, as Americans themselves so expressively put it. For the last twenty years of his life, indeed, it is fair to say that he could—of the very influence he exercised personally and through his chief papers—be accounted one of the great philanthropic spirits of the world.

So far back as 1906, Pulitzer publicly presented £200,000 for the founding of a School of Journalism which was to be conducted in conjunction with Columbia University, New York. This great academical institution, at the head of which stands one of the first personal forces of America, Dr Nicholas Butler, is to New York City about what University College is to London, with the proviso, of course, that Columbia possesses a charter to grant academic degrees. The University accepted Pulitzer's princely endowment on the condition—an eminently wise one, we think—that the Senate of Columbia should be allowed to decide upon the nature of the academic training or curriculum of the new School, leaving the matter of technical instruction to the teachers of practical Journalism who were to be appointed under the terms of the trust. Pulitzer agreed to this stipulation and promised to add to the endowment in his will. That document was opened in October 1911, when it was found that securities worth £300,000 had been added to the original gift—making a grand total for the endowment of the Pulitzer School of Journalism of £500,000.

In the several years intervening between the original and the final gift, a considerable amount of spade-work was accomplished in connection with the Pulitzer foundation. Many members of the editorial and business staffs of the *New York World* organized a preliminary series of lectures which were delivered three or four times a week at an important Y.M.C.A. centre or else at some prominent academical institution. Scores—nay, hundreds—of young men and women attended the lectures from New York, Greater New York and the cities of adjoining States. These lectures laid down the fundamental principles which were to govern the methods of the new School, and were sanctioned both by Pulitzer and by the Columbia Faculty.

Thus: there were duly scheduled lectures setting forth the academic and personal—even temperamental—qualifications which were to be looked for in all successful journalists; lectures discussing “sources of news,” how it was to be found and how it was to be honourably exploited in the interests of circulation; lectures on the best methods of interviewing; on the requisites expected in an editorial, or leader, writer, and Pulitzer was himself one of the greatest of leader-writers; on the value of languages and travel; on the future of journalistic “specializing.” By an exhaustive process of eclecticism, all the best methods and ideas were selected from the first American and European systems and explained for the benefit of the audiences. Among these occasional lecturers were editors, sub-editors (copy-readers), reporters,

special correspondents, re-write experts, black-and-white men, managing-editors, financial editors, Sunday editors, leader-writers, advertising experts, foremen-printers, make-up men and proof-readers.

The story, as may be imagined, was accordingly pretty complete.

On board his famous 1600-ton yacht *Liberty*, then at Bar Harbour, Maine, the writer once heard the famous editor make his act-of-faith regarding the personal and academic requisites of a good journalist:

“There is the making of a good newspaperman,” he said, “in any young man who has a sound elementary education, good health, and mental alertness. I do not agree by any means with those who object to the man of university training. If I did not believe in a high-class education, I would not have sent my sons to college. Yet these boys could earn a good living in even the mechanical departments of the *World*. My own experience has taught me that the greatest readers eventually make the best editors and newspapermen. I had, myself, read every great work worth reading before I joined the *St Louis Post* as a reporter. Give me a man who knows a few languages and I will undertake to turn out a newspaperman worth a hundred dollars a week after a year’s training.”

What he valued above all in an editor was a personality, or a “touch,” as he called it, and he observed in his seemingly surly way: “I don’t want servants on my staff, but men who can act without orders. I don’t dislike a man who will

fight with me.” Indeed it was a common saying among his personal staff that though he objected to your airing views contrary to his own, he would quarrel with you if you did not air them, or accepted all his views implicitly and without question. As regards the academic qualifications he looked for in his journalists, and which no doubt will be fostered in the world’s only school of journalism, here are some of them:—

(1) The ability to write terse and lucid English. He used himself, in the interests of lucidity, to re-write a leader half a score of times, and the picture of this intellectual giant, sightless and ill, struggling feverishly for the “right word,” was as pathetic as, indeed, to humbler and ordinary men, it was more than instructive. “Accuracy. Terseness. Accuracy. J. P.” Who does not remember the legend placarded as a warning throughout all his offices? And it is fair to say that the sensationism which, even in these later days, coloured his papers, was in the main unknown to the blind editor.

(2) A knowledge of at least French and German. “I want my editors,” he used to say, “to be at home in foreign capitals,” and a knowledge of foreign languages was always a passport to his favour, as he spoke several very fluently.

(3) A knowledge of Jurisprudence, International Law, and English Constitutional Law, Dicey being his favourite in the latter. The fundamentals of Political Economy, as taught by Adam Smith and the American Cary. Modern

History (as showing the evolution of modern politics) from the French Revolution. As to Literature, his ideas, being peculiar to his own character, may not count for much; Goethe he esteemed as the first of all great literary spirits, and George Eliot was his supreme favourite among English writers. At New Year, 1909, he gave each of his departmental editors a present of Ferrero's *History of Rome*.

The only important newspapers left in the States, which deliberately, and of fixed purpose, lay themselves out to capture a prurient-minded and scandal-loving public, are the many sheets belonging to the Hearst system. It will be within the recollection of readers that the Hearst organs which, politically speaking, represent nobody on earth except Hearst himself, were strongly anti-British, and correspondingly pro-German, during the first years of the Great War. The British Government, to the complete satisfaction of all decent-minded and patriotic Americans, finally cut off the news service from London of this system of organized distortion, to find a parallel to which one must go to the Wolff bureau of Berlin. Hearst has morning and evening papers—practically replicas of the *New York American* and the *New York Evening Journal* and equally irresponsible and superficial, it may be added—in at least Los Angeles, San Francisco, Chicago, Boston, Baltimore and St Louis.

The circulation of these papers, at one cent each, amounts to at the lowest computation, two million copies daily, and Hearst, who is extravagant

only in respect of the news-service of his system, is said to draw a net profit *daily* from the sale of all his papers of £1500 all the year round. Apart from this vast wealth, which he has been drawing for the past twenty years or more, and which he owes entirely to his own peculiar genius for exploiting the foibles of human nature, Hearst is of plutocratic descent, and like Gordon Bennett of the *New York Herald*, inherited several millions sterling on the death of his father, Senator Hearst, himself one of the far-famed Forty-Niners who made vast fortunes in the great mining boom of 1849.

Hearst had every advantage that wealth could possibly give. He went to Harvard, where he is said to have run amok at the rate of £20,000 a year—probably a monstrous New-York-American untruth. Nevertheless, he took a reputation for notoriety away from his *Alma Mater*, and it has not failed to follow him ever since. Unjustly, we think; for those who know him best declare that his existence is now conceived on the very simplest lines; while it is also certain that he neither smokes, nor drinks—whatever he may have formerly achieved in these pursuits or tastes. Surest guarantee of all, however, that William Randolph Hearst has reformed for good and all, as we have often thought, he has long since given up the “Jim Crow” style of headpiece, and has taken to the statesmanlike wide *sombrero* and the black frock coat. He is over six feet one in height, is developing that corpulency which we associate with a typical Boss, is otherwise quite handsome,

with a distinctly Californian type of *facies*, and altogether looks the Native Son, from his buskins up. William Randolph will never rank with the unkissed son of old Dowie, of Zion City, whose nose for the spondulix stood out as a tower towards Lebanon, you may remember. For Hearst *hath* been kissed; yea, very much kissed; was for long, wild years the first *parti* in the Western States and the despair of many a maid and her mother who were thirsting to "reform" him.

An authentic London Journalist has lately told us that a now very popular London paper was started some twenty years ago with about £15,000. Hearst laid the foundations of his own vast system with some such comparatively insignificant amount. When William returned from Harvard, his father, the multi-millionaire miner and Senator, enquired of his son if he had any intentions as regards making a livelihood; or if he just meant to loaf through life. Young Hearst replied that he had been busy studying the question, and that he had finally resolved to be a newspaper-proprietor.

"An' how much of an income would you be figurin' on, from runnin' a noosepaper?" the old Forty-Niner enquired.

"Well—let us say £20,000 a year for a start," replied William, talking in terms of dollars, of course.

"Hell—that ain't money!" retorted the multi-millionaire who himself never "cleaned up" less than this amount in any given month of his life.

But young Hearst was persistent, and his per-

sistency pleased the sire, who eventually bought him a decadent 'Frisco daily for a trifle like £15,000. Within a year, Hearst had turned his paper into a property which brought him in net revenue at least the purchase-price.

CHAPTER II

AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS (CONTINUED)

LIKE every other man who succeeds in rolling up the gold-rocks, Hearst had his idea. It was genius-like, very, very simple, and was based on the assumption that human nature being intrinsically bad, mankind ever likes to hear the very worst possible about the species. Scandal accordingly became the principle on which the new Yellow Journalism based its particular claim for an audience. And so the men whom Hearst employs are given positions on the staff of any of his papers, *not* for any literary or journalistic ability which they may possess, but solely according to their disposition to play the Hearstian game of muck-raking and mud-slinging and in proportion to their willingness to "go the limit," as American poker-players put it. Accordingly, any man who should find himself temporarily in the throes of tough luck, or to adapt a phrase, on the bones of his anatomy, knows that when everything else fails, there remains Hearst who will welcome him with open arms.

Not out of any particular philanthropic motive, of course, but simply for the reason, as the City Editor who employs him will duly declare, that he

may be "a *damn* good man." At all events, he will be given a trial at £5 a week; after that it is up to him to make good. At the end of a week he will be able to figure out to the very last cent the market-value of his particular line of villainy. After two weeks' work, he may be a "star" man at anything between £16 and £30 a week. On the other hand, he may have fallen from grace to the extent of having in some particular case failed to deliver the goods, and thereafter on presenting himself for his morning's work need not be surprised if he is told in simple language to—go and chase himself.

Suppose, for example, Miss A. of Brooklyn starts proceedings for breach-of-promise against John Johnes of Jersey City, who, she alleges, has proved faithless to his vows. Naturally, and in order to support her claim for "heart's balm," she is in possession of some scores of letters in which the elusive Johnes had coughed up his sentiments in the fulness of his heart and the season of the year. It would just suit the style of newspaper Hearst runs if the maiden would consent to hand over Johnes's letters—for a fat consideration. Accordingly a reporter is assigned to the duty of getting either the letters, or else the contents of the letters, by word of mouth from Miss A. But no respectable young woman is likely to give up the epistolary details of a faithless lover's courtship until the case comes into court.

The practised reporter knows only too well that he need not return to the office without the letters, or at least their gist. Miss A. will not

surrender them. There remains only one practical Hearstian course open to the scribe: he turns into the nearest saloon-bar, calls for drinks and a cigar, and proceeds to compose just such love-letters as he thinks a youth with a name like Johnes would be likely to write to a young lady who lived in Brooklyn. There are stock portraits in the office *Morgue*, or reference department, which will stand for anyone who is not generally known—whether man, woman or child. The story is accordingly written and a couple of portraits chosen to do duty for the unheroic hero and the forsaken maid of Brooklyn. The whole appears in the morrow's issue somewhat after the following style—with scare-heads, a triple-bank of sub-heads, a single line of black-letter, and a fine quadruple-bank of descriptive matter. Thus:

JOHNNIE JOHNES PROVES¹
FAITHLESS TO HIS SUMMER GIRL.

AFTER A FEVERISH COURTSHIP IN THE DOG-DAYS
LOTHARIO RENIGS IN THE FALL.

HIGH-PRESSURE WOOING OF A
BROOKLYN LASS.

"I AM STILL STUCK ON JOHNNIE JOHNES," DECLARES
SADIE BROWN,

"ALTHO' HE HAS WRECKED MY GOLDEN LOVE-
DREAMS FOR EVER."

LADY CLAIMS \$1000 BALM.

¹ Quoted from memory.

After this you get a portrait of Master Johnnie Johnes, and underneath it the legend:

THE BAD BOY WHO BILKED A BROOKLYN
MAID.

Beneath the portrait of the girl:

SAD-EYED SADIE BROWN WHO GAVE HER VIRGIN
HEART TO A DECEITFUL JERSEY PLATFORM-
WALLOPER.

For all the vast circulations of the Hearst system, he possesses not, when all is said, one-tenth of the personal appeal in the United States which is exercised over here by, say, our formidable free-lance, Horatio Bottomley, or even Hulton's papers, the simple truth being that Hearst is not taken seriously by the most freakish of freak-society in the States. Men who have worked for his sheets will readily admit, first, that his reporters and agents invariably meet with rebuff if not insult from serious and respectable Americans of prominence or importance, whenever they go in quest of news or information; and secondly, that the only people *certain* to grant interviews to Hearst's men are those who know that the yellow journals of his system are practically organs of venality which invariably operate with the worst sections of civic authority that still remain open to influence. Indeed, those who consent to "cough up" for the benefit of Hearst and his envoys are men who have the best possible reasons for standing in with the Yellow Press.

When Hearst started in the newspaper trade,

it was with the conscious intention of exploiting among his own countrymen, and at *their* expense, the virtual absence in the States of any practical law of libel. It may be taken as true, in the main, that in the States there is no clearly defined recognition of the right to personal privacy. Any individual, therefore, who in the ordinary course of life's little or big dramatic developments, happens to catch the public eye, becomes at once a target for the yellow papers—which if they know nothing, and this is generally the fact, have no scruples whatever about “suggesting” a case against their victim.

Anyone who has read the cabled dispatches from European capitals to the central bureau of the Hearst papers is well aware that these messages are so amplified and distorted on reaching the Transatlantic side as to provide suggestive, or scandalous, or intriguing copy for the consumption of Hearst's peculiar audience—the reverse effect, often, of the message as it was intended to read in its original form. Obviously, therefore, it becomes part of the Hearst policy to assist this systematic distortion of European news by selecting men as correspondents who cannot by training, or by education, or by reading, or general social condition, be expected to understand the whole significance of important political movements or events—more particularly in foreign affairs, a clear understanding of which is altogether conditional on a sound education in modern history. For items of news pure and simple—especially scandal—these men are perhaps good enough craftsmen ;

but an understanding of the currents, under-currents and cross-currents of the European situation in an international crisis is entirely outside the purview of a man who is not intimately read in history and foreign politics. Admirable papers like the *New York Times*, the *New York Tribune* and the *New York Sun* scored so successfully during the Great War for the simple reason that the men who directed their foreign service were trained experts in dealing with foreign diplomatic matters, and were, moreover, men of linguistic attainments and Continental training.

Though there is as yet no newspaper in the United States which can be said to possess a national standing, like the *London Telegraph*, or the *Scotsman*, or the *Westminster Gazette*, or the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*, conditions in journalism in the Union are tending in that direction. Up to some years ago the *Boston Transcript* had, *par excellence*, a universal fame both for reliability and literary quality, while its book-reviews still remain the very best in the States. This organ still holds its premier literary position, but hardly in the same way as formerly, and other great dailies are gradually drawing level with the New England organ. The *New York Times*, the *New York Sun*, the *Boston Transcript*, the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Philadelphia Ledger*, the *Springfield Republican*—here is a short list of newspapers exercising, without question, a really *great* influence for human culture in the country, as apart from the undoubted political weight which they carry throughout their respective States.

The *New York Herald* undoubtedly remains the great news-paper it has ever been; we question, however, if it counts for very much politically, or as an educative, or cultural factor in American life. Its proprietor, James Gordon Bennett, who is almost as well known in London as in Paris, or New York, is certainly in a class by himself among great newspaper magnates: a great whip, a hunting-man who has hunted his own pack to the satisfaction of Yorkshiremen, a yachtsman who can sail his own 2000-ton yacht *Lysistrata* over any high sea, or into any port in the world, an old athlete, a big-game shot, an automobilist *acharné*, an ex-lieutenant of the U.S. Navy, he has controlled the *Herald* for close on fifty years, and for the most part from the cabin of the *Namounha*, or the *Lysistrata*, or other of the flotilla of yachts which he has owned at various times. Though not especially popular with his editors, there has never been a doubt expressed by the most important of them as to Bennett's mastery of the art of running his own newspaper, the prestige and financial value of which he has more than quadrupled since he inherited it, with several millions sterling, from his father in 1873. The *Herald* was started by the elder Bennett in 1835 with a capital which did not exceed £100. The net revenue of the *Herald* in 1902 was stated to be £200,000.

This newspaper is singular among American sheets in that it possesses what is known as a "Taboo List" of prohibited terms the use of which by editors or sub-editors automatically entails a fine, or even one's passport, in flagrant cases. The

fine varies from one dollar to twenty-five, so it may readily be imagined that editors and writers invariably work with this verbal *index expurgatorius* before their eyes. The list is extremely arbitrary and adds nothing whatever to the journalistic quality of the paper in question. According to the *Herald's* rubric, a person never *stays* in a locality, but only *stops* there; nor does a man *spend* a night anywhere, but *passes* the night wherever it may be. A hyper-conscientious editor once had to sub-edit a line reading: "The automobile has come to stay." In accordance with the rubric he changed the last word in the line to "stop," which in view of the ambiguity involved, was perhaps carrying the law ridiculously far.

A woman—there are no "ladies" in U.S.A. journalism except *old* ones—is never beautifully dressed; she only wears *gowns*, and may be robed, or attired; but if you were to describe the Duchess of Marlborough as being "beautifully dressed" you would have to pay two dollars for the privilege of doing so. In writing the obituary of any individual, the editor must not profess to regret profoundly, or pretend to care in any way that the celebrity is dead. He is dead and done for, and the fact has simply to be stated. If a *Herald* writer were to describe any man as of *aristocratic* appearance, he would pay for it; and indeed he might look for another job if he ever wrote that "Lady X gave a dance last evening for her daughter." The chief would be certain to see it, and he would want to know (by telegram) what kind of a dance Lady X gave for her

daughter's benefit—if it was a hornpipe, a cake-walk, a tipsy-slouch, a fandango, or a Balquhiddy break-down?

Once a sub-editor of the *Herald* had dined indubitably well before coming to the office for his night's work. He was sub-editing a financial column in which was described the state of the money market, then in a condition of puzzling flux and unrest. The article was duly sub-edited and only the caption remained. The sub-editor's wonted ready inspiration failed him at that point, and he began to jot down a number of points of interrogation and exclamation, half-consciously, we may allow, indicating his own state of mind. Thus, his copy-paper showed a double line of hieroglyphs which looked something like this:—

!!!???!!!???
 ??? x x !!!??? x x !!! x x !!

When our sub-editor had achieved this much, he lapsed off into a deep postprandial doze, and just then the foreman-printer rushed in for the caption for which he had been waiting, snapped up what he supposed was the heading for the article, and the whole was duly published in the manner shown. When the sub-editor beheld article and caption in the following day's issue, he also saw his own finish, to use the American phrase, and decided to pack up his traps, fully expecting his walking-papers by the next mail. Mr Bennett read the heading in due time and was amazed. On studying the article, however, he realized that the caption well described the state of the money

market. Mr X was rewarded, and lived to be "fired" another day.

Mr Munsey is another great newspaper-owner—though in respect of his dailies, of somewhat recent development. England is likely to see more of him, as it is said that he is to be the next Republican Ambassador to Great Britain. Munsey dates his present handsome fortune from the day on which he started the *Golden Argosy* with £100. He is now credited with being worth forty thousand times that small sum, or four million sterling. He has within recent years bought the *New York Press* and the *New York Sun*, which, with half a dozen more dailies in Philadelphia, Baltimore and Boston, make him one of the most important owners of chain-systems in the States. That Munsey is as equal to the strenuous call of daily journalism, as he had proved himself in magazine publications, was shown by the extremely clever manner in which he "scooped" the New York dailies in 1910 long before he owned a daily paper there. It was in connection with the Crippen murder:

When the fugitive doctor and his woman were expected to arrive at Rimouski in 1910, two hemispheres wondered whether or not the couple were really on the liner scheduled to arrive at the Canadian port early one Sunday morning, as we all remember. The New York papers agreed among themselves not to publish special extras on this particular Sunday containing news of the expected arrival and arrest of the murderer. Then Munsey, who owned an evening paper at Philadelphia, which regularly, moreover, published an afternoon Sunday edition,

instructed his special correspondents to get the story at Rimouski, as they did when Crippen duly arrived and was arrested. Special trains were chartered at Philadelphia to take the papers to New York, one hundred miles away, and in the afternoon the people of Manhattan were startled to hear the hawkers crying out the news of Crippen's arrest. It was long before New York editors recovered their equanimity, and the amount of obscene language used in editorial rooms that Sabbath night fairly made the air go blue for miles around.

London, and London journalists particularly, laughed more than once in the course of the Great War on being treated to several very pretentious specimens of the literature of an obviously emotional American, who although unconscious of the meaning of ordinary words, was unmistakably under the impression that he was producing what is generally ridiculed among newspapermen as "fine writing." The Western States give us, nevertheless, a very high type of newspaperman, and in our opinion, one of the excelling scribes—when he is really able to write and has had the advantage of a decent education—comes from Chicago. The very first journalists whom America has sent us within the past twenty years were both Chicago men, namely, the late Mr Walter Neef and Mr H. R. Chamberlain, the former of the Associated Press of America, the latter of the *New York Sun*. In point of intellectual or social gifts, Chicago, it is fair to say, has sent us no successors to these gentlemen; while it is, to the writer at

least, extremely doubtful if Anglo-Saxon journalism within the past generation has produced a greater writer of English than the late Mr Chamberlain. Neither Neef nor Chamberlain could be said to have had in early life educational advantages which are not available to the majority of the younger journalists of to-day, although the personal distinction of each of them was a trait that is not often found among Anglo-Saxons of any country, and was certainly an especial gift of the gods. Nevertheless each by virtue of his social and intellectual qualifications for playing a superior rôle, attained for the system he represented in London, a position that was hardly less than ambassadorial in its importance.

Englishmen who have visited the West invariably agree as to the excellence of the Chicago journalist and discover in that city's newspapermen an unusual ambition to advance their papers' interests by their own personal qualities and individual distinction. The reason of this excellence we think is to be found in the fact that the Chicagoan lives at that point of the States where West and East meet without merging into one another. With his capital one of the most marvellous in the world, he is within half an hour's ride of the great granary and agricultural centres of the earth. All the plain blunt simplicity of the Westerner is his; yet it comes tempered with the shrewdness of the vast Cosmopolis of the prairie-lands. He brings with him the sound physique of the plainsman and a healthy eagerness to see the big world when he goes to Chicago. With this ambition he

carries, more frequently than any man we have met, the Voltairean precept *de se faire valoir*—to make every ounce of his personality count in the fight for recognition.

Occasionally he overdoes it, owing to a riotous enthusiasm, and fails to hit it right on reaching Europe. When he succeeds, however, he is a big and indubitable success and is less pretentious about it than the Down-Easter in his hour of triumph. For all-round training in journalism, there is no school like the Chicago school. They teach the art of sub-editing better, perhaps, in Philadelphia. In San Francisco they produce, we are certain, abler descriptive writers. In Boston and New York the great editorials appear. But in Chicago, your paper—the *Tribune* or the *Inter-Ocean*, for examples—will contain, *not* occasionally, but every day, a poem, or a piece of humorous writing, or a descriptive passage, or a story of pathos which you will cut out and paste in that album of yours—for future reference, as they say.

CHAPTER III

AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS (CONTINUED)

THEY do not produce in any European country, the type of newspaperman who is a kind of journalistic circuiteer. The American representative of that type of the journalistic profession is a man who will do a couple of months' work in an office and then "quit." They are not as common now as they used to be; nevertheless, all of them have not passed away; a few are recognised as wandering journalists, and many American editors would be sorry to see the type disappear wholly and for ever, for some of them are undoubtedly very brilliant as writers, and often one of these hoboies will produce an article which in its way is a literary or at any rate, a journalistic, gem. The trials of "the road" do not adversely affect their *flair* for news, and in any case they are nearly all men of complete newspaper training. This American newspaper-hobo—he doesn't necessarily tramp to his objectives, though he very often does, and at all events will not pay his fare if he can help it—has the choice of two main circuits—the Eastern and the Western. The former takes in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Buffalo, Columbus and Cleveland. Chicago and St Louis

are the principal towns west, from which the circuiteer makes his way to 'Frisco, Los Angeles, and other places, visiting as many of the good newspaper towns as he feels inclined. Not only writing men, but also all kinds of workers connected with the mechanical departments of newspaperdom do these rounds, and experts connected with the tape-machine rooms are, it is found, very hardened circuiteers.

In newspaper offices in America all those connected with a paper, whether editorial, reportorial (as they call it), mechanical, or other departments, are nearly always well known to each other, and so it never comes as a surprise to a worker in one department to hear that a friend has "jumped" one particular town for another. Most of these men being in receipt of salary, and, usually, types who are willing and competent to "hold down a job" for a few months, generally find themselves, when they wish to leave a town, sufficiently well provided with the "dough" to travel by rail to an objective of their choice. Circuiteers, too, of this sort, generally hunt in couples, or sets, and if, on any given paper, for example, "Bill" X decides on pay-day to "hit Chicago," the foreman-printer, or the City Editor (or news editor), or the man who "sits in the slot" (the chief-sub.), will know for a certainty that the decision of "Bill" to invade Windy City will automatically entail the departure of all who "hunt" with Bill.¹ There is another

¹ The group-system is common, indeed, in nearly all businesses in the United States. The advent of a new Boss into any concern also entails the invasion of his especial following,

type of man, however, and this individual is the circuiteer who rarely has very much more "in his jeans" than the price of a trip as far as from New York to Philadelphia—a two-dollar fare. When this kind of worker decides to "do the fading act" from any particular town and take a long trip from East to West, say, he will generally, and of his natural wandering propensity, do so by easy stages. If, for example, he gets as far as Philadelphia he can probably, if persistent, pick up a job within a day; or if the worst comes to the worst, he can fill-in for a day, or read proofs for a night or so, and earn sufficient to "float" onward.

Within the past ten years or so, however, railroad passes have been done away with for all kinds of men. Formerly it was the easiest thing in the world for an American newspaperman to pass free on all lines, as the writer has frequently done. So easy was it, indeed, that men who were not journalists at all used to invoke successfully the bounty of any road. The wandering scribe now-a-days, however, must either pay his way or "hike" it on foot, with the heroic alternative of "jumping freights," which means that the adventurer takes his life in his own hands, and in any case runs "head-on" against the Law. He is not always

with the dismissal of the old Boss's executive staff. This is known in the States as "office-politics," and accounts for the failure of independent men of ability to accumulate money in subordinate ranks, tenure of office being so insecure. Office-politics also account for the not unreasonable disloyalty of subordinate American workers to inconsiderate chiefs or employers. They know not, indeed, the hour or the day.—H. G.

successful in getting into freight cars in the depot-yards; sometimes he has to risk boarding a moving train, a thing that is easier to speak about than to do; and then the new general system of covered and closed freight-cars makes it necessary for the candidate for free passage to hold his footing—if he gets it.

We knew a man once who travelled a good many miles on the B. & O. Railroad, jumping the cars and landing on the coupling-irons as they pulled out of the Schuylkill Station at Philadelphia. When the train gathered momentum and began to find its speed, all the traveller had to rely upon for a "hold" was the pressure he could exert with the palm of the hand against the rear of the car in front of him, not the pleasantest position in the world when the trucks began to jolt and the train to do its "fifty-mile skedule." The same man—he became afterwards chief sub-editor of a big paper in an Eastern city—never once paid a fare in his early days and had travelled over all the Union and worked in nearly all its most important newspaper towns.

Pittsburg was always a sure haven for the hobo-journalist. The kindly-hearted proprietors of the *Pittsburg Dispatch* made it a matter of rule that no wandering journalist should ever be turned away provided he was experienced, and that he was to be given a "try-out" at three dollars a day for one week at least. In Philadelphia, too, several papers are good to the circuiteers, and all the Hearst papers invariably give a likely applicant a trial at "twenty dollars per"—on the not altogether

disinterestedly humane ground, however, that, to repeat the formula, "you may be a damn good man for this joint." There is no doubt about it, we think: Not so much is seen or heard of the circuiteering journalist as used to be the case in America, and the reason of this is that journalism is ever becoming more of an exact profession than it was; and also because the old democratic notions of Americans are passing with the new order.

The writer once asked a very important owner of successful newspapers in America why it was he employed so many women on his publications, seeing that all his papers were influenced by a distinctly anti-suffragette bias.

"Why," replied this very wise American, "all these papers of mine have a strong Society appeal and I have invariably found it to be the case that women are far superior to men in dealing with the Society end of news. When I first started, I made a point of employing only men and generally chose them for such personal attributes as they possessed in the way of good-looks, taste in dress, refined manners, and a liking for Society work. This type of man I invariably found had about as much originality in him as a gramophone, and never proved worth much in ordinary journalism. However, I had finally to get rid of the men and employ only women, the reason being that a woman, no matter what her position, can attend a big social function as the representative of a paper without advertising the fact; she can mingle with hosts and guests without being obtrusive, and is neither unduly humble nor aggressively pushful. A man,

on the contrary, is either too retiring or too pushful. Indeed I found the male Society expert so impertinent and aggressive that my friends who received much, begged me not to allow him to visit their houses.

"I had to decide, therefore, to employ women for all Society work, though I employ half a score in my office who would decline any assignments that had a Society end to them. In matters of detail I have found the woman worker just as good as men, and, indeed, more conscientious. I have found them, however, lacking in the ability to decide rapidly and rightly where they are confronted with a critical choice between courses of action, and few of my women workers have ever succeeded when they tried to write humorous matter."

Women in American offices are by no means, however, confined to Society work, which in most cities they, nevertheless, monopolize when it comes to the collecting of social items about dances, receptions, marriages, and these data are for the most part taken over the office-telephones from hostesses themselves, or else from their secretaries. The American woman journalist competes on almost level terms with men in the matter of special contributions, especially those of a serial order; and heaven knows where New York papers (especially the *World* and *Journal*) would be if all of their authoresses and poetesses went out of the newspaper business. In all "feature" matter, where the psychology peculiar to womankind is treated of with that elaborateness of detail to be found in the American Sunday magazine pages,

it will be found that women are in most cases responsible for the work in question. It is not surprising, therefore, that one hears of the principal women journalists in the big cities of the Union making from £1500 to £2500 per annum, while quite ordinary workers who are industrious, often make £500 a year. Among these "ordinary" workers in New York at present there are several Englishwomen, and some of these first learned their journalistic lessons in London.

As with the ladies who contribute to the popular weeklies and magazine pages in our own country, their American sisters write for the most part on those subjects which mainly interest women—matrimony, affairs of the heart, suffragette questions, domestic economy, and eugenics. There is no question about it, however, the American newspaperwoman is quite as superior with her pen to her English sister as she is more ready and resourceful in conversational ability. There is, of course, a reason: Owing to the so-called co-education system (*i.e.* the schooling of boys and girls together), the American woman is far more advanced than the Englishwoman in general experience of the world; she is also much more widely read, as well as more deeply so, and subjects that to Englishwomen are abstruse and recondite, have no terrors whatever for the average woman journalist in America. Owing to this very wide reading, the American women have developed a certain masculinity of style which saves their work from feeble and tedious modes of expression so often characteristic of the writing of our own female journalists

over here; while so far as original thought and the production of reasoned and reflective matter are concerned, they have certainly beaten their English sisters badly. If the American woman is inclined frequently to give way to her emotionalism—a national trait—her self-criticism in the bulk of her work, generally enables her to maintain an excellent poise, and her efforts are invariably better balanced and more workmanlike than those supplied to editorial offices by working lady journalists in this country. We talk of averages, of course.

So much has been said in recent times about the refining influence of the lady journalist in newspaper offices that the writer ventures to ask if, during the process of softening the coarser fibre of her brother-toiler in the rough-and-ready life of daily journalism, women do not themselves lose much of that gentleness which is associated with their sex. We certainly think they do. In this regard, however, their system of co-education prepares the American women in advance for the realities of co-operation with the sterner sex. Tragedy has not, we know, marked the history of women in American journalism less frequently than has proved the case in our own system, and men who have known the two newspaper worlds for any number of years, do not require to be told that for every woman who finds a permanent footing in journalism, there are half a dozen, and more, who fail to find anything but a temporary footing, and their ways after their short experience are, oftener than not, bound in the shallowest of shallows and the darkest of miseries. The writer was present in New York in

1906 at a few of the memorable sessions of the Thaw trial, when Evelyn Thaw gave up the strange story of her ante-nuptial and nuptial life, in the course of examination and cross-examination by the lawyers Delmas and Jerome, and felt not a little shocked to note that the corps of woman-reporters fully equalled that of the men. And certainly the "psychology" of the Thaw drama called for no very profound *expertise* in matters of the soul, whether masculine or feminine.

Notwithstanding her omnipresence in the world of American daily journalism, it is in the magazine field that woman's greatest exertions make themselves felt. One of Munsey's editors once declared that of any ten contributors of the short-story to the publications he edited, at least six were women, and so far as reliability was concerned, they were superior to the men, although the same authority admitted that, other things being equal, a woman's work was always inferior to that of a man. Interesting, too, was the statement from so good an authority that although in purely "love" tales, a woman's psychology was of much higher quality than even that of very eminent male writers, she was invariably inferior when it came to making her heroes and heroines use the language of love and passion.

No such curious creature exists in American *daily* journalism as that one who is still a familiar enough figure in the London and Paris newspaper worlds, namely, the Free Lance. One of these days we intend to write up the psychology of the Free Lance, and we shall certainly begin by look-

ing for Crécy and Agincourt barons and knights in his pedigree. For if this brave adventurer is not a throw-back to the golden days of chivalry, then we give him up. Just consider: he will not work in the inside of an office—like the perfect captain of his soul that he ever is; he will as a rule take no orders from chiefs, but simply chances on being able to beat the news-editor and the office diary; he will not work on Saturday or Sunday, nor will he give any particular paper a monopoly of his services. He is often broke, but never for more than an hour or so, and can in any case arrange his labours so that he will be fairly certain of drawing on a cashier at least three times in the week. But, alas, like many more institutions, he is passing away, and the news agencies are gradually accounting for the scalps of those who are left. That heroic motto, *Alterius non sit qui suus esse potest*,¹ is out of date, we fear: for the Bosses have invaded journalism, and Trusts are looming up.

Now-a-days it is pretty certain that in London daily free-lance journalism, it is not possible to make a decent living unless one happens to be a specialist with first-class credentials. Some of these contributors make as much as from £15 to £30 a week, and would not take an inside job at anything below the latter figure. They are few. In the years 1897 to 1901 we were acquainted with free-lance journalists in London who easily earned, with contributions to the tit-bit press and the daily papers, sums varying between £5 and

¹ Roughly: Let him not be another's slave who can be his own master.

£15 weekly. The number of men who could write and get away with articles of the "How-many-boiled-eggs-would-reach-from-Balham-to-Baghdad" type, and who at the same time thought they were writing instructive "literature," was phenomenal.

They made some money, though they cannot do so now, and the truth is, we suppose, that they were intellectually and otherwise about up to the level (or down to it) of the class of readers they catered for. The same free-lance men, or their descendant type, cannot subsist by writing alone, no matter what they may have to say on the subject, for proprietors are more and more cutting down the outside contributor's chances and allowances. On some of the tit-bit weeklies, contributions are certainly asked for; the eager contributor sends in his article, the pundit on the editorial desk declares that one of the staff can do the article better in "our particular style" and the article is accordingly returned with many thanks to the poor free-lance who is thus robbed of his idea. And when you meet that wonderful phenomenon who is making his "thousand a year regularly writing serials for ladies' papers," you may safely dismiss him to Heligoland or farther. He may have made £20 a week for sixteen weeks on end and then called it his regular income for the rest of time. But the practitioner knows better: *est modus in rebus*, as Flaccus puts it—there is an average in things, and it works in journalism as in other trades.

Let us pass to free-lancing in the States:

Never, O people of Fleet Street, if you are wise,

think that there is an opening for free-lancing on the daily press in America. There is not. In the first place, no City Editor (*i.e.* News Editor) in the Union would allow himself to be taught anything by a mere outsider who had some news to trade off. If, for example, you went into an American newspaper and made twenty first-class suggestions for the news columns, a minor functionary would be told off to "thank you very, very cordially, but the editor has covered all the matter suggested." The news editor would then set his men to work out your programme to the letter, and you would not derive a pennyworth of profit from your suggestions. This is what is known as "scalping," and is considered legitimate. If you were on the staff of a paper, you would probably get promotion; but as an outsider, unknown to a member of the staff, sending in a piece of hot stuff or a first-class interview, you would be treated as what they call out there a "sucker" or an "easy mark." Only by becoming an accredited and salaried member of a daily paper in America, can you accomplish anything towards a career in daily journalism. On the other hand, there is a fortune awaiting you if you can write short stories. And the prices paid for American short stories, as against those paid in London for the same, work out in the ratio of between 8 and 4 to 1.

Provided you *can* write the required type of story for Richard Titherington,¹ of *Munsey's Magazine*, New York, he will pay, if the story is about 3000

¹ Mr Titherington is English; formerly of Winchester and Magdalen, Oxford.

words in length, anything between £9 and £18. The best London magazine would pay at most £6 to £7 for the same, except to a celebrity. Throughout America the minimum for the short story is one halfpenny a word, and on the better magazines it begins at 2 cents (1d.) and rises to 5 cents (2½d.). Translation work from French, German and other languages is paid at the rate of half a cent a word, as a minimum, on the *Review of Reviews* and the *Literary Digest*. Of course a condition precedent of writing for the American short-story market, is that you should know and understand life in America. This, however, is not always necessary; there are stories which have a universal appeal and the *locale* of which does not require to be particularized. The story of Faust, for example, would make its appeal to any fairly artistic Fiji Islander.

If you want to get an idea of the right kind of "surprise" story looked for by American editors, read the short stories of "O. Henry" (Sid. Porter). A very successful type of his story was one which was constructed on the divergence of view as to the loyalty of wives entertained by two married men. The elder optimistically said that a woman, given reasonable happiness, would be perfectly loyal; the younger pessimistically held that women "meanly admired mean things" as they say. The twain decide to apply the test by going home and asking their wives for their verdict. When they arrive there, it is to find two notes addressed to each husband, respectively, in which each wife declares her weariness and disgust with humdrum life in

general and her resolve to leave her home for evermore!

Then, again, you must remember that there are fashions in stories just as in other things; this, at least, is what American editors will tell you, though we have not much faith in the idea. We knew "O. Henry" very well and once asked him his secret.

"Write stories that please yourself; send them round and wait till the cows come home; if the stories are worth anything, the cows *will* come. Please yourself and let the Editors go to Blazes," was his very characteristic reply.¹

¹ In the course of these chapters on American newspapers, we have drawn very fully on many contributions we once made to the British journalists' well-known professional organ, *The Newspaper World* (London), the owner and editor of which is Mr Charles Baker. These contributions appeared in that weekly over the initials "R. G."—H. G.

CHAPTER IV

BRITISH ISLANDERS IN THE STATES

THERE are few maxims sounder than one which teaches that a country does not export its best citizens. It applies to every country in the world with the exception—a limited exception—of Ireland, Poland and Russia. To America alone, Ireland sends yearly a large contingent of men who potentially at least are among her best human produce—mainly workers. Her personal professional exports to England are, as regards ninety per cent. of them, men who represent their country in an official, or quasi-official capacity, while the remaining ten per cent. have in all probability left their country for their country's good, and are of no more consequence or value, whether socially or intellectually, in England, than they would have proved had they remained in the land of their birth.

The well-known official classes include, of course, the Parliamentarians, the majority of whom really love and serve their country; the minority—who love Ireland for England's sake—being easily differentiable from the patriots who do not look upon Irish politics simply as a profitable side-line for their larger business schemes. Then there is the large body of Civil and Military service-men, which

passes across the Irish Sea and more or less anglicizes itself permanently in England. The big brotherhood of British Journalism, again, would have had a far less coruscating escutcheon had it not been for its contingent of Keltic invaders, while English Law and Science owe unransomable debts to the men of Ulster, and Medicine to the men of Leinster and Munster. The remaining ten per cent. of the type are composed of just such individuals as Thackeray has made so familiar in his imperishable pages. Captain Costigan was one of them.

America fortunately for herself escapes this last type of British Islander. Not that he does not get there occasionally; he rarely survives, however, with a whole skin, and on the other side of Mississippi they shoot him. The Englishman who seeks a home permanent or temporary, may be divided into three classes:

First, the type who owes it to family associations with important financial and commercial houses, that he is posted with one of the great business firms in either a clerical or a secretarial position. Such a man is, without question, the best class of Englishman who takes up his residence permanently or for a number of years in the States. Almost invariably a Public School man of the good type, he occasionally has had the advantage of having been academically suckled by Cam or Isis. There is no doubt—in the Thackerayan sense—about these men, and they, more than any other kind of immigrant British Islander in the Union, carry the prestige of English gentlemanhood on their

shoulders and carry it eminently well for their country. They cannot, however, be said to be the most interesting sort of Englishmen who “hit” the States.

They seem to be lacking in that “wild and woolly” experience which marks the caste of other kinds of Englishmen one meets all over America, and perhaps belong to a type which never takes on the picturesqueness of language or the ease of attitude and demeanour which characterize young manhood from Chicago to the Pacific Slope. Not that any self-respecting Englishman ever changes his way of speaking when he takes up residence in the States; only the inferior class ever go this length in the process of *dépaysation*, though if a Briton decides to reside permanently in America, we think it only wise and natural policy on his part to adopt all the ways and customs of his new brethren. There is, however, and we have found it all the Union over, a tendency on the part of our first type of Briton to underrate the real verbal or descriptive value of American language, and to over-emphasize the superiority of the English variety of the spoken tongue, a habit which invariably leads to a certain stiltedness of speech—the “holy tone” they call it out in Indiana.

This particular sort of Englishman also furnishes the best social class which England sends to the States, and in what is known in New York as the “Wall Street zone,” one finds many members of great business and banking concerns who are heirs to vast estates or splendid names in cis-Atlantic countries, including besides the British

Isles, France, Germany, Austria, Russia and Holland. The present Lord Wolverton, for instance, was a very well-known young man "on" Wall Street; Lord Leith of Fyvie was another; State Street, Boston—the equivalent of Wall Street—has had a number of such gilded apprentices, some of them in the tutelage of the most typical American in the Western Hemisphere, namely, Mr Thomas Lawson, of Boston, who wrote his *Frenzied Finance* as a relaxation from his normal occupation of piling up gold-rocks at the rate of one hundred thousand dollars a day—while *that* task lasted, at any rate. Among the great yachting men of Britain one may count, indeed, a score who owe their interest in this particular sport of princes to the fact that they lived for years by the greatest amateur sailors' harbour in the whole world.

We are convinced, and more particularly since the recent sealing of the Anglo-Saxon Bond, that as Englishmen of fortune used to do the grand tour, so in the future, one year's residence in America will become a part of the worldly curriculum of the Briton of the upper orders—the period to be spent in academic or else in commercial centres. And whether it will or not, it certainly ought to come to vogue. At the present time something of this custom is taking root in the big Universities, and at Harvard and Yale, isolated examples of British students are to be numbered on the various rosters. We can conceive no more practical education in the world, the various steps of which, for a Briton, would read:

A great Public School, one of the Universities,

and one year at Harvard, or in a Wall Street banker's—according to the destined career of the youth.

Or for an American:

Harvard, one year at Oxford, and a year on the London Stock Exchange, or in a great London business-house.

We are not of those who think that the American is unquestionably the best business-man in the world. That distinction, we hold, still belongs to the British man of affairs. The American is open always to discuss business—even in the ball-room, or at the banquet table, or like Napoleon, during church-time; but we are of opinion that in great commercial combinations, being more materialist and less sympathetic, he leaves less—if anything at all—to the *soul* of the public he exploits, or caters for, than does his more humanitarian business congener of England. It is a truism in America that a business man leaves his sentiment on the door-steps of his office, and for the reason that business and sentiment do not coalesce. We very much doubt, however, the wisdom of any reasoning that wholly excludes sentiment from its calculations, and much prefer the attitude of the late Mr Yerkes who once, in 1901, assured us that though the feeling perhaps belied his reputation, it was not a total matter of indifference to him that the schemes which made him wealthy, also contributed to the comfort and well-being of his fellow-creatures. We fear, however, that if Mr Yerkes had made this statement to any man in Chicago or Philadelphia, he would only have got the horse-laugh for his pains.

Mr Rockefeller, too, has told his newspaper friends that on starting to build up his monster-fortune, he determined that philanthropy should count for an element in his schemes; and though in his particular case and in view of the Spartan simplicity of his life, we could credit so good an intention, we should find it very, very hard to conceive of a Carnegie, or a Morgan, or a Rogers, or a Jay Gould seeking money for any other reason than pride of possession, and, sure, this is one of the most futile traits in human kind.

Mr Lawson, of *Frenzied Finance*, overrates somewhat excessively, we imagine, the romance and adventure of *haute finance* as practised in the States, and we cannot, from our own point of view, regard his so-called "knights" and "gladiators" of the Wall-Street zone as being in any way superior to the scalp-hunters who populated the same neighbourhood a couple of centuries before them, the financiers in the large majority of cases being without the tribal humanity of the Red Man. We were present in Wall Street during several phases of the financial panic of Autumn 1907, and certainly saw one of its most spectacular episodes, namely, the occasion when Mr Rockefeller drove up to Morgan's office on the morning on which the crisis began to take on definite shape and indicate the gravity of its proportions. Here, at any rate, was a moment well worth living in the life of a sovereign-king of high finance:

One of the fiercest centres of the world of fight and competition, seething with every hot emotion known to the heart of the gold-seeker; on every

side men with fortunes depending on the simple yea or nay of the gaunt and silent figure that moved with the unaffected dignity and grace of real power up the steps that led to his fellow-magnate's cabinet. Napoleon when he met the sovereigns at Erfurt may have felt the full measure of his own significance, as Rockefeller must have felt it on this morning. And yet such emotions are not given to such men; the thrill of conscious pride, which the poet or the novelist surmises in beings of this type, is but a fiction of the bright imaginings of writers who ascribe the commoner human enthusiasms of commoner men to creatures that never know the nervous music of the soul. We were sufficiently close to Rockefeller—as the cant phrase puts it—to touch him, though alas! not near enough to make a touch, and if ever the Wizard of State Street, Boston, spoke true words, it was when he compared the Chief of Standard Oil to an Indian on the vengeance-trail, with his tomahawk to hand and the blood-fever in his heart. Associated with Mr Rockefeller is his brother William. He is the least wealthy of the family, and is generally known among his relatives as "Pore Bill." He is worth only thirty million sterling. John, they say, owns £200,000,000 worth of currency and scrip. We doubt it fifty per cent.

Duly we arrive at the second type of Briton who transports himself and his rather ambiguous fortunes across the big sea of Atlas, with the hope—not always vain, either—of ultimately improving his professional status with the added accumulata of a New World experience; all unconscious, too,

that Horace in his day told one of the abiding lies of the historic world when he said that those who cross the sea do not change their disposition. You know the ancient saw: *Caelum, non animam, mutant qui trans mare currunt*. Well, we do not believe it; and only excuse Horace on the ground that America had not then been discovered. It is morally certain (to ourselves at least) that no man of any nationality in Europe has ever resided a year, or a series of years, in the United States and not come away a better man, intellectually, physically and otherwise, than when he went there. We speak of course of men who possess intelligence, real educable worth, and red blood in their veins.

Englishmen there are, we well know, who have set out to visit the States and, having objected to the fact that American servants are not given to the use of the title "Sir," returned to England by the same boat on which they left there. We have met, during our residence in the States, new-chums of the obviously lower middle-classes of Britain, armed with all the strange social pretensions which very occasionally characterize members of that otherwise highly respectable estate. Thus, unkind Fate once threw us into the company of a Midlander who made no disguise whatever that he had come out to the States with the object of effecting a matrimonial alliance which should "restore the fortunes of his family" at home. Introductions he had none; neither had he aitches, nor rudimentary concords, nor any of those social marks which differentiate even "decayed people" from those who have never yet arrived. He was

maintained by deluded parents pending his capture of an heiress.

By the Socratic process, and as we scented possible romance, we elicited the fact that the Midlander in question had made his professional début in life at home in a drapery-store; that he had previously attended the local day-school, duly soaked his intellect in the available philosophies of Standard Six and socially followed the ordinary routine of life common to his kind. His ambition gave us pause, however, and we did some deep thinking when he began to use the unmistakable jargon of the penny-novelette hero and tried to hint at an ancient "bar'netcy" which it was his ambition to revive, and which, in view of the extreme commonness of his patronymic, might possibly be claimed by ten millions of Britons or Irishmen of the same name.

Like a few more of his kind whom we have met in America, this individual was big with the notion that Americans in respect of British immigrants are without discrimination. This may, indeed, be true of a very poor type of Americans who have only one sense of a man's value, namely, his cash-value. In regard to the upper orders, few races we think have a keener eye than the Americans for detecting the pretender, whether intellectual or social, and when they meet the real product of English culture who in due course visits the States, few peoples are so ready to do him honour. In this regard we cannot but recall the unfortunate experience of a very plausible Hungarian author who, though he afterwards delivered lectures in

History at Oxford, was veritably chased out of Chicago for the pretender which, in some respects, he certainly was. On the other hand, we witnessed the very enthusiastic reception accorded to Viscount Morley, when that statesman visited the Union during the last decade. Mr Balfour's recent triumphal progress through the States is also fresh in the minds of Englishmen.

Our undistinguished Midlander, however, was not long before he swallowed the ungilded pill of disillusionment, and his voyage homeward was, we learned, bound in all the shallows and miseries of the cattle-boat which, in all seasons, transports so many unsuccessful Anglo-American human exchanges back to their native shores—Britons to London and Liverpool, Americans to New York, Boston and Philadelphia. Our Midlander was, of course, one of the frank impossibles that can succeed nowhere except among their own kind. We mention this type solely with the object of showing how such Britishers carry to America and Americans altogether false ideas about our best products. They are also the same failures who carry back to these Islands distorted views about Americans.

We must frankly say that the unaccredited Britons who gain a more or less stable living in the States are by no means representative of a good type of Englishmen, Scotsmen or Welshmen. A good many have left their country for the country's advantage, and there is little doubt that a considerable percentage could not, even if they would, return to their home-land—a condition of affairs which is, indeed, equally applicable to a

number of doubtful Americans who take up their residence in European capitals. An experience of American journalism, besides giving one inside information regarding that profession, also, and of its own especial function, affords one the opportunity of seeing nearly all other phases of existence. In journalism, there is little doubt, trained British newspapermen are welcomed by the respectable publications—particularly papers possessing an intellectual appeal. Only a very foolish person could question the ability of Englishmen like Frederick Burchill of the *New York Times*, or Crowhurst of the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*, or Craig of the same paper. We have, however, seen some strange exports from our own country taken quite seriously, and at their own valuation, by somewhat simple managing-editors and publishers—in America the publisher is a man of first-class importance, is usually the proprietor; in England he is a worker in the mechanical department—who were unacquainted with European general political and social conditions.

A very considerable number of these expert English editors in the States, who are credited with an *inside* knowledge of European politics and social matters, by indiscriminating employers, are men who have gleaned their special information from papers like our defunct *Modern Society*. It is extraordinary, too, what a number of such gentry are hand-in-glove with European Ministers of State and the British Peerage generally, according to their own assertions. All the British, and, indeed, some of the American, Howards we met in

the States used to talk very knowingly about the Duke. Nearly all the British Smiths were, they declared, most unjustly kept from the enjoyment of the Dukedom of Northumberland by the present head of the Smithson-and-Percy tribe. And we forget how many British Robinsons were *not* nephews of "Sir Robinson" (*sic*), but the number was provokingly small.

Naturally enough, it is into business that many of our second type of quasi-vagabond Britons project their energies, and in the minor grades of business-life, they are welcomed by managers as being more dependable for long service than their American equivalents, who are, as a rule, more restless and who are moved more easily by the spirit of Mr Wallingford, the get-rich-quick artist. A great employer of New York clerical labour once told the writer that the United States business-houses depend for at least sixty per cent. of their book-keepers on either Britain (including Ireland, of course) or Germany, and the reason he gave was that training in this particular commercial science was far superior in Europe to what it is in America; and, moreover, Europeans were found to be more easily satisfied with the remuneration than the native experts. It is also a fact that the most successful trade and newspaper canvassers in the States are, for fifty per cent. of them, either Irishmen or Britons. The International Harvester agents, for example, and the "regional" agents of other great companies are British, for a large percentage, and may be considered a thriving section of the non-professional or not specially trained type of

Britons and Irishmen who can find remunerative employment for at least nine months in every year and make a respectable showing in that time.

It is an unquestioned fact—indeed Police Headquarters in New York will say, a statistical fact—that a considerable percentage of this middle-class (in the States they call it, with unconscious humour, the "middling" class) devotes its energies to the exploitation of the great army of gulls who form a large portion of the population of the chief cities of the Union, as the Prophet Barnum allowed. It is no exaggeration to say that thirty-three per cent. of the bucket-shops in the financial areas of commercial centres are run by sharp-witted Britons and Irishmen of good education and origin. A late Mayor of New York, who bore the same name as the writer of this book, once imparted to us the information that a princely living could be, and was being, made in the United States by many men who had the gift of writing compelling prospectuses of the fraudulent or bucket-shop order, and that the greater number of these writers were British Islanders—including his own countrymen. Since the gentleman in question was himself a substantial financier of honourable repute, it may be presumed that he was fully informed as to the gullibility in financial matters of his good New Yorkers.

We must confess to an unusual ethnological interest in the Irish-American. He is among the very few men in the United States who, never losing his individuality, will not coalesce with the heterogeneous national crowd; and even unto the

fourth and the fifth generation, he remains in a class by himself—American, indeed, but Irish first. Therein he proves himself the Greek of the modern era. This, of course, is a signal proof of racial individuality, and readers of Anglo-Irish history will not require to be told that the reason why Cromwell sought to exterminate the Irish—as it is written—was solely that they prevented the Anglicization of the sister Island, by absorbing and Hibernicizing the English colonies which the Protector sent into the country in the hope that they would assimilate the natives. On the contrary, the natives assimilated the colonists to a point at which these last became *Hiberniores ipsis Hibernicis*, more Irish than the Irish themselves, and Oliver was forced to seek more draconic means.

Did not something like this also happen in the last days of Pagan Rome? The Greeks, if we have read correctly, were the first to accept in large numbers the principles of the Christian Faith, and the Catacombs, really crowded colonies of Christianized Greeks, became the first important centre from which the Christian principle received its world-impetus. It is certain, also, that the same cause operated in the upbuilding of the Anglo-Saxon race, so far as history takes account of it, and it was the Saxon element that preserved to the race the masculinity which distinguishes it from those peoples of the South whom Bismarck, with some cogency, termed the *female* races.

One must, however, speak of the Irish-American with a reservation. In the sense in which we use that somewhat abused term, we mean either the

Irishman who has lived a generation in the States, or else the native-born son of such a person. The more recent Irish import into the Union is too busy for the first ten or twelve years after his arrival, acquiring “th’ accint”—which he soon learns, however, to pronounce “ac-sent”—as well as the wonderful phraseology which leavens the spoken English of the Western Hemisphere. This pupillary state lasts sometimes a decade, and the lack of that swift adaptability which one finds in the German, the Italian, the average Scotsman and the Welshman, is the simple logic of the individuality of which we have spoken above. Naturally, when he arrives in the United States, his hatred for all things and persons English, or even pro-English, is intensified by the fact that he realises himself to be an exile—to some extent a man who is not allowed to live in his own country.

Correspondingly, he regards the free country of the Union with the eye of one who holds a more or less proprietary interest in the whole national concern. And yet, for all his antipathy to the English element in the big cities, or wheresoever you will, he still has a foible for the bloody Sassenach—a feeling born presumably of the fact that several hundred years of continuous quarrelling must, Hegelian-wise, ultimately breed a certain interest, and from interest to regard and finally tolerance, if not friendship, there are not so many giant-strides, we think. And not only that: England, after all, is the nearest country to Ireland, and when all is said, the inter-racial point of view differs not so much in absolutes as in relatives, much

less in fundamentals than in accidentals. There is little doubt of it: the English and the Irish are good allies in the States—once acquainted.

Until we met the Irishman in America, we must confess to have thought Irish patriotism, or genuine love of country, to be a matter of agitation and politics, rather than of real attachment to the soil—a trait which marks the Italian more than any other man we have met, or read of. For all the lectures which have been read us by Irishmen on this subject, we still maintain that there is an important element of auto-suggestion, or self-bluff—when it is not actual pretence—in this idea of loving a land simply because one has been born there; while the fact that rich Irish-Americans never return to their native land to spend their wealth and leisure in the country they love so much, seems to suggest in an arresting way that their patriotism arises rather from a fear of being thought to be lacking in love of Ireland, than from any actual regard for that country. In a good many cases, this earth-patriotism is a simple matter of dollars and cents, just as religion resolves itself so frequently into the quantitative equation—how much is there in it?—with so many clergy of all denominations.

Like the proper Greek he is, the Irishman is also a political being—indeed we cannot respect the man who is not a political animal of some sort—and in the United States there is no doubt that Politics is a profession, very much as the Army, or the Church, is a profession in Britain. A young American, in the outset of life, enters Politics just

as he might decide to be a merchant, or a stock-broker, or a lawyer. The big rewards, too, of political boss-ship in a city like New York often equal the gift of a fortune ready-made. Even the minor rewards attaching to sectional boss-ship can be appraised in terms of thousands of pounds sterling yearly. Mr Croker—Tammany Boss of that ilk, an Englishman of Irish parentage—displaced a famous Irish Boss of the same political tabernacle, if we may use such a phrase. In the course of his supreme boss-ship, Croker is said to have piled up a fortune which, bating exaggerations, amounted to £800,000 or at the rate of about £80,000 a year during his tenure of the supreme chieftainship of Tammany. So-called Big Tim Sullivan—a really splendid Irishman, whatever his political or civic morality may have been—was worth, when we knew him, at least his £200,000, or one million dollars.

Here, then, are two salient examples of the political Irishman in the United States—men with whom the Fifth Avenue Millionaires and the Party Machines had seriously to reckon, and whose favour and “infloonce” they bought and paid for with big cheques. Croker was, in reality, the uncrowned King of New York; while Tim Sullivan, a sectional Boss, controlled—as no feudal baron ever controlled an armed following—a considerable portion of the East Side population of New York City. And so on, from the big fry down to the small fry—there are rewards for everybody who stands in with a particular “bunch,” or “push”—as they call it in Chicago—and, since all cannot be party-leaders, the prizes, in regard to *hoi polloi* who vote just as

they are told, or who are without civic ambitions, take the form of free winter's coal, or boots and shoes for the 'childher,' or the finding of a "jab" for Patsy—all sorts and kinds of little services which require, for their rendering, but the nod of the omnipotent ward-boss or that of his lieutenant.

Some of these Bosses are perfect men of the world—Platt of New York for example, who entered Politics, having made a large fortune in business, solely with the object of wielding public power. Platt was of course no Irishman; but David Lane of Philadelphia, though a Republican Boss, was said by some to be of Irish origin, and he certainly looked it. Boss Murphy, of Tammany, might with a Roman collar, have posed successfully for an Irish parish-priest, and if one were to believe his enemies, Murphy has "cleaned up" a ducal fortune during his political career. M'Carren of Brooklyn—for mordant humour, a replica of Mr Timothy Healy of Westminster—died a poor and also a disappointed man. As a rule, however, the important Irish-American politician is the reverse of what he is imagined to be by those who have not met him; his social entourage—pronounced *enn-toorage*, of course—differs not in such a very pronounced degree from that of the great political Machine Bosses whose social power and political status resemble very much that held in Birmingham by the Chamberlain family, though with all the differences of racial, national and educational caste.

Boss Kenna, a publican of Chicago, wields political power and influence within his State which can decide the Conventional fate of a

Roosevelt, a Hughes, a Parker, a Bryan, or a Taft; that is to say, he exercises a mastery over given national situations practically equal to all which Parnell exercised in England during the critical years between 1881 and 1889, or Joseph Chamberlain between 1895 and 1904. It would require some resiliency of imagination to conjure up such a condition of affairs as, let us say, Lord Curzon owing his nomination to the Viceroyalty of India to, let us suppose, Jim Larkin, the Labour Boss. Well, practically such conditions are common in the States. Within the past five years, Irish-American Bosses have practically nominated Ambassadors—Ambassadors, just think!—to first-class Powers. Mr Patrick Egan was nominated through Irish-American Boss interest to be Minister to one of the South American Republics, not so many years ago. Ambassador James W. Gerard, lately at Berlin, and author of the sensational book, "My Four Years in Germany," published serially in the London *Daily Telegraph* and *Scotsman*, owed his earlier promotion primarily to Tammany.

Another great political force in his time was the late Mr Patrick Ford, the Dynamiter, as he was commonly called. Ford ran a paper called the *Irish World*, which held the record, during many years, for one single issue—namely sixteen hundred thousand numbers—somewhere back in the eighties. This Irishman was described in the House of Commons by Sir George Trevelyan as "the greatest editor of all time," and if the size of an editor's audience be a sure criterion of editorial capacity, then Trevelyan was right; for the Galway Irish-

man's paper had a circulation of over a quarter of a million weekly, and that too in an age when one-fifth of so large a patronage was accounted colossal. And yet Ford was a poor man, or at least poor in comparison with his opportunities for profiting by the bribes of political Bosses, to whose schemes his big circulation made a more than usually appetizing appeal. In vain, however; for in the case of Ford, his patriotism was high above suspicion, and like his equally famous fellow-countryman on a lower plane, John L. Sullivan, he was, indeed, "always on the level." With Mr Ford was his brother, Mr Austin Brendan Ford, editor-proprietor of the *N.Y. Freeman's Journal*, also well and favourably known to British Islanders in the States. Unquestionably a journalist of very wide information and broad sympathies.

Another political Irishman well known to the newspapermen in New York and elsewhere was Mr O'Donovan Rossa, who ran a consumptive anti-British paper for many years, three-fourths of the contents of which were his own reminiscences of the stirring days of the Dynamite-and-Invincible Movement. We recollect, too, how a member of a distinguished English family, with never a drop of rebellious blood to their ancestral stock, once introduced us to an especial friend of his: a quiet, somewhat sarcastic man, of a humorous turn and a philosophic Irish eye—a Mr Tynan, or in other words, the Mysterious Number One, who was involved, in some way or other, with the Phoenix Park tragedy of days when most of us still believed in the Bogey Man.

CHAPTER V

BRITISH ISLANDERS IN THE STATES (*CONTINUED*)

IT would be unfair to pass over the Irish-American brigade of well-known men and not mention the modern Apollo Belvedere Mr James J. Corbett who "put it over" on so many gladiators before he succumbed to Mr Robert Fitzsimmons. The latter used periodically to pay a visit to Floor No. 12 of the *New York World*, bearing some valuable matter in the shape of battling reminiscences. We were always of opinion that the fighting Irish-Cornishman had a latent streak of the Apostle in him, and were not surprised to hear, some time back, that Robert had taken to the profession of "hollering for the Lord," as they sometimes call Evangelism in that land of sweet expression. And there is Tom Sharkey, too: Tom has a saloon opposite Tammany Hall, in Fourteenth Street, East, and here we occasionally called on the gallant heavy-weight, who differs, by the way, from the rest of his species in that he is by some inches broader than he is long. Sharkey once expressed to us the view that the days of real Fighters had passed and an age of Boxers succeeded. Stanley Ketchel, he thought, was the bravest man who ever entered the Ring, though

after his own Homeric encounter at Coney Island with the heavy-weight J. J. Jeffries, many very properly awarded that distinction to Sharkey himself. Like all real experts, he was critical of his own art:

“There’s little to it, boy,” he once said, “and a street-fight is still the best test of a man’s ability to fight—stamina, courage and all.”

The unconscious humours and “re-foined” antics of the Costigan type of Irish in America, with whom Thackeray has made us acquainted, are hardly less amusing than are the same peculiarities of their Anglicised Irish congeners in England, or the “official” or “joodishle” specimens in Ireland, who are connected as salaried hangers-on with the “Kestle” crowd in the Irish Methropolis. Who has not met these pathetic simians, and listened to their hawf-and-hälff manner of mouth-ing King George’s own vernacular? We have encountered real native-born and Irish-raised Irelanders, who never “left Kingstown for Holy-head by R.M.S.” till their thirtieth year, and whose training was as Irish as the Rock of Cashel itself, who after a year “in Ninglind” spoke of the city of Drock-heeda, or the Jook of Con-nought, and could never be seduced, at any price, into singing the refrain of that fine old drinking-song “Father O’Flynn” without the horrific rendering:

“Slawnty, and slawnty, and slawnty *a-gain*.”

Well, they are to be found occasionally in the States, too. It is hardly necessary to say that these Irish-Americans are of the adult type who are

Irish-born and who go out full-grown. There is not a little pathos, too, in their inability to release heart and memory of their early happiness in the Island home. Often their women-folk remain puzzled to the end with the novelty of their new life, its bay-mouthed hustle, its upstart gilding, its grasping aggression; and in the patient faces of these women of Ireland we have more than once detected such a look as one might expect to find in some *nonne manquée* whose memory still lingered on the cloistered quiet of her convent school-days.

Naturally enough, the Irishmen are not so very popular in the States. Like all people who are in a class by themselves, they suffer the penalty of their comparative self-isolation; and though the great political parties all pay them their tribute of fulsomeness as occasion arises, the Irish-Americans themselves have no illusions as to the nature of the specious flatteries of which they become the object. Not any more so, we presume, than the Dublin people are deceived by the pro-Irish trickeries which are known among the suite of the “Kestle” under the expressive phrase “doing the Irish business,” and which include a liberal self-plastering with the Shamrock, by the Viceroy and his “officials,” on the birthday of that fine old French-born Scotsman, the late Saint Patrick. We more than once noted in the States strong feelings of an anti-Irish sort which is never to be found in England except among hopelessly ignorant and bovine people. This anti-pathology is most remarkable in New York State and the Down-East, or New England States, generally,

where both the Protestant and the Catholic elements are extremely strong, and is clearly a surviving feud of old Penal days, which is kept alive by the fact that both parties are politically powerful, and consequently are ever struggling among themselves for the spoils of political and civic office. When an American of non-Catholic belief changes his religion to the Roman Catholic Faith, the critics declare that he has "turned Irish"; correspondingly, too, when an Irishman apostatizes, he is said to have "gone English"; and in these simple phrases you get the root-idea of the whole sentiment involved. The Irish-American, too, is often ridiculed by various names; thus: a Harp—and his enemies will not fail to declare that the word should be Harpy; a Mick—a genuine survival of the days when the Irish immigrant was regarded only as an animal of the hewer-and-drawer type, and the generic term "Micky" was applied to all servants without discrimination.

It is considered by sound observers that the periodical treks of the Jewish people afford, each in its turn, a sufficiently good index of the centres which are about to produce fortunes. Thus, New York City has a population of about five millions, of which number one million are Jews; that is to say, one-twelfth of all the Jews in the world—the greatest Jewish city which Israel has yet known in its long history. According to the political economists, rightly or wrongly, the financial centre of gravity has shifted within the past decade from London to New York: hence the Jew, and the rate at which he is increasing and multiplying in

the seething metropolis by the Hudson. It is also said that Jews and Scotsmen avoid "working the same claim," to borrow a mining term, and that intuitively they avoid each other. On the contrary a Jew always welcomes an Irishman for the reason that before he has finished with his services, he will have sucked the Hibernian dry, and a certain pro-Hebrew weakness of the untravelled and unsophisticated Irishman is a phenomenon which is, it is well known, exploited by Jews in big American cities, and, indeed, all the world over.

There are certainly a good many Scotsmen in the States, but they are either in the professions which hold out big rewards, and then they are invariably high-placed; or else they congregate where other successful Scotsmen hold their sway. In Pennsylvania, for example, you will find them very plentiful—as indeed you will also find numbers of Welshmen in the coal-bearing regions of that State. We have no statistics on the subject, but are credibly assured that seven out of ten Scots who land at New York, Boston or Philadelphia, make their way, sooner or later, to Pittsburg, where that humourless old Philistine, Andrew Carnegie, made his vast fortune, and where there are half-a-score of multi-millionaires who also hail from Over-Tweed.

The Scotsmen of the big Union cities are said to be the most successful salesmen in America, and while they have every quality for success in business which is possessed by the Jew, namely, courage, persistence, thrift, they are devoid of the one failing which makes the Jew unwelcome in many centres

of the States, namely, the fact that he is of Israel. Naturally the Scot, with a vast new Caledonia ready for immediate exploitation, just over the international boundary-line, betakes himself to Canada in large numbers. But they are not very bright Scotsmen who settle in Canada—save, perhaps, in British Columbia. Like the Jew, your real Scot has the money-sense, a specific *flair* for the well-filled exchequers; and true to type, he thinks not of the North, nor of the South, nor of the East, nor of the West, but goes simply and of his natural instinct where the big money is—and it is not in Scottish Canada.

Andrew Carnegie still remains, of course, the greatest financial success of all the Scots who ever went to the States. Thank Heaven, there are no more like him; and we hold it to the credit of our race that the majority of the great Scottish adventurers of fortune in the States have differed from the Pittsburg plutocrat in remaining masters of their sense of humour, as well as in retaining a proper sense of what is eternally fitting and in good form. To his absolute lack of a sense of proportion, Carnegie must ascribe the unpopularity which he has achieved in America, as well as the ill-disguised ridicule which invests his name in all educated circles throughout the world; and indeed, we doubt if there is a more disappointed man, in the whole galaxy of big millionaires who seek to be taken seriously outside their proper spheres, than the great iron-master. He is extremely well known to the journalistic fraternity of the States, and few newspapermen there are who have not

at one time or other met him, whether it was on his travels, or at his big red-brick house on Fifth Avenue.

For all Carnegie's paid newspaper friends may say on the subject, there is little doubt now that in his surrender of the Homestead steel-plant and its many appurtenances and outgrowths, he had been badly bested by the late Mr Pierpont Morgan. As most people are aware, the Scottish-American handed over his entire plant in consideration of 5 per cent. Steel Trust bonds which were to assure him a yearly income of sixteen million dollars, or three million sterling. The transaction, it was said at the time, was an entirely amicable one, and the willingness to buy and the promise to sell were at first ratified, by word of mouth only, between the high-contracting parties.

It is nevertheless gospel with those who pretend to know the Wall Street zone, that the verbal pourparlers which culminated in the historic sale were accompanied by hints on the part of the Lord Paramount of Wall Street that if Carnegie refused to sell, the Morgan people had already laid plans for financing the creation of an opposition plant to the Homestead foundries, which in view of Morgan's vaster resources must have ended by crowding the Scotsman out. And so the "master-mind of America's steel-industry," as emotional American newspapermen often call the Laird of Skibo, found himself, for all his business genius, quite helpless when faced with the only serious opposition he had ever encountered in his whole career, and recognized the situation by agreeing to the transfer at a

price which has since been computed to be less by fifty per cent. than what he might justly have expected.

We do not know if Andrew has yet given up the "artistic" pose which characterized him some ten years ago—at the time when he used to go about telling crowded audiences that he was "seventy years young." At this period in his anecdotage, Carnegie would convene large philanthropic gatherings in the big cities, at which he himself was invariably the "star turn," as we used to call it over there. Other platform luminaries having spoken, it remained for the iron-master to deliver his oration, and in those days Andrew had a habit of advancing to the front of the stage with a waltzing kind of motion—remotely suggestive of a stocky *ballerina assoluta* tripping to the foot-lights—his countenance wearing a look of ineffable vacuity, relieved only by a cavernous grin as he bowed right and left to the plaudits of the hall. On one of these occasions, we remember, having advanced in the manner shown, the iron-master suddenly stopped, stretched forth his arms, and in a kind of mystical ecstasy delivered himself of the following exquisite sentiment by way of exordium:

"Friends, I do not know what I am worth. I cannot figure up my possessions."

Specially subsidized papers on that occasion described his speech as "sparkling with the graceful wit and *badinage* of the true dilettante," the simple fact being that Andrew has just about as much talent for graceful *badinage* in his composition

as an undertaker's mute may be imagined to possess, and about as much sparkle and originality in his discourse as the average street-corner evangelist. Newspapermen whose business called them to Ninety-First Street in those days will remember how Carnegie in his new-found rôle of simple *ingénu* used to pretend to be so unsophisticated and unpractical as not to understand the use of his own telephone apparatus. When important public men, too, were making pronouncements on current crises or events, Andrew, in dread of being overlooked, used to drop little notes to News-Editors informing them in his own monarchical fashion that "any representative of your paper who cares to call on me may rest assured of a very GRACIOUS reception." On another occasion he delivered himself of the following tasteful remark, at a time, too, when religious denominational feeling was running high in the country:

"When I was in Rome, I called on the King of Italy; but," delivered with full emphasis, "I did *not* call on the Pope."

Journalists in the tyro stage had a never-failing trick of winning the good graces of the Iron-master: thus, when their stock of questions gave out, they used to enquire how many libraries he had given away within the past month. Andrew would touch a bell, a summons which brought his secretary on the scene:

"Cood ye say oot of hond, Broon, hoo monny foondations Ondrew Carnegie made the last month?"

"Thuftly-five, surr," the Hielan' Scot would

answer, meaning, of course, thirty-five Carnegie libraries.

“Has Ondrew Carnegie made onny fooundation the day?”

“Naw.”

Was it generally known in England that the late Elijah Dowie, Prophet of Zion City, was a Scotsman? We think not; and are further inclined to imagine that the opposition which “the Profit” met with, during his last visit to Britain, was subsidized by interested persons of the Revivalist kidney. We have not visited Zion City, but were well acquainted with Chicagoans who knew both Zion and Dowie very well, and all agreed that he was not only a very kindly creature, but far and away the most popular man in his own home-regions, and one of the most generous. During his visits to New York, he encountered hardly less opposition from certain apostolic people, than in Britain; but on the whole, all who met him were agreed that outside his tabernacular performances and in his private capacity, Fifth Avenue could not teach him anything in the way of correctness or *bienséance*. His press-agents were undoubtedly responsible for many of the vulgar eccentricities which frequently marked his Zionistic progress, and as a private individual, there was no more of “Old ’Lije” about him than there was of “Old Billy” about Mr Gladstone, whose old-world courtesy of manner and deportment, Dowie not a little recalled, while Oxford itself never produced more beautifully enunciated periods than Dowie could command in private conversation, whatever

he did in public. His wealth was, of course, extravagantly over-assessed by public estimate, and if he was worth a million dollars at his death, he was worth not a cent more. His public stock-notice to the cities in which he preached was of press-agent composition and was conceived in the following æsthetic style:

“Anyone coming to Chicago to see me will find a man by the Grace of God endowed with a healthy constitution, a bald head and bandy legs. I am the Prophet and out for God. And God is out for Dowie and the souls of mankind.”

According to the Census of 1910, there were 135,000 Welshmen in the United States, there being a larger number in Philadelphia than in any other city of the Union. There is no question about it, the advent of an important individual phenomenon in the person of David Lloyd George—a true type of the Anglo-Kelt—has given Welshmen a big boost in the world, and rescued a whole race from a veritable obscurity not unmixed with much suspicion and dislike. Whether the vogue will survive his disappearance, would prove matter for nice speculation. It is in any case very certain that Welsh history has shown nothing like him. And yet—what of Cromwell?

Men do not generally remember, however, that the late Mr Pierpont Morgan—once described, and not without truth, as the most important individual in the world—was of direct Welsh origin, his first American ancestor of the Morgan *gens* having been an immigrant to the Pennsylvania coal-regions from South Wales. Morgan’s attitude towards

the world in general may be summed up in a comment which he once scrawled across the visiting card of a New York newspaperman who, in search of special news, came to tell the great banker that people were accusing him of having precipitated the panic of 1907 in the interests of the moneyed corporations, and with a view to discrediting the then expiring régime of Theodore Roosevelt. The comment ran :

“ Mr Morgan doesn't care a damn what anybody says about him.”

Who ever remembers that Jefferson Davis was a Welshman? Or that the magnate who electrified the Underground railways of London, the late Mr Yerkes, was also of Welsh origin? A well-known compiler of pedigrees, who once used to work at the British Museum, undertook, to our own knowledge, in 1901, to prove a pedigree for Yerkes, showing a *direct* descent from Xerxes, the grandson of the great Cyrus, and successor to Darius! It was on this occasion that the traction-magnate informed the world that he was of Welsh descent, as indeed he also once told the writer. In America it is said of the Welsh that they are not a clannish race, and if this be the fact, then Horace is again confounded in respect of the old “*cœlum non animum*” saw, for the London Welsh are homogregarious to the very last man—in our experience, at least. In the States they will not club, and so far as we know, there is no very important Welsh Society besides that of Philadelphia. The majority of the Principality's emigrants to the Union are engaged either in farming, dairy-working,

or as miners. The Welsh Methodists have some 250 churches all over the country.

A recent statistical paper gives the returns of British-born—English, Scottish and Welsh—in New York State as 237,000, some 80,000 of these being in New York City and 15,000 in Buffalo. In Philadelphia alone there are 60,000. In the so-called New England States there are, according to the estimate of John R. Towse, about 350,000 British-born persons; while a Chicago monthly publication states that there are about half a million British-born persons earning a livelihood between Buffalo and Southern California. The English and the Welsh prove themselves most adaptable to the new conditions; the Scotch less so; the Irish hardly at all, except in the sense of being good workmen; ethnically, as we have shown, they prefer to form a class apart. Royal Milesian descent, you think? Perhaps. Perhaps not.

CHAPTER VI

CASTE IDEAS IN THE STATES

ONCE in a great New York monthly magazine, we read an account of important Society in the United States, which labelled the fashionable communities somewhat in the following manner :

1. *New York*: all glare and glitter; less refinement and elegance than in any other city of the Union; but incomparably more money and proportionately more *showing* of money.

2. *Philadelphia*: very elegant; ancestral ideas prominent; a society which relies on tradition.

3. *Chicago*: freshness and piquancy the principle of the scheme of important social coteries; above all, the cultivation of personality.

4. *Washington*: senatorial in its tone—Whiggish, if anything; also rather Old-Roman in its political pose, with its eternal suggestion of being on the Inside Track.

We leave such descriptions to all who possess the subtlety of mind to perceive how closely they fit, in each particular case. For ourselves, and for all the lectures Americans used to read us on the matter, we must frankly confess that, except in the matter of raiment, we could see but very little difference between any Americans of any class, and

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our opportunities were quite sufficient to enable us to see *all* classes, without exception, and during a sufficiently lengthy period in which to study them. And having seen what we have seen, we entirely agree with the American writer, Edgar Fawcett, who declares, *sans façons*, that "United States fashionable Society is a blend of the ludicrous and the pathetic . . . based mainly on I-am-better-than-you swagger."

That is, of course, to say, Pretentious Society, which relies for its principal effects on how much dollar-showing it can conveniently crowd into the social canvas of the moment. And so much so is this the case, and so persistently does the dollar-gauge provide the only measure of social worth, that we could quite understand the feeling of a very distinguished French nobleman who declared that he only went into Society, when in America, for the same reason that prompted him at home to go and visit the travelling circus, on its arrival in his home-regions—solely in order to see if it could show him some new wonder. When he wanted the friendly quiet of social intercourse, he went among his own compatriots, who were more or less impoverished people, and whom adverse circumstances had forced to earn a livelihood in the Western Hemisphere.

Nothing truer was ever said about the States than all that which was implied in the late Henry James's advice to his young friend, the late Rupert Brooke :

"Treat America and Americans kindly," said, in effect, the elderly novelist, "and remember that both are very young."

Here, indeed, is a tabloid explanation of American social life, and the earliest impression made upon the observant traveller is that the people are very young and very naïf, with all the simple and half-conscient pose of children who insist on being heard and looked at and admired, and who can be very naughty when you refuse to listen to, or to look at, or to admire them. It follows, as a matter of course, that like all very young people, they are intensely egoistic, and though certain American critics of the Americans themselves declare that this egoism is a mark of the strong individuality of the people, deeper psychologists are well aware that Individuality, in the sense in which that much-abused term ought to be used, denotes rather an objective than a subjective quality; that is to say, individuality is marked in proportion as it is expressive and self-diffusing, and not at all in proportion to its intensiveness—when it becomes mere egoism, or in other words, selfishness and self-centricity. It is, for instance, a very well-known phenomenon of United States life that comparatively ordinary and more or less humbly situated strangers can call upon and see men of the very first importance. In England, contrariwise, it is an extremely difficult enterprise for any un-introduced stranger—even the representative of a highly important newspaper—to see a personage of Cabinet rank, or even a man of secondary importance in one of the great Government Departments—say, at the Foreign Office, or the Admiralty. In the States, on the other hand, he must be a sorry-looking hobo who cannot make his quarry grant an audi-

ence, even if the quarry be a statesman, a multi-millionaire banker, or a great editor.

What un-introduced stranger in London has ever successfully assailed Mr J. M. Le Sage in his editorial *antrum* at the *Daily Telegraph*? Or Mr Loe Strachey of the *Spectator*? What compelling magic must not a stranger have who can send up his card to the Prime Minister in Downing Street, and receive an audience? How should a man go about seeking an expression of opinion as to the state of the stock-market from, say, Lord Rothschild? Or an inside opinion on the international situation from the Foreign Secretary? What manner of journalist could induce an Archbishop of Canterbury, say, to—"cough up" for publication? You can search *us*; we do not know, and frankly give it up.

In America, however, the men of first-class importance who absolutely refuse to be seen can be counted in single figures; and there is a reason for it. It is certainly not the whole reason; but it is a great part of the reason, namely, a genuine delight in being seen and admired by smaller and less successful fry. In European Society—in *all* classes—it may be said that the feeling one carries away from hosts is the interest they seem to take in oneself; only rarely and among very new and pretentious people, does one get the feeling that one's hosts are seeking to discover what impression they are making upon one. Yet in the States, to use their own phrase, this is the impression that one gets in plutocratic society first, last and *all* the time. Even in the plutocratic American visitors

who come touring in Europe, the first interrogation they appear tacitly to convey—when, like the pseudo-Southerners, they are not apologetic for being Americans—is: “What do you think of us? You do not often see anything like *us* over here.”

We do not—in the case of certain self-styled Southerners.

Mr H. G. Wells, in his account of a visit to America, published in 1906,¹ commented on the general demeanour of passers-by in the street, where they hurried *uncivilly* along, as he described it; and years ago, before we knew America, an observing young friend of ours used at once to pick out the Americans on the theatrical stage here in London, though we ourselves often failed to do so. On asking him his method, he replied:

“Just note how contemptuously they look on everything and everybody around.”

And Mr Dean Howells, in his *London Films* (1905), remarks on the entire absence of *hauteur*—we forget the exact words—in the English aristocracy as it moves along in processional promenades, like Morning Parade in Hyde Park, as it once was, and elsewhere.

But, bless you, in the States, this ridiculous *hauteur* and uncivil and contemptuous air are among the very first mannerisms which American men and women take on when they have banked a million dollars, and are beginning to write over to Mr Culleton for their ancestral trees. “And by God, siree, you’ll have to look at *us*, whether you like it or not.” If you will not look at them, some

¹ *The Future in America.*

of them are so determined to win your admiration, or at least your notice, that they will even go out of their way in order to attract your attention. These are, however, representatives of a raw type of United States people who have just put their foot on the first rung of the ladder of financial or commercial success—Climbers, they call them. The second generation progresses from this type by a series of leaps, and all for the better; while the third generation has at least the rudiments of a tradition to encourage it in cultivating the higher urbanities.

“The snobbery of so-called High Society in New York,” writes to us a well-known Englishman, an annual visitor to the States, “is without parallel in any capital of the wide world that I can speak of. *Any* title is sufficient to guarantee its wearer—whether he be rightfully possessed of it or not—a cordial reception in seventy-five per cent. of the great receiving houses in Fifth Avenue. Even the most prominent hostesses of the plutocracy display a slavishness with regard to such titles, and so make bearers of genuine distinctions of this kind rather nervous on being first presented. . . . Also, in the case of fashionable women of almost international fame as hostesses, I have frequently noted that their chief anxiety, when with more or less distinguished European visitors, is not so much to *be* refined and elegant, as to *show* their refinement and elegance. . . . A well-known, very pretty and very much over-bejewelled wife of a multi-millionaire—a grass widow, I am bound to say—once told me, as we rushed through Newport, that

a certain cavalier, who had just saluted and passed, was *un des nôtres*, pronounced with a naïve kind of prettiness *oon des noter*. Her poor husband—I am convinced the little cat used to claw her honest millionaire wage-earner!—was occasionally allowed to *sit with company* . . . but the result was never very successful; the poor devil was invariably glad to get back to his office; and this office, by the way, was his only *home* so far as I could observe.”

No one, we imagine, is likely to question the powers of observation of Mr Harry Thurston Peck, who once wrote as follows of the American variety of Aristocracy:

“You cannot get the world to look at you as an aristocrat just because you want to be one. . . . Americans are *not* aristocrats to look at. . . . Who is really and truly a gentleman in America? Boots are impossible. Pigs must have *one* generation to make them acceptable socially. Also Oils. Patent Medicines are doubtful. Railways are high. Dry Goods require *one* generation. Tobacco is—away up. Leather has been let in. So has Soap. . . . With the aristocracy of the United States, there is no sense of ‘trust’ in the vast possessions of the great plutocrats.”

The craze for dollar-show takes strange phases of its own, and is limited by no condition, whether sacred or profane, known to civilized society. A well-known Briton, Father Kenelm Vaughan, a younger brother of Bernard, the Fighting Jesuit, told us on his visit to New York from Mexico—in 1907, if we remember exactly—that on one particular Sunday at the Cathedral in Fifth Avenue, the

wife of a Catholic millionaire put £600 (3000 dollars) in the plate, as it went the rounds! On the following Sunday, at a neighbouring Episcopal Church, another millionaire’s wife, a social rival of the 3000-dollar lady, promised the presiding minister that she would add to the Sunday collection as much again as the congregation had handed over on the plates. The minister, besides being a first-class apostle, was also an astute man of business, and reflecting very profoundly on the large means of the lady-millionaire, induced half a dozen other members of the congregation to put thousand-dollar bills into the plate as it passed round, on the private understanding, however, that they should have their money back when the collection was counted and the sum shown to the Church’s would-be benefactress. It amounted to some *twenty times* the usual total, and when the lady realized what she was “up against,” she fairly and publicly broke down and howled. Her husband was a stickler for promises, however, and carried out his wife’s undertaking, though with what amount and kind of profanity we are not permitted to say.

There was a near enough parallel to this story at Sherry’s, the famous restaurateur’s, in Fifth Avenue, in 1909 or 1910. A celebrated and very absent-minded millionaire of the spot-light type, was known to be an exceedingly generous soul when in his cups, which were invariably very deep and very frequent. Out of his cups, he was said to be the meanest soul on earth. At one banquet which he gave to several friends at Sherry’s, being especially

pleased with the services of a particular waiter, he asked the man what was the largest individual tip he had ever received from a diner.

"Eight hundred and seventy-five dollars, sir; the change left from a thousand-dollar bill," our waiter replied.

"Good," said Croesus; "well, here is a thousand-dollar note for yourself; keep it and bring me the bill."

Having settled his account, he enquired of the waiter who it was had given him the 875-dollar tip.

"Yourself, sir—last night," grinned the attendant, whipping up the plates, and with prudent expedition disappearing.¹

Philadelphia, where we resided for a considerable period, is known variously as the City of Brotherly Love—which, on comparison with New York, is not at all a misnomer; also as Quaker City, and by hypercritical wanderers, who joke with deeficulty, as Sleepy Town. Ponderously facetious imitators of Mark Twain, like the late Mr H. H. Rogers of Standard Oil and Mr Skibo Carnegie, used invariably to inform their friends that they never went to Philadelphia except to—sleep. Well, we have seen as many cities of the world as most American millionaires alive, and sojourned in far more, and the only superior advantage, in our opinion, which New York possesses over Quaker City lies in the fact that New York has the full benefit of the ocean breeze—clearly a first-class advantage. Neither is

¹ We take this story on trust; the tip involved was probably a hundred dollars.—H. G.

there the slightest doubt about it, and it is the first remarkable difference which an Englishman notes—the general Philadelphian crowd is entirely lacking in the surly incivility which Wells noted in the people of New York; and incivility, we take it, is only another word for bad breeding. Apart from all this, there is a *real* friendliness of disposition among all Philadelphians, that is not only very engaging, but very encouraging in vast cities, which even to the cosmopolitan stranger, nearly all tend to become wildernesses—more or less. It is claimed for Philadelphia that it is more elegant from Society's point of view. However this may be, we are very certain that it is infinitely better bred.

It has to be understood, of course, that the friendliness of the Philadelphians for the stranger in their midst is very much exploited by denizens of other States, who, when they have fallen foul of the law-officers of their own regions, betake themselves elsewhere. A more or less important Philadelphian, attached to a Quaker City paper when we lived there, was an inextricable refugee from the law-officers of another State. Bearing a German name, the same individual has been a frequent enough visitor to England, where, there is little doubt, he acted as a first-class spy on behalf of the Berlin Secret Service. Like a good many more German-Americans who had become so much Americanized as hardly to be distinguished from real Americans, this newspaper crook was received more than once with open arms by highly important newspaper-owners in Great Britain, who were entirely deluded by the professed pro-English

feelings invariably expressed by the paper to which this German-American belonged, and which really owes its prosperity to the fact that it is subsidized by German gold for the purpose of employing its self-styled "American" agents on special-service visits in England.

There are, as we have pointed out in another chapter, some 60,000 British residents in Philadelphia, and the cloth and carpet industries have made many of them affluent beyond what would have been possible had they remained in their own country. Perhaps it is this strong British leavening which has turned the thoughts of native Philadelphians so much towards the study of their ancestral origins, though we must confess that those persons of Philadelphia who used to regale us with accounts of their exalted progenitors—very few, we admit—were entirely lacking as much in that repose which one associates with the caste of Vere de Vere, as in the social distinction which is attributed, more or less correctly, to high birth. We laboured as assistant editor for some time with the *Evening Telegraph*, under an excellent sportsman, Mr Barclay Warburton (formerly of Christ Church, Oxford), who is as well known in Newport and the fashionable clubs of New York, as in Philadelphia, where his father-in-law, Mr John Wanamaker, appears to be the Uncrowned King, and as a result of our entire experience among the people, came to the conclusion that one hears far more about ancestors in Philadelphia from persons who are unable to produce evidence of an ancestry, than from people

who really can. This remark may be said, however, to apply to the whole of America, and is, indeed, one of the most disconcerting features of an otherwise very agreeable kind of social life. An ordinary American, for example, will talk to you for hours at a time, as only Americans can talk, most informingly, with admirably expressed phraseology, the *mot juste* every time, and in reality giving one excellent instruction as to political, commercial or other conditions. Without any warning, however, and *à propos*, perhaps, of just nothing at all, he will inveigle you into a dark corner and impart the following information to you in muffled tones:

"Look here, old man, I've never told this to anyone; but I will tell you: *I am a lineal descendant of King Henry the Seventh of England.*"

On occasions, too, an alleged Southern Gentleman will start weeping at a dinner-table, much to the consternation of the company present. After enduring this tragedy of tears for some time, a guest bolder or more sympathetic than the rest will venture to ask the lachrymose gent the reason of his sorrow. The explanation will invariably be somewhat as follows, delivered in sonorous and impressive accents—meant to be heard, of course:

"Ah, Sir, I was just thinking of the heartless reply which King George II. gave to my great-great-great-grand-aunt at the Court of St James's, when she went to claim the million her grandfather lent King James I., before she set sail for these shores."

One of our fellow-workers in Philadelphia was

a well-educated man with a distinctly German-Jewish name, who used *seriously* to talk about the royal line of England having crossed *his* family line, somewhere back in the God-knows-when. He could also be very disagreeable if you refused to accept him at his word, or even if you smiled when he commenced to enumerate the ancestral Begats. His family was in the retail cigar-selling business, though probably, like Monsieur Jourdain, they only traded cigars to oblige their friends.

On the *Evening Telegraph*, we had as colleagues some very well-known contributors to journalism on both sides of the Atlantic—Miss Agnes Repplier, Mrs Louisa Satterthwaite, and another excellent sportsman, Mr Harry Nealy, who has since gone into the practical organization of fighting squadrons of aviation. On the *Evening Bulletin*, which has deservedly won the reputation of being among the very best edited and sub-edited papers in the United States, our chief was Mr Charles E. Shull, a perfect man of the world; with him was Morris Lee, an able co-adjutor; while in our old ally, "Bart." Haley, the *Bulletin* had the unexceptionably brightest writer in the Eastern States. This newspaper, the offices of which are the most luxurious we have yet seen, has one of the most complete equipments and staffings in the States. Its proprietor is Senator William M'Lean, of Scottish origin, as the name indicates.

Philadelphia puts in a claim to be the most English city in the States. It is certainly a city of good homes—which is another of its claims. There are, however, few parts of Quaker City

which remind one of typical British cities; certain sections remind you of Bath and Cheltenham, which are anything but typical English cities; others remind you of Edinburgh and Dublin. There is a square half way up Chestnut and Spruce Streets, the name of which we just now forget, but which in our own opinion is one of the handsomest residential squares in the world. It is certainly not English, nor Scottish, nor Irish; there is nothing like it in London; but if you go to The Hague, or Amsterdam, or to the big cities of Flanders, or to certain cities of Austria and Germany, you will find its exact counterparts.

Neither do the interiors of the City's homes recall English fashion, but rather Flemish and Continental styles; they are much more solid than the modern English homes, which vary as much now-a-days from the heavy-mahogany and weighty-silver fashions of Victorian days, as the modern English girl differs from her Victorian or Georgian ante-type; or her mother, for that matter.

It would be unfair to mention names, but we have inspected some "ancestral trees" in Philadelphia and other American cities, and must confess our wonderment that otherwise intelligent and practical Americans should allow anyone acquainted with English History even to glance at them. It is an ordinary occurrence to hear certain Philadelphians, on mention being made of the name of any distinguished Englishman of title:

"Yes, we are related to him; his ancestors are in our family-tree."

Well, we once inspected the tree of a family

which claimed a direct descent from a son of the first Duke of Marlborough. We did not know it at the time, but a rival acquaintance of this family gave us some proof that the first Duke of Marlborough had no son—none who survived to manhood, at any rate. And as for legitimate Lords Baltimore, we believe there is a colony of them in the Eastern States; though we are bound to say that Philadelphia claims as a citizen the gentleman who has as yet advanced the best title to be considered the rightful claimant. These are, however, little foibles that do not spoil the picture—which in our own recollection at all events, will ever remain of the friendliest and most agreeable.

CHAPTER VII

CASTE IDEAS IN THE STATES (*CONTINUED*)

So good a judge as Chateaubriand declared in 1822, in his *Memoirs*, that there never was a dead level of democratic sentiment in the States and that there never would be. Chateaubriand no doubt held a brief for Aristocracy when he said that nowhere were the virtues of the aristocratic principle so fully emphasized or justified as in America.

“You think there is a general level of caste in the States,” he wrote in effect. “There is no such thing, and out here I can point to social coteries which look down upon one another and would not dream of exchanging visits. I have been a guest in *salons* where the haughtiness of the hosts exceeds that of a German princeling with sixteen quarterings to his escutcheon. Yes, it is the caste idea in all its fierce self-assertiveness and despite the Rights of Man. Some of these aristocrats talk of nothing but their ancestors, and they adopt the heraldic shields of the Old World, while all an impostor has to do is to assume the title of marquis if he wants to receive special consideration in this country.”

Things have not changed so very much since the

days of Chateaubriand; and except that there is now in existence a certain private society in New York which enquires into the claims to rank of all self-styled noblemen and noblewomen, the worship of the individual with a titular distinction travels from the upper circles downward and all the way back again. So well informed, indeed, are Americans of nearly all classes, with regard to the families of England, that members of newly-ennobled and self-made families, of no prestige or real social importance whatever, are given, from their first arrival, to understand that though Uncle Joe in England may have, as a lawyer, or a business-man, or a soldier, achieved a barony by the successful exercise of his arts, no especial consideration attaches to the visiting representative of the family on that account. We recollect, in our own time, the member of an entirely new-come family the immediate ancestors of which were prosperous spade-labourers in the Shires. All his very obvious attempts to carry off a wealthy bride on the strength of his relative's newly-achieved position, proved unavailing and were instantly frowned upon, while men of the most doubtful reputations in England, provided only they possessed an ancestral tree of ten generations of nobility, were made free of the entire plutocracy and its boudoirs.

Nor is there any doubt, apparently, in the minds of American claimants as to their ancestry. Thus the Shemerhorns of New York, the Willings of Philadelphia, the Livingstones of Virginia—these all claim *royal* lineal descent from certain kings

of England, France, Holland or Scotland; and a pathetic enough proof of the fact is given when members of the family are christened with *Royal* as a second name. Earl, too, is a common Christian or "front" name which goes to *prove* that its bearer is descended, more or less, from a belted earl of the days gone by. Duke, too, is a common baptismal name, and the writer remembers once dining at a seaside table-d'hôte where the ladies—conscious of English accents in their vicinity—very obviously threw the high-sounding names of their male relatives, "Duke" and "Earl" and "Roy," at the heads of their co-diners who were socially nothing more important than newspapermen on their day-off excursion.

Mrs Cornelius Vanderbilt, the Wattses and the Peysters, says an authoritative Blue-Blood book which one finds in every boudoir—occasionally called bou-dee-or—in the States are descended from Alfred the Great, and, indeed, the Peysters take in Charlemagne on the journey down. The same work tells us that the Hammersleys are scions of the House of Stuart. The Van Renselaers are of the House of Nassau. Like the Lees, or all the Lees we ever met in America, these Renselaers are certainly very handsome, if that proves anything. Then there is the Jay family, to which Jay Gould was related: well, the Jays are descended from Philip the Hardy, whoever he may have been. There are genuine Lafayettes, too, in America—great-grandsons of the famous Marquis. We have met some of them, and certainly all the graces and courtesies of the *vieille roche* have descended to

their American representatives of the present day. There are many, however, who add the patronymic Lafayette to their own—on general principles; and we were present once at a private meeting in New York where the visitor of honour was an alleged descendant of the famous Marquis, and used the patronymic as his second name. He was certainly a most distinguished-looking person, and so far “got away with it,” as the Americans themselves would put it. At a certain point in the ceremony however, the Simon Pure representative of the Lafayette family was announced, when with hardly more than a word to his host, the guest of honour jumped up and pleaded an important engagement elsewhere. The same gentleman—a “Southern Gentleman,” of course—subsequently ran the gauntlet of the ruthless Yellow Press which undertook to investigate and settle beyond cavil the new Lafayette claim. In the end, the claimant admitted that his pretension was founded solely on the fact that he had heard an aunt once declare that she was a descendant of the noble Revolutionary. And this is about the measure of the validity of ninety-nine per cent. of claims to ancient pedigree on the part of pretentious Americans, to say nothing of the remaining one per cent.

The alliances which men of the Napoleonic nobility seek to make among some of these alleged aristocrats in the States do not—it is generally unsuspected—always proceed to a happy termination without many an intervening hitch. A certain fair claimant to lofty parchment descent, whose male parent was chief of a guano business, once declared

that the only objection she could see in a French suitor of ducal rank was that his grandfather—the son of a simple French peasant—who received his dukedom from Napoleon, was not of sufficiently lofty origin to allow of his grandson aspiring to the hand of a guano-merchant's daughter. And with the exquisite taste which characterizes some of these damosels, she so informed the young Duc. This was a facer, if you like, and the Frenchman volunteered to withdraw in favour of one more fortunately bepedigreed. The lady recognized that she had gone a little too far, and offered to *overlook*—o-v-e-r-l-o-o-k!—his ancestral shortcomings. That marriage never came off, however, and the lady subsequently conferred her hand and pedigree on a prosperous stock-broker of her native city. It is recorded, too, that a grand-niece of Washington—himself the grandson of an entirely undistinguished Northamptonshire farmer—refused the son of the King of Naples, Prince Achilles Murat, because his grandfather had kept a little gin-mill—God bless his old heart!

In an aristocracy, or in an aristocrat, one expects to find, and one never fails to find, certain indications of manner, of mental cast and of mental attitude in and towards all things, even in the speaking tones and the very eye-glance, which as surely differentiate your person of ancestral worth from the pretender with his Simian poses, so plain to everyone but himself. In the course of our own very considerable experience we met some of the first gentlemen in the world in the States; but they were not of the millionaire class, though

undoubtedly millionairedom produces many of the finest types of Americans; nor were they of the Newport or Fifth Avenue order, or of the multimillionaire kind. Among important business-men of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston, we have met, not once but many times, men whose intrinsic high-breeding and real *politesse de cœur*—this surely must be the analytical test—one can associate in our own country only with names which have passed into history as being those of very great gentlemen—names, indeed, which occur once or twice in a century as representative of types of humanity about which there can be no doubt or question whatever, and which types are as far removed from the Chesterfield idea of fashioned gentlemanhood, as Barnes Newcome's soul was remote from the soul of Colonel Newcome. Whether, or not, in this experience, we have been more fortunate than others, we cannot say; but in our own business we shall certainly be lucky ever again to pursue the work of journalism under such editors as we have worked with in the States, and some of whom we have mentioned in the course of these notes.

A Newport man who had all the social advantages attaching to great wealth, and whose name has already been mentioned, once assured us that American men of fashion do not as a rule think very highly of the social performances of American women of the Grand Monde.

“The worst of the women,” he said, “is that they fail to grow with their increasing social prestige, whereas the men, once they begin their social climb,

grow stronger as each rung of the ladder is achieved. Women, on the contrary, lose their heads when they reach a certain eminence, and a point arrives in the social progress of every American woman who has won social recognition, when her best friends begin to fear for her and are positively afraid of what rôle she may next seek to play. A woman having once reached a certain age, is no longer able to adapt herself to new conditions, and is wholly unable to evolve with the evolution of her social environment without making herself ridiculous sooner or later. At heart,” this American of Oxford training declared of his countrywomen, “the American Society woman is the most callous snob on earth, and in her fight for social recognition, will throw family, religion, virtue and friendship to the winds of the wide world. As a Society woman, the American female, whether wife or maid, is a failure, and she is, in ninety per cent. of cases, the first cause that drives disgusted husbands, in their hour of disillusionment, to seek for consolations that ultimately lead to the Divorce Court.”

We put this statement from a seasoned Society man of fifty, who has weathered twenty-five years of the so-called Four Hundred of Newport and New York, beside that of a young Englishman on whose judgment we have great reliance in matters connected with the so-called Upper Ten in our own country, and who has had not only the advantage of a close acquaintance with English, French, and American Society, but is also intimately acquainted with the most arrogantly exclusive Society system in Europe, namely, that of Vienna. Said our

friend, to whom we had retailed the opinion just given above:

“What your informant told you may well be held to apply to the majority of women of the American middle classes, who having married enterprising men, have within three or four years seen themselves promoted from comparative poverty to a wealthy and perhaps fashionable coterie in Fifth Avenue, with Newport and Bar Harbour affiliations. The lack of early education of an exact kind declares itself just when they require it; and in such cases, they are much in the same position as the man of self-education when he has to measure himself with men of regular academic training; there is lacking the intellectual self-confidence which never deserts the man who has gone through the schools in the regular way. The House of Commons—and even latterly the House of Lords—affords several examples of what I mean.

“It is much the same with American Society women of the climbing classes; all the *aplomb* which they can successfully muster—generally under the influence of drugs—is impotent to conceal from them the fact that they are under critical observation, and against this silent criticism they have nothing to fall back upon such as the consciousness of high birth, or ancestry, or early social training which supports a budding hostess in similar cases in Europe. That American Society women of the hereditary plutocratic classes fail to progress with the times and the manners, or to adapt themselves to the new conventions of the

new caste, I entirely refuse, however, to believe. In London, in Paris, in Berlin, in Vienna, the women of the hereditary American plutocracy have proved themselves, in almost *all* cases, equal to the call upon their social education, their family prestige and their early advantages, and in many cases, become veritably the leaders of Society in the various capitals in which they take up residence—including London.

“This last achievement of theirs I put down to the fact that the American woman possesses, as a general rule, a better dramatic sense of things and is a more accomplished social actress, and no one needs to be told that social success is almost entirely a matter of good acting. Consider the American women who are best known in French and English Society. You must admit that they are fully equal to all the demands made on their social talents; and since their wealth is usually great, these demands are correspondingly trying.”

“Not as a society man,” we interposed, “but simply as a physical man, would you say, now, that American women are as beautiful as British women? Look at their eyes, for instance. The average American girl or matron seems to have no more feeling or sympathy in them than, say, Cleopatra had for her eunuchs. It is the first difference you notice when you land at Southampton after a lengthy stay in the States—this softness of eye in the women of England.”

“But,” returned the other, “consider also the American woman’s physical development. Look at the American women on the Riviera; you can

tell them at once—the well-set shoulders, the fine deportment, the self-possession, the indefinable poise which marks the Transatlantic women.”

“Yes,” we replied, “’tis an elusive quantity, I admit, not easy to define; but I will give you the slang American term for it: *gall*. This word is equivalent to our English word *cheek*, and this word, in its turn, gave the French their term *chic*. In reality the American woman has a tremendous social audacity. Our English girls have not—at least not the nice English girls. Personally, however, I prefer that one who is ‘a right maid for my cowardice,’ as the gentle creature in Shakespeare says; and during all my time in the States, I never met but two women who had really soft eyes with the love-light in them and that timidish demeanour that invites connodding and things. And one of these women was a Pole.”

“But you admit their superior physical development?” said the other man.

“I admit that they are well developed. A great many of them are over-developed from excess of athletic training, and it is good sexual law that the best human stock is raised from the meeting of a male who possesses ninety per cent. of masculinity and ten of femininity, with a female who possesses ten per cent. of masculinity and ninety of femininity. In the case of your American women, there is forty per cent. of masculinity and sixty per cent. of femininity. The sexual poise is upset before the couple start to propagate, and you see the result in the progeny: there are more individual freaks or homo-sexual

(*i.e.* a kind of neutral-sexed) men and women in the States than in any other country in the world, and Americans themselves admit this. In New York and other big cities of the Union, there are more men and women who go mad, or commit suicide, from sheer loneliness and inability to join the social throng, than in all the rest of the capitals of the world put together. Statistics are available which show this to be a fact, and if this is not due to homo-sexuality I don’t know what it’s due to. In any case, I disagree with your view that American women are more beautiful than Englishwomen: they are not. Being less woman-like, they must also be less beautiful: and as Mr Wells says, you can see many handsome faces of both sexes in the cities of the various States, but few beautiful or attractive faces.”

“You will admit, I suppose,” said the young man, “that American men rarely come to Britain for their brides; whereas Englishmen frequently go to the States?”

“In the case of the decayed families of the peerage—yes,” we answered. “These Britons require, for the most part, the American dollars of the women to take them out of hock, as it were. The titled person has of course a fair equivalent to offer the American woman for her dollars. In the case of Americans, co-education goes a long way towards making American women so very like the men that the companionableness of the female becomes for the American man very much the same as a school-boy friendship prolonged into the after-years.

“American women are more companionable to

American men; it is not so certain that they are so companionable to Englishmen, though there is no doubt that they can make themselves more interesting, being far and away better read than their English sisters, and incomparably more chatty. But it depends on the man and the point of view: chatty is only a variant of chattering, and a suitor who begins by finding his *fiancée* very chatty, as often as not ends in the discovery that he has chained himself up to a chattering female. Not that the chattering "rib" is confined to the United States. Indeed, it is probably less prevalent in America than in England, the American woman being so entirely mistress in her own domain and without the poor clatty British woman's excuse for using this the sole weapon of protection which British civilization has left her for self-defence."

Chicago is less touched with the ancestral mania than perhaps any other city on the whole American continent. And just as the Philadelphian will assure the stranger within the gates that "Philadelphians take *no* stock of money, but much of pedigree," so the Chicagoan generally declares that "pedigree ain't much to bank on, I guess, Sir; intellect's the thing for Chicago."

There is no doubt about it: Society in Chicago—mainly confined to Michigan Avenue—is better read than any other social brand in any other city of the Union. This does not, of course, mean that they are better educated. They possess the knowledge, let us admit, and as they would themselves "allow." The wisdom, however, is what troubles the observer; and in this regard, one is bound to

admit that so far as wisdom means self-criticism and judgment in æsthetic matters—and it does—so far is the Chicagoan "away off," as he would be apt himself to put it.

"He has," writes so good an observer as Paul Bourget, "spent some seventeen millions of dollars on his University, the main intellectual result of which, up to date, is to have produced the Parliament of Religions—a phenomenon unique in the history of human idealism. . . . Chicago has among its publishing houses one of the vastest marts of books in the world. . . . Its newspapers never let any incident of literature or art pass without investigating it. . . . Chicago of the slaughter-houses is also the Chicago of the White City, the Chicago of a museum which is already incomparable, the Chicago which gave Lincoln to the United States.'

The Frenchman notes, however, the juxtaposition of the congruent and the incongruent on all hands; is not a little mystified that so much wealth cannot subsidize the merchants of æsthetic measures; and wonders, if after all, it is not part of the intrinsic Chicago *réclame* which seeks, at all costs, to draw attention to itself. He cites the example of an advertiser, whose lurid posters announce to the city and the world:

"Louis XIV. was crowned King of France at the age of five years. BUT Pinker's Pepsin was crowned with success as a remedy for indigestion before it had been publicly known one single year."

We are inclined to think that Monsieur Bourget doth protest a little too much in this regard; for if the object of the advertiser be the drawing of

public attention to the wares he wants to push by means that attract most cleverly, he is certainly entitled to employ tricks of this kind. We have seen stranger devices resorted to in much less pushful cities of the Union than Chicago. A tailor at Brookline, near Boston, who once made us a blue serge suit had at first succeeded in attracting our attention by sending round to the houses of the neighbourhood in which we lived certain specimens of verse-stuff which he declared, in his circular, were said by the Professor of Hippology at (we think) the University of Kalamazoo to be equal to the best that Shakespeare, or Keats, or Milton or Albert D. Pike had ever "turned off" in their day. We rather failed to locate the connection between Poesy and Hippology, and though we knew it meant the price of a suit of clothes, determined to find out if the tailor really knew that Hippology meant Veterinary Science.

"Why," explained the little Jewish schneider, "of course I don't know what Hippology really means. And do you think I really care a damn? You're not the only boob will walk in here to find out if I know. So come, now, what sort of a suit is it going to be?"

A prosperous young dentist in an Illinois city, by way of advertisement, announced *urbi et orbi* on the hoardings round his surgery:

I WAS GRADUATED FROM
THE UNIVERSITY OF CUMBERLAND
IN THE CLASS OF 1902.

Not so unnaturally, it occurred to him to make use of his old college-yell as an attraction to

passing sufferers from teeth-trouble. Accordingly he engaged a gigantic "barker" with a stentorian basso-profundo to stand outside his door and deliver the University war-cry which runs:

Boom-a-lacka, boom-a-lacka!

Bow, wow, wow!

Chick-a-lacka, chick-a-lacka!

Chow, chow, chow!

Boom-a-lacka, boom-a-lacka!

Who are we?

Cumberland, Cumberland—can't you see?

Even in England, which, within the past dozen years or so, has gone the limit in American methods—but with only about '5 per cent. of the American's cleverness—advertisers have resorted even to travesty sacred and classical poetry in order to call attention to their wares, and nothing more ridiculous ever appeared in American circulars, we think, than the advertisement of a certain self-educating compilation, produced by frank illiterates, a few years ago, which informed prospective purchasers that by buying their monthly manual, they could "do in a few years what it had taken Mr Gladstone and Mr Morley a whole life-time to do" in the matter of mind-building! Here you have the underlying delusion of amateur American culture, which fails to see that there is a vast difference between knowing a subject and just knowing *about* it, and which is also blind to the fact that the discipline acquired in that systematic academic training, so much derided by worldly-successful Bœotians, is one of the first results sought in education. The English parvenu, in his upward climb, is

the first to ridicule scholarly attainments in others. He is also the first, however, to send his sons to Eton and Oxford—and to brag of it—when he has made the first hundred thousand.

Bourget unconsciously justifies the case for Aristocracy when he declares that Chicago, in respect of its culture, is weighed down by two important considerations. He says:

First, vast wealth, luxury and learning came to it when it was intellectually still in a condition little better than that of the Red Men of the Forests.

Secondly, an excess of civilisation acts upon certain unfed minds, just as an excess of food acts on the starving man.

The false analogy is, of course, obvious; nevertheless, there is little doubt that minds which come of cultured minds are far more apt for academic training than those which come from the unlettered—the real principle on which the aristocratic ideal pivots. Dealing with the Chicagoans who pretend to be serious about Browning, Plato and the pre-Raphaelite poets, Bourget says in effect:

“Dilettantism in Chicago seems to be out of place, and somehow suggests one’s cabman turning from his box to tell what Ruskin has to say about sunsets, or a laundress turning from her wash-tub to discourse on the chemistry of soap-bubbles. . . . Pork, not Plato, has made Chicago, and Chicago people have not so far arrived at that stage of culture at which they can feel justified in seriously changing their allegiance.”

This is, of course, only the opinion of M. Bourget. Ourselves we cannot get away from the fact that

Chicago, in our own time, gave to England one of its most distinguished peeresses in the late Lady Curzon of Kedleston; that it produced the late President Harper of the University of Chicago, regarding whose qualifications for the high destiny of Educationist, we have never heard adverse opinions; that in the late Mr H. R. Chamberlain, of the *New York Sun*, it produced one of the most distinguished literary journalists of modern times; that in the late Mr Walter Neef it sent to London one of the ablest newspapermen yet produced by any system of journalism.

CHAPTER VIII

IN THE CANADIAN BUSH

FOR some first-class delinquency or other, on which we cannot put a name, and which must have occurred either in our present, or in some previous incarnation, we once put in a term of nearly six months' hard in the North-Canadian Bush. It came about in the following way: We used to act in Toronto as correspondent for a well-known French-Canadian paper published in Montreal,¹ and in this capacity were thrown into touch with the majority of the strangers who invaded the Ontario city from various parts of the Dominion and elsewhere. There is really little visible difference in various types of North-American towns, no matter what the proud civic *illuminati* and local heavy artillery, in general, may have to say in praise of the especial virtues and beauties peculiar to the places they come from. In every township there is one particular rendezvous, at least, which partakes more or less of the nature of a forum, and in the Canadian, just as often as in the United States civic forum, there is generally a drinking-bar attached.

¹ *La Presse*, the unquestioned "largest circulation" in Canada, published in French.

It was in the saloon of one of these hotels on a morning in the middle of May, several years before the date of this book, that an English friend introduced the writer to an important Dominion Government surveyor who was making his way into the Northern Forests with a party of bush workers, amateur as well as trained, the eventual destination of this band of pioneers—forty in number—being the Abbitibi region which, any good map will show, is called after the river of that name coursing into Hudson Bay, at somewhere about 55° lat., and which is the extreme limit of the black wilderness of Eastern Canada, about 600 miles north of its chief eastern cities. Our English friend was very anxious, it may be said, to see this particular phase of wild life, but was equally anxious to have the company of someone who was capable of sharing the dangers and the hardships of such an adventure. As to the dangers of this kind of existence, one may say now that they are not usually of a very serious nature, whatever they may sometimes prove—though this of course cannot be known to the tender-foot who requires much more than a minimum of hardihood in venturing at all upon such an expedition so far outside the bounds of civilization, with a company made up largely of individuals of rough and somewhat fearsome aspect and bound for a class of work and a manner of life which can be known only to a very limited number of human beings. The hardships are indubitable and undesirable, and the candidate for inclusion in a party is invariably warned of their nature. Indeed any man who has gone through the racket

of bush-life for six months in the Abbitibi has proved himself without question a man of highly respectable physique and stamina.

Things were rather slack in those days, as they invariably are at the opening of the summer in North America, when the big winter business-operators are beginning to close up accounts and think of a three- or four-month holiday in Europe. Very little of importance was going over the wires at the time, and accordingly the writer felt justified in taking this chance of seeing a phase of existence of which he had read so much in Fenimore Cooper, Chateaubriand and other writers both French and English. He therefore accepted an offer from the surveyor in question to join his party for the six months' outing, at so many dollars a month of ten-hour working days, with keep and camping provided. To most of our fellow-toilers to be, such an adventure was familiar; some of them had fought in the South African campaign, others had dug for gold in the Klondyke and at Cripple Creek; several had been in the Spanish-American war, the rest being made up of down-east Yankees, Western Cowboys and Canadian, English, Irish, Scottish and American adventurers—"the best party I ever took into the Bush," as our chief afterwards acknowledged when he paid us off and each man moved to other climes as the spirit prompted.

In the late Spring every year, it may be said, when the heavy snows have melted and the big ice breaks, the Dominion Crown Commissioners contract with well-known experts for the geometrical surveying of the vast forestries which

have as yet been untrodden by the foot of any but the Red Men, the terms of each particular job—which is invariably farmed out to each surveyor—including the mathematical laying-out of townships, the setting of tie-lines, or base-lines, for the ever-growing railway systems which are seaming the Dominion from east to west, the sounding of the hundreds of vast lakes which chain across and athwart the country, and a descriptive and comprehensive report on the quality of the lands and their timbers. The particular region to which our own survey was allotted lay but a few miles south of Moose Factory, which, it will be seen on the map, is a Hudson Bay Post on that Great Ice-Water, as the Red Man calls the Sea of Hudson.

To make a few preparations, get a substitute, telegraph to a few editors with whom we were in correspondence, was the work of a short hour, and the afternoon of the day of our engagement saw us well on the way to North Bay, about 200 miles north of Toronto, on Lake Nipissing, our first halt on the route of our destination, to reach which accounted for some sixteen days. We passed the night at the Queen's Hotel, then kept by a prosperous and very genial Englishman called Shepherd; the morrow saw us by the early C.P.R. train on the line to Mattawa, at the base of the Highlands of Ontario, where the Northern Ontario system took us to the little settlement known as South Temiscaming at the southern extremity of the lengthy lake of that name. A five-hours journey, and Ville Ste Marie on the Quebec side, and shortly afterwards Haileybury on the Ontario

shore, were reached by the paddle-boat. About this point begins the frontier of the great wilderness of the Black North.

Haileybury, but a few years back, was a "wooden town," that is to say brick-and-mortar structures were, in the middle and later years of the first decades of this century, *monuments* to be pointed out to the stranger who had just arrived in the place. The side-walks were still of timber, the shacks, mostly retail stores, of the same material, and even the seat of the chief civic authorities and the local banks were frames of hard-wood, the inevitable church being also of a kind. Hotels—so-called—were two in number, though accommodation could be had at many stores and houses for a dollar a bed and breakfast, while drinking-bars formed important and always well-filled addenda to these. The most popular general-store of Haileybury at the time of which we write, was run by a Cambridge man who had in his day achieved high honours at the University by Cam. Also, he was a member of a notable English family and was said to be heir to a large fortune. His chief rival in the matter of store supplies for Bush-bound expeditions, for miners, lumber-men and trappers, hunters and the army of workers on the extensions of the N.O. railway, was a firm bearing the name of Rothschild—unquestionably Jews, but with what claim to this great name we obtained no knowledge.

From Cobbold, the ex-Cantab, we purchased our own supplies for Bush-work in the way of moccasins, oilskins, brownjeans, compasses, a '32-

calibre bull-dog and other necessities such as tent-blankets, mosquito-nets and so on. In the course of our purchasings we did not fail to enquire of the philosophic Cantab what especial ambition had brought him to these regions and into that particular commercial *galère*. His answer was that his store returned him at least three times, and far more surely so, the profit he could have expected from a similar business in any town of Civilization. With regard to the life, he had chosen it of deliberate purpose, and preferred it to anything that English provincial or any other kind of existence could have afforded him. And as a proof that even the humblest workers were thriving in this "town" of say 500–700 permanent residents, he showed that the man and woman-help who did chores—cleaning-up and charing—for the various houses of rest—so-called hotels—in the neighbourhood could count on making at least £3 a week, while their living expenses did not exceed twenty-five shillings. The writer, in the course of a three-day stay in this place—there being some difficulty as to the hiring of our canoes and the delivery of certain necessary supplies for our expedition—was the recipient of at least three bona-fide offers to serve in various going concerns in either a supervising or a clerical capacity, with the promised prospect of a partnership in the business.

In view of what afterwards accrued to the fortunes of Haileybury, which is the neighbouring town to Cobalt, at the time of the discovery of the famous silver mines of the latter place, we have reason to believe that our evil genius worked against our better

interests when we refused to listen to such offers. This Temiscaming town was altogether the reproduction of one of those mining-centres of which we read in the accounts by novelists of frontier-life—interesting perhaps for a few days, but intolerable to men of big-city training, even with a handsome premium and fair profits included in the prospects of a permanent residence. These opportunities are here to-day just as they were there some years ago, though the frontier-line, on which such upstart-towns thrive, is now pushed farther North. And having in mind the vast possibilities which lie hidden in the undeveloped regions of the great Dominion, we may say that no wight need despair of the future who has comparative youth, some energy and the philosophy of patience upon his side. This region of the world can give him health, sport and fortune.

Unexpectedly, after a few days' stay in the Temiscaming town, orders came for us to transport ourselves to the station on the opposite side of the lake several miles across. This small settlement is known as North Temiscaming and consists of quite a decent little hostelry, which also supplies the few score inhabitants with the necessaries of life, an important lumber-station, and a couple of budding farms. Here the party divided, some score taking advantage of the offer of a large Peterborough canoe to transport them down the rapid Quinze River to a lumber-shack on the other side which was to provide us with a lodging for the night. Others of the party who could not be accommodated in the canoe, made the journey on foot—a détour of

some twelve or fifteen miles through half-cleared forestry which gave us our first glimpse of the wild beauty of the Wilderness—beside which, we thought, the uplands of Inverness and Aberdeenshire appear almost puny and pantomimic. The pine-clothed ravine through which the Quinze River flowed, was at this point, at least, seven hundred feet in height, some of it almost sheer and in a few spots overhanging, the timber being for the most part spruce, balsam and jack-pine, with heavy undergrowths and high-brush running to the edge of the Quinze, which with its endless rapids, resembles more a torrent or a flood than a river. At the base of one of these steep declivities stood the lumber-shack which was to shelter us on our first night at the edge of the wilderness.

The canoes—eight in number—had not as yet arrived, nor were we to expect them until we reached the first of the long chain of lakes which lie between North Temiscaming region and the Height of Land. Our first experiment in camp-feeding began on the shingled bank of the river, and the party's cook provided us with the sundown meal—roast fat bacon, stewed apples, a coarse bread and strong tea plentifully sugared. The lumber work was at the time in full operation, the bulk of the lumber-men being Canadians, with several Scots, English and Irish and a sprinkling of Indian half-breeds—a score and a half in all. With this motley collection—having spent the remainder of the evening after supper smoking, chatting and establishing better acquaintance—we shared the cabin for our night's repose, nor woke till the cook

sounded breakfast by clashing the lids of two cooking-pots cymbal-fashion in the lumber-shack.

There is no variation, usually, in camp-fare in the wilderness—pork, or sow-belly, flapjack, or unleavened flour-bread, strong apple-sauce and unskimmed tea being the invariable stand-by of both lumber-men and survey-parties, with an occasional so-called “luxury” to fall back on. These meals were at no time unwelcome during our six months in the Wilds, and to the writer at least had the effect of making one’s pipe a genuine feast, once the meal was over. In this particular, indeed, we proved ourselves at once the heaviest smoker of “Macdonald plug” in the whole camp, and at the same time, the lightest eater—our bill for tobacco alone amounting for the whole time of the expedition to five ounces in every two days.

Before leaving the region of North Temiscaming and the Quinze River, the party was weighed, and each record duly made in our chief’s memorandum-book. We anticipate the physical result for ourselves when we state that on entering upon this adventure, our own weight stood at 172 lbs.—the overweight—at least 20 lbs.—being due to a sedentary, *plus* a hotel life. On issuing from the Bush, six months later, we had returned to our proper weight of 150 lbs. or 10 st. 10 lbs. The immediate advance from this camp was to a spot known universally to Canadian Highland sportsmen, trappers and bush adventurers as Klock’s Farm, at the head of the chain of lakes which lead up the Hudson route. The Farm is one of the type familiar to the Ontario Highlands, is almost

as much a tourists’ hotel as anything else, and an extremely comfortable one, with most obliging service. Here an advance-party of us, half a dozen in number, who soon covered the fourteen miles between the Quinze lumber-camp and Klock’s—for the most part *corduroy* roadways or else well beaten trail—took our last civilized meal for several months to come, lunching as we did with the household at the Farm. Not until evening did the remainder of our divided party put in an appearance, and then we learned that our stay at Klock’s was likely to be prolonged owing to much unforeseen difficulty in obtaining Peterborough canoes of adequate calibre for the large amount of dunnage, or luggage, commissariat and camp-outfit, which we carried with us. These Canadian canoes are, as a rule, of two varieties, namely, the Peterborough or modern type, or the birch-bark kind so familiar in pictures of Indian life. This latter variety is capable of carrying much less in the matter of cargo and many fewer in crew—it being a fixed law of Bush-travel that no man, except a chief, or vice-chief of a party, shall be excused from using a paddle. The inevitable “passenger,” so common on all expeditions of this kind, has as a rule so bad a time on shore, that even a man the least disposed to the art of paddling soon sets his will to acquiring a full use of his fore-arms in this monotonous enough exercise.

For three days we found ourselves forced to remain at the Farm, pending the arrival of our water-craft. Our dunnage having meantime come up by the last ox-drawn truck on the frontiers of

civilization, we erected a few tents and started to learn the domestic ways of the Red Man. At this juncture, too, we made our first acquaintance with the Mosquito which, the season being somewhat advanced, in this year beat its own unholy record. As most people are aware, the mosquito's bias for or against an individual provides a sufficient test of the excellence of that person's blood; he will not touch a person who is of a gouty or rheumatic tendency, as he has the acutest possible taste for uric acid; any disease in the blood easily marks you off his visiting list, and in fine, any predisposition he evinces for you is proportionate to the wholesomeness of your system. The writer, not long from England and with a tendency to juiciness, was just ripe for exploitation, and the effect of his first night under canvas showed the next morning in a head swollen to the proportions of an Association football, a complexion so discoloured as to suggest an attack of measles or barber's rash, and eyes as heavily swollen as they might be after an unfriendly mix-up. Wiser novices had provided themselves with double mosquito-nettings and so escaped with less damage and disfigurement. The application thereafter of a dark pine-tar fluid, known among bush-men by the exquisite term bug-juice or dope, gave one some small relief, discounted heavily however by the rancid odour. This drawback notwithstanding, matters went pleasantly enough during the enforced idleness, and the real disillusionments of bush-ranging had as yet not come into focus.

Our holiday gave us plenty of time for exploring the scores of small islands which break the almost

weird melancholy of this silent lake-land. Many small settlements of Indian half-breeds gather in these little water-copses, idly waiting there the first of the trapping season, on the advent of which, they turn northwards again after moose, bear, lynx and wolf-hides. Little ménages of three and four—the Red Man, or the half-breed, the squaw, a grown daughter, perhaps, and a papoose, or baby, just trying to toddle in infinitesimal moccasins. When the Indians have come under the influence of the French priests and their station-schools, they acquire a rare habit of politeness, and when they are able to express themselves intelligibly in their strange admixture of their own vernacular, English and French, they can be interesting, companionable enough and always courteous. It is perhaps not generally known that after the intermarriages of French-Canadians with squaws of the various tribes, those of Scots with Indian girls are most numerous. On one of the islands much higher up towards our destination, the writer once made the acquaintance of an elderly man who appeared to be a true Iroquois Indian, speaking French quite as good as any spoken in the Province of Quebec, and who had resided in all parts of the Wilderness—east and west. His name was Mercredi, which, of course, means Wednesday. We visited this man by invitation in his teepee during a halt in the upward progress, and in course of conversation asked him whether he had been born on a Wednesday, or how he had come by his name. For answer he produced a very old prayer-book, printed in English and in type that may have

flourished in the beginning of last century. On the fly-leaf of the book was written "Mary M'Carthy, Liverpool." This, said Red Man Mercredi, was his grandmother's married name, and M'Carthy had in the course of the three generations of their association and intermarriage with the Indians, been transformed to the sound which was most familiar to the French-speaking half-breeds, namely, Mercredi. Alas, for Grimm's Law!

Newspapermen in Canada have an importance of standing equal to all that which they hold in the States, and as the writer was associated with papers of first-class prestige in the Dominion, his position on the survey differed somewhat from that of the rank and file. Nevertheless, he had to work just as every man of the party worked, and in his particular case, coming direct from a more or less sedentary occupation, the work was many times more hard. On the arrival of our canoes, these were duly loaded and the party, distributed in the eight boats, started upon the long journey northwards, which was to end only on the southern shores of Hudson Bay. The lakes varied in length from eight miles, as in Lake Ewah, to the thirty miles of the Lake of the Hundred Islands—deep as Leman's Lake if surfaces prove anything—and the ninety-eight miles of Lake Abbitibi. Progress was made at the rate of twenty-five miles a day, the shortness of distance covered being due to the number of portages over which the cargoes and the canoes had to be shouldered in the course of the upward advance. A *portage*, those who are not acquainted with the Canadian Wilds and Lake-

lands may be interested to learn, is the land-distance between each lake in the chain. Between Lake Ewah and the Lake of the Hundred Islands there is a strip of land—the portage—measuring, let us say, from half to three-quarters of a mile, a trail beaten through the forest that separates one sheet of water from the other. Naturally, the party had to carry its commissariat from one lake to the next, then its dunnage and camping-out fit, and finally the canoes themselves. The commissariat includes bags of flour and rice weighing anything from 60 lbs. to 150 lbs. apiece; a side of bacon (sow-belly) of not less than 100 lbs. avoirdupois; a cheese cylinder of about 80 lbs. in weight; a couple of tents which in rainy weather were about twice their ordinary heaviness; one's own dunnage and that of several other men; and lastly the canoes which were shouldered over coffin-wise from one landing-place to the next point of put-off.

CHAPTER IX

IN THE CANADIAN BUSH (CONTINUED)

ONE portage of a mile, or two miles, or eight miles—for they run to all lengths, up to fifteen and twenty miles—is no especial hardship, for the party carries the cargo from one side to the other, each man doing perhaps two or three journeys to and from, according to the number of packets, and the length of the trail between lakes. Neither is the actual carrying of these heavy weights anything more than an athletic hardship, each weight being caught at the centre of its gravity by a broad strap which is affixed flat to the forehead, so distributing the load over shoulders and back as to give a sort of propulsion to the movement once the carrier starts, thereby relieving him of much of the apparent effort. The writer has frequently carried over a four-mile trail in one load, a sack of rice (60 lbs.), two dunnage sacks (20 lbs.), a tent (30 lbs.), and perhaps a couple of sporting rifles (20 lbs.) and details—altogether a load of 130 lbs.—without more than one stop between waters, and with no great fatigue to speak of. It was only when the load fell off through one's stepping unwarily into the moss-covered holes of a spruce-swamp, that the hardships of a portage declared themselves.

The long trails do not test a man's stamina anything like so severely as the little portages of a rod's length, or a chain's length, or sometimes a few yards in extent which cover the width of a "jam," or beaver-barrage, on a river. Here the whole exertion of unloading and re-loading the cargoes and transporting the canoes has to be undergone, if good progress is to be made at all, and the writer remembers that on journeying down two waterways in the Black North, namely, the Night Hawk River and the Black River, the party were forced in some days to portage as often as from twenty to thirty times, and in one day thirty-seven times. This owing to many "jams," and impassable rapids which give portages of lengths varying between fifteen yards and sixteen rods of trail, between navigable waters. After the tenth or fifteenth time of lifting a cheese-cylinder weighing 80 lbs., the process becomes somewhat more than trying. After the twenty-fifth portage, as may be imagined, surveyors and men cease to draw the "langwidge-line," and indeed, the time-honoured custom of going on day-strike is not unknown above 53° latitude.

The "packer," or carrier of a load is helped very much in his efforts, it may be observed, by a kind of sportsmanlike vanity which prompts him to measure his capacity with that of his fellow-workers. The writer, who—whatever his earlier shortcomings as a canoeist—was admitted after some practice to be what was called in the vernacular "a dandy packer," has himself carried and seen some wonderful loads carried by others across a long trail

between waters. The anxiety, moreover, to get to the other side of the portage before anyone else, and with a bigger load; a certain pride in not allowing oneself to be passed on the line by another packer; often a sophic desire to forget just what one has let oneself in for; and perhaps a little artistic curiosity to see what the next vista has in store: all these factors, added to the knowledge that one is sweating out the precipitate of uncounted alcoholic beverages one has lately drunk in Civilization, combine to comfort the disillusioned romanticist who, taking his idea of the Canadian Bush from holiday-makers' pictures, thinks that life in the Wilderness is all beer and skittles. There is, indeed, no alcoholic drink to be had—except possibly at the Hudson Bay Posts—in these regions, which are known as Indian Reservations, and to bring fire-water into which, is to risk a heavy penalty. In case of illness or break-down, there is, it would seem, only one generic medicine known to the chiefs of survey-parties, or lumber-camps. It is called Pain-Killer and seems to do duty for any known malady from a chill to Bush-madness—the latter a disease which attacks men who get temporarily lost in the endless forests. The writer, in common with his fellow-toilers, used to sample Pain-Killer once or twice a week, though on general principles rather than for any ailment, and could not see that the composition of this particular medicine was anything other than a solution of turpentine with liberal additions of cayenne-pepper.

The country is true to type with its vast expanses

of water and its illimitable stretches of heavy forestry—spruce trees, balsam, jack-pine, cedar, tamarac, willow, ash, hickory, balm-of-gilead, birch and alder swale. It was the flowering season when we entered, and many a lakeside view across a ten-mile sheet of water with wooded islets and multi-coloured foliage, would have melted the heart of an artistic colourist. The forests, thick with timber and undergrowth, are however strangely unmusical and songless, except when the west wind blows fitfully across the Wilderness, for singing birds are all but unknown, and these, like the whippoorwill or chicadee, have but one short scale of notes which hits the ear at sundown with its sombre monody. Melancholy and a living silence are indeed the great spirits of the Black Bush with its thousand waters, and those are indeed few who can look upon Nature in these regions and not meditate upon the puzzle of Creation. A perceptible widening of the scope of one's mind is an unmistakable result of breaking into the Bush and taking in its wondrous dimensions. Englishmen who can gaze unmoved on the roomy distances of the Scottish Highlands and the physical marvels of the Tyrols and the Alps, here confess themselves for the first time in possession of a measure-gauge of Earth. We doubt, however, if any man of much reflection can issue from such study of Nature in the stark and the colossal, with a stronger belief in a God than he has carried in. Here veneered man becomes the veritable animal called man, and in a short time, but little different from the Indian who is, in many conditions, not so clean of living as the

moose or the beaver of his forests and rivers, and these, in their own ways and of their own lights, show an intelligence almost as high as that of the Redskin.

That there are not noble Red Men, we will not actually declare, since we have not met *all* the Pawnees, the Omahaws, the Iroquois, the Shoshonees, the Mandans and Ojibways and the various other tribes which are gradually paying their debt to nature by dying away. Those Red Men whom we met, however, proved except in the matter of wood-craft—which does not really differ from the craft of the wild beast—the very reverse of noble and the very reverse of honest, clean, industrious or loyal. We think it must have been the susceptible Frenchwomen of Old French Canada who were responsible for spreading the myth about this unclean creature of the Wilds who has rarely the merit of a handsome face or even a beautifully proportioned physique to recommend him. It is customary among the Indians of the scattered settlements we met for both men and women to sew on to their bodies the under-clothes which they wear next to the skin. A special hard material is provided by the Posts for this demand, and since it is admitted by the Hudson Bay traders that an outfit of underwear will last for from three to four years, it may be taken as true that the bodies of Red Men and their Squaws never touch water while their underclothing lasts. Obviously a peculiar odour is distributed by the presence of either man or squaw, and their teepees, or tents, are as a rule hardly less foul-scented

than the monkey-houses of zoological gardens, while their habits, even in the presence of strangers, are perfectly unconscious and animal-like. The nigger in his lair is said by Americans to be bad enough; if he is worse than the Indian, then he is no better than a beast. We speak mainly of the lower types of Redskins.

Over the so-called Height of Land, which would be somewhere about 54° lat., several of our party made the acquaintance of an authentic chief who had wandered over from the middle-west of Canada, North Manitoba, if we remember well. This man had a regular following of some sixty families, and in a wild kind of way, kept a suite of courtiers who ministered to his wants. Whether the Indians are as a rule polygamous or monogamous, we have no knowledge. This chief, however, whose name sounded like Manokka, and as such became known to our party, had only one squaw and, for our part, if we were left the option of marrying this creature, or a hippopotamus, we should make no difficulty at all about choosing the amphibian. The rarity of a good-looking squaw among the tribes is extreme, and if occasionally one meets a young Red Man who is good to look at, his physiognomy tends in some remote way towards the moose type with its heavy frontispiece and lack of intelligent expression.

We were not invited to pow-wow with the mighty Manokka in his teepee, but judging by the number of ancestral charms which he carried about on his person, his forefathers must undoubtedly have been a race of prominent scalp-

hunters. The writer pauses here to say without any vainglory that considerable deference was paid to himself by all the Indians and half-breeds whom he met in the Bush in the early days; and as there was no particular reason he could imagine for their treating him with any more respect than several other men in the party, he was somewhat at a loss to explain its cause. We wore, we now well remember, on going into the Wilderness a pearl-gray sombrero with a vivid red band, and because of this ornamental head-covering, were taken for at least a local chief, or a boss, or perhaps a Hudson Bay Post inspector. While shooting the rapids, however, on a river at the opening of the Abbitibi region proper, we had the misfortune to lose our artistic sombrero. Thereafter, we noted, no more respect was paid to us than to the least important member of our party. And thus our glory faded. Manokka spoke no language but his own weird vernacular, and though he contemplated the pale-faces with a half-smiling fixity of look which suggested a latent interest in their scalps, our remarks, when translated to him by a half-breed French interpreter, were only met with the customary grunt of the Red Man, whose ideal of life is to sit contemplatively on his haunches with a pipe between his teeth, without speaking or being spoken to.

Alcohol, which is sometimes given them by dishonest traders who have a commercial object to achieve, has a peculiar effect on these Red Men. Under its first effects, they become as tractable and docile as children. The secondary phase is in

the style of Iagoo—the great boaster of the Song of Hiawatha—when the Indian insists, especially if there is a squaw near-by, on telling of the moose and the wolf and the lynx and the bear he has slain or trapped and how good he was to his old mother before Gitche Manito took the old lady to His bosom. In the last phase, he generally rounds up by getting some enemy's scalp, or else by losing his own, and unless one has a bull-dog revolver in one's belt, he is a bad man to meet on the line, resembling as he does in his fire-water delirium, the evil spirit whom he calls Windigo, meaning presumably the Devil.

Like his wolves, he is bold only in the company of congeners, and otherwise cuts a craven enough figure, even in the presence of white men who are hardly conscious of his existence, but who, he thinks, have some grievance against his kind. Strange to say, too, he is inordinately vain and fond of showing-off; canoeing men are aware that the white man's paddling is anything but a spectacular exercise, the blade of the paddle rarely being raised more than an inch above the water when thrust forward to the dip. Not so, however, with the Red Men, who in withdrawing their paddles, invariably raise them to a right-angle with their faces before coming down to the stroke. Undoubtedly they make thrice the mileage over water, but cannot do so with heavy cargoes, where their real lack of stamina—as apart from running wind of which they have plenty—tells against them, as it also does while packing on the trail. With our first-hand acquaintance, then, with the

Noble Red Man, one more life's delusion has faded to the stars.

We crossed Lake Abbitibi in four stretches of 25 miles each, pitching tents and camping nightly in the forests by the water's edge, and duly arrived at the southern Hudson Bay Port of this great water-sheet. The chief of the H.B. station was Mr Fraser, to whom, if he be still ungathered to the Great Spirit of the Abbitibi, we wish long life and a safe return to his native Highland heather. The chief of our party was, we may say, the possessor of an admirable tenor voice, uncultivated, it is true, but with all the requisites of first-class quality in it. He was, it is quite fair to say, the only real singer in the party, though if we had dared to express this opinion above 55° lat., we should have left our honourable bones long since in the Clay Belt. A Lowland Scotsman, Alexander Baird of Leamington, Essex County, Ontario, a very prosperous landowner and civil engineer, with the proverbial luck of the Baird family of Scotland to which he was related, sang songs that were invariably Scottish. To hear him at sundown, supper over, while we smoked the calumet of peace and repose outside our pitched tents, after a day's toilsome canoeing and portaging, on the shore of some great lake, sending the echoes of his fine tenor across the face of the waters as he sang "Hey, Johnnie Cope," or "Annie Laurie," or "Rule Britannia!" or "Auld Lang Syne," was, for setting and circumstance, as romantic a rendering of time-honoured balladry as might well be conceived. Other singers there were, of course, but none that

could compare with Baird, who was, moreover, a really good man to work with, and full of very sound business instincts, like all true Scots. He is no ordinary man, we may say, who takes a party of unknown men into the Black Bush, six hundred miles from the common safeguards of law and custom, and in Baird there were certainly many traits which are common only to explorers like Stanley, Speke and Grant.

His assistant was another type of the man without fear, Avery Halford, of right Irish descent, and as good a fellow as he was clever. The assistant surveyors were Johnnie Baird, of that ilk, the son of the afore-mentioned Alexander, and Peter Laing of the Science Schools, Toronto University, than whom no darker-visaged Spaniard ever lived, or looked more forbidding, but who was without question the "popular" man of the whole party and, indeed, one of the very ablest. Another Toronto University-man was Reginald Pentecost, with whom we chained up many a square mile and trundled over many thousand rods of trail in the vast Abbitibi forests. Then there was young Kneelands ("Needles") from Port Hope and McGill University, Montreal; Mortimer Weigel, of Essex County, Ontario, a veteran of the South African War and one of the very handsomest specimens of manhood we ever set eyes upon; "Scoot" Edwardes, a Canadian Welshman; James Livingstone, also of Leamington; Dan Tilden, an excellent bushman; Barney the cook, a Surrey Englishman whom we subsequently made an unsuccessful attempt to murder at Mattawa Junction,

on the way out; Edward Jennings; Edward Wolfe; "Boss" Fuller, a rare good fellow, also from Essex County; Walter Houghton, an Englishman from Richmond, Surrey; Bob Hurd, a veteran bushman from Haileybury, and many more details.

In the rough-and-tumble life of the Black Bush, one could not find a finer set of men to work with than these Canadians. The element of dissension declared itself more than once, as it inevitably must where men of spirit co-operate for any length of time, and where classes and various racial types are thrown critically together. On more than one occasion men threatened to "rush the canoes," as the saying was, commandeer the supplies and paddle back to Civilization. This was, of course, after we had reached the spot on the Abbitibi where our forest-labours properly began. Without charts, however, by which to make one's way out through the vast maze of lakes and chains of rivers, there was no possibility of any of the party, save the surveyors, piloting one or more canoes back to the Quinze River, and what was only at best a very moot speculation, never at any time approached the point of being put into practical operation.

Out of Lake Abbitibi flows the river of the same name, and at the junction of the Black and the White Rivers, we passed from the big lake and crossed into its effluent—a sluggish, deep and muddy waterway, varying in breadth from 150 yards across at the junction of the rivers to 200 yards at the important Iroquois Falls, and still wider as it approaches Moose Factory—a Hudson Bay Post—and falls in the south-west pocket of

the great Sea of Hudson. Here, some hours' distance from the mouth of the river, we called a halt, picketed our canoes and proceeded to pitch a central head-quarters camp. On the whole, the scene is in this region much bleaker than anything under 54° lat., far colder, and the forestry encumbered with much more fallen timber and dead trees than the Wilds below the Abbitibi Lake. The poetry of the first stages of our adventure, the romance of the scenery, the picturesque islets, the clear and crystal lakes, the colouring of the forest-growths—all these were absent in the northern Wilds which at this time were just recovering from one of the most rigorous winters the Dominion had ever known.

As the months of summer progressed, however, conditions very much improved, and stakes being drawn and camps transported many miles through the forests, at least once in every fortnight, frequent and more pleasant spots were chosen for the sites of our campings, than our first pitch on the banks of one of the dullest and most sluggish rivers in the northern belt: sometimes by a lakeside, at another time by a creek, several times on the dry and grassy heights where the groves of conifers thrive and occasionally one strikes a zone of thinned-out pine-woods where trails of grass-land are as broad almost as the avenues of Saint-Cloud. From the boulders of some of these heights, one can see for scores of miles across the great expanse of forests and easily note the curling columns of smoke of Indian settlements camped by some low-lying lake twenty or thirty miles away—so rare

is the atmosphere and so lofty are the heights of the upper Abbitibi.

The romance of excursion departed once we settled down to the serious work of practical pioneering. Members of the party were either surveyors, working with the theodolite, or else assistant-surveyors doing duty with the transit-compass. Then there were the axe-men whose duty it was to clear the base-lines of timber in accordance with the set programme. After came chain-men who measured the distances cut through, and reported topographically on the lie of the land—as to the quality of the soil, its height above mean water-level, the nature of the timber, various fauna seen, and so on. Splitting up into separate parties, we straightaway entered upon the serious business of the Governmental contract with the demarcation of the township-borders, according to the indications of a given base-line, the geometrical transit—or to be exact, is it not the trigonometrical transit?—through the forest being first set by the surveyor with his theodolite, which is an instrument used for the measurement of horizontal and vertical angles. A few rods' length ahead of the surveyor went the relay of axe-men, who according to the chief's instructions, cleared the chosen transit of all timber that lay upon its scope—colossal cedars, jack-pine and other giant trees falling ruthlessly at his nod—the best practical lesson, we often thought, as we watched this process at the surveyor's side, of all the elemental hazardry of Fate. Accordingly, and as the "line" (now a trail) advanced, the chain-men, following directly behind

the theodolite, or in some cases, the transit-compass, measured up the space already pierced through the forest, blazing or barking the trees so as to show points of white on both sides of the avenue thus formed, marking the end of each mile with trimmed and squared posts on which they carved the number of each section, sub-section and lot, and taking the bearings by compass. Then a topographical description of the lie of the land was added to the technical report and the chain-men followed fast on the tracks of the surveyor and his force of axe-men, or tree-fellers, repeating the process until the day's work was done.

Labour began at sunrise, or shortly afterwards—except of course in the rainy weather, when work was impossible—and ended at sundown, when the various parties, sometimes separated by from eight to ten miles of Wilderness, made their way back to central-camp. The difficulties of "beating the cut trail" through the forests will be understood when it is said that "one mile, one hour" was the rate of progress for all but Indians and very expert bush-whackers. To break through the uncut Bush, with a view to attaining another destination, even with compasses, was the next best thing to attempting the impossible, and many an inexperienced wight has lost either his reason or his life in such a futile endeavour. On the line itself conditions varied, but as a rule, even when beaten by the axe-men, the chain-men and the surveyors, it remained but a trail of savage roughness, barred and cumbered at every step by fallen trees and rotting swale, or broken with beaver-holes and

with the frequent possibility of a fractious moose followed by its inevitable harem of cows, or of berry-seeking bears, or perhaps of a stray lynx, or of a school of hungry timber-wolves enquiring into the nature of one's trespass. With the exception of moose, caribou and wolf, there was little enough in the way of heavy animal life in the Black Bush. Bird-life, as we have already said, was strangely rare, the whippoorwill, with its five plaintive notes, the chickadee, the wood-pecker, and wild partridge being among the few birds of any size, and an occasional crane or bittern in the spruce-swamp and muskeg regions.

On the other hand, insect-life was pestiferous to the point at which even some of our ultra-decorous contingent began to despair of the goodness of their Creator and use bad language. We will attempt no description of the mosquito, having read descriptions of various types of this fiendling by travellers in India and the East generally. We will content ourselves with saying that the Abbitibi specimen was certainly a soaker, and we have seen them in the malarial districts of Germany and the Austrian Tyrol, where they grow, indeed, to wondrous size. Then there was the black fly that used to nest, fructify and rear whole generations of families in one's beard—which in the Bush soon touches the solar-plexus line—before he could be evicted; there was the black hornet with a sting like the bullet of a .45—frontier make; then the yellow-jackets, with vast colonies of their kind interspersed throughout the forests, capable of chasing a sectional survey-party two miles up the line; and the deer-fly—

otherwise a beautiful blue-bottle type of insect—which with one thrust of its spear can draw one-fourth of a dram of blood: all these pests were active day and night, displaying ever an almost sacramental partiality for the virgin hide of Britain.

CHAPTER X

IN THE CANADIAN BUSH (CONTINUED)

IT was rubric in the camp that a day broken by rain—when work was impossible owing to the damp of the woods—was a *dies non*. It was on such occasions that many among the more active spirits took their rifles and set out after whatever the forest-gods might supply in the way of game. A small type of caribou straying far away from where they abound, namely, the Deer River highlands, was a common enough shot in the months of June and July when, also, the bears came out to clear the high-brush cranberry growths, the blue-berries—a glucose variety—and whatever else the woods provided. How far certain of our party transgressed the Game Laws of the country, we do not know, since our chiefs were generally kept in the dark respecting such expeditions by day or by night, and we were fortunate in escaping the attentions of the Government Bush Rangers who move about the forests in flying-camps of two and three members each. Certain it is, however, that half a dozen caribou fell to the party's guns, while as many bears were either shot or trapped. The caribou were by no means of the best type and weighed on the average not more

than from three hundred to four hundred pound, bear being also small and in weight not more than two hundred and fifty to three hundred pound. An official premium is placed on the pelt of every wolf, apart from the rather insignificant price paid for the skin by the Hudson Bay Post traders—three dollars if we are not mistaken. Bear-skin fetched according to its intrinsic quality from five dollars to twelve, beaver-coat a few dollars at the Post, and minor pelts like that of chipmunk—a kind of yellow bush-squirrel—and musk-rat from sixty cents down to a quarter or even fifteen cents. Premiums on wolf and bear killed varied, if we remember correctly, between five and eighteen dollars.

To shoot a bull-moose is the ambition of every true Canadian, and, next best, a caribou. Though it was no part of the expedition's programme, there was not a man in the party who did not, deep down in his heart, hope to bring back the antlers of the forest-monarch. Beyond a very casual and amateur acquaintance with the sport of shooting over harvested fields, we cannot profess to possess either the practice of, or a taste for killing animals. We possess, however, unusually acute sight, the ability to manipulate both rifle and revolver, and in any case the prospect of a kingly moose was something worth while for memory's store-house. In our camp there happened to be a very kindly Canadian—indeed we can recollect but few Canadians that were not brotherly—who was big with a notion very common among certain Americans, to wit, that the human importation from

Britain is necessarily a fool in all matters concerned with out-door life, such as farming, mining, woodsmanship, boating and so on.

To ourselves one restful eventide, when we were pitched on a flying-camp, about six miles from our Central, and in the neighbourhood of the big-water called Moose Lake, John Bannatyne, whose dunnage held a pair of express-rifles, confided to us his intention of potting a moose or two, and solicited our company in the adventure, none of the others being disposed for it. Our flying-camp, it may be said, was out on extra service and for railway tie-line, or base-line adjustment, in accordance with certain instructions from the Mackenzie-Mann survey, which our chief had agreed to carry out. We were six in number, with one teepee, two birch-bark canoes and nothing heavier in instruments than a transit-compass on a tripod. Like nearly all Canadian lakes, the surrounding forestry, thick, black and heavily undergrown, runs almost to the water's edge, and Moose Lake, being shallow and fordable almost the whole sheet over, was an ideal spot for mating and moose-trysts generally. As an experienced bush-man, John knew where to look for the big game.

There was a full moon in final development about this time, and John, whose wood-craft was unexceptionable, had discovered what he called a "pit," or "yard," meaning a shallow hole or pitch where a bull-moose and his single mate had their *ménage* on a wooded headland jutting into the big-water and about three hundred yards from where our own camp was set. In the language of the

bush-men we had "the scent of the moose," that is to say, the prevailing west-wind travelled towards us from the headland, and thus kept our presence from the animals, whose *flair* is wonderfully acute. Nature is, of course, very much the same in all species, and moose are not unlike men: their tendency is towards a very liberal polygamy, and the black deer that has only one female to his string is a rare one. John accordingly instructed us in the art of "moo-ing," or imitating the bellow of a cow-moose—the instrument through which this particular love-summons is megaphoned being a cone-shaped cylinder made of birch-bark.

Having learnt the rudiments of this somewhat primitive musical art, and satisfied our mentor in execution, it was decided that the two of us should "lay-up" at moon-rise, and pass the night on the banks of the Lake, about two to three hundred yards from the peninsula where our quarry was encamped. Accordingly, we took the rifles, greased and cleaned them, and providing ourselves with ammunition, took up our vigil in the high-brush by the lakeside, John at a suitable hour and at due intervals performing on the "mooing" instrument. It was perhaps ten o'clock when we took the watch, and after a heavy day's work measuring, adjusting and readjusting our tie-line, there was at least one individual whose enthusiasm did not go the length of doing without his night's repose. It was two o'clock in the raw morning light when we ultimately "made our kick" as the Americans put it, and refused to wait any longer for a moose which had up till then given no proof of his existence.

John, as is usually the case, declared that his luck had never played him so dirty a trick, and ended by accusing our poor self of being in some vague way the cause of the animal's failure to play the game. This was quite enough; the writer turned back to camp, threw a few more logs on the fire and was soon asleep in the teepee.

Peter Laing, the assistant-surveyor, like the good fellow he was, had the sow-belly done to a turn, the flap-jack crisp and hot and larded, and the tea simmering when he called us in the morning, and as we took our place by the crackling pine, there was John, sleepy-eyed and sulky and looking as shy as a Barbary sheep. We said nothing, of course, but swallowed our meal in woodmanlike silence, certain that, as the rifles were carelessly thrown on the ground, and as no moose, or part of a moose, was in sight, the angry hunter had had an unsuccessful vigil. We were soon on the line, however, and about the noon feeding-hour, John had recovered his usual good temper sufficiently to discuss the disappointments of deer-hunting, assuring us nevertheless that he had made up his mind to get the hide and horn of the bull-moose on the headland, even if it cost him a week of sleepless nights. We agreed ourselves to keep John company again on that evening, stipulating however that if no moose showed by midnight, we should turn in for our night's repose. Accordingly, we took up our positions, as on the previous vigil, about two hundred yards from our quarry's "yard" and settled down to a patient watch. For all his bush-training, however, John was human, and not

having had an hour's rest the previous night, and with it the fact that his work as an axe-man was extremely laborious and trying, the vigil was soon left to the writer, for before very long our fellow-hunter was sound asleep. On us the duty therefore devolved of performing on the "moo-ing" instrument, and this after a time so aggravated John that he suddenly rose, declaring he would return to camp, leaving us his rifle and bidding us call him in case moose came out.

The wind in the meantime had veered to such an extent that scent would now travel from us to the headland. This notwithstanding, we charged our pipe—one of the American so-called "automobile" variety with a metal cap, we remember—and lit up, a proceeding altogether contrary, of course, to every rule of the stalking-game. As is not unusual, however, in such cases, luck was with the offender, and about midnight, after a lengthier and—we thought at the time—a more artistic lingering on the plaintive notes of the love-call, out from the headland stalked the bull-moose, listening a moment, throwing up his great head as if to give a return-call, and then dipping to drink. We took no thought of John, but picking up his rifle, moved warily through the high-brush along the lakeside, till we were within less than one hundred yards of the big deer. He still stood in water which reached hardly six inches over the fetlock; just at the back of him, the shadow of the cow outlined itself. The night was clear, the water-sheet adding its reflected light to an unusually bright scene. The big brute turned as if

towards the bank, presenting a full three-quarter of his flank—an easy shot at seventy yards. We gave him a rifle-full direct; picked up John's express and gave him another: a leap in the air, a sharp rush forward, a splash in the water, a heavy roll-over, and the spirit of the black deer was gathered to happier hunting-grounds.

Part of the big deer was afterwards packed to Central Camp, and it was only when eating our first platter of roast moose-flesh that we regretted having shot this one. John was very silent about our stalking experience by the bank of Moose Lake, and for long was very shy of discussing it. Some weeks afterwards, however, when we got back to the land of convivial drinks at Haileybury, and the Canadian opened his friendly soul, it was to declare that he did not think there was a tender-foot Briton breathing who could hit an elephant or a hippopotamus at fifty yards. Of caribou, there were at least half a dozen shot on this outing, but only three moose—including our own bull which weighed, they said, about eleven hundred pound and whose rack measured forty-seven inches across.

With the exception of the lynx, a species of wild-cat, but much larger, and the timber wolves which only attack single trailers, and when they are travelling in force, there is no especially aggressive or fierce animal in the Abbitibi. We doubt if moose will attack unless molested; when they do, it is invariably a fight to a finish, and a man armed with the ordinary frontier-type revolver, or an axe, has not the slightest chance with the bull,

which has great speed, a wonderful capacity for delivering lightning-like blows with its fore-hands, and can easily trample a fallen assailant to death. A wild-cat will attack a single individual on general principles, and as they usually make their spring from under cover and have a kind of up-and-down action with their fore-paws, it generally fares badly with the victim of an assault on the line, permanent disfiguring being certain. Bear are, as a rule, timid unless attacked single-handed, the she-bear with cubs being, however, an exception. As indicating the crass ignorance of animal life which is generally shown by townsmen, and the writer certainly includes himself, two Englishmen in our party were chased by a she-bear and took to the timber, which, in the particular zone of this occurrence, was jack-pine, tall and sufficiently branched to give the refugees a chance to settle and use their revolvers—equipment with which was compulsory for each man. The bear, much to the surprise of our Englishmen, was not long in swarming up the pine, and might have done some damage, had not the rest of a section come up and given chase.

To be treed by wolves is a common occurrence, to a lingerer on the line, though the regulation bush-call rarely fails to bring back a party, it being the rule that every call shall be given its answer. As another example of town-bred ignorance, we can tell of a member of a bankside flying-camp who was once foolish enough to stone a beaver-house, some two or three hundred yards up the creek near which they were set. Before he could well realise it, a swarm of beaver sought to take

him in flank when he had moved about one hundred yards from their colony. Naturally he took to the timber and gave the customary "yaw-ooop." By the time his companions came along, a batch of beaver had already begun operations on the base of the tree with a view to felling it and bringing down their aggressor. The beaver is certainly in a class by itself, and our Abbitibi party had some rare opportunities of watching one colony at work, for nearly a month. We are positive that these animals possess some kind of a language which is vocal, or at least narial, that is to say, expressed by sniffing through the nostrils, and close observation of their dam-building operations shows that they work according to very specific instructions and plan.

The mystery surrounding our departure from the Abbitibi never completely disentangled itself. Failure was charged to certain commissarial agents in Civilization to deliver supplies, of which we badly stood in need at the coming of the equinoctial season, which in those regions announces its arrival somewhat suddenly in the middle of the month of September, accompanied by violent windstorms, heavy rains and the first suggestion of Polar snow. Indian guides had also proved faithless to their promise to be on the spot about mid-September, when the Pale-faces go out and the Red Men come in. Provisions in the camp were dwindling to a somewhat exiguous ration-scale, and our camp cook, "Gibodeg," which is alleged Iroquois Indian for "Little Breeches," came in for many a hard word and scowl, when he

handed out the flap-jack, the last strips of bacon and the unsugared tea. Our work had been retarded somewhat by the unusually rainy season, and a slight portion of the programme was perforce left uncompleted. One morning as we sat on the banks of the Abbitibi in Central Camp, about three or four miles north of the Iroquois and hard by another miniature Niagara,¹ a fleet of canoes hove in sight, coming down from the Hudson region. This was Speight's party on their way out to Civilization.

That settled it. A few details were attended to on the line; stakes were pulled up, tents folded, dunnage packed, canoes loaded, and in the first big fall of snow as yet experienced, the party—eight canoes strong—pulled out for the head of the river. Here the Black and the White Rivers also meet; there was a *cache*—or hiding-place for stores—on the left bank, which we searched and found empty, and no guides appearing in sight, our chief, following the indications of a chart in his possession, undertook to pilot the party down the Black River, or in a south-westerly direction to the Height of Land which, giving us the benefit of the rapid waters of the Montreal River, would cut the journey by perhaps three to four days, if not more. Accordingly we turned our backs on the Abbitibi and White Rivers, and, although our stores were gone and we travelled light, made but poor progress down this somewhat sluggish waterway which was heavily "jam'd,"

¹ Known as Kettle Falls. Mr Speight is a well-known surveyor in Toronto.—H. G.

being a first-class beaver-zone, and consequently blocked with portagings at every two or three hundred yards. Bad weather followed us too, the tents being sagging-wet when we set them up at night-fall, and heavy snows beginning to settle down to business a month before their time. We again crossed Moose Lake where the writer had got his first and last bull, and entered a labyrinthal river which proved more forty-cornered and tantalizing than ever did Meander of the thousand windings. Eventually and after two days' paddling down this waterway of twists and turns we reached some nameless sheet, crossed its several miles of shallow water, and landed at a ten-mile portage which closed on the sloping banks of the big Night Hawk Lake. Here we pitched our tents for the night in an old Indian camping-spot of lofty poplar which was well thinned out.

On the morrow we shed one canoe, since we were carrying practically no stores and the chief was all the time paying daily wages, his object now being to reach Haileybury as soon as possible and pay off the men. Accordingly, with seven canoes, we crossed the Night Hawk Lake to the point, five or six miles over on the east shore, where the Night Hawk River starts. At the junction of this lake and the river, there stands, on a slight promontory, a typical log-cabin of the kind one sees in all big forests of Canada, as well as in the Tannenwaelder of Germany and Austria. Here we took our mid-day meal and set out on what was to be "our final rush" for the Height of Land and the Montreal River. We

had already eaten up five or six days of the twelve which we calculated would take us into Civilization—by the new route. Now, however, our difficulties appeared to be over; there was, it was true, only a sack of flour left, half a side of bacon and a box of tea. Nevertheless, we were only two days from the Height of Land and another day, thence, to Fort Matachewan on the Montreal River, a Hudson Bay Company's Post. Bets, mostly in Red Eye or Old Crow Whisky, were offered and taken that we could do the journey in two sleeps, and the party was soon paddling down the river to the music of the resurrected camp-melodion and the inspirations of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," "Anchored" and "Pull for the Shore, Sailor." About two miles from the shack our head-boat—a Peterborough canoe—came to a halt, the rest in their turn closing up, while the chief's canoe hove to.

At this point a delta divided the waterway into two routes, and it remained for the surveyor to choose which we should take. Having consulted his chart, he decided to follow the right bank, and the right bank we followed accordingly. As we progressed, the river began to narrow considerably, and by night-fall when tents were pitched at the bank-side, we had covered some twelve or fifteen miles and had met some twenty "jams" or barrages in that distance, most of which had to be portaged, but some of which easily yielded to the axe. On the morrow we continued our journey, the nature of the route proving even as we had found it from the start—jams, barrages,

portages, and never a stretch of open water in sight. On the following day it was the same; and on the next day, no better. Our ration-scale was now at the daily flap-jack stage; we had thrown out our trolling gear, and as the river was full of pike, had no difficulty in keeping up this end of the commissariat. On the evening of the fourth day, since there appeared to be no visible end to this waterway, it was decided by option that we should return to the shack by Night Hawk Lake and take our chance of incoming trappers, or else of finding an Indian camp on the banks of the big-water. It was decided, too, to slip two more canoes, all heavy and unnecessary cargo—our moose-rack, weighing 35 lbs., included—and make our way as speedily as possible to the log-cabin by the lake. Here we arrived in two days' fast travelling and reduced to our last supply of flour-food, though with a riverful of fish waiting to be trolled.

It may be said that it is only the experienced Bushmen who fully realise the dangers of being caught in the Wilderness without the supplies of food which the body is accustomed to, and without adequate clothing for a swift change of season. It was therefore no sign of courage that those who were ignorant of the real nature of the present situation were disposed to make light of it. We were still above the Height of Land, and some hundreds of miles from a trading post, or for all we knew, from an Indian settlement. Our chiefs were men who had spent a dozen seasons in the Bush and were well acquainted with

the perils of the vast Wilderness, which has its annual toll of victims, who perish by drowning, or by the mischances of game-hunting, or else by wandering from the beaten trail and the well-known waterway. We had already been in the Bush six months and had seen only four Pale-faces outside our own camp, and hardly twice that number of Indians; all these, too, on the customary trading line into and out of the Forests. Here we were, however, in a practically uncharted territory, at any rate without proper charts for our own purposes—fully six days' journey from the Abbitibi, supposing we returned by the way we came to Moose Factory, and with neither bread, nor the wherewithal to make bread. Whatever virtues a diet of fresh-water pike may have, it is certainly a failure when continuously eaten for two days without bread—a general gastric upset with the inevitable scurvy being one of its results, as we had every evidence, in this case, to prove. Besides pike, there was maskinonge—a kind of large pickerel—weighing occasionally fourteen or fifteen pounds, a bluefish and black bass. Eaten without bread, however, there was little to choose between any of them.

The chiefs were not idle during our involuntary stay at the shack, and on the morrow of our return, two parties set out on a search-expedition across the broad waters. Very unusual luck favoured one of these parties which, at a distance of about twenty miles from our cabin, and when (they told) practically lost in the labyrinth of small rivers which lay to the south of the Night Hawk Lake,

came upon a small party of Indians then trailing it into the Hudson Bay region by the Moose River route, a waterway which runs parallel with the Abbitibi River, but with a distance of from fifty to sixty miles between them. This party of Indians informed us that the Moose River route was the "set-route" for this season, which meant that had we failed to meet them our chances of meeting another party would have been one in a hundred. We should, therefore, have been forced, willing or unwilling, to return to the Black and White Rivers and take the route of Lake Abbitibi—practically an impossibility in view of the absence of supplies.

The Red Men realized our position and saw their own opportunity. What price they called, we had, of course, no opportunity of knowing; we are certain, however, that it was a stiff one, and that the small amount of flour which they sold us carried a heavy premium. Most painful experience of all, our Indian guide on setting out, piloted us again down the Night Hawk River, but on reaching the delta of which we have spoken, he took the *left* course instead of the right which we had chosen. From this point onwards, it was practically a straight journey for the Height of Land which we reached in four days, after making in the course of the journey one of the longest portgages we had yet covered, namely one of sixteen miles with a short strip of water intervening. On clearing the Height of Land we left two more canoes behind us, and took the Montreal River with four boats, arriving in one half-day's journey at Fort Matachewan, an

old-fashioned and historic point on this broad waterway.

Three days' journey from this point took us to Bay Lake, where the steel tracks of the Northern Ontario Railway were already laid for their long northward extension to Hudson regions. Here, at last, was something resembling Civilization; there was an excellent hotel on the Bay, kept by an equally excellent Scot called Morrison; the railroad was crowded with workers; Haileybury was only fourteen miles distant, and hand-trolleys might be requisitioned at several points for runs of from two to three miles. Half way up the line was Cobalt, the silver-mining area where several fortunes have been dug out of the land; and pausing to mark this colony of track-side shacks, we sped silently under the gathering night into the little Temiscaming town whose lights beckoned an unwonted welcome from afar, and there saw ordinary white men and women, bright table-cloths and plates, hot baths and clean bed-rooms and—above all—saloon-bars with their beer and whisky bottles and good cigars for the first time in seven months.

CHAPTER XI

AMERICANS IN BRITAIN

THE rule that a country does not export its best citizens must be held to apply to the United States quite as much as to other countries. On the round average, the Americans who settle permanently in Britain and Ireland can hardly be said to be a representative type of those Americans who are perfectly at home only—at home; and we have no quarrel at all with the Americans who, on leaving England, declare that they are glad to be going back to New York. There are no very reliable statistics as to the number of men and women of the United States who have taken up permanent residence in our Islands; but a well-informed newspaper representative of an important transatlantic journal holds to the opinion that there are fewer than ten thousand in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. This, of course, is very vague, and might mean anything from a thousand up. Our informant bases his estimate, however, on the fact that one of the most popular weekly publications in the States has, over here, a weekly subscription-circulation of twenty thousand, fifty per cent. of the subscribers to which are, he thinks, native-born Americans.

This being assumed to be the case, it must also be allowed that there is a far larger number of unobtrusive Americans in the world than is generally imagined. In London, for example, the Americans best known to and most deservedly popular with the man-in-the-street could be counted under the three figures, and would include really representative Americans like that athletic giant Colonel H. W. Thornton, of the Great Eastern Railway, Colonel Hunsiker, Mr Walter Winans, the sportsman; the official Ambassadorial and Consular staffs—and although Choate and Whitelaw Reid played more spectacular social rôles, we doubt if their personal popularity combined equalled that of Mr Page among the elect of the Metropolis and the people of England generally; finally, there are the resident representatives of big American firms with London branches.

These types apart, the rest of the Americans who reside in England may be described as either important members of the big world of Society, or else as unstoried members of the great world which we call the middle class. The American Duchesses, we always have with us; and notwithstanding the demise of several American Dowagers of that social denomination, within the past decade, there are still several British Dukes who are blessed—more or less—with American consorts. And in the descending line, there are also marchionesses, countesses, viscountesses, baronesses, baronettes—if such a word there be—and untitled women who once owed allegiance to the United States of America, but who now are British by virtue of their husbands'

nationality. It is commonly, or it certainly *was* at one time commonly thought, that these American ladies were mainly responsible for the plutocratization of the head centre of English social life. And among middle-class women, who were not in any way affected, and not at all likely to be affected, by the American invasion, the product of the United States came to be looked upon as an intruder, the whole American sisterhood, indeed, being judged by the snarling-voiced and wilfully offensive specimens of the sex which transatlantic countries, U.S.A., Canada and South America, undoubtedly send us, now and again, and which we often breed ourselves.

It was also commonly said that the imported American woman was without breeding or refinement and that she had no more music in her soul than she had in her voice; that her reputation for superior intelligence was attributable mainly to the facility with which her mouth adapted itself to the expression of polysyllabic words, and such critics did not fail to emphasize the point that the capacity of her mouth was equal to the requirements of the heaviest artillery in the matter of syllables; that if she was young, she was a flirt without sentiment, or even that *calimerie* which sometimes covers a flirt's cold-bloodedness; while if she was middle-aged or old, she had neither manners, nor dignity, nor common honesty. We feel bound to say that these types of American womanhood were formerly the best-known types in Britain; there were at one time, and not so long ago, more of them over here than of any other type, and it is an unfortunate condition of human nature that one ounce of

wickedness is invariably held to discount fifteen times that amount of goodness.

Naturally enough, when women of the better classes in England saw themselves passed over, by their countrymen of rank and position, in favour of women who, possessing only the advantage of considerable fortunes, represented in a more or less pronounced degree, as they thought, the types described above, bitter feelings began to take root. Who was the American woman, anyway—as they might put it on the other side—that the Island woman should yield to her? If sweetness of voice and gentleness of expression and refinement of manner go to make up a large portion of the sum of womanliness, then there is no doubt that the best of the balance was in favour of the British women, who, if less athletic in deportment and physical development, are at any rate better-looking and, beyond comparison, much more refined and womanly. So-called Society papers, comic sheets, novels and novelettes, with a proper sense of their opportunity, duly catered to this grievance on the part of British womanhood, with the result that we soon began to form ideas about Anglo-American marriages, which corresponded more or less with the common notion that the American woman was socially an impossible person, and that Anglo-American alliances invariably proved unhappy. The pictures drawn were, of course, wholly *over-drawn*, and altogether out of agreement with things as they really were.

The American Yellow-sheets, in their turn, took all possible pains to register the number of

unsuccessful Anglo-American marriages, and in this regard it may be said that Hearst holds, not without cogency, it must be admitted, that he serves his country well in proportion to the frequency with which he can prove that marriages between American girls of wealth and Europeans of rank are failures. We incline to agree with this view. The American public was, accordingly, kept well informed as to the social and domestic progress of its daughters who had entered into matrimonial alliances with members of great European families, while correspondingly certain influences of publicity on this side operated, as they were deliberately intended to do, in checking any disposition to undue self-assertiveness on the part of the fair American ladies who shared with their noble consorts the headship of great houses and had proportionately important social rôles to enact.

Even American ladies of hereditary plutocratic families, who might be expected, owing to their educational and other advantages, to feel the transition from plutocratic to aristocratic position appreciably less than the daughters of *parvenus*—even such importations have entered, by marriage with English, Scottish and Irish noblemen, upon social careers with a vague idea that (as the Americans themselves put it) they were going to *show* the Britishers. Hearst's papers, to their profit, never fail to make the most of cases of this kind. When the daughter of an American multi-millionaire forms an alliance with the scion of a great European house, it is not too much to say that a veritable system of espionage is

undertaken by interested persons in cis-Atlantic countries, who transmit to the New York headquarters of the Yellow organs all sorts of information going to form the groundwork for articles of the familiar sensational and scandal-mongery type, which in truth constitute a kind of "case" against the lady whose domestic concerns happen to be under consideration for the moment. Feuds between American women in Europe who, being married to European noblemen, are to some extent rival queens in a social sense, find their newspaper support on the other side; such support, whether for or against, being duly paid for by the principals concerned, and to so considerable an extent as to form an important enough addition to the yearly revenues of the protagonist papers.

A long-drawn feud of the past twenty years, which involved the American wives of some of the most important personages in Britain, was worth, in the way of cash, many thousands of pounds yearly to the writers on both sides of the Atlantic who took part in a social polemic which only Death was successful in bringing to a close. Corsica itself never produced in all its long vendettas a private war possessing in a more poignant degree all the elements of human savagery than this courtly *guerre à outrance* fought in many a bloodless battleground in the drawing-rooms of Mayfair and the Quartier. It is a giant-stride indeed, from the affairs of mighty nations to the comparatively humble annals of even the lordliest of coroneted beings; it is safe, however, to say that German politics counted for not less a factor in the tortuous drama

of Dreyfus, than the American journalistic muck-raker has counted in the great spectacular society divorces of American wives from European noblemen, which have marked, like social mile-stones, the story of gay and fashionable Euramerican life within the past generation.

It is a horrible thought, but none the less is it a fact, that certain American males who elect to live in England, in preference to their own country, do so in the main for reasons which are the very reverse of American. In the case of such men their first consideration in life is to be taken for, and to be treated as gentlemen! The naïf pleasure of some of these American importations at hearing themselves respectfully addressed as "Sir" for the first time in their lives, may be compared in some degree with the orgastic ecstasy with which a Colorado Episcopalian Bishop hears himself for the first time in his life addressed in England as "My Lord." In his native See-town, he is generally known as Doctor Jones, or simply as Bishop Jones, often as "Bish," and there is just about as much of the spiritual peer "into" him, as there is of the so-called odour of sanctity in average American clergymen whether Protestant, Catholic, Presbyterian or Wesleyan, the majority of which types remind Europeans of prosperous auctioneers with a turn for unctuous sesquipedalianism.

It is hardly to be doubted that life for a sensitive soul is much easier in Britain or Ireland than it is in the States, where the tough hide is an essential condition of success. The U.S. American men who take up residence in these Islands are rarely,

however, of the sensitive type. Some of them have left their country under the delusion that Britons are, as business men, an easily exploitable race. This type of American is invariably of a class of commercialist who has failed in his own country, and has saved enough from the wreck of his fortune to start operations anew in a country where he has the advantage of being unknown in respect of his business-record, and at the same time where he is able to speak the language. In all probability, if he knew French—an acquirement which is sufficient, in the States, to constitute *scholarship*!—he would go to France in preference to England.

Over a decade ago, before sojourning in America, we had the advantage of assisting in the weekly compilation and editing of a paper which was written for American visitors to Europe. The publication in question made its appearance at a highly psychological moment, namely, the time of the famous American invasion, when Britain began for the first time to hear about the personalities of men like J. P. Morgan, John W. Gates, Charles T. Yerkes, John Wanamaker, August Belmont and many others. At that time we made the acquaintance of all of these important "operators" in the world of finance with the exception of Mr Morgan.

At the same time we made the acquaintance of many Americans resident in London who were engaged more or less (generally less) in profitable businesses. The schemes of these gentry were based, for the main part, on the notion that Englishmen were worthless as business-men, and that the time was ripe for introducing flash

American methods into the ordinary half-Quaker routine of English trading life. There grew up a positive mania for things and persons American, and the English four-flushers¹ of American Bars and the West End, generally, began to talk a wondrous jargon which was neither English slang nor American slang, and to compute all prices in terms of American dollars—generally in millions.

Then there was the American racing contingent over here with Master Tod Sloan, and Mr Wishard and Mr Whitney and “Boss” Croker and “Philadelphia Phil” and many others. The bright part-Americanized style of journalism was then a few years old, and it was almost sufficient for an untrained American who had no experience of journalism, to guess he was slick enough to deliver such and such goods, to assure him a serious hearing from editors and a position on the staff worth some hundred dollars a week. Almost any American, who was not found out too soon, was doing well in London in those days. There was talk of an American Club for all who had visited, or who had family affiliations in, the States. It was said that John W. Gates was going to settle the Irish question by cutting a canal from Carlingford Lough to Lough Erne in the West, by that process isolating Ulster from the other Provinces, and curing Ireland for once and all! Every week there was a rumour that Morgan had bought up all the

¹ A four-flusher is a person who tries to make a so-called “royal (five) flush” with four cards, or dice, instead of the required five; in other words, a pretender. At least, we presume this to be the derivation. We can see no other.—H. G.

private banks in Britain, beginning with the House of Coutts, with a view to consolidation. That Hearst had bought the London *Times* was reported quite as often as that Carnegie had abjured his American citizenship and was about to be promoted to the House of Lords by the title of the Earl of Skibo. And Americans were indeed so popular, and all classes of Englishmen and Englishwomen were beginning to truckle so slavishly before the millionaires of the New World, that England became the fashion in the States, and every White Star Liner and Cunarder duly imported its cargo of crooks who appeared to look upon the British Isles in very much the same way as Boss Tweed used to look upon New York City, or Jay Gould upon the Erie Railroad—or any other railroad, for that matter.

England and the wretched English did not, however, prove quite such easy marks as the invaders had expected. We used in those days to listen to encounters between American and London business-men in the office of the weekly publication just mentioned. The American, we always noted, relied mainly on the hypnotic power of his “speel,” or word-play; the Briton, cool, and untouched by the word-painting and the polysyllables and the expressive enough slang, relied in the main on the constituent worth of the thing offered, and with the result that he nearly always won, and Bluff was nowhere in the race with the Square Deal. Matters were much the same in Paris as in London; there the American was carrying everything by storm, socially, commercially, financially, and, indeed, often politically. Many genuinely

interested American families, who settled in those days in Europe, remained on and are now not very noticeably American. About 1903, however, a *débâcle* came about and many a sharp Down Easter and slick Westerner, green-goods men as well as gold-brick merchants, returned to the States far sadder and much wiser men than when they came with the all-conquering rush.

Those who knew Anglo-American Society in the English Capital have no illusions at all as to the quality of a small percentage of the Americans who do us the honour of sojourning in our humble midst. It is the custom of some of them to apologize for the fact of being American at all, and this they seek to do by describing themselves as Southerners, a term which, they somewhat fatuously imagine, is equivalent in the minds of British people to saying that one is of ancient birth or distinguished origin. It is nothing of the sort; and the boast is invariably the boast of pretenders. Englishmen who have any acquaintance with the rudiments of the story of North America's colonization are under no illusions whatever as to the ancestral quality of some of the forebears of self-styled Southerners, the ancestors of whom in ninety-five cases out of one hundred are about as genuine as are one hundred per cent. of the Milesian ancestors of Irishmen who boast of their descent from alleged Kings, just because a certain O'Connor Don once proved without question his descent—always maintained on a well-conditioned social level—from an authentic Prince of Ireland.

The real and unquestioned and unquestionable

Southerner is known, recognized and duly registered in London, where, like the accredited representative of big American houses, he is the least pretentious of men. In the Northern portion of the United States, the self-styled and bragging Southerner is one of the jokes of the community, which, whatever else it may lack, is not lacking in a sense of the ridiculous. His manner of asserting his consciousness of a lofty origin is invariably of a kind: wherever and whenever he can find an audience, he sets about quarrelling with his company, insisting on some vague notion of a right of "pree-ceedence, Sir," which he vaguely imagines is a characteristic of patricians. Or else, he will absolutely refuse to notice or converse with his host, or even to pay attention to his hostess or his neighbours, until someone seeks to appease him by remarking in a stage aside to the others that "he is a Southern Gentleman, you know." After that public recognition of his fine quality, he is perfectly satisfied, and recovers his humour sufficiently not to claim more than a dozen apologies for imaginary insults to his Southern gentlemanhood during the remainder of the evening.

What the Southerner bases his silly pretensions on—if we may judge by the vulgar and obviously ill-conditioned caricatures who style themselves Southern Gentlemen in London—we really do not know: they rarely have any money, although they claim acquaintance with half the plutocracy of the States, and one finds them working in all sorts of odd corners, their whine invariably being that they do not mind cadging a pittance in a foreign country

where they are *not known*; but in the States—oh no; it would never do! Some of these pretenders are extremely well known, however, to the police of both Capitals, and it requires no vast amount of worldly experience to take their full and complete social measure. The “Southern Gentleman” myth is entirely overdone and exploded in these days, and the claim to be one—almost invariably mendacious in respect of the claimants—is quite sufficient, when it is gratuitously made, to class the man who advances it with many of the *Mayflower* myths, or the “Sixteen-Hundred-and-Thirty-Five” people whom we meet occasionally in our travels.

These gentry only serve to make decent Americans ridiculous in the eyes of discriminating and intelligent Europeans who do not as a rule require two minutes’ conversation with any man to appraise his real worth—social, intellectual and so on. The entire lack of a sense of the ludicrous, in all social matters, which characterizes London-Americans of the type we have tried to describe, is comparable only with the same pretensions in certain types of the London-Irish whom we have encountered, and who give so bad a name to Irishmen of good sense and intelligence. In Englishmen, Scotsmen, Welshmen one rarely finds this absence of a sense of the ridiculous which Thackeray found among the Anglo-Irish people, and which every traveller meets in due course of his sojourn in the States among the self-styled Southern Gentlemen.

The Americans have never, we think, quite forgiven Mr W. W. Astor for so completely divorc-

ing himself from the land of his fathers, as the great-grandson of the fur-trader has done. His connection with America is now but a dollar-and-cent one; and the United States has little more individual interest for this self-expatriate than the logarithm of a big number may be supposed to have for a busy arithmetician; while his recent double-promotion to the Peerage puts away the often-rumoured report that, as a result of his social seclusiveness in England, he intended to transfer himself and his golden fortunes to France, or else to his beloved Italy, where he once represented his native country as Ambassador. We think, however, that Americans—who dislike all self-expatriates on general principles—have themselves and their Yellow journalists to blame for losing him to the States.

Astor, the wise men declare, is the very richest subject of King George V.—richer even than Carnegie, whose vast wealth or a great portion of it, depends largely on the stability of Steel Trust Bonds. So long, however, as Manhattan Island remains undisturbed by earthquakes, so long will the Lord Viscount Astor continue to draw from it yearly rentals equal to those of the Bedford and Westminster estates, while his accumulated reserves make him, by comparison with the octogenarian *jeune premier* of Skibo Castle, a man of English, as distinct from American millions, and there is a deep sea of difference.

Yet who has not heard of the captivating old wag of Skibo? And who, until he was promoted to the House of Lords, really knew whether

Astor had or had not been gathered to his fur-hunting and eminently plutocratic fathers? And so, while Carnegie was corybanting his giddy way into the hearts of mankind, here was Astor living a hermit's life in his various European homes. These homes include the peerless Cliveden, once the property of a ducal fellow-millionaire, but now Italianized out of easy recognition; Hever, the other country-seat, is an ancient dwelling-place of Anne Boleyn, or Bolyn, as the name was then rendered, and concerning this lady an old historian tells a wondrous tale:

King Harry, says the chronicler, was during his visit to Hever, much smitten by the graces of his host's wife, the fayre Ladye Bolyn, wife of Sir Thomas Bolyn of that Sussex ilk, and as the monarch tarried at the Castle, it occurred to him that English diplomacy in the pleasant capital of France required an astuter ambassador than the gentleman who was then Envoy from the Court of England. Accordingly he despatched the said Sir Tummas to the Court of Francis, the French King, and still continued to tarry a while at the Castle, subsequently paying furtive visits thereto from Windsor, Hampton Court, Richmond and other of his palaces in the home-counties.

In exactly eleven months from the absence of Sir Tummas from his appointed spouse, the latter gave birth to a female child, although in the intervening time she had not once seen her husband. The said child was christened Anne, and ultimately entered into history as Anne Bolyn. King Harry met her when she had grown up,

fell deep in love with her, married her, and then beheaded the unfortunate lass. Nevertheless, their union had lasted long enough for Anne to give birth to the famous Elizabeth, the net result being that Queen Elizabeth was at one and the same time the daughter and the grand-daughter of her own father. Heard ye ever the like?

In certain Sussex villages where we spent some years of our callow youth, this story is perfectly sound tradition, and was definitely accepted as gospel in many of the historic castles of the Sussex shire—the Bolyn family being among the most ancient races of those regions. King Henry was, as we all know, a man whose scrupulosity of conscience amounted to a mania, an obsession, a—*comment dire?*—a soul-devouring fanaticism; and may not this incestuous consideration, as to the real facts of which he was surely the best judge, have counted for a great factor in the fate of poor Anne, his Queen?

Perhaps. Perhaps not.

CHAPTER XII

AN EPISODE OF SALT LAKE CITY

ONE of our abiding regrets is that we never had an opportunity of visiting Salt Lake City. Not that we are prurient, or that we expected to see more in the Mormon stronghold than the great Capitals of the world had already shown us. There is more real wickedness in certain of the Big Numbered streets of Paris, London, Berlin than all Utah could show, and we are convinced that the true story and the psychology of your Mormon has yet to be written up by some properly accredited student and observer. He will not, we think, fail to show that something more important than mere animal lust was at the root of the movement which was first engineered by the Apostles Brigham Young and Joseph Smith.

Several of us who, for some time, room'd together in New York, once employed the services of an Irishman who had long lived in the Mormon Capital. His name was Brannigan, and one evening he told us in his own vernacular the following story of his experience in Utah State. We give his simple narrative, even as he gave it to ourselves, and without further comment.

There had long lain, we may say, on our writing

table, used mainly as a kind of light paper-weight, a much-worn five-shilling piece, bearing on its obverse the head of George III. of Britain, and dated 1813. More than once we had caught Brannigan examining the coin with all the affectations of a connoisseur. He would sidle over to the table, tuck the duster under his arm, take up the old relic, study it single-eyed, with a laborious scrutiny, in the manner of a man accustomed to handle microscopes, managing, however, at the same time to keep the other eye fixed upon ourselves, for the janitor was, in truth, what is called swivel-eyed, and it was hard to tell with which optic he was holding you when the magic of his conversation compelled your attention.

"I wanst knew a woman wid a coin iv almost the silf-same discription—on'y the date was 1810. 'Twas in Salt Lake City, sorr," he volunteered.

"Indeed, Brannigan!" said we. "You've been in Salt Lake City, too; among the Mormons? What a traveller, to be sure!"

"'Deed, then, I have, sorr, an' a melanc'lier place I nivver want to see or hear of. I used to be a kind iv handy-man, butler an' house-porther to a magistrit called Mathew Murphy, who'd set up and conducted an establishment on sthrlickly Mormon lines and principles in that same sinful city. I've seen th' insides an' th' outsides iv the Mormon monsther, an' know all the ways an' machinations iv Mormonism. 'Tis a sorry life, sorr, and tho' Mистер Murphy had sivin wives to his sthrung whin I first knew him, faith I often t'ought he'd hav' run away from the place if his

sivin brides hadn't watched him so close. I'm not mesilf what you'd call a very vartchus man, sorr, but, be the saints, the way they thrade wimmin and gee-urls—just like so manny cattle—in that same state iv Utah, is enough to make anny silf-respectin' corp twist in its grave; an' the way the wimmin thimselves allows it, is more than enough to make dacent-minded sinners ashamed iv the female jindher."

"But you don't mean to say the women really purchased, do you, Brannigan? Surely there's a little spark of romance, or affection, or regard in both man and woman whenever a marriage comes off?"

"Well, sorr, it's aisy to see be the newspapers that latther-day romance is a very timp'rary human thrait at best. But, be jabers, sorr, the timp'rariest kind of love and tindherness is the Utaw kind. 'Tis as timp'rary as a comit, sorr, an' indade I've always t'ought that Salt Lake City love was more a municipal disease than a nath'ral or wholesome kind iv vice. This Misther Murphy wasn't at all a bad fellow, if it wasn't for his unfortchnit pathriarchal propinsities, sorr. I seen, frinstins, how he got his sivinth bride, an' the dale was dead aisy an' sthrickly commercial. He was a rich man, was Murphy, an' he wanst sold a bit of prapperty to a frind iv his called Andhrews. Andhrews wanted to lave a little on mortgage, whin Murphy cuts him short an' says: "'Tis a purty little thing, indade, that youngest dawther of yours, Andrews,' he says, reddenin' a little. 'To the divvle wid the mortgage; gimme the gee-url.'

"'Is that the way 'tis?' says Andhrews deep-like. 'Thin I'm your man, Murphy.'

"The thransfer was jooly made, sorr, and the sivinth Mrs Murphy come home to roost the follin' Satherda'. And that's the way wid most iv them. It's barther, sorr, bastely barther sanction'd be an' outhrajus law, nothin' more, nothin' less.

"I nivver look upon that coin there but I think iv Murphy. He had wan iv the grandest manshuns in the City, sorr, an' he was a youngish man too, p'raps forty-four. Faith there was lots of widda's and gurls in the swell quarter iv the City wouldn't have objected in the smallest to jine the Murphy sthring. And yet he was a sad man, too, was Murphy. Wanst he had been livin' normal and happy wid his wife an' little dawther in Philadelpy, whin some achor fellow persuades his wife to e-lope wid him. Shure enough, the wife took an' run away, lavin' Murphy wid the little gurl to look afther in sorrow an' loneyness. He was a thravellin' man in thim days, an' t'add to his throubles, his little dawther Alice was spir'ted away, or stole, while he was on the road, by some thravellin'-show people. 'Twasn't his wife that took the child, sorr, for the wife took and died soon afther lavin' him. But he nivver heard iv the little gurl till long long years afther.

"Murphy's house was wan iv the very finest in Salt Lake City, an' himself was known to be wort' his million an' a thrifle more. 'Twas p'raps eight months afther he'd took his sivinth wife that unbeknownst to anny iv his frinds he up an' took a nighth. Well, sorr, this Number Eight was a bit

iv a mysth'ry to us all, an' for that matther, to Murphy himself. She was one o' thim blush-rose kind of gurls, tall and slindher an' wid big eyes like a growin' fawn. An' t'hear the little v'ice iv her, sorr, ye'd think she was a child.

"Well, sorr, th' evenin' she come to the manshun, she took her place, accordin' to the customs iv the Mormons, at the head iv the supper-table; t'indicate she was the new wife. There was hardly a word spoke, an' all th' other wives ate their supper in a funer'al kind iv silence. Whin the supper was over, they all jumps up like wimmin in the tanthrums and goes off to their own rooms. On'y the new wife—Doora was her name—bides behind wid Murphy, an' mesilf starts to clear away the supper things. An', sorr, whin she seen they was all alone, she stan's straight up.

"'Mathew Murphy,' says she, 'lissen to this: you don't call me annything but the wife iv your boord till you've thrun out thim sivin dumb-divvles I met here at this table. I'm ayther your wife, or I'm not your wife; but one thing is certain, an' that is that I'm not goin' to be a neighth part of your wife, an' don't you think it for one single momint, Mathew Murphy. I'm an English-woman,'" here Brannigan bristled, "'an' when you're pleased to turn the women off, I'll be pleased to fulfil me mathrimonial contrhact to you—not a minnit before.'

"'Thin,' says poor Murphy, pale an' awe-struck, 'tis ividintly to convert me you've come hether, Doora?'

"'You've guessed it correctly this thrip,

Mathew,' says Number Eight. 'I've-come-here-to-convert-you-back-to-Christian-principles-and-until-I-am-the-only-wife-in-this-house, Mister Murphy, I'll-be-satisfied-to-be-only-the-star-boarder-of-your-boosom.'

"Well, do you know, sorr, that frail and slindher gurl of two-an'-twinty, wid her little v'ice and all, got her own way wid Murphy who didn't fear a rigimint iv the hard-faced and loud-mouthed v'riety. An' she not on'y got her own way wid Murphy, but she put her little futt down on anny simblince iv revolt among th'other wives, an' rool'd that manshun, sorr, like a female pompey-dure. The reel trooth was, in course, Murphy was dead in love wid that woman, an' not all the blandishments iv Bride Number Sivin or Bride Number Six, together, cud alter his regard for the new love. 'Twas Number Eight—first, last, an' all the time, tho' all his beggins, inthreaties, and prares cudn't make her see th' injustice iv her ways. More'n wanst I seen him on his knees to her wid tears in his eyes. But Doora was like adamint, and poor Murphy was gettin' thinner'n thinner iv'ry day an' lookin' for an excuse to divoorce th'other sivin whose blandishments discusted him entirely.

"Well, sorr, just before Number Eight come to the manshun, it happin'd that the tinth widda of Jabe Arkwright—who died the richest man in Utaw, an' leavin' fourteen incons'lible relic's to weep for him—come an' took up her risidince close be Murphy's, in a house av her own an' wid pots iv money to her name. She was a tall, young and fresh kind iv creetchur, about two-and-twinty year

old, wid big eyes an' magnificint protchuberances, sorr, an airs. Faith, thin, divvle a step could Murphy take outside his house but Misthress Jabe's eyes was on his movemints an' her futt on his thrack.

"He was jintle an' an aisy man wid wimmin, was Murphy, an' he soon began t'invite her in to dinner'n supper, an' listen to her dhroll stories about her laminted Jabe. An' she come so often, too, that the folks an' naybors used to joke wid her an' call her 'No. 8,' an' tho' the widda purtinded to be mighty misplazed at bein' called it, you cud see she wouldn't at all have minded j'inin' Murphy's little thribe. Howsumdever, for all her manoovrin' she cudn't ever succeed in gettin' Murphy alone wid her to hang a preposil iv marriage round his neck an' get sealed to him, or fire him to a declarashun uv his sintimints. She thried hard, but it nivver came her way, sorr.

"Thin, lo an' bee-hold, Doora comes in all iv a suddint. Unbeknownst an' unexpected, that iligant creetchur walks into the manshun like a roolin' princess, an' none iv us cud make head or tail iv it. The day afther she come, too, in slips the widda, an' whin she heard there was a new wife sealed to Murphy, she up an' took a fit iv ippilipsy, an' me an' the hired man had t'carry her to her home. We got the widda into her house an' laid her on the dhroyn'-room sofa an' thrun wather over her. Afther that she come to, an' then we left her sobbin' slowly to herself on the sofa. I cudn't for the life iv me help pity'n her as she sat there lookin' so bloo an' so lonesome. So I axes her wouldn't

she like to be sealed to me, sorr, an', faith, wid one look at me she shrieks an' goes off in a nother dead faint, an' thin her wimmin come down. I knew for certain afther this that she loved Murphy.

"Wid all her sorra, the widda kep' up the connection wid the Murphy thribe, as if nothin' had ivver happened. An' she took up quite frindly, too, wid Doora, an' they was always dearin' an' darlinin' each other afther wimmin's fashun, tho' I cud see wid one eye shut that old Jabe's relic was atin' her heart out an' was, more betoken, miditatin' her rivinge on ayther Doora or Murphy, or p'raps both av thim. All the time she'd be speakin' melliflu's, I cud see that she was schamin' an' pondherin' somethin' in the back iv her brain. She was always axin' Murphy to tell her the story uv his first thragic marriage, an' the lost child, an' all about his thravels an' his past life. An' she'd ax Number Eight, too, about her early days, an' take such a deep inth'rist in the matter that I was often puzzled at her cur'ousness. Number Eight didn't know much about her rilations. She'd lost thim, she said, whin she was a little gee-urll an' was rared be sthrangers.

"One day the widda said she was goin' to lave town timp'rery. 'Twas a slight vay-cation she was goin' to take for her healt's sake, says she delicate-like, purtindin' she was ailin'. But somehow, sorr, I knew an' t'ought diffrint. She said she was goin' to C'lumbus, Ohio, but wan iv th' help in her home towld me aftherward that she'd wrote three or four letters from Philadelphy, sayin' she'd be back before th'ind iv summer.

“In the manetime Murphy had grown thin as a whippin’ post an’ was deeper’n deeper in love wid Number Eight. But Doora was still stuck to her No-Surrindher plan iv campaign, an’ the sivin deserted wives went so conthrairy an’ fidgetty wid Murphy’s indiffrence an’ snow-ball-in-hivin kind iv life that there was no standin’ their tanthrums an’ skittishness an’ gin’ral cussedness. An’ they took to treatin’ Murphy wid *physical* sarcazzums, sorr, an’ throwin’ double-barril’d intendhers at him an’ her across the table. Murphy ’ud look sheepish enough, to tell the trooth, but wan cool look iv her bloo eye from Number Eight an’ a few simple words ’ud soon putt the wives an’ their insinuoos to flight.

“Well, sorr, ’twas one evenin’ in August afther supper an’ the sivin wives had gone to the rooms lavin’ Doora wid Murphy in the dhroy’n-room, and meself clearin’ up for the night, when th’electric bell gives a long trill, and whin I opened the front dure, in walks the widda. Av coorse, the trio was very p’lite an’ corjul, but I felt wid a kind iv sixt’ sinse, sorr, that there was a denoomint on the cards. There was a wicked look iv triumph’ in the widda’s eye that caught me sthrange. So I purtinded to go to bed, but stayed in the parlour where I could hear iv’ry word they said. An’ to’ard eleven o’clock, Misthress Jabe, afther an intherim iv silence, says to Murphy wid a kind iv narvous thrimble in her v’ice:—

“‘Misther Murphy,’ says she, melliflu’s like, ‘tis not a frind of yours like meself that ’ud wish to bring throuble on yer house. But I’ve got

somethin’ iv importance to say to yiz both, an I wants ye to lissen. I say it, first, because ’tis dead sartin I am you’d both be thankin’ me for me inthervintion to prevint a dredful crime, an’ secondly, because I’m a woman iv sthrong morril principles, holdin’ be the laws of our eternal Prophet, Joseph Smith.’

“At this tone in the widda, Murphy an’ Doora begun to look inth’risted, an’ p’raps unaisy.

“‘Misther Murphy,’ purshood the widda, ‘are you, or are you not, sir, prepared to hear that that sinful creetchur by your side, Doora, the eighth wife sealed to you, is your long-lost little dawther Alice who was stole from you in Philadelphly eighteen year ago?’

“Misther Murphy wasn’t at all prepared for this thrifle iv a sensation, for he took an’ wint as pale as a peeled potata’.

“‘The divvle is in it, Misthress Arkwright,’ says he, ‘but ’tis jokin’ wid us y’are.’

“‘Sorras the joke, Misther Murphy,’ replies the widda wid great dignity an’ her high air iv triumph’. ‘This news come to me quite spontaneous while I was on me vay-cation thrip. I’ve got the proofs iv it here in me hand-bag. I’ve thraced this creetchur Doora from the time she was stole from Philadelphly till she begun to earn her livin’ in Baltimore, an’ come down to Salt Lake City where you met her as Doora Fox, an’ she sejooced you into sealin’ her to you, Mathew, against yer loftier sintiments.’

“Doora wasn’t lookin’ a wee bit iv a thrifle perturbed, sorr, but was smilin’ angelic-like an’ calm.

“What! P'raps you don't b'lieve me,' the widda went on. 'Well, then, look! Here's the papers, Misther Murphy'; and she took a bundle iv dockymints from the bag. 'Here's this creetchur's burth certiffkkit. Here's the confession iv Tim Hooley who stole the child. Here's the bill iv sale transferrin' the child to a circus-owner, Tom Wharton, who died a month afther. Here's the confession iv the l'yer who dhrew the bill. Here's the declaration iv Wharton's sisher Louise that kep' this woman under the name of Doora Fox till she was ripe t'earn a livin'. Here's the confession iv——'

“‘Hold on, wid ye,' shouts Murphy, angrier nor I'd ivver seen him. 'Had you speech wid Wharton's sister, Missus Arkwright?'

“‘Deed an' I had, Mat——Misther Murphy, I mean,' says the widda. 'I saw her meself in Baltimore.'

“‘An' did she say there was annything peculiar about me child? E'er a mark you'd reco'nize her be? Annything she wore on her to pick her out be?'

“‘The woman told me,' says the widda, a thrifle putt out be Doora's sarcastic calmness, 'that the little gee-urll wore a silver coin around her neck. 'Twas held be a silver chain, like the childher in thim days used to wear.'

“This time Doora sartinly looked up a bit sthraight.

“‘Annything else, ma'am, did the woman say?'

axes Murphy in his magisthrif's manner.

“‘Divvle else,' replies the widda.

“‘Well, thin, I may tell you, Misthress Arkwright,' says Murphy very cool, 'sorra's the good yer throuble's done ye, I'm thinkin'. Doora,' says he, turnin' to Number Eight, 'have y'ever wore a silver coin wid a silver chain?'

“‘Well, the trooth is I have, Mathew,' admits Doora, narvous-like.

“‘Ha, I told you so, dearest Mathew,' the widda began, 'an' I am sartain this designin' female——'

“‘Shut up, you pest,' roars Murphy; 'go on, Doora dear.'

“‘The coin I wore, and, indeed, still wear,' says Doora, 'was wore be lots of childher in those days.

“‘An' hwhat was on that coin, Doora?' Murphy axes in his joodishul tone.

“‘Oh,' says Number Eight, 'twas a silver medal giv'n me be a dear old Cat'lic nun. It bore the linnimints iv one iv the saints.'

“‘An' have y'anny birth mark on anny part iv—iv—your—dear boddy, Doora?' says Murphy, lookin' at her fond-like.

“‘Not - a - single - mark - on - me - whole - boddy, Mathew,' replies Doora calm an' complacent-like, wid her small little v'ice.

“‘Well, now,' says Murphy, turnin' to the widda, 'you've took all this throuble for nothin', me poor girl, an' what's more, I b'lieve half of thim dockymints is ayther forgeries or was foisted on you by those as took you for a simpleton. There wasn't a soul cud misreco'nize me little dawther. Whin she left me, she wore a silver bit round her neck about as big as fifty cents, wid the face iv George III. iv England on it. But particularly, the poor

little thing had the mark iv the sthrawberry on her innicint little buzzum. It used to turn red wid the summer sun, an' 'twas as big as a purty-sized saucer. So now, Misthress Arkwright——'

"But just as Murphy was utterin' thim words, the widda gives him a long, sthrange, fixed look in th'eye, turns up her hands, cries out 'Fawther, me fawther!' an' dhrops off in a faint on the flure.

"We dhrinched her wid cold wather, av coorse, an' Doora opens her dhress at the nack an' breast for to cool her. Round her throat was a coin wid the head iv George III. iv England, an' sure enough on her buzzum was the mark iv the sthrawberry. It had grun ripe an' red wid the summer sun.

"That, sorr, was how Murphy come to find his long-lost dawther an' didn't lose his Doora. Soon after he divorced and pinshioned his sivin wives and returned to dacent principles an' Christian morrils."

CHAPTER XIII

AMERICAN SUMMER RESORTS

THE New York Winter, Spring, and Autumn differ but little, when all is said, from the same seasons in Cisatlantic climes. There is just a little more consistency in Transatlantic weather, that is about all. When winter comes, there is no doubt about its being winter, and once the first December snows have fallen, you can "bank" on having snow-falls with pretty honest regularity till the middle of April. True, they have a snow-fall now and again in the merry month of June. But then, they occasionally also have to register 93 in the shade in the month of February. These are isolated vagaries which are common to all climates, and do not really upset the prevailing law of averages. So then: Winter in New York is intensely cold; Spring is generally mild; Autumn too, is usually, and when the Indian Summer has broken, a season of equable kindness to the native and his brother.

Summer is, however, a three-month phenomenon of a very different character and intensity from what we Europeans are accustomed to. It opens say about June 15, when, in the Eastern States, at all events, the man who dares venture into the

highway wearing any but a sun-hat of some sort or other, is one who must possess an unusual contempt for the adverse opinion of his fellow-men. He is braver even than the man who is bold enough to walk the street after October 15, wearing the straw-hat that has served him so well in the summer that has just gone. Either he is an eccentric or a pauper, and is jeered at by the rabble for being the one, or unmistakably contemned and commiserated for being the other. In the South they all but mob him.

Towards the end of June, then, the native begins to wake up and take notice. Evidences of the gathering heat-waves are noticeable all around. Should he in early July, say, have the spirit left in him to walk up Lower Fifth Avenue, or Sixth Avenue, or in the congested West Broadway arteries, where traffic is in proportion to the number of warehouses, and the warehouses are only approached in number by the "quantity"—it is good Americanese—of pot-houses, he will have his sympathies for the lower creation aroused by the number of dead horses he can count lying to the left and right of the roadway. One, two, three—you can often count as many as a dozen casualties of the sort in a twenty-minute walk. Fortunately the passing of the poor brutes is a rapid and a painless one. The crack of a whip—the American truck-driver has no sense of feeling outside his own species—a whistling gasp from the overtaxed animal, a lunge forward, and the labours of poor horse are over, in his hippic capacity at any rate.

Helplessly idle, and with an apathy that suggests opiated customers in a Chinese joint, heat-stricken workers crouched in shaded corners, or stretched at full length on the "stoeps"—a remnant of old Dutch times, meaning hall-door steps—stare at you with a lazy surliness as you pass along. All, who can, are riding about their business in open cars, and few venture on even a two-hundred-yard walk who own the price of car-fare. Those who move short distances do so in their shirt sleeves, carrying their coats on weary arms. Should your programme take you to a vast commercial house to interview the "President," him you will also find in shirt-sleeves, affable, interested, and, for all the heat, with a big cigar between his honourable teeth. All day long, till a dewless eve, the ambulance bells are tinkling as faded steeds, the only sign of active life, dash up and down the streets, carrying out the stricken and careering away at such a pace as only the ransom of a life can justify. In the meantime, your fourth collar has wilted to the most outlandish shapelessness.

You are, indeed, one of the lucky ones of New York if you have a roof-top on which to spend the nights of July and August, for after these months the Equinoctial tempers matters somewhat. The roof-top in July is available to every wight that lodges in the happy house that possesses one. This must be, of an August night, one imagines, the nearest picture to a camp of desert caravaneers resting by night on the sandy trail. Rugs and carpets, sofas and arm-chairs, all the light and easily-moved furniture is requisitioned for the roof

encampment, and fathers, mothers, children, lodgers, all, at nightfall, seek the house-tops as naturally as they seek the bedrooms in the winter-time. If you have no roof-top, and your sleeping quarters are narrow, just inspect the open squares. Union Square, Madison Square, Washington Square, Central Park, Riverside Drive—in all these spaces you will find encampments.

If you can conjure up a vision of an English beach lined with sleepers throughout the long nights in which no breeze disturbs the surface of the sea, and the air hangs denser than the heavy-laden atmosphere that one can almost grasp before an overdue thunderstorm, you can form some notion of the night encampments at Coney Island, or Midland Beach, or all along the line of summer resorts from Sandy Hook to Atlantic City. There is something ghostly, too, about the spectacle, for the night-owl that watches it from the broad-walk, the solemn stillness being broken now and then by a mournful siren out at sea, or the distant wail of the Central Jersey trains travelling up the long coast-line. Hardly has the first dawn broken in the East, but a crowd is out splashing in the water, the bathing-boats are launched, and day begins again at five o'clock, life at the American "shore" resort being the nearest known condition just short of the amphibious.

As you may expect, then, very few Americans who can afford to get away from the sweltering cities, will consent to forego the only remedy left against the tropical heat, namely, the summer resorts. Of these, there are almost countless scores,

varying in social character and style from Newport, Rhode Island, the summer-home of the plutocracy, to Atlantic City, on the Jersey Coast, the rendezvous of the so-called "middling classes," or to Coney Island, which corresponds, for Greater New York, to all that Southend means for the working Londoner. Newport we may say looks, from the distance, very much like a strip of pancake stretching out upon the water, with a lot of grotesque pieces of loaf-sugar stuck in it in more or less consistency of geometrical array. Scenery there is none, only a blue and silver sea with a patch of sandy shore and big verandah'd houses lining it east and west. At Long Branch, Bar Harbour—which is infinitely more ideal with its touch of classic Roman hills—Seabright and other summering towns, you get the beginnings of the same effect: everything modern and mathematical; no signs of graduated growth; a suggestion of the theodolite, the link-chain, the fat cheque-book, a band of sun-burnt Italian navvies, the creak of the trip-hammer, and lo, another fantastic palace grins out upon a summer sea; and with not a little, too, of the ambiguous grin of your *parvenu* or *nouveaux riche* whose deprecating smile so plainly tells and with such pathetic eloquence that he cannot really help his vast magnificence.

A friend of the writer's, Mr C. Oliver Duncan, whose Anglo-American connections have given him the advantage of observing Newport social life at close range and during protracted visits, writes to us at our request, regarding the famous Rhode Island summer-resort. He says:

“It is rather difficult to compare this place with any resort in Europe, for it is so different from all others. There are no hotels, or rather, only one small hotel with certainly not more than a hundred rooms; nor will the Town Council sanction the building of any other. In this respect it is different from Bournemouth, Eastbourne and Scarborough, for being thus kept purely residential, there is a complete absence of that class so much *en évidence* at the French watering and seaside places, namely, the demi-mondaines. And since there is no racing or gambling at the Casino, it is again very different from Trouville, Dinard and Monte Carlo. What strikes one most about the external appearance of this place is the splendour of many of its houses and the very small amount of ground attached to each. In this respect it is rather like Cannes or San Sebastian, both of these resorts being mainly residential, but in comparison with Newport on a much more modest scale.

“And here again there are many elements without which Newport is all the better and more attractive than Newport with them. *A première vue* I must confess I was disappointed with Newport, for the harbour, as we entered, presented a spectacle just so much like all others that I have ever seen, while the seaside town through which we drove struck me as being neither well kept, nor noteworthy whether for its shops or for the people seen in its streets. This impression was, however, merely temporary; and having been received in a house such as here in England one would expect to find in a park of at least a hundred acres, but there

could not claim more than about ten acres as its own, we set out to see Newport on the following day, as it really is for those that live or visit there.

“The morning is generally spent on the beach, of which there are two: one that belongs to a sort of club, and to which no one is admitted unless introduced by a resident who is known; and the other, which, like all other beaches in all other seaside resorts, is open to the public. The bathing here is quite one of the features of the place, and the sight is much the same on one beach as on the other. The bathers do not take their dip in the sea, come out, dress, and then go home as in this country; but spend two, three or more hours on the sands or in the water in their bathing costumes. Some ladies, again, appear in costumes worthy of a stage rather than a beach, with hats and shoes and very short prettily embroidered dresses in all colours, the hats being kept on generally with ribbons to match the colour of the dress, and the *ensemble* often makes a very charming picture.

“Thus the morning is spent very agreeably under a baking sun, and about one o'clock everybody goes home to lunch. The feature of the afternoon is the promenade-drive in the famous Bellevue Avenue, which to the casual passer-by must appear like a veritable horse-show; for never anywhere else all over Europe have I seen so many beautiful horses so perfectly equipped and in so short a time, as are to be seen here any afternoon between four and five. Motor-cars along this drive, which is about three to four miles long and bordered on either side by splendid residences, were, when I

was last in Newport, forbidden; and so there was nothing to mar the stateliness of this afternoon parade. Some drive in phaetons, others in runabouts, some with one horse and others with two, either tandem or ordinary; but three out of every four are victorias with men on the box and liveries to match the colour of the carriages.

"About five, most of these people, who at Newport live for pleasure alone, and have practically unlimited banking accounts to assist them, adjourn to one house or another for tea, or what is generally far more interesting, to the Casino for tennis. The Casino here is very different from what we understand by the term in Europe, for there is no gambling and it is really more of a Country Club. Here all Newport congregates for the yearly horse-show and the tennis tournament, where the American Championship is played off. Besides there are flower-shows and a dog-show here every summer, as well as frequent club dinners followed by a dance, where all the youth and beauty of the place are to be seen. Personally I went there almost daily, like many others, to meet my friends, to talk or to flirt, and with a good game of tennis thrown in.

"In the evenings the life is not different from that of New York, and there are continual and almost daily dinner parties and private entertainments in the various houses, or, as I have said, at the Casino; and thus the summer days roll by very pleasantly for those who are blessed with health, strength and *joie de vivre*. At that time you see the real Newport, a garden of American wealth and riches,

where it finds an outlet for its superabundance and pleasures of the best kind for its more or less happy possessors. Has this seaside resort of the New World been called into existence to compensate Americans for the lack of the historic and the *vieille rocherie* which the Old World possesses? I often wonder.

"'The Breakers,' Mr Cornelius Vanderbilt's summer house, is a massive structure of stone, about half the size of Buckingham Palace, built on a cliff overlooking the sea in just a few acres of Italian garden: a very wonderful residence, the grandeur of which, as in so many other cases, is much discounted by its lack of suitable grounds. Mr W. K. Vanderbilt's residence, known as 'The Marble Palace,' suffers from the same lack of park-land. It is the finest house in Bellevue Avenue, and, built out of white marble in Roman style at a cost of over one million dollars, is a dream of magnificence. The first-named residence is mainly remarkable for its marble mantelpiece, which was brought from Pompeii and cost about £20,000."

Apart from what Mr Duncan tells us, our own investigations in this luxurious spot disclosed some interesting items that provoked wonderment:

Thus, the so-called cottages are simply pharisaical misnomers for palaces; "Beech Bound," "The Wayside," "Rough Point," "Rockhurst," "By the Sea"—all these affectedly unaffected names are wholly discounted by the various exteriors which, in a more or less intimate fashion, recall Dorchester House, or Grosvenor House, or Castle Howard, or

even Chatsworth, and if you care to go on, which remind one of the Trianon, or the princely palaces of Venice, Rome and Florence. Mrs Belmont, for example, pays her steward a sum equal to £2000 yearly, with, we presume, "perks" *pro rata*. And in certain of these mansions, when the major-domo asks his mistress where the distinguished ducal visitor from Britain is to be lodged during his sojourn, it is customary for the lady to answer—sometimes:

"Put the Dook in the fifty-thousand-dollar suite, Jasper."

If, however, the distinguished visitor should happen to be a Frenchman of ducal rank, he is, in the philology of things, a Duc. Then the lovely Newport *châtelaine* will say—sometimes:

"Jasper, we will put his highness the Duck in the thirty-thousand-dollar suite."

Such little trifles as these naturally discount the Vere-de-Veriness of a two-million-dollar mansion with trappings, decorations, ornamentation and furniture all *en suite*. Some of the dining-rooms of these Cockayne-houses—if one may coin such a phrase—are every bit as beautiful, though without the age-mellowness of the banqueting-hall of Newstead Abbey, which we have seen with our own eyes; or as those of Beaulieu, or Dunrobin, or Hamilton Palace, or Abbotsford. To the visitor from Europe, it must, however, be somewhat in the nature of a psychic *douche* to see the debonair Henri Quatre smiling down upon the American plutocrat's dining-table, near him the hypercritical mask of the Cardinal de Richelieu, and, juxtaposed

by these, the portraits of his host's "ancestors," one of whom won fame and fortune by wrecking, let us say, a Wabash Railroad; the other worthy being mainly known to exact history by reason, as the old-timers of Wall Street will tell you, that he once "done up a free people on a Bond Issue."

Bar Harbour, as housing the summer residential seat of that fine spirit, the late Joseph Pulitzer, we of course very well know from several visits. Out of this harbour, and away into the seven seas of the wide world, and carrying its blind owner and a cargo of secretaries, used to sail the famous yacht *Liberty*, which we should place, for tonnage and general capacity, somewhere between two superb yachts which we have also boarded, namely, the black-hull'd *Corsair*, belonging to the late Mr Pierpont Morgan, and Commodore Bennett's yacht *Lysistrata*—the latter of which touches the 2000-ton mark, about. Bar Harbour, it may be said, is to Newport what Philadelphia is to New York—a kind of younger sister with less *chic* about her; at least to believe ten thousand per cent. of the so-called Four Hundred of the big City by the Hudson, who overlook the fact completely, however, that the only advantage New York possesses over Quaker City—that English people can see—is that it has the ocean at its threshold. Bar Harbour, in our view, with its high-pitched uplands, is far superior in point of scenery, to the whale-back tract of Newport.

And as Philadelphia people approach more to our own types—neo-Roman types—than those of New York, who (it seems to us) have something

of an Egyptian touch in their splendours and magnificences, so there is something more classic in the repose of the Maine summer-resort, when compared with that of Rhode Island. Here there are no building obligations attaching to leases, as at Newport, where "By God, Sir, it must be at least a half-million dollar cott-age, or no goldarn cott-age at all, Sir" is the rubrical formula which accompanies the handing over of any permit to throw up a seaside palace. There are no freak ménages at Bar Harbour, as there are at Newport, where tiny little tots of six and seven years old have their own suites within the parental halls; suites of ten and twelve rooms with reception *salons*, dining, sleeping, play-rooms, all the usual offices and retinue of personal attendants, including the babies' own carriages, automobiles, stables, and service attaching to the same! Can insanity go much further? Could futility?

No one will ever relegate Bar Harbour to the *ne plus infra* of plutocratic resorts, by saying that it devotes itself to expenditure regardless of pleasure. This, unfortunately, has been said of Newport. It is without question as gay as Biarritz and with much of the subdued elegance of that famous spot. 'Tis said—this tradition we take on trust—to possess the only authentic ghost known to the fashionable world of the Western Hemisphere, though who did or didn't do the bloody murder, or who owns the spectral ghost, or gives it house-room, we cannot, at this writing, just say. Nor does the Maine seaside resort boast of "our deucedly superior set" in the way that

Newport is often said to boast. For all that, Bar Harbour has its own select coteries, really more exclusive, because money which virtually gives one a pass-key in the Island summer-town, is by no means the pass-port in the more northerly place. We are assured on the trustworthy word of an artist and constant visitor to Bar Harbour, that the women of the place are far more beautiful than those of Newport, and he bases his idea, not without cogency, on the fact that the hereditary plutocrats of the United States have intermarried to so large an extent, that plainness is the prevailing trait of the children born of such marriages.

We say nothing, of course; nevertheless we pause and think; and the more we think and call up some of the faces of hereditary American plutocrats we have seen, and which recall so forcibly to mind the faces one meets on the Shanghai Bund—why, the more we continue to think deeply. Indeed, we correctly presume that a series of in-breedings must, of the inherent logic of evolutionary processes, result ultimately in reproducing those facial types which approach the simian—*qui tirent sur le singe, enfin*. For: it is a fact that the human foetus, while in the course of development, passes through the various stages through which humanity itself has passed in its upward development from lower species. In-breeding being practically a challenge to, or a defiance of, the law of selective progressive development, it must follow that the progeny resulting possesses retrogressive traits; that is to say, in-breeding must often reproduce traits more or less recurring back to the simian stage. It has indeed

to be admitted that the hereditary in-breeding American plutocrat is, by the force of circumstances, an *ugly* person. So, too, are the continuously in-breeding nobilities of Europe, including that of England, the very old and exclusive families of which have very infrequently the good looks of the unpatrician classes, or, indeed, anything like their mental verve or originating power. As human animals they are in a lower grade, whatever they may be from a social point of view.

Coney Island has been described in prose and in verse, in song and in symphony—how many thousands of times? Some well-known writer described Chicago once as “Hell With The Lid Off,” and if there be any definition more suited to The Bowery-by-the-Sea, it has successfully eluded our research. The Freak-Shows of Barnum and Bailey; the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud’s; the Museum of Anatomy in Paradise Street, Liverpool; the Morgue in Paris; the Wiertz Gallery in Brussels; the Extra-Pay Peep-Holes in Oriental Bazaars—add all these accumulated atrocities together and throw in the music of a thousand “Barkers,” as the show-criers are called, the cacophony of as many opposing orchestras and tin song-yappers, *plus* all conceivable smells of all conceivable seaside cities and ghettos, and try to think out therefrom a colourable imitation of Coney Island. We do not think you can manage it, and so we do not propose to waste time on what must prove an entirely inadequate picture of a place one can only realize from close inspection.

In the course of several visits which we paid to

Coney, we made the acquaintance of an ex-member of a very fashionable British cavalry regiment and a scion of a highly distinguished English family, who was earning a comfortable living in the following way:

In the main show on the Island, where the switch-backs and the merry-go-round and tumble-off machines cater, with many other side-performances, for the summer public, a brass band constantly marches up and down from one end of the building to the other, playing those weirdly tintamarric airs so dear to American crowds. During one season, there invariably marched at the head of the band a Dundreary-specimen of a man who by dress, appearance and deportment was so clearly English, and so obviously London, that we felt moved one evening to enquire of him, during his leisure moments, what circumstances had conspired to reduce him to the rôle he was then playing. We had divined him quite correctly for a West End Londoner, and he answered very much in the tones we expected:

“Oh, didn’t you know?” he asked with an air of Dundreary *naïveté*. “Why, I’m supposed to be the Fool Britisher. They pay me thirty dollars a week to play this part, you know.”

Certainly if any creature ever looked the vacant-minded man of fashion, as represented in American comic papers, Coney had got the fairest specimen extant. The Captain—there was no doubt as to either his military or his social rank—we learned had been at first a resident of Brooklyn, and depended on an allowance from England of ten

dollars paid weekly by a local bank, and this sum was generally mortgaged to a Hebrew twelve months ahead. During a flush week that once came his way, he spent the evenings at Coney Island inspecting the show, and his appearance, dress and manners were so obviously those of a Londoner, that even Bowery and East Side visitors began to take notice and "josh" him. It occurred then to one of the Show managers that if the Captain could be induced to head the band, the spectacle must gain much by this additional feature. He had a sense of the comic side of things, had the Englishman, and told the story in his own fashion:

"You see that little bandy-legged Jew over there?" he said, pointing to a pleasant-looking undersizing of a Hebrew Tribe. "Well, that is the fellow that owns me body and soul till the end of this season. He pays me thirty dollars (£6) a week, two meals free, and promised me a bonus on paying-off day."

"And of course you find this life somewhat different from life in the Shining Hussars?" we ventured, for everybody knew his story.

"Well," he replied with some philosophy, "even that life had its ridiculous side"; and then went on to explain how the Jew had taken him into his employment, in something like the following words:

"See here," said little Izzey, "you're just the kind of man I want for a particular job. You won't be offended, now, if I tell you, Mister, that you look just like one of them "dood" Britishers

we got in the comics—what's this they call them over in your own country, now?"

"Mashers, would it be?" suggested the Captain simply.

"Mashers? No, that's not the word; think again, Mister," said the Jew.

"Exquisite?" the Captain again suggested, going deeper down.

"No, no," the Hebrew replied somewhat testily. "Nothing at all like that. It's an expression they got in England for a guy with a face just like yours. Think it out, old son."

But the Captain was unable to put a name to the required term.

"See," said the Jew with an inspiration, "I want a man just like yourself to walk at the head of the band every time it marches and to look as natural as you look now. In other words, I want a first-class idiot. Pay: thirty dollars a week, two meals a day and a bonus when the season closes. Now, Cap., I've told you exactly what I want. At first I didn't like to hurt your feelings. But there's money in it. So—are you in?"

"And that is how I came to be an artist," said the ex-Captain of Royal Hussars with a dry smile. Like most American Jews, this Coney Island show-man proved a good sportsman, and having had a good year, was disposed to be generous to his British employé, who with his season's savings, bought an acre of land on the Jersey Coast, which was subsequently purchased from him by a Wireless Telegraph Company, the result being that within two years of his Coney Island experience,

the Captain was in a position to buy himself an income equal to nearly double his remittance.

Then there is Jekyl Island, which is also known as the Island of Millionaires and is one of that group known as the Sea Islands that stud the coast of Georgia and South Carolina. Its population consists of plutocrats only. The climate is milder than that of Nice and Hyères at their mildest, and the island basks in sunshine from New Year in, to Old Year out, with never the semblance of a wintry day between.

Jekyl Island is eleven miles in length by three in breadth, and no man, not being an official on the Government Staff, or not being the invited guest of one of the plutocratic gods who there hold sway, can put his foot on any part of this earthly paradise, whether for love or lucre. All the blood of all the Old-World Howards, the most easily demonstrable descent from a *Mayflower* pilgrim, or the possession of the most heroic virtues, will avail you nought, if you wish to throw in your lot with the islanders and become a denizen of the place. You must have money first, and a sterling million of it at least.

The island belongs to a club of about one hundred multi-millionaires whose aggregate wealth runs easily into ten figures of dollars. They purchased the islet for a sum of twenty-five thousand pounds sterling, and laid out another forty thousand sterling in bringing their acquisition into the sphere of their own opulent personalities. The club-house is the centre-piece of the island. Its erection and finishing cost thirty thousand

pounds. The building is, however, an unostentatious enough one to look at, being a solid clump of three massive blocks.

Many handsome villas lie dotted round about, varying in value from five to twelve thousand pounds sterling each, prominent by its size and magnificence among them being an establishment which can only be described as a kind of private hotel. The appointments of the club-house and the villas are of the most costly and elaborate kind; and to mention the fact that the baths in the club are of Parian marble and the water-cocks of silver-gilt, is to give a notion of the Sybaritic luxury and profusion of one department only. The gardens of the establishment are on a similar scale of opulence, and the stables, for the number, breed and excellence of the horses, eclipse even those of our own Master of the Horse. Parisian prices obtain in the matter of hired conveyances: that is to say, £40 a month for a complete turnout, and half as much for a saddle-hack. Most of the members, however, bring their own horses with them.

The island is a paradise for sportsmen. The woods are full of stag and boar, while wild duck and snipe abound in the marshes. Game-laws prevail, however, and are rigorously enforced by the committee of management. In summer the deer may be seen by night, stalking through the villa grounds, nibbling at fruit, flowers and vegetables in the gardens, or trying to force his way through nets which have been placed there to guard against his depredations. Pheasants were

imported from England in 1888, their eggs being hatched by ordinary hens; the same course was adopted the following year, and ever since the place has teemed with them. But hunting the truculent boar or the soft-eyed deer is not the only kind of sport in this Utopian isle.

In summertime, when the millionaire's wife and daughters are worn with the toil of a heavy social season, you may see these still speculative ladies hunting unmarried millionaires with all the glowing ardour of that sport which, Whyte-Melville tells us, combines most of the excitement of war without its dangers. But there the course of true love loses half its attractiveness by losing most of its romance. It runs as smoothly as a Tennysonian brook, for any millionaire-celibate of the island must necessarily, because of his presence and his money-bags, be an eminently desirable quarry for any plutocrat Diana.

The names of those who "use" the island comprise the most notable of the Union's moneyed men. Pedigree is a minus quality, and the newest possible man is eligible to Jekyl Island honours provided he be mighty in the Money-Mart. Yet many of them are hereditary millionaires, such as the Vanderbilts, the Astors, and the Goulds. Most of them, however, are ex-horny-handed sons of toil, and they, more than their brethren born in the purple, seem to enjoy the Oriental indolence of this golden Elysium.

CHAPTER XIV

WEST POINT AND THE UNITED STATES ARMY

ONE of the most frequent "try-outs," or tests of a newly-arrived journalist's descriptive capacity, favoured by New York editors, is an assignment to write up the United States Military Academy of West Point. In due course we visited the Post. More than once, in our earlier years, we played the Rugger game against Sandhurst, Woolwich and Cooper's Hill, and our recollections of these several academies are that they retained much of the colleges by Cam and Isis, in regard to the general atmosphere surrounding them, military discipline as a rule being hardly more in evidence than that which prevails at Haileybury, or other schools which cultivate in their pupils' mind a love for the British Army and a determination to follow the career of soldiering.

West Point is, however, a barrack pure and simple, and the discipline is obviously so much a prime consideration in the curriculum that a two-year man, or a three-year man, appears to develop, in our view, too many of the traits of an automaton to be altogether very easy company. His speech is either laconic or stilted; his bearing

too rigid, it seems to us, to warrant a full or athletic use of his undoubtedly handsome frame; and to a great extent he looks and acts more like a youth who is perforce, and not with the best of good-will, putting in a non-penal "stretch" in a monastery. Certainly there is nothing of the free-and-easy style which we are accustomed to think of in connection with American institutions, at West Point; and having seen the chief Prussian Military Cadet School, the discipline of which is (or was: we speak of over twenty years ago) far less rigorous than might be expected, the École Polytechnique, Saint Cyr and Saint Maixent, we can conscientiously say that a West Pointer's life would not appear to be a happy one—if outward appearances count for anything. In a country where every newspaper special correspondent is permitted, *ex officio*, to pass an opinion without reference to the social, political, personal or peculiar sensibilities of the other man, the author made no scruple at all in drawing attention to what he thought to be the unduly ascetic aspect of the youthful West Pointer, and the quasi-monastic discipline which rules him:

"Well," explained his cicerone, "we invariably hear that complaint from Europeans and more particularly from French and British officers who have gone through their military training at Sandhurst and St Cyr. We have never yet heard a German, Italian, or Austrian military man complain. In my time, the regulations as to seeing company at the Post were far more stringent, and it was nothing in the sixties and seventies for a

cadet to go through his four years' apprenticeship at the Military Academy without having once visited home during that period, or having spoken with a woman in his own rank of life. Now-a-days the cadet is allowed a short vacation every two years, or under special circumstances, and with the exception of certain hotels at the Post, the locality is open to him, and he can meet his friends, men and women, or receive them at the Academy once a week. This helps to counteract our severe military stiffness, perhaps."

There is little doubt, too, that the vigorous *esprit de corps* which is developed in the West Point cadet overruns itself into something much stronger in the fulness of time, the truth being that towards *hoi polloi*, a cadet will comport himself, as a rule, throughout his subaltern years with all the airs and graces of superiority which we associate with the Prussian officer who is still in the minor stages of his hierarchic ascent. Even the democratic United States can show the germs of a militaristic caste, and the attitude of regular U.S. Army men towards the rest of the world, including Militia and National Guardsmen, is only to be paralleled with the exclusiveness of our own old-time Household Cavalry towards regiments of the Line.

In England, of yore, the Life Guard looked down on the Royal Horse Guard, and these twain united in looking down on the marching Grenadiers and other Foot Guardsmen. The Cavalry of the Line had an unholy contempt for the "shoppy" Artillery and Engineers, and these in turn held themselves far above ordinary Infantry. Even the

Heavy Cavalry looked down on the Medium Cavalry, which in its own good turn despised the Light Cavalry; and, again, in the Infantry the Light Corps—such as the Rifles—would have as little “truck” as possible with the commoner marching regiments. The Great War and the democratization of things in general may have the effect of altering all this; but there is no question that the conditions described once prevailed, and neither is there any doubt that the United States military officer feels himself to belong to a caste the exclusiveness of which bears no less marked a cachet than that which characterized the stamp of Vere de Vere. The cult undoubtedly begins at West Point, where it even seems, indeed, to be a first consideration in the curriculum.

With a long experience of many countries of the world, covering broad opportunities of observing closely, we have come to the conclusion that Canadians and United States Americans are, in the round average, the handsomest physical races in the world. Averages are, however, also exclusive, and though we have seen handsomer individual types in England, Wales, Ireland, Scotland, France, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Italy and Austria, we think that facially and physically, the two races of North America produce a far larger percentage of handsome men. And West Point is certainly true to American type. It is doubtful if in any country in the world, the all-round average for a high standard of good-looks and excellent physical development could be bettered in any academy or assembly of youthful

manhood we have ever had the advantage of seeing anywhere.

The Saint Cyrien may be a more graceful picture; our R.M.C. Cadet more easy and supple in his movements and brighter of face and expression; the Prussian Cadet-Scholar more distinguished in dress and less stiff of carriage; but for a combination of all the qualities that go to make up a handsome presence, we shall certainly never seek farther than West Point. That in the “dress-parade” one could occasionally distinguish the homely Indian-faced and Mongol-faced types, so common to all American crowds—both in Canada and the States—did not, however, detract from the splendid average of presentability in the array of cadets.

Very few of the West Point aspirants nowadays undergo the examination which at Oxford would correspond to “Smalls,” or at Cambridge to the so-called “Little-Go,” namely, a kind of minor matriculation which shows that men are competent by previous attainments to enter upon the academic curriculum. The majority of the candidates arrive at the Academy with all, and more than all, the requisite lights which allow them to start in at once on their very stiff course of studies—a course so stiff that some 25 per cent. of cadets fail to “pass out.” And in this connection, English people will do well to disillusion themselves as to general standards of academic training in the States. The late Doctor Goldwin Smith once in Toronto assured the writer—then newly arrived in Canada—that classical, or æsthetic attain-

ment, both in Canada and the States, was "at the zero point," and without doubt this is so. Indeed any native North-American who has read a few books of Cæsar, and a Gospel or two in Greek, is generally looked upon by the community in which he moves, and is invariably described by the local papers, as "a famous classical scholar."

It is generally overlooked, however, that Modernism is almost entirely the note of American education, and anyone who reads Emerson's *American Scholar* will readily find out that in respect of scholarship, the Americans have made a kind of academic declaration-of-independence, which, if it does not wholly taboo the Classics, at any rate prefers the study of English and the exact Sciences to the claims of the defunct glories of Greece and Rome. The result is that the high-school type of young American is really a better writer of English and an incomparably better scientist and mathematician, than his equivalent in the countries of the United Kingdom, the result making for a higher type of average *practical* scholarship in Canada and the States. Averages are, as we have said, exclusive, and one cannot measure the academic values of America by the lack of exact learning in, say, an American race-track reporter, or a Buffalo drummer, any more than one can take a gauge of English scholarship from a Double First-Class, or a Senior Classic. There is *no* illiteracy among native-born Americans of the past two generations, and even those who possess the humblest educational advantages are, without comparison, far better read and better informed

than the same class in England. The high-school youth, in his own turn, is for all *practical* purposes a better equipped citizen than the average product of English grammar schools, or so-called private schools. On the other hand, types of our Double First-Class, or Senior Classic, are rarely, if indeed ever, to be met with either in Canada or in the States, as native products.

The Cadets of West Point are "allowed" by their equivalent students at Harvard, Yale and Princeton to be in point of reading, much fuller men, in the Baconian sense. This admission is generally expressed in terms peculiar to the undergraduate of any of the above-mentioned universities, who will tell you, as the case may be, that "Harvard has nothing *on* West Point." West Pointers and indeed the United States, generally, make the claim that they are the first Military Academy in the world. However this may be, it is very certain that there is no academy of any kind in the world which places the science of Energetics on a higher altar, and to meet a man who has done his four years at West Point, is to meet a man who has been through one of the most trying curricula, whether academic or disciplinary, to be found in all Western education.

In regard to the academic curriculum, the first-year course is known as the Fourth Class, the members of which are known as *Plebes*, just as second-year students in American universities are known as Sophomores—a term which might be rendered as "foolish-wise," coming as it does from the Greek words *sophos*, wise, and *moros*, foolish.

On the authority of a West Point Cadet, the writer learned that the term Plebes used there is equivalent to the Greek *hoi polloi*, or common people (*Plebs*), and indicates the class from which certain chosen spirits must by the force of competition, eventually draw away; for it is not uncommon for a member of the Fourth Class to do his terms more than once over. As we have said, some never succeed in graduating, or "passing out," at all. In the Mathematical class of this year, the Cadet makes his first acquaintance with Trigonometry and Conic Sections. In Modern Languages, he confines his attention to English and French. His curriculum on the barrack square is confined to foot-drill and exercise for small-arms; in the gymnasium to "setting up," or military deportment drill—as many as five times a day; added to this, exercises in applied Tactics and route-marching, instruction in fencing with rapier and broadsword, also bayonet exercises. In this year he also begins his studies in "Service of Security and Information"—dealing with the safety of an army in the field against an enemy, and including the use of spies and counter-spies.

In the second-year course, the Cadet who gets his promotion goes on to the Differential Calculus, takes Descriptive Geometry. In Languages, he tackles Spanish. Also Military Topography and Drawing. To his curriculum in Drill, he adds riding-exercise and training in small-arms practice. He also takes a course of instruction in building of pontoon, spar and trestle-bridges, and in surveying.

Natural and Experimental Philosophy and Practical Astronomy, Mechanics, Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology engage his mind's very full attention in the third-year course. Military Topography and Ordnance and Engineering Draughtsmanship. Further advanced courses of Drill, according to the Cadet's chosen service-arm. Also Riding-schools; Military Construction; Signalling.

The Cadet's fourth year consists of courses in Civil and Military Engineering, the Science of War, Jurisprudence, International and Military Law, History, Geography; Applied Tactics, Route-marching, Horse Science and Ballistics.

Foreign officers of Staff Colleges and University Professors of all countries and academic standing have confessed themselves surprised at the amount of work done by the Cadets of all the four years. So sternly, indeed, is economy of time insisted upon, from the very first hour when the Cadet arrives at the Military Academy, that a complete test of the born West Pointer may be said to be feasible in one month from his arrival. If he weathers the cast-iron coldness and positive *unsympathy* of his surroundings during the first four weeks of his stay at the Academy, he is accepted as of the constructive stuff of which officers of the United States Army are made; and with three months' experience to his credit, wild horses could not detach him from his military Alma Mater. To a large extent he is as responsible for the tidiness and order of his private quarters—which he shares with another Cadet—as an ordinary English Tommy

is answerable for the condition of his barrack-room, or a *piou* for his *chambrée*.

At 6 a.m., *réveillé* finds him on his feet, when among his first duties is the rolling up of his mattress on the little iron bedstead, and the folding of blankets, sheets, coverlets and pillow. Boots, shoes, slippers, caps must be placed in order on their shelves, books and papers set to rights in their places, the floor swept, and all unworn garments properly hung. Less than fifteen minutes for this and toilet, and then the bugle sounds the Roll, which called, the Cadets march to the Mess Hall. Breakfast is over in about the half hour; recreation follows for the next half hour and studies begin at eight o'clock—each class comprising sections of eight men so that the instructors may devote as much time as possible to each Cadet. Recitations, as they are called, alternate with study until one o'clock. When the various curricula were drawn up in their time, in each branch of knowledge the most searching examination was fixed upon to complete the successive courses, so that no smatterer should have any chance of just muddling through. "Pull," as the Americans call it, counts for less in the United States Army than in probably any other in the world, and each commissioned officer, who has won his way up from West Point, may without question be considered a complete master of his business. More so, even, than the so-called "contemptible little British Army" of our own ante-bellum days, the Regular Army of the United States may be termed one of the few professional armies of the world. It

follows, therefore, that it must, like our own Army, be of the very best stuff.

For lunch, with its following recreation, only one full hour is allowed at West Point, when recitations start anew, and last till four o'clock, at which hour the various corps turn out for infantry practice. This exercise lasts about sixty minutes, when the Cadets—in fine weather—having arrayed themselves *en grande tenue*, go through what is known as the "Dress Parade," which ceremony corresponds approximately to those famous Castle-reviews with which the Hohenzollern chiefs were wont to regale themselves and their visitors, and at which the Prussian Guard passed under inspection—the only difference being that the West Point parade is more intricate in its movement, and out of sight less spectacular in regard to brilliancy of uniforms. With respect to the Prussian-Guards inspections, it may not be generally known that on the occasion of the coming of very distinguished visitors to Berlin, William II. was wont to indulge in his only extravagance, and that was in giving each Guardsman a stiff whisky, or brandy and soda, and each officer a pint of champagne before the corps appeared on parade, so as to prime them for a first-class showing.

For the West Point Cadets' Parade, which is really a most inspiring spectacle, in view of the splendid physique of the men, many hundreds frequently come from various parts of New York and New Jersey States, while a goodly portion of the population of the Post—as West Point township is called—is always present on the great square.

Supper, as it is termed, is held at 6.30, and at 7.30 the Cadets to a man, may be found again "smuggling" for the next day's preparations. At 9.30 the bugle sounds the Last Post; at 10 o'clock Lights Out, or "Taps," is struck on the Guard-House drum, and silence reigns for the next eight hours. On Saturday nights alone, is there a relaxation of this rule, when the Cadets give their famous Hops—in the season of year—invitations being circulated to all their acquaintances in the neighbourhood, the invariably liberal response assuring a good company. On Sundays the Cadet may sleep until seven o'clock, and as in every other military institution the world over, there is on that day an inspection by the Commanding Officer before the midday meal.

As might be expected, religion is a forceful equation among the descendants of the Independence Fathers and the Mayflower Puritans. As in the British Army, a self-avowed atheist, or contemner of the Church, has no chance whatever of high promotion, and this is so well known that in rank and file, equally as much as among English commissioned officers, a pretence of being religious is often affected and solely with a view to promotion. This may not be, of course, a very edifying condition of affairs; nevertheless, the principle working at the root of the matter being in itself good—namely, the discipline exercised on men by religious practices, it must be allowed that the results are altogether in favour of the Service. At West Point, although no such venality necessarily attaches to the Cadet's piety, there is no doubt that a proper

religious spirit and a gentleman's reverence for things spiritual is all in favour of the apprentice-officer—which is, indeed, as it should be. The Cadet Chapel is one of the principal monuments of the place, and the *cicerone* of an English visitor never fails especially to point out one among many tablets set up to the memory of departed soldiers, and which bears simply the date of an unnamed general's birth and death. The name has long since been erased: it was that of Benedict Arnold. Among its many flags, are several British captured during the Independence War. In other respects, and with its long rows of benches, the edifice reminds one of the familiar chapel of one's schooldays. The majority of the Cadets belong to the Episcopalian denomination, which is the equivalent, in the United States, of the Anglican Church, or Evangelical Protestantism. Cadets of other denominations are allowed to attend their particular churches at the Post.

In respect of horsemanship West Point trains some of the finest cavaliers in the wide world. Like the Irishman, the United States American and also the Canadian are natural horsemen, and if they had the stock, would undoubtedly be without peers on the earth. The climate of North America—with seven months of icy winter—is, however, against the breeding of a very high-class staminal horse for racing, hunting, or first-class saddle work, and the consequence is that the American acquires his knowledge of the art of horsemanship from an animal which does not fully test his powers as a horseman. This is not so with

the Englishman or the Irishman, whose horses are of such intrinsically fine physical quality that they exact from the rider every physical gift in his possession which he can bring to bear in the mastering and handling of his mount. As things are, the Englishman and his brother from Ireland undoubtedly remain the master-horsemen of the world, and for the reason that they are trained to ride horses which by virtue of blood, brawn and muscle—your American half, or three-quarter bred is at best a weedy animal, and the Canadian is still worse—can only be ridden by men of nerve, and if one may transmute the meaning of the word, of native horse-sense.

The writer was once forced, for some unexpiated sin or other, to ride Canadian half-breds for some months of his life in the United States, and though he is unwilling to indite a nation of horses on the particular half-breds he sampled, he is willing from experience to assert that the Dominion, in the Eastern provinces at least, never has produced, never could produce, and never will produce a first-class type of the high-bred horse—thorough-breds for *all* North America being wholly out of the question—as long as Earth remains Earth. We well remember a Toronto Horse-Show of 1904 (April) and retain a vivid recollection of the expression on the face of the Governor-General, the late Lord Minto, when a file of horses lined up in front of the Grand Stand and were “skeduled” as high-bred hunting stock. We also witnessed several New York Horse-Shows between 1905 and 1910, and though the stock was of better

class than that of Canada, owing to the infiltration in the specimens presented of Southern animals—the South being more favourable to breeding of blood-animals—the exhibits were altogether inferior to what one would find in a second-class Show in any fair-sized city of the British Isles.

The young West Pointer goes through all the phases of our own military riding-schools, with the exception that he is required to ride bare-back almost from the beginning, and is only allowed his “carpet,” or *numnah*, when he has mastered the art of “hanging on by his chin-strap” or by his eye-lash, as the phrase goes. From that point upwards, he goes through the same practice as our own cavalry, including jumping, picking-up, pursuit-exercise, rings, heads-and-posts and so on. We were sorry to find that the young novice of the *manège* at West Point appeared to direct his ambitions as regards horsemanship to out-rivalling the Western cowboy who is supposed to be able to perform miracles with hyper-fractional buck-jumpers.

In our own circumscribed experience the buck-jumper, although unconscious of the fact, is about as unprincipled and as bamboozling a pretender as exists between Maine and California, the truth being that the expert who masters this type of animal has simply mastered the trick of sticking into a silly cornucopia kind of saddle—well lined with cockleburrs—set in which, he can so spur a maddened horse as to make it twist itself in two, or jump over itself, or chase its shadow round, to use the vernacular—the essential fact being that the

animal is practically *trained* by long experience and torment to do this in a certain way. A Western cowboy who seemingly does wonders with a mount of this kind invariably "looks ugly" if he is asked to perform the same tricks without his Mexican saddle. At Huron, South Dakota, the writer, temporarily in the company of a gang of cattle round-ups, once foolishly allowed himself to be persuaded into "taking the chair" on the back of one of these horse-mules, and though we did not remain together long enough to test our genius for friendship, the writer is convinced that the so-called mastering of a buck-jumper is a trick of the saddle, and by no means skill of "leg," or horsemanship.

So far as we know, the training of the Cadets at West Point in horse-science is more complete than at any other institution of its kind in the world if we except the London Veterinary College in Camden Town under the excellent guidance of the worthy Sir John McFadden. When the preliminary tuition in saddle-and-mount nomenclature and rein-and-leg technique is acquired, the Cadet is trained in bare-back riding at all gaits—trot, canter, gallop and charge, is required to be able to mount and dismount under all conditions, and is taught the use of the bridoon, the pelham bit—a combination of the snaffle and curb—and also of the curb and bridoon together. In seasonable weather the various *manège* squads leave the tan-bark school and transfer themselves to the extension-school, or double-ring, where all the exercises of steeplechasing, including its dangers—stone-wall,

brook, bull-finch, hedge and rail jumping are learned. And during the same season he becomes acquainted with scouting and patrolling and takes his first lessons in practical topography and sketching. His actual school-course finishes with the rough-riding performances which are so familiar a feature of military tournaments, after which he is allowed, on half-holidays, to ride over the countryside, or to practise polo—under qualified instructors and with the trained ponies maintained by the establishment.

The physical examination of the candidates for Cadetships is if possible harder than any intellectual test to which the Academy aspirant has to submit. He passes at his first examination through the scrutiny of some three or four medical experts, and if for any suspect cause a candidate is "queried," it will mean a special consultation on his particular case. Heredity is carefully enquired into, and the son of, say, a lunatic parent would possess not the slightest chance of successfully passing the medical tests, it being very properly held that the offspring of lunatics invariably reproduce part, if not all, of the mental defects of the unfortunate parent who transmits the diseased brain. We have said that from twenty-five to thirty per cent. of matriculated West Pointers fail to "pass out," as we say in England, or to graduate, as they put it in the United States. There is a far larger percentage of candidates for admission who fail to pass the medical examination, so severe is that ordeal. In one year within the past decade, not fewer than fifty-four per cent. of candidates were rejected,

some of the ailments of these youths being, seemingly, as ridiculous to the uninitiated as, let us say, the peculiar malady which goes by the name of house-maid's knee. And this, too, despite the fact that they had been certified "fit" by their family physicians.

The West Point Cadet is paid during his academic training a sum of 540 dollars, or about £112 per annum, a sum which he is not supposed to supplement by loans drawn on the family exchequer, by borrowing from friends, or even by the acceptance of presents of the smallest kind. The official sum allowed is found, in any case, to be adequate for all the Cadet's requirements during the academical year. He is obliged to pay deposit money before arrival, equal to 100 dollars, or £20, which goes to provide his uniform. When in due course he becomes a second lieutenant—pronounced not *lef-tenant*, but *loo-tenant*—he receives pay beginning at the rate of 1400 dollars yearly, or about £280, in the Infantry, and £20 more in the Cavalry—a sum which compares very favourably with the English subaltern's £120 in a marching regiment, or £150 in the Cavalry. Besides this, the American officer receives quarters or allowance therefor, as well as for certain articles of furniture. As a first lieutenant, he receives £300—Infantry, and £320—Cavalry. An Infantry captain's pay amounts to £360 annually; a Cavalry captain's to £400; a major of Cavalry receives £500, a lieutenant-colonel £600, a full colonel £700. A retired Cavalry captain, after twenty years' service receives a trifle over £400 yearly

pension, including certain ten per cent. allowances for every five years' service, known as "fogeys"; a major receives on the same principles retired pay amounting to £500 a year; a lieutenant-colonel £600, and a full colonel about £680—all after twenty years' service. A second lieutenant of Infantry after twenty years' service receives retired pay at the rate of £315 yearly, and a captain £375. Compared with our retired lieut.-colonel's pay, equal to about £400 a year, with a gratuity of perhaps £1250 for twenty-five years' service, the American officer's pay is decidedly in handsome contrast.

The pay of the U.S. army's private soldier begins at the rate of £2, 13s. 2d., paid monthly, and long before he has finished his five years of service he will be drawing £3, 3s. monthly, with other "conduct" pay. Should he re-enlist, his pay will be at the rate of nearly £1 a week, which with the best rations and lodgings provided by any army in the world, puts him at the head of all paid professional private soldiers. Should he care to save, and he is encouraged to do so, the U.S. Government pays him at the rate of 4 per cent. on deposits. He can take a yearly furlough of three weeks, with rations allowance, besides ordinary full pay, amounting to seven shillings a day. He can serve for twenty-eight or thirty years, and be certain of a life-pension of four shillings a day. With such comparative advantages and inducements offered to the possible loafer, or to the family remittance-man or to the common enough parasite who, incapable of earning an honest living off his own bat, is reduced to

finding some trimmer of hats or needle-woman, or worse, to support him, it is nevertheless extremely difficult to enter the United States Army.

Of that institution, the late Lord Wolseley once declared that it was the best in the world, and among authoritative army-men the old Field-Marshal's judgments stood very high. In point of physical development and presence, we have never, it must be frankly admitted, seen anything to equal that of the majority of the U.S. Army regiments, and so good a judge of military matters as the late Mr George Warrington Steevens, who had seen the world's armies, expressed this view in his correspondence to his London paper in 1898. German officers arriving in New York have often been heard to declare, *entre eux*, that Germany could conquer the United States with the Potsdam fire-brigade, as the formula used to go. We have met more than one, however, who was man enough to revise his opinion when he saw a few divisions at work on the occasion of a national festival.

Noteworthy, too, the difficulty in enlisting in the United States Army is due, in the first place, to the high moral standard insisted upon in the recruits, while the next test is the physical standard. It is an attested fact in regard to the Regular U.S. Army that for every ten men who offer their services, only five are successful in passing in, and out of the rejected five three—or thirty per cent. of the candidates—were disqualified because they could not produce sufficiently good attestations of character. It is writ rubric in the military regulations that “if satisfactory evidence of good

character, habits and conditions cannot be furnished by the recruits, or be otherwise obtained, the presumption shall be against the candidate and he shall not be accepted.” And before he can be considered an eligible recruit he must answer satisfactorily the following searching catechism :

1. Have you given your true name or an assumed one ?

2. Do you understand clearly the nature of the oath of enlistment, and are you fully determined to serve the United States honestly and faithfully ?

3. What is your object in enlisting ? Do you already understand the nature of the “Declaration of Recruit” connected with enlistment ?

4. Are you familiar with the Act of Congress to prevent desertion from the Army, and for other purposes ?

5. Do your parents and other relatives know of your intention to enlist ?

6. Are there any reasons for your parents or other relatives objecting to your enlistment ?

7. Can you give the names of two reputable persons, residents near the house of your parents, who are acquainted with them ?

8. Have you given up any occupation on account of health or habits ?

9. By what firm or individual have you been employed in the past six months ?

10. Was your character good when you left that employment or service ?

The moral, physical, and mental ancestry of the candidate is even enquired into, and it is certain that the son of no criminal or lunatic can evade the

regulations in this respect. And here, generally, is what the Recruiting Officers' Manual has to say with regard to the examination of recruits :

“The examination of men for enlistment may in general terms be divided into the *physical*, the *intellectual*, and the *moral*. In the emergencies which our troops are called upon to meet, where celerity of movement and ability to endure privation and hardships are indispensable to success, the necessity for able-bodied men is obvious. Intellectually, although no educational standard is officially established, a soldier should be able to read and write and should also be quick and clear in his understanding. The advance in the science and art of war, and the improvement in modern fire-arms, call for a higher degree of intelligence than was required by soldiers in the past. This is recognized by the Government in the establishment of schools and libraries, in providing reading-rooms which are liberally supplied with periodicals and newspapers, and in opening the way for promotion to all who will avail themselves of these opportunities for advancement. The care and attention which the soldier is required to give to his weapon and ammunition, the drill which their use entails, and the skill which may be attained by the practice of rifle-firing, create individuality, excite interest and ambition, and tend to make the profession attractive. It is therefore desirable that men should be selected who can appreciate this life and who have the mental capacity to profit by it.

“The moral character should be scrutinized with care, in order that enlistments from the vagrant

and criminal classes may be avoided. The recruiting rendezvous is a favourite haunt for these men ; and a study of their personal characteristics will well repay the recruiting-officer for his labour. The vagrant seeks admission to the Army usually at the beginning of winter for shelter, food and clothing without any intention of completing his enlistment or of performing any more service than he is compelled. The criminal seeks to bury his unsavoury history under an assumed name, and by service in distant stations to escape the observation of those who know him. The evil influence of even one of this class cannot be over-estimated ; and no degree of physical perfection or soldierly bearing should induce a recruiting-officer to accept his service.”

In one sense, says an excellent Canadian observer, America may be said truly to have the *best army in the world* ; for, not in America can the private of the Regular Army be made the butt of scornful jests, or the fact of his enlistment be accepted as *prima facie* evidence of his having failed in life. The legal requirements which must be observed before he can enlist, and the physical examination which he must pass, render it certain that his acceptance is a guarantee of worth.

CHAPTER XV

THE GREENHORN

FERGUS BRANNIGAN, the janitor—of whom we have written elsewhere—entered the room with that sidling, stealthy motion of his, and deposited a can of beer on the side-table.

“Here’s your change, sorr,” he said somewhat absent-mindedly, as if his first line of thought was engaged with more important problems. Then he paused and looked at the floor, evincing, however, no officious inclination to divorce himself from the coin.

“And as you’re so busy, sorr, wid yer litthery work,” he went on in a soliloquial kind of tone, “shure Fergus Brannigan’s not the man to be-flusther yer bright t’oughts and pondherins wid anny obnockshus”—a star word of his—“inthervinations or remarks av me own. Indade, sorr, I know what it is to be litthery, for I was once in the litthery line meself. Faith, sorr, you may look at me again, and welcome; but I’m tellin’ you the pure and unadulterated trooth, sorr. The same

¹ This sketch, drawn from life, was contributed to *The Sunset Magazine*, of San Francisco, by the author in 1910. Mr Charles K. Field, the Editor, has kindly given us permission to make use of it here.—H. G.

Fergus Brannigan you now see forninst you, was once a litthery light, dhrawin’ his fifty dollars a week as regular as every Satterherda’ come round. And be jabbers, tho’ it’s meself *do* say it, in them days I wouldn’t call the President me uncle.”

We had listened to a thousand permutations of this man’s talent for essential romancing, yet could never choose but hear.

“What was your particular stunt, Brannigan?” we enquired. “Verse?”

“Well, sorr, it was mostly Sateers—a kind of Latin pothry, sorr. They never axed me for nothin’ but Sateers, an’ faith, as they paid best, I stuck to Sateers. Wanst I t’ought I’d thry me hand at what they called in them days pr—prossidy, sorr; but me friend Burn wouldn’t hear of it. Me and him worked them Sateers to a standstill, sorr, so we did. Lemme see, now, there was Juvenile and Harris and Pers’us—be jabbers, sorr, there was so many av thim Latin fellers I misremember them all now.”

“You don’t say, Brannigan? And I should think you found Juvenal and Horace and Persius rather tough satirists to deal with,” we suggested without malice. “But tell me, Brannigan, how you tumbled into literature. I want to know.”

“Well, sorr, ’twas like this,” Fergus began. “When I was expelled from St Jude’s College, in the County Carlow, for God only knows hwhat, me fawther towld me in a letther that if I wouldn’t stay at home an’ help me brother Tom work the farm, I might go to the Divvle an’ do the best I could, for sorra’s the penny he’d ever again give

me. About a month before that, sorr, the frind an' compannon av me college days, Fingall Burn, was likewise expelled from St Jude's. 'Twas for gin'ral conthrairyness and a nath'ral mislike to larnin' and carrykism that they expelled Burn. Well, sorr, Burn, he took and went to America, and he wrote me that there was only wan blessed counthry undher the sun for an Irishman, and that was the States, says he.

"'Tis the only land on earth,' he writes, 'where money can be made for the picking it up,' an' he tells me that he was makin' his fortune as a reporthur on the *New York Journal*.

"'Don't you be breakin' yer head, Fergus,' he writes, 'thryin' to learn thim ancient histhories an' the like. Get into the present and be in the firin' line. Come out to the land iv the free. Come out an' make yer fortune, and bring about forty pound wid you. Come out, Fergus, and do like me, an' I'll see you yet dhrivin' yer pacers and throtters up Fift' Avenya, and atin' yer dinner wid Boss Murphy iv Tammany Hall.'

"Annyhow, sorr, I goes home from St Jude's wid me pore ole head full av America. Whin me fawther sees me, he ups and axes me, lookin' at me cross an' jubious-like, would I help me brother Tom work the farm.

"'Indade, I will, fawther, isn't ut for to do that same I come home to yiz?' says I to the ould man—God rest his sowl!

"'Coorse an' he will, the darlint,' says me dear ould mother. 'Coorse an' he will help Tom work the farm, and be the same token 'tis himself can

sell the pigs and the poll-cow at Dundhreary Fair next Tchoosda'—won't ye, Fergus, avick?'

"'I will so, mother,' says I subjued like. 'Indade I will, an' fifty pigs an' poll-cows, too.'

"Well, sorr, I starts in to help brother Tom on the farm, an' whin Tchoosda' comes, I takes the twelve pigs an' dhruv them into Dundhreary Fair.

"'Mind ye, Fergus,' says me fawther, 'them pigs doesn't go undher three pound the head, and the poll-cow at ten pound. But if ye can only get nine pound for the cow, take ut, Fergus,' says the pore ould man.

"So, sorr, I sold them bastes at Dundhreary for forty pound—two hundred dollars, sorr—took the thrain to Queenstown, bought me ticket for America, an' that's as throo as gospel, sorr, how I come to come here. Whin I arrives me first t'ought in course was for Burn, an' badgered an' all wid the ojous American accent an' the whistlin' throlley cars, an' divvle a dacent Irish-lookin' face about, I makes me way to the office iv the *Journal*.

"'Tell Misther Fingall Burn,' says I to the janithor, 'that his frind Misther Fergus Brannigan sthstraight from Ireland 'ud like to see him.'

"'What's Burn do?' says the janithor, perfuncthrly.

"'Misther Burn is a reporthur,' says I, dignified-like.

"'Misther Burn is fired,' says he, sarcastic-like.

"'Hwhat?' says I.

"'Dhrink,' says he, turnin' his ould hatchet-face away.

"A little whipper-snapper iv an office-boy looks up at me pitiful-like, an' says he :

"Just you go into the 'Cat and Gramophone' bar close by, misther, an' you're surer than not to find Burn there wid a bunch.'

"Wid a hwhat?' says I, wondherin' what the divvle he meant.

"Wid some other fellows,' he says.

"So I makes me way over to the 'Cat and Gramophone,' sorr, and sure enough, as I entered the bar-room, Fingall thrun his arms round me neck an' wept like a ninfant !

"May all the blessed saints in Hivin bless yer handsome countenance, me dear, dear Fergus !' he cried. 'An' how the divvle are you at all, at all, an' have you got any boodle on you ?'

"Anny hwhat?' says I, t'inkin' av the ship's parasites an' creepers.

"Anny money, Fergus,' says he, bland-like.

"Faith, sorr, me dear friend Burn took and inthrojuiced me to a thirstier and a hungrier crowd iv litthery gents than I ever t'ought Nathur' had provided mothers for.

"They're all big men,' whispers Burn in me ear-hole. 'Each an' ivery one av thim has janius, an' divvle a one but gets his dollar a line. The dhrinks is on *you*, Fergus.'

"Faith, sorr, and the dhrinks continued to remain on me ; an' wid all their talents, I think me thirty pound, which Burn changed into one hundred and fifteen dollars, could have gone farther and fared betther. All the talent I could ever see in his great friends was their unquinchable genius

for lappin' up whiskey and a thremenjous power of orath'ry and utterance. An' what wid meself payin' here, and Burn borrowin' there, faith, sorr, 'twasn't long before I come down to me last five-dollar bill.

"Me and Burn was livin' then in West Twelfth Sthreet, and soon we begun to feel the pinch.

"Faith, then, I must put you into litherature,' says Fingall one day. 'I'll make yer fortune, Fergus.'

"I wondhered why the divvle he didn't put himself into litherature an' make his own fortune, but, av coorse, I didn't tell him so, sorr.

"How, Fingall?' says I only.

"Isn't Rooney the editor iv that religious paper, the *Star of Hope*, your rilative?' he axes me, his little eyes puckerin' up and he lookin' at me critical-like.

"He's own first cousin to me mother,' says I proudenin' up.

"At that Fingall began to pondher wid his little pig's eyes fixed on the flure.

"Fergus,' says he very saft and melliflu's-like, afther a few minnits' pondhering. 'Hand me your overcoat, me son. I'm goin' out to make yer fortune. Just you stay here an' wait till I come back, for 'tisin't long I'll be.'

"And wid that, Fingall collars me overcoat, leavin' me there all alone to think of me pore ould mother and me fawther and brother Tom and the farm and the pigs and the poll-cow, till, indeed, sorr, the tears come coorsin' down me pore hungry cheeks and the darkness began to stop the daylight

comin' through the little window av our lonely room.

"Fingall come back late that evenin', and wid the dead light iv alcohol in his eyes.

"'Where's me overcoat, Fingall Burn?' says I wid suspicion on him.

"'Don't you be talkin' to me like that, Fergus Brannigan,' says he defiant-like. 'I've been and made yer fortune for you, Fergus, an' I can see the blessed day dhrawin' close whin you'll be ridin' in yer carr'ge an' have a great name, an' you'll owe it all to Fingall Burn, so you will, Fergus Brannigan. Is ut the overcoat? Shure I've pawned it.'

"'And how will I be makin' me fortune?' I axes stern-like.

"'Do you see them books there?' says he, layin' down two vollums on the table.

"'I do,' says I, cur'ous-like.

"'Well, Fergus,' says Burn, 'them's the Sateers of Juvenile and Harris, an' you've got to thranslate them into American pothry—what they call blank pothry—widout anny rhymes to thim.'

"'Is ut me write pothry, blank or loaded, Fingall Burn?' I cries, jumpin' off the bed. 'God knows, an' you know too, Fingall, 'tis enough I can do to write a simple letther, an' more betoken, divvle a word iv Latin could I ever learn at St Jude's, wid its ojous 'dominy-uss' and 'dominy-o' and 'dominy-um,' bad luck to ut. Is it the trooth you're tellin' me, Fingall, or is it a nijjut you'd be takin' me for, Mither Burn?' says I.

"'Then, 'tis me own self must learn ye,' he says, soft and sarpint-like. 'Come hether, Fergus.'

"An' the both av us sat down at the table.

"Fingall took and shun me the pothry stuff in Harris, sorr.

"'Every Latin word,' says he, 'has, in coorse you know, an American word that means the same thing in both the languages. All you've got to do, Fergus, is to thranslate each Latin word out of the dickshun'ry, and stick the American word down on the paper. You can put six words in one line, and seven words in the next, and now an' agin, you can make a pair iv the lines the same len'th—both aqual. But Fergus, me dear friend, whatever you do, don't you ever go and make them rhyme, because then, Fergus, it wouldn't be blank. Do you see?'

"'And will that be pothry, Fingall?' says I pondherin'-like.

"'Faith an' it will, Fergus, me son,' says he, lookin' sthraight forninst him at the wall and whistlin' a tchune.

"'And where will you print it, Fingall?' says I.

"'Let me alone, now, Fergus Brannigan,' says he. 'Haven't I made yer fortune? 'Tis a particular friend of mine will print the pothry in six months' time—all in a lump, Fergus. Betwixt whiles, you're to dhraw fifty dollars a week. Here's twenty-five to begin wid.'

"And he hands me over the money.

"Then says he: "'Twas too late to get yer overcoat out again. I'll get it for you in the mornin'.'

"Well, sorr, would you believe it, for nigh on to six months, I dhrawed, every Satherda', fifty

dollars for me blank pothery. Hours and hours I'd spend puttin' down American words for the Lat'n, in straight lines on paper like a regiment av marchin' soldiers, and Burn 'ud take the whole lot away wid him av a Satherda', and come back in the afthernoon wid me fifty dollars. And shure Fingall become one of the best-dhressed ornamentals iv the litthery world y'ever saw. He was always tellin' me of the fine people he used to ate wid and stand dhrinks to, an' sometimes for three or four days I'd never set eyes on his count'nince which, more betoken, was developin' a fine ruddy complexion wid rolls of fat undher the chin and big bulges back iv th' ears. Faith 'twas me dear Fingall Burn was livin' high in them brave days, sorr."

"And did he never invite you out to meet all these distinguished people, Brannigan?" we enquired.

"Divvle an invite, sorr," replied the orator, philosophically enough.

"Wait till the scent of the ould cuntry is more off you, Fergus," Burn 'ud say. 'Stick to the Juvenile, Fergus. Plug away at the Harris. Soak it out iv Pers'us. One of these days, when it's all printed in a lump by me particular friend, I'll take you out, Fergus, and show you life. I'll introduce you to the litthery men and the editors. The managing editor av the *Journal* will love you like a fawther. I'll take you to Tad, the spoortin' editor, too. He'd give annything to look at you, Fergus. So would Tom Powers, th' artist. And "Vet" Anderson, too. Yes, an' we'll go down to

Philadelphia and see John Parsons iv the *Bulletin*, and "Squire" Landrigan and "Phil" Fowler and Doctor Keegan. An' who knows but we'll take a thrip to Washin'ton an' see the Pris'dint. But betwixt times, me son, lay low and say nothin' to never a soul. Stick to the Sateers an' your fortune is made, Fergus.'

"Well, sorr, I stuck to thim Sateers, just as Burn told me. Fergus had his own little good time, on the side, an' saved a bit o' money, too, intindin' to pay back me ould fawther for the pigs and the poll-cow. But one Satherda' mornin', whin Fingall had wint out, I took a thrifle home-sick, and widout thinkin', the notion come into me head for to go and see me rilation, Misther Rooney, editor of a Sunda' School paper called the *Star av Hope*. He was own first cousin to me pore mother who I was longin' to write to, but couldn't for the very shame in me. So I puts me hat on an' throts off to th' office iv the *Star av Hope*, meanin' to ax me rilate to write me mother and ax her pardon, he bein' a religious editor like.

"Just you go up two flights," said Louis, the gorjus big porther iv the *Star av Hope*, 'and you'll see his name on a glass dure.'

"Up I throts an' comes to a half-dure wid a pane in it, and sure enough, there was his name, PAYTHER ROONEY, as large as lobsther in big black letters. First I knocks, but no answer come; so in I walks.

"At a desk in th' other ind of a big room, sat a pondherous-lookin' gentleman readin' a paper wid a pipe in his mouth. I done a pause.

“‘Misther Rooney, sorr,’ says I at last, ‘don’t you know me?’”

“‘Divvel a know,’ says he widout lookin’ up. ‘What’s ut you want?’”

“‘Misther Rooney, sorr,’ says I, dignified-like, ‘I’m the son iv your own first cousin, Bridget Brannigan. Fergus Brannigan’s me name.’”

“Well, sorr, whin I give utterance to them same simple words, Rooney, pondherous an’ all as he was, jumps six foot high out iv his chair, an’ gives a dunkey’s howl you could hear a mile off. An’ sorr, the way the oaths and curses came runnin’ out iv that religious editor’s mouth was enough to make Puntchus Pilate thrimble in his grave.

“‘Take the divvle out,’ he roared. ‘Janithor, janithor!’ he cries, making for the dure, ‘for mercy’s sake, come up an’ take this feller out to bloo blazes, or to th’ hospital, an’ call a cop an’ amb’lance. Quick, for hivin’s sake, quick-quick.’”

“And then he turns to me takin’ up a revolving arm-chair.

“‘Get out o’ me sight, will ye; keep aff; go ’way! Go ’way wid ye, for God’s sake,’ he roars, as if I was old Nick himself, or a Honolooloo leper, an’ just thin the janithor comes in to turn me out. At that point I ups:

“‘If you put finger on a Brannigan,’ I shouted, ‘by all the unwather’d saints iv Purgatory, I’ll sthrew yer bow’ls on the bloody flure. I’m a Brannigan, be the powers! Keep your distance, or be the crown iv St Pathrick, I’ll do a murdher.’”

“Then I turns to me rilation.

“‘An’ as for you, Payther Rooney, the back o’

me hand to you for a false and blasphemious rene-gade, from the top o’ your bald head, to the sole iv your flatt futt. For shame on you, ye bad, black Irishman, to misreco’nize the son iv yer own first cousin Bridget, whose fawther paid yer passage-money from the ould sod. Hell’s own shame on you, Payther Rooney!’ an’ wid thinkin’ av home I burst into the hot scaldin’ tears.

“‘What!’ he cries, mollified-like, ‘ain’t you sufferin’ from the small-pox an’ half a dozen complications?’”

“‘You’re a Saxon-hearted villin iv a liar!’ I cried. ‘I’m sufferin’ from nothin’ worse nor the sighth iv yer ugly faytures. I’m as sound an Irishman as ever come of Irish woman an’——’”

“Just as I was utterin’ them words, sorr, the dure opens, an’ in walks Fingall Burn.

“Well, sorr, when Burn saw me standin’ there, an’ tuck in the scene, he wint as white as a turnip, gives one long gasp, for all the world like a wind-suckin’ horse, turns on his heels an’ goes clattherin’ down the stairs like a mule wid a lighted tail. I never set eyes on him, sorr, from that day to this.

“Do you know the bastely thrick that sarpint done me, sorr? He well knowed th’ ould folks was in aisy surcumstances, an’ he well knowed, too, me mother loved me wid all me badness, sorr, an’ indade she did, the pore, dear, dead soul, God rest her! Well, sorr, that imp iv threachery, when he seen he had a simple greenhorn like meself to play wid, an’ whin me bank was givin’ out, took an’ wrote to me mother unbeknownst to me—after he advisin’ me, too, never to write to her till me

fortune was made—an' tells her I was sufferin' terrible bad wid the small-pox which was fillin' the hospitals an' graveyards here in them days. There was only one docthor could save me life, he tould her; but it 'ud take perhaps a year an' would cost twinty pound a week. To take off suspicion, he tould her to send the money to Mither Rooney, her cousin, to be paid over every week to her Fergus's best an' only friend, Fingall Burn. To Mither Rooney, he patched up his own story—divvle take him to the 'Tarthars!—an', av coorse, me dear ould mother sent the money just as he axed, to her cousin Payther. So there you have it—that's how I come to be one time in the lithery line, sorr."

CHAPTER XVI

AMONG THE MILLIONAIRES

THERE are fashions in millionaires, just as there are fashions in other important personages and things. The Great War, for instance, has made Mr Horatio Bottomley a fashionable favourite, so far as Britain is concerned, at any rate. Among monarchs the Emperor William used to be the very pink of fashion, though by no means a favourite, and most of the younger kinglets and princelings of the world were wont, till the War came, to exhaust their feeble art in imitating him—even to affecting a hopeless Drohblick, or Eagle-Eye, and the geometrical lip-whiskers. And just as every system of society has its fashionable personages, so the world of millionaires invariably has its popular representatives.

A couple of decades or so ago, it was Jay Gould, in the United States. A decade back, it was a matter of choice between Mr Tom Lawson of Boston, who exposed the Standard Oil iniquities, and one of the high-priests of Standard Oil itself—the late Mr H. H. Rogers, to wit. Naturally, the richest man in all the world, Rockefeller, of his essential spectacularity, remains ever in a class by himself—a sort of personage who is

hors concours, and we remain of opinion that if the Chief of Standard Oil had stuck to the natural oil business and eschewed the trade of spiritual oil which we associate with *unctuous* rectitude and the unco guid—why, we think that John D., as he is affectionately known in the States, would have been to-day one of the popular men in all the world. As it is, he is only a curiosity, while even to Americans he is hardly less of an abstraction, or any more of a concretion, than, say, our own Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, so-called.

But Harriman, in our own time, was the chap. *Das war ein Kerl*, as Goethe said of Napoleon, and in New York they used—when Edward was shuffling the Union Pacific and various other railroad systems, very much as a three-card-trick merchant shuffles his trinity of paste-boards—to ask the conundrum, What is the Superman? and the answer was: Why, Harri-man, of course! We met the greatest railway wizard of modern times, on two occasions, and were surprised, having seen his portraits, to find that he really was not of any Hebrew tribe. He stood about five feet and two inches in height, and to watch the little man shamble down the east side of Fifth Avenue, in his ten-dollar suit, was to recall your school-boy vision of Kleiner Muck of the Flying Slippers, about whom you used to read in Hauff's book of German fairy-tales.

And just as Jay Gould, out of Wall Street, used to be mistaken for a revivalist spell-binder, so Harriman was never guessed as anything more important than a school-teacher. Nothing more democratic to look at, than this representative of

successful competition in the United States, ever appeared on earth; indeed, the railway magnate seemed rather proud of it, for at a particular meeting of heckling newspapermen, we were assured, one bolder than the rest, and by way of a joke, asked him if he was a descendant of the Ahriman of Scott's *Talisman*.

"No, my boy," replied Harriman with a quick glance of his humorous eye and the traditional laugh in his voice, "no, my boy; I don't descend from anybody, and I'm glad I don't know who my grandfather was, or where he came from."

His grandfather, on the contrary, would probably have preferred acquaintance with his grandson, we can well imagine; for at his death in 1909, and having fought every separate step upward from a clerk's stool in a stock-broker's office, the railroad man left a fortune of fourteen million sterling. This vast capital, said the chroniclers of the day, was accumulated in a short series of Napoleonic master-strokes and combinations—much as our own Sir John Ellerman has achieved his great fortune in the shipping world—though with little consideration of ethical standards, as Mr Roosevelt declared, and all within twenty years; for in 1889, twenty years before his death, Harriman was a comparatively poor man, as vice-president of the Illinois Central, when he was only second in control of a few thousand miles of railroad track.

In 1898 the old Union Pacific system was in a state of collapse and actually in the hands of a receiver. Harriman's realization of its possibilities brought a genuine railway superman into active competition

with other railroad kings of the Union. At his demise in 1909, he was in supreme control of sixty thousand miles of steel track, averaging a yearly revenue of two hundred million sterling. Harri-man was certainly the interesting multi-millionaire of his epoch, and although, at the same time, one of the best-hated men of the age—a good second to Jay Gould, in this respect—sound judges agree that he gave the United States better railroad services than it had known till his advent. His formula for success in life was a very simple one:

“Choose a business; make yourself master of the situation theoretically by studying it; save a few thousand dollars and go into practical development of conditions; if after that, you cannot hit the million dollar line, don't get sore about it; Providence didn't mean you to play with millions.” (*N. Y. Globe* Interview, Sept. 1907.)

Before the outbreak of the Great War of 1914, it was calculated by the *Tribune* that there were altogether some ten thousand millionaires in the States. What the number has grown to since 1914, we can only surmise. We are inclined to doubt the ante-bellum estimate, however, and if the figures be allowed to stand, can only take it that all local so-called millionaires were counted, including the familiar this-is-Abe-Hoskins-he's-worth-his-million-ain't-you-Abe type, who is invariably introduced to visitors in the little one-horse cities, much in the same way as prize porkers are pointed out at the Whitsun fairs in our own country.

At the famous Equitable Insurance trials in

1906, which Judge Hughes made historic by his masterly cross-examinations and pure Lincolnesque oratory, either a judge or an advocate declared, when mention was made of the extent of young Mr Hyde's fortune, that “no American citizen's estate was certain beyond the five-million-dollar point.” There are, indeed, but few exceptions to this in the States, where the fortunes of millionaires are arbitrarily multiplied out of all ratio to their actual worth. And do you think the alleged multi-millionaires object to it? No, indeed! They not only like the exaggeration, but encourage it, and for the simple reason that it represents excellent business for themselves and their various ventures. Of course there are parallel exaggerations in the case of English fortunes; but hardly to the same extent as in the native home of Bluff, where every man is as good as another and a hundred per cent. better, to quote the formula.

They say of young John D. Rockefeller that he has inherited none of the momentous business ability of his sire. As if a man who will inherit a hundred million sterling required to! John D., Junior, used to run a Bible class in the big Baptist Church off Fifth Avenue, and with another Briton we one Sunday visited the temple of prayer and heard the heir of Croesus hold forth through his well-developed nose. We were not so much impressed as depressed by his discourse; and in point of pulpiteering punch—if we may use such an exquisite phrase—John Junior was not in the same apostolic battery as Mr Billy Sunday, a kind of barking Evangelist who might talk of the Blessed Trinity as Big Three,

and who converses generally of heavenly matters in a sort of base-ball slang.

Nor was Rockefeller even so eloquent as the Waltzing Preacher of Kansas City. At the close of his discourse the young multi-millionaire usually raises his somewhat care-worn face and asks his class if they have any questions to put. The eagerest fight for the Floor at Westminster is but a friendly Quakers' mix-up beside the competition, which then ensues among the classmates, to fire off interrogations at the billion-dollar Man of God. There were, when we visited this Baptist shrine, about one hundred neophytes, every one of them stiff on his worldly promotion, and positively and openly hostile to every other disciple who succeeded in catching the eye of the heir to Standard Oil, or, who, better than his fellows, fired off his mouth to uplifting purpose.

In America, let it be said, there is no kow-tow for the man of millions, simply because he is a man of millions, and that is why so many American millionaires carry their vast wealth like gentlemen, and unlike our own Island variety—who rarely get over the novelty of having got away with the goods—are quite as unconscious of their millions as an hereditary nobleman is unconscious of his titles. In all our experience in the United States, we saw but one frank write-up for a multi-millionaire, simply because he was a multi-millionaire. The subject of the article was young Mr Rockefeller in question, and of him the sycophant wrote the following serious tribute:

“John D. Rockefeller, junior, has a most extra-

ordinary face; and perhaps the most wonderful feature is the eyes. Rockefeller smiles with his lips; never a smile creeps into those stern and masterful eyes.”

This remark about eyes without a smile was invented, of course, by Stendhal, over a hundred years ago, when he used it to describe Napoleon whom he had encountered one day in the Jardin des Tuileries. It may or may not have been true of the Corsican; probably was. About the Heir of Rockefeller there is nothing more distinguished, whether physically or facially, than there is about other young American plutocrats of his class, who, even if they have inherited the ability of their sires, also have to work many times harder than their fathers ever intended to work—to prove the fact. Mr George Gould has, however, proved himself the possessor of considerable ability by trebling the ten million sterling left him by the redoubtable Jay of that ilk. Hearst is credited with sixty million dollars, which is about twice what his Californian sire left him. Gordon Bennett was at one time twice as wealthy as Bennett, senior. Of this worthy, who has written his own life, and who founded the *New York Herald* in 1835, they used to tell that he once hit upon a method of advertising which fairly short-circuited his victims while it lasted, and won for the astute Aberdonian a sum of money which was as large as, in those days, it was welcome:

Bennett, with the sure instinct of the money-getter, started his *Herald* close by the Wall Street area—in a cellar to be exact, his editorial desk

consisting of a few boards reposing upon a couple of barrels. His sheet was written with great spirit and brightness from the very start, and as Americans admire pluck in enterprise, a sufficiency of advertising revenue was soon earned to keep the little ship afloat. Bennett began to be known among the brokers, and a few free fights—probably prearranged—graphically described in his organ as having taken place in the editorial office, soon gave him at least a comic prestige in the financial quarter.

One morning Bennett announced in the *Herald* that he intended, as a man of high moral principle and as a custodian of public interests, to publish a list of stockbrokers in the money-market with whom the public would find it unwise to deal. The list, he declared, would be published *in extenso*, and in due course. Naturally enough, and more particularly in view of the growing popularity of the *Herald*, each Broker, on reading this notice, sat up and began to do some swift thinking. If Bennett included the name of his particular firm, he might as well prepare to go out of business. Accordingly, the Broker visited Mr Bennett in his cellar; there was nothing to discuss except the terms, and the Editor called the tune in proportion to the financier's ability to pay. At least ninety per cent. of the big operating jobbers paid heavily to be excluded from the *Herald's* list of Unworthy Brokers; the remaining ten per cent., being straight-goods men, were, of course, negligible.

Bennett proceeded, then, to announce in the next issue of the *Herald* that in view of the pain

which the suggested list of Bad Brokers must cause to the wives and families of the financiers most concerned, he thought it advisable to refrain from publishing it. Nevertheless, and to encourage Honour and Fair-dealing in Wall Street, he proposed to publish a list of Brokers whom the public would find it safe to deal with. Naturally the same set of money-merchants who had paid to be excluded from the first list, now cleared the sidewalks in their hurry to be *included* in the roll of Honest Brokers. A few weeks after this "straddle"—as American financiers term a market-deal which collars the victim both ways—the *Herald* started on its career of unexampled prosperity in offices worthy of its growing prestige. For fifty long years it was, without question, the greatest international *news*-organ of the world.

Little *tours de force* of the type cited above are considered quite legitimate in the fierce conditions of competition prevailing in the States, and any man who takes exception to the sharp practice of a rival may account himself, so far as Wall Street is concerned, at any rate, a down-and-outer. To miss the humour of any given situation, no matter how critical that situation may be for the competitor most concerned, is the unforgivable sin of the United States financial battle-grounds, where the true Anglo-Saxon spirit ever asserts itself in its determination to go up or down like fighting sportsmen. James R. Keene, Jay Gould, Edward Harriman, H. H. Rogers, Thomas Lawson of Boston, Stuyvesant Fish, Charles T. Yerkes, John D. Rockefeller, Pierpont Morgan, John W.

Gates, J. J. Patten and Joseph Leiter of Chicago—what battles these giant-men have fought for the mastery of track and mart and pit, parallels to which only world-gamblers like Alexander, Cæsar, Hannibal and Napoleon can have known for all such conflicts spell for them in the sweets of triumph and the galls of defeat!

During the old era of the Gould-Vanderbilt feud, for example, when the Erie Railroad was fighting the New York Central, the redoubtable ancestor of the Gould race “put it over” pretty badly on the ancient Commodore who laid the fortunes of the Vanderbilts. In those days live-stock was conveyed from Buffalo to New York at the rate of £25 a car-load. Vanderbilt of the New York Central reduced the price to £20 a car-load. Gould of the Erie Railroad retaliated by cutting the rate to £15, the Commodore retorting with a reduction to £10, when Gould went down to £5, and to clinch the matter for good and all, Vanderbilt dropped the price to one dollar per wagon—say five shillings. For three days, the Erie system carried not an ox nor a cow nor a sheep, and at the close of the fourth the old Commodore, whose railroad had been forced to refuse thousands of head of cattle, forgot himself in his hour of triumph, and handed out the conquering laugh to Brother Jay. On the morning of the fifth day, he changed his tune, however, when he discovered that Gould’s agents, during the previous three days, had been buying up all the live-stock available up-State and transported them by the N.Y. Central at one dollar per car-load, to New York, where the chief

of the Erie Railroad was piling up a handsome fortune at the expense of the Vanderbilts, who were carrying his cattle at the lowest scalper’s rates.

We do not, of course, credit such suggestions, but are nevertheless bound to take note of the fact that many Americans hold that the Gould-Vanderbilt rivalry actually reached the drawing-room, or social stage. When Comte Boni de Castellane married Mademoiselle Anna Gould, for instance, the Vanderbilts, the gossips tell, played off an English Duke against the French nobleman—if we are to accept the society experts of the sensational press of New York which, rightly or wrongly, goes into statistics as to the sums of money which the American ladies contribute towards taking their European husbands out of *hock*, as the Americans describe the act of releasing a pledge from pawn. Miss Gould brought a fortune of three millions sterling to Comte Boni de Castellane, says the chronicler. The Prince de Polignac “touched” two million dollars with Miss Winnarella Singer—which seems to us somewhat of an inside figure—and the Duc Decazes took—how horrible it sounds!—the same sum with Miss Isabella Singer. The Duc de Dino’s American bride (Mrs Stevens) brought one and a half million sterling to the Talleyrand coffers, while Miss Vanderbilt’s fortune, at her marriage to the Duke of Marlborough, was two millions sterling, with three times the amount to come at the demise of various relatives.

A distinguished French visitor to the States, on his return to Paris made the following comments:

"The European dowry-hunters are recognised all over America as legitimate adventurers, provided they have honourable titles; and dowry-hunting is so well-organised a social sport or business, that there is not a 'fawn in the woods' whose track (*piste*) is not publicly known and accounted for. . . . The New York yellow dailies have all published the list of marriageable heiresses, and well-known wealthy parents on finding their daughters' ratings absent once declared themselves outraged at the insult done their children by the omission of their names!"

The Frenchman goes on to cite the names of ladies who are now peeresses of Mayfair, Berlin, Vienna and the Quartier. We forbear, however—beyond mentioning that many of these heiresses are scheduled from the ten-million-dollar category, down to the one-million-dollar line, and the Frenchman concludes with some malice:

"But there are other heiresses *in stock*, with fortunes going a-begging as low as £20,000."

One of the most important operators in the big world of millionairessdom is Mrs Hetty Green, whose wealth was estimated in 1911 at thirty million sterling and whose income in 1907 was estimated by the special commissioner of investigation of the *New York World* at £1,600,000, or just short of two millions sterling. This is not so much behind the publicly estimated income of Pierpont Morgan in 1902, when the figures were put at close upon six millions sterling. Mrs Green is not known, however, in the big world of social millionairessdom.

Her usual *habitat*, when we lived in New York,

was Hoboken, where in a furnished flat which an ordinary wage-earning mechanic would have looked askance at, the female wonder of Wall Street lived on the allowance of a cub-reporter—say, at the rate of £5 a week. Hetty prided herself, however, on her stinginess, and whenever she wanted to dodge the revenue officers, had a series of cheap boarding-houses of the six-dollar type to which she was accustomed to retire and in which, owing to the many disguises adopted by her, she invariably succeeded in evading the sleuths of the law.

Although there was a time when Mrs Green was a fine-looking woman, she forcibly recalled when we saw her, during the great financial panic of 1907, our own self-imagined picture of Artemus Ward's "tall gaunt female o'er whose head forty-seven summers must have passed"—a type which one readily associates with the agricultural regions of the United States.

"I will spend no fool money on fine clothes," Mrs Green once told a woman journalist. "I guess I've got as good as any woman needs to have in my saratoga. And there was a day, too, when I wasn't so bad to look at. Put a carriage-horse to a cross-town car and let it work for thirty years, and just what happens to the horse has also happened to myself. I'm not so beautiful as I used to be."

Mrs Green inherited a large fortune from Matt Robinson, her father, and it was the prophecy of a wandering fortune-teller, who once, on her refusal to part with a bit of silver, foretold that she would

die in poverty, that at first moved the lady to take an interest in the stock-markets, with a view to increasing the patrimony of twelve hundred thousand pounds left her by the sire. In respect of a legacy which was once left to her by her aunt, Sylvia Howland, lengthy litigation was undertaken by the niece, who was accused of having exercised undue influence upon her defunct relative. As a result of this trial, Mrs Green went to reside in Paris and London, and true to her economical sense, lived as cheaply as possible. In the meantime, her fortune continued to increase at compound interest, and when, at the close of her exile, she reappeared in New York, as a Wall Street operator on a large scale, the authorities were inclined to overlook the little thoughtlessnesses connected with the Sylvia Howland inheritance. From her first days in the financial zone, Mrs Green made good, and with the result that she is now richer than even her old friend Russell Sage. She refused once to pay taxes to the City of Chicago where she was a large land-owner, and successfully overcame the authorities in her fight against the Revenue.

"I had," she explained, "considerable sums of money in the five principal banks of Chicago, and I told the chiefs of each of them that I intended to withdraw my money from all of them. Naturally enough, the bankers became alarmed and went to the Revenue people.

"Do you know what you are going to do, Mr Tax-Collector?" said their spokesman. "You are going to lose a big number of millions to the City.

If you think that is a good thing for Chicago, why all right; go ahead. But we don't, and if we cannot come to terms you will have to find some other bankers to carry through the municipal business.'"

Of course, the lady won, as she invariably won the numerous law-suits in which she was engaged, and which really provided for her the only recreation she ever knew. She is of a Quaker family and has all the Quaker's love of airing opinions as to the better arrangement of the world:

"Industry, the ability for quick decision and definite plans—that is all one requires for successful business *plus* the first thousand dollars," she once declared in an interview. "And college-learning is rather a hindrance than an advantage in financial affairs. Honesty, commonsense and a will of one's own are far more useful. . . . As for alms: I do good in my own way, and at my death people will realize that I did not accumulate to no purpose. I do not believe in indiscriminate giving, and have found no gratitude except among those to whom I gave opportunities of work. . . . The best and surest way of starting on the road to success is to own the house in which you live. When I advance a loan on a house, I can tell on entering the front-door whether I shall ever see my money again. I have built more houses than any other person in the world, and I have never sold one in an insanitary or unsound condition."

The contrast between Mrs Green and the so-called "Merry Widow Millionaires," is of the most startling kind. Not so very long ago, a well-known

woman of wealth performed a series of socially extravagant stunts which made her the envy and despair of the socially important women of the spectacular world. Here are a few items in her personal extravaganza :

Attendance at a first-class prize-fight.

Personal inspection of the muscular development of both boxers after the fight was over.

Special inducement to two famous singers at £2500 apiece to break their rule never to sing at private houses.

Private exhibition of a notorious Italian dancing-woman to a select number of gay friends.

Special engagement of Sarasate to play three *morceaux* at £200 apiece.

Engagement of a Singhalese troupe in order to show her hundreds of friends how drama was conceived in the East.

Employment of a nigger-boy to bear her train at a public reception.

Hiring a flying-machine in order to catch up a four-in-hand which she had missed—*accidentally*, of course.

Arraying herself in sack-cloth and ashes and attending church in that garb by way of expiating heaven only knows what social misdemeanours, and much to the edification of the coterie of which the lady was an ornament.

The millionaires have, of course, their own particular Wall Street vernacular, and we have even seen bulky glossaries in New York booksellers' windows, containing as many as five or six hundred terms which are in common use in the financial

mart. There are, of course, bankers, brokers, principals, investors, speculators, just as there are in our own markets. It is not, however, quite so clear what is meant by the following terms: professionals, manipulators, lambs, the public, insiders, outsiders, scalpers, room-traders, specialists and pools. Or: to have a straddle; to have loaded; to squeeze shorts; to be gunning a certain stock; to have bought a put; to specialize in arbitrage; to wash sales.

An operator is a professional, and a professional may or may not be a manipulator; but a manipulator is always a professional. A customer to a broker is always the principal—with interest, frequently. Lambs are always outsiders who come down to Wall Street with any sum from a thousand dollars up, to take a flier; sometimes they "hit it good," when they are no longer considered to be lambs, but are still outsiders looking for the market-move. The Public is a general term for outsiders who do not speculate as a regular business, but enter the market in large numbers in "bull" or "bear" movements, and stay outside when business is slack or in a state of flux. Scalpers are inside traders who buy and sell on the narrowest profit—rarely higher than one-fourth to three-fourths per cent.; but they do it often, and are "safe" men when the big operators are short and want important loans in specie. Russell Sage, we think, started in this way.

A tip is "coppered," when the astute ones who accept it act contrariwise to the information "handed out" as a preliminary to a big move in an

opposition market. A pool is a combine to purchase certain stocks and divide the profits; a "blind" pool hands over the management to one operator who possesses a good thing, and doesn't want outsiders to "get next." A market is rigged when it is manipulated. Flurries are breaks in prices tending to create panicky feelings in holders of stock, and forcing them to sell below the norm. Pyramiding is a great gambler's game in Wall Street and consists in buying a few shares of stock on a narrow margin, and investing one's profit as the price goes up; a kind of horse-shoe element which increases the value of the original stake in a geometrical ratio.

Many a man who fails starts his career after his first fall by pyramiding stock. He is so well acquainted with the tendencies of certain markets that with a few thousand dollars, and provided he clears at the psychic moment, he can form in a very short time the nucleus of a substantial pile wherewith to renew operations on a fighting scale. To have "straddled" a market is to have got on both sides of it at once, just as a punter hedges a bet. A man "guns" stock when he tries to create flurries, or break the price, so as to force "long" holders to unload. Wash sales are fictitious sales made to force up a fictitious price. In London the merest tyro who has his occasional flutter knows the meaning of backwardation and contango. These terms are not known to the operators of Wall Street.

Lombroso, the Italian criminologist, once devoted himself to a study of the American millionaire, the result being published in *La Lettura* of Milan,

and we adapted the article for New York *Public Opinion* of which we were foreign editor at the time. Lombroso is at least interesting in what he has to say of the Transatlantic money-maker:

"The American millionaire is a social and psychological freak, and although he has his uses, is more often than not a prodigy of turpitude. In person he is sometimes as beautiful as Shelley or Byron, and he shares with Aristotle and Napoleon one characteristic of the degeneracy of genius—that of low stature. Yet he is not a genius, but an anomalous creature reared in the hot-bed of poverty and ignorance and urged along his course by an insatiable thirst for gain. In the pursuit of money, he crushes with the relentless insensibility of a steel machine everyone who stands in his way. . . . His forehead is nearly always very high and square. . . . In Gould, Rockefeller, Gates, Sage, Morgan and W. H. Vanderbilt, we find a powerful development of the jaw. In most cases he has fine and well-proportioned features like those of Hill, Keene, Sage, Stillman and Griscom. Cruger is a remarkably handsome man.

"Yet when their business-powers are analysed, one finds nothing in millionaires but commonplace qualities developed and exaggerated in an abnormal degree: thus, they recognize instantly the latent possibilities of this or that enterprise, and come to a quick decision in taking them up. . . . It must be admitted that they are masterful in all matters of detail; that their ideas are independent and original; that they face obstacles with imperturbable courage; that their selection of subordinates

is unexceptionable; that they act at the right time and stop at the right time.

“Early poverty sends the potential millionaire into the field of labour as a child, and he is forced to sacrifice literary and artistic culture to the acquirement of a practical business education. Jay Gould earned wages at twelve; the majority of his congeners began even earlier to lay up the spare dollars. And so the American millionaire spends the years and energy which men of education give to books, on the business which is to make his fortune. As a rule he is devoid of ordinary feelings of a moral kind, of common kindness for his fellows, or even of ideas of justice. He stifled them at the start, knowing that success could not come unless he cultivated an impersonal attitude towards everything which did not contribute to the acquisition of money. Thus, he will borrow money from a banker and use it to ruin the lender. . . . Indeed, only an infinitesimal line divides the millionaire from the thief. . . . He isolates his children, lest they should come into contact with the lower classes. . . . Colonel Astor’s baby-child was attended by two cooks, six body-servants and a governess. Whitney’s baby was watched by three nurses and four physicians who visited him every day and telegraphed a report of his state of health to every member of his family.”

CHAPTER XVII

GENERAL NOTES

OF the twelve months we spent in Canada, over six were passed in the Bush or in the Highland zones, and the balance in Montreal, Toronto and Halifax. We cling to the opinion that Montreal is, for one who is accustomed to the great capitals of Europe, the finest city on the North American Continent. There is a solidity about the city and its civic and commercial structures which, combined with an abiding atmosphere of tradition and historicity, easily distinguishes it from the somewhat tawdry newness and mushroom affectations of other cities of recent growth, both in Canada and the United States. There is also about the inhabitants a distinct urbanity which one finds in Europe only in great cities and which is far removed from the provincialism that, as a rule, characterises other cities of the Dominion. This urbanity is not hard to explain: it comes from the presence in the Province of Quebec of one great branch of what is, in some respects—by no means all,—the most urbane nation in the world, namely, the French.

Indeed, at the period when Lower Canada was first colonized by Frenchmen, there was full justice in the description of the French as the most polite

nation on earth, and the inhabitants of Quebec have inherited—more or less—the finer tradition of French urbanity which is only properly applicable in France of to-day to people of the *vieille roche*. You get a real commercial magnificence about Montreal which is not to be found in Toronto, the great business-establishments and offices of the Quebec city suggesting much of the time-honoured power and world-prestige of the big institutions of the money and trading zones of the City of London, of Amsterdam and Marseilles.

In the Ontario capital, on the contrary, an abiding suggestion of “shackery” hangs over the entire town, and the presence of a few undoubtedly splendid buildings in its two main streets—King Street and Yonge Street—seems unequal to effacing this impression from the mind of anyone who has lived in the important cities of Europe. In Montreal you feel that the city possesses a personality, an air of settled distinction and self-confidence bred of long civic habit and tradition. And though the visitor comes from London, or Paris, or Vienna, he is conscious of a proper and clearly defined pride in their home, on the part of the Montrealais, which tells the stranger plainly that though his capital may be larger and more ancient, Montreal has virtues and an historic *cachet* which place it above any kind of envy. It is also unobtrusively conscious of its tradition and its status, and unlike the parvenu has no need either to stand on its dignity, or to call attention to its fine quality. We met no man in all Montreal who insisted on showing us a new hotel, or a forty-foot bridge, or a lately-

erected railway-station, his insistence accompanied with the open suggestion that all Europe could not produce the like.

We forget the percentage of the French-speaking population in the great City of the St Lawrence; but it is almost necessary to be bi-lingual to the extent of possessing both French and English. Some few years back, so much does public opinion in France react on French-Canadian political and social sympathies and antipathies, a French-speaking *habitant*, even though he were well acquainted with English, would pretend inability to answer a question not spoken to him in his native tongue. The Anglo-French *entente* altered these conditions, however, and also had the effect of giving men of British origin and ancestry a fighting chance in the civic councils of Montreal. At one period the only kind of Britisher who might apply for office was the Irish kind; and then it was necessary that he should be a Roman Catholic. To be able, however, to converse with an English-speaking French-Canadian, is a first-class recommendation for anyone from the British Isles; and the better the French accent, the more acceptable the British Islander.

As regards the quality of Canadian French itself, we are assured by philologists that it is the language which was spoken at the French Court of the seventeenth century. If this be really so, then the *belles marquises* and the *petits marquis*, the *femmes savantes* and the *précieuses* must have been sadly lacking in poetic or sympathetic appeal, for anything more unmusical than Canadian French we have not yet heard, though we suppose that

the nasal intonation, which characterizes Canadians not less than U.S. Americans, accentuates the discords of the speech of the Quebec *habitant*.

We have often listened patiently and attentively to voluble French-Canadians—and of the educated classes, too—talking and giving instructions, without succeeding in much more than picking out from their cacophony an isolated hint here and there as to what they were seeking to convey; frequently, and to their chagrin, we were forced to ask them to explain themselves in English. The French of Auvergne and the Pyrenees is easily understood in comparison with Canadian French, which is, indeed, more like Walloon than any other type of weird French we have had to “rastle” with. On the contrary, the French-Canadian newspapers, like *La Presse* and *La Patrie* (pronounced Lap-a-tree), both of Montreal, are as well written as the average newspaper in France, though naturally enough, American idiomatic expressions, rendered directly into French, detract more or less from the purity of correct phrasing.

Sir Hugh Graham (now Lord Atholstan of Huntingdon), proprietor of the *Montreal Star*, told us at Claridge's, in the Spring of 1912, that, journalistically speaking, things were then looking up in Canada. The *Star* is undoubtedly the brightest and most enterprising English paper in the Dominion, and its offices must be included among beautifully-housed publications like the *New York Herald*, *La Prensa* of Buenos Ayres and the *Evening Bulletin* of Philadelphia. On the whole, however, English newspapermen, more especially those who

have worked out there, will be glad to hear that matters are improving in Canada, for some years back, there was room, and to spare, for journalistic improvement. Not, we are quite certain, that there is any lack of ability in the Canadian newspapermen, who sometimes go far when they transfer their energies to the States or to Australia—which latter country produces the highest average of well-written English papers in all the world—or to England, or to France, or elsewhere.

The encouragement given by Canadian proprietors to a high class of journalist is very feeble, and, indeed, accounts for the marked provincialism which characterizes, not only the great majority of the Canadian papers, but also the Canadians themselves, whose minds and outlook are to a large extent formed by their daily journalism. The best and the brightest papers in Canada are undoubtedly to be found in Montreal and in capital towns of British Columbia. As for the papers in Ontario and Manitoba, one would imagine that a kind of organized obscurantism had been applied by proprietors and editors to the policies governing their various sheets, so tenacious are they of obsolete and pharisaical conventions, so absent is the personal touch, or the bright and artistic quality, and so persistently is the appeal made to parish-pump mentality and sentiment.

It is said of Toronto that at every street-corner there is a church, and at the opposite corner, a saloon-bar. Things are not quite so bad as all that; nevertheless, the church is so plethoric a quantity in this city, as to invite sympathetic re-

flection on the time-honoured aphorism of a very wise Scot who held that great intellectual progress is impossible where the number of churches is excessive over population. If the æsthetic or intellectual quality of a community is to be gauged by the newspapers which it will consent to read—and this is largely the case—then the Queen City cannot be said to possess any æsthetic or intellectual aspirations worth talking about. Why this should be, we do not at all see; for in our own experience, the average Canadian is a man of higher and more refined temperamental quality than the average Briton, or the average U.S. American; in other words, he approaches more nearly to an ideal average type. On the contrary, his average newspaper seems to be edited by lay preachers of the evangelical type and issued with the *imprimatur* of the local deacons. That there are great editors, like Sir John Willison, of the *News*, who are capable of producing bright newspapers with an international appeal, is not sufficient to overcome the difficulty that there are so few like him—so few who seem not to realize that the population of *all* Canada is hardly greater than that of London.

Canadians, and more particularly Torontonians, are accustomed to boast—and not without reason—of what their countrymen accomplish in other countries. Well, we may say that in the above opinions, formed primarily from our own experience, we have but repeated the sentiments of several Canadians in London who have attained to very prominent social and parliamentary positions.

These Canadians practically admit that, though ever willing to serve the interests of their native land, they left their country for *their own* good and fully conscious that opportunity at home was only to the hewer of wood and the drawer of water.

Once in a Toronto newspaper, during a whole week, we made an estimate of the purely religious news which was prominently featured in the columns that were not given over to advertising. The average of religious news we found to be a daily percentage of at least thirty-six—that is to say, over one-third of the general reader's section of the paper. European and Imperial news was featured to the extent of eleven per cent. of the same section; the balance was made up of law and police reports and so-called "Grit" politics; "human interest" matter counted for about one per cent. of the whole, and was generally excluded in favour of reports as to forthcoming bazaars or *conversazioni*, or the erection of a tin library in North York, or the intention of a quarter-section farmer to visit his relatives in the British Isles. To the average Londoner the atmosphere of this paper recalled not a little that of our religious weeklies, and though in the main it was as well written as any English paper—and indeed much wealthier than most of our great provincial dailies—any suggestion of a bright or humorous touch seemed to be entirely taboo.

Are our brothers the Canadians, then, without brightness or humour? Not all the Canadians we have encountered. Are all Canadians so anxious to hear that the Unco Guid are wishful that their

left and right hands shall exchange reports in public? We do not think so. There is a big trifle too much of the "just man" pretence about many of the proprietors of Toronto papers, we have found, and to witness the pharisaical airs and graces of some of them in public is better than Barnum and Bailey—far. The infantility, too, of some of these organs: there is one daily paper which invariably heads its cable news—rarely more than five-line items—with the legend, printed in heavy, black-letter type, "*transmitted to us over our own specially leased wires,*" with the result that the personal item of information often takes up more space than the contents of the telegraphic despatch itself. This reminds one of advertisements occasionally to be seen on the bills of alleged theatres in very little two-horse towns:

New and *Expensive* Engagement

OF

LOTTIE SIMCOE,

THE WORLD-FAMED DANSOOSE.

The impress of the educational sciolist is heavy, as may be imagined, upon the culture of Ontario. Even the importations from Oxford and Cambridge seem to be catch-degree men—"wooden spoons," at the very best; while the desperate endeavour of the Episcopalian clergy to hit the Chapel-Royal attitude and style is positive comedy to behold. The Scottish Presbyterians and the Nonconformist body generally, are the ablest, the most sincere and the most amiable clerics in Canada, even as they prove themselves to be in the States, and the

writer never expects to meet finer men of the minister-type than he has met in Toronto among Baptists and Wesleyans. About the so-called Church of England parsons, there hangs an air of unreality and pose, for all their undoubted practical excellence; while the "Roman," as the Catholic priest is called, suggests too much the prosperous auctioneer to be *quite* the spiritual goods. Doctor Goldwin Smith, who certainly had great opportunities for judging correctly, was right: Canadian scholarship (he declared) tends to make work-a-day men, *not* intellectuals. And where intellectuality is absent, we think that spirituality is unlikely to thrive; as in the States, for example. That Scottish Canada should be unproductive of a high type of intellectual man is, however, a startling phenomenon, the Scottish people being, on the broad average, the most highly educated race in the world, as its men are individually the most widely informed.

One result of the Great War will be to remove the standing antipathy which Canadians of the inferior types bear towards Englishmen of the better classes. At least we hope it will. Scotsmen, Irishmen, Welshmen—to say nothing of Slavs and Dagoes—were once all preferable to the Britisher from England; and until not so long ago, the legend "No English need apply" was a common rider to all labour-advertisements. Like a good many of the very best Canadians themselves, Englishmen jumped the frontier-line and betook themselves to the States, where they invariably made good, and had very frequent opportunities,

moreover, of witnessing—as the writer has more than once witnessed—the sorry half-bakeling from Ontario cities who had come down from the Dominion to *show* the U.S. Americans! Or else the Englishman betook himself to British Columbia and went into business with the Square Deal.

Canadians object, usually, that Englishmen, when they arrive in the Dominion, are unwilling to learn the new methods, and that they compare such methods unfavourably with those in force in the Old Country. Only very crude and untravelled Englishmen could, we think, act in this way; and in any case, this is only a small part of the Englishman's offence. The *corpus delicti* is—or at least *was* at one time—really on the side of the Canadian who, in comparatively small and new towns like Toronto, Hamilton, Winnipeg and Regina, as often as not assumes that the English arrival has seen nothing comparable with his city, and entirely forgetful, in the case of Londoners, Liverpoolians, Mancunians, or Glaswegians, that a town like, say, Toronto might be added to any of our great capitals, and not show any very distinct visibility.

Again, your untravelled Canadian—naturally these are the worst offenders—makes no scruple about declaring his certainty that England and the English are played out—nation and individual—and that the Dominion is in some way responsible for the existence of the Motherland! On the other hand, he goes to the States, and under the inevitable criticism of the U.S. American—who thinks rather small beer of the Canuck, as a rule—he points proudly to the Union Jack, the

British Navy, the Mother of Parliaments, and says: “I belong.” Englishmen for the most part have very little use for the Janus-headed type; and they are right.

The truth really is, we have found, the Englishman who is of a moderately high type will not remain in Upper or Middle Canada any longer than he can help, and the really good types have no intention whatever of settling there. Those who, hailing from London or the great cities of England, permanently settle down in towns like Toronto, are almost invariably of an inferior caste socially as well as intellectually. Some of the pundits who pose as educators, as art, music and dramatic critics and as connoisseurs, would not for one evening be tolerated or listened to, whether as educators, or as critics, or as connoisseurs, or even as beginners, in the slums of the Whitechapel Road—whence, indeed, some of these greasy gentlemen very obviously hail. And certain among these illustrious educators, critics and connoisseurs have cogent reasons best known to themselves—and the London Police—for permanently contributing their sweetness to the air of Ontario and Manitoba.

We hold the pious opinion—and hope to die in it—that there is no woman on earth who equals the native breed of Britain. We are inclined to think, nevertheless, that woman for woman the Canadian variety is really the most beautiful in the whole Anglo-Saxon world. In Toronto, we often noted, the gay men from Montreal used to declare that they never saw so many beautiful women as

in the city by Lake Ontario. We ourselves are certain that we never saw, in any city in Europe or America, so many beautiful faces as in Montreal. It is hard to decide; but on the whole, we think that Montreal takes the apple. There is much less, in the Canadian woman, of that aggressive masculinity which one finds, unfortunately, in so many American woman. Nevertheless, the Canadian girls have far less of the gentleness which the Englishman prefers to find in his womankind.

Like their American sisters, they prefer the American men to the British Islanders; and also like the women on the other side of the frontier, they are in point of deportment and elegance in dress, much nearer to the women of French cities than to Englishwomen. But it is really their wonderful complexions which mark them out as in a class by themselves; indeed, to look at a group of Montreal or Toronto women produces on one much the same effect as looking upon flowers, so beautiful is their natural colouring, to say nothing of their artistic colour-sense which enables them to emphasize their advantages. At least we can say this of more groups of Canadian women we have contemplated, than of any other nationalities we have ever seen. The women of Montreal and Toronto can certainly bank on the possession of one beautiful feature which plays more havoc at first sight with the heart of susceptible man than any other we know, namely, an exquisite complexion. In this respect they certainly as a race beat the whole world. The Englishman is pleased, too, to find that Canadian women have not that

hankering after polysyllabic eloquence which characterizes very stupid and tactless U.S. American, British and Irish women who appear not to realize that the more masculine the man, the less he admires masculinity in women; and if the preciousness of the emancipated man-woman is not masculinity, then we can only think of it as a kind of intellectual nymphomania and the mark of a diseased mind.

In no country of our acquaintance have we ever met so many alleged doctors of Divinity as in the smaller towns of the United States and Scottish Canada. In an Ontario town, we well remember to have counted, at one gathering of a new and self-chartered university, a score of divines whose academic or theological distinctions were shown by half a score of initials following each name. Thus: the Very Reverend Marcus Pomponius Crassus, M.A., LL.D., Phil.D., Theol.D., Litt.D., Professor of Propædeutics and Lecturer in Dogmatical and Symbolical Exegetics at the National University of Kabbibonokka, Mo. Such descriptions are not uncommon. The majority of these individuals, to do them full justice, flee to other engagements at the mention of the name of a distinguished arrival from the great Universities of Europe; others stand their ground, however, prepare some weird academic crux for the poor high-browed visitor, and seek publicly to confound and expose the unprepared unfortunate.

The truth about the prevalence of a good many of these academic degrees is that there are several little academic "joints" in the Western States, where,

for a few dollars, a man may become a Divine, or a Bachelor of Obstetrics, or a "Dee Lit," or a Professor of Biblical Exegetics, if only—to quote the formula—he has the price. The sum involved varies according to the academic boost-up required. In the copper-mining areas of Arizona, for example, it used to be possible to become a Doctor in Esoteric Theology by buying the "Vice-Chancellor" a drink. The scale has now, however, reached tabular proportions in the majority of these groves of learning; and any man who wants *any* academic distinction can purchase one, or several, at so many dollars the intellectual hand-me-down, the scale varying from twenty dollars for a simple Bachelorship of alleged Arts, to fifty dollars for a so-called Theological Doctorate. And in the case of these doctorates, where a thesis is required before the candidate can proceed to his Degree and become entitled to wear the academic gown, no difficulty whatever obstructs the ambitious scholar: the institution provides *both* the Degree and the thesis—the price of the latter being based, for the greater part, on the *em*-length of the jaw-breaking polysyllables employed in the learned concoction which is to warrant the conferring of the doctorate.

The pride, too, of their wearers in the multi-coloured hoods and sashes and tasselry of their university robes! It equals all the worst vanities and puerilities of the most grotesque Knights of Pythias we have ever met in the East or in the West, and that is putting it high. Accordingly, the alphabetical guy from America and Canada, with a string of initials to his patronymic, must always be more

or less suspect in view of the ambiguity of seventy-five per cent. of academical distinctions worn by intellectual *poseurs* in both countries. Unfortunately the men of real intellectual worth suffer for the pretensions of the venal brotherhood. Worst of all perhaps, a large percentage of the high-sounding degrees now worn by clergy of *all* denominations in the British Isles are of just such academic value as those stated above and are also of American origin.

CHAPTER XVIII

GENERAL NOTES (*CONTINUED*)

ON the question of academies: Harvard undoubtedly sets the fashion for American universities, and not only because it is the most ancient seat of public learning in the States, but also because it is, with Columbia, the wealthiest. To be a Harvard Man means far more in the States, than to be an Oxford or Cambridge Man in Britain, where, except among the clergy or educationists, degrees as a rule count for but little in the estimation of the classes, as apart from the masses. As regards Oxford—or Cambridge, for that matter—a certain amount of social prestige undoubtedly attached to the advantage of having been an alumnus of either of these Universities, two or three decades back. Not any more, however; and it is an undoubted fact that the better classes are ceasing to attend either Oxford or Cambridge. Academically, it is nevertheless true that the English Pass Degrees of to-day are better indications of intellectual achievement than they formerly were.

Just as we used to talk about the "Oxford manner"—now mainly cultivated by English Nonconformist ministers—so one may say that there exists a Harvard manner which is easily to

be distinguished in the public men of the States. In our own experience, we have never heard English more correctly enunciated than by these exponents of the Harvard style. The balance of musical intonation remains undoubtedly with the educated Briton who, though rarely so good a public speaker as the American, is far less conscious of his sonorous periods and, as a rule, shows much less frequently that he enjoys the sport of publicly firing off his mouth—as we used to call it in Newspaper Row. Whether or not the fact that Harvard is only separated from cultured Boston by a sixty-foot bridge, accounts for the excellent accent of Harvard men generally, we cannot say; but we are certain that in this respect they have nothing to envy in the best type of educated Britons. As a rule there are about 5000 students at Harvard, and the total income of the University is about £400,000. Compare these statistics with those of Oxford with a total number of students amounting to 3500 and an income exceeding half a million sterling.

As a rule, we are informed, about 10 per cent. of Harvard Men proceed to degrees in Medicine; about 15 per cent. become lawyers; 8 per cent. public scientists; the balance going into Divinity, Education, Commerce and the Public Services. Some time back a list of one thousand Americans of first-class intellectual prominence was published, and Harvard easily headed the list with a percentage of 33. Specialisation is the distinctive feature of Harvard curricula, and the desultory cramming inseparable from General Pass Degrees is reduced

to a minimum, the total result being that a good professional Harvard Degree is equal to the best of Degrees. Harvard is probably the only University in the world which has been able to think out this motto:

“Don't let your Studies interfere with your Education.”

Chicago University, which comes in point of wealth next to Harvard and Columbia, but with a far greater number of students, is said by Chicagoans to be the best-planned University in the States in regard to its architectural lay-out. It is certainly the only University in the States, so far as we have seen, which possesses anything of the academic repose and cloistered seclusiveness of the older English Universities; one of the assembly-halls, for instance, is a free replica of the Commons Room at Christ Church, Oxford. Mitchell Tower is taken from Magdalen College, while the Law School suggests King's College, Cambridge. Indeed, the whole University building-scheme looks more like Eighteenth-century structure than late Nineteenth, for it dates only from 1892, we think. We were assured that some artificial process had been employed in order to give the academic halls their venerable and, indeed, æsthetic distinction, though as to this, we can say nothing for certainty. Like Yale University, Chicago may be expected to instal a golden mace one of these days; and though we have witnessed no academic gatherings there, we are assured that it possesses a greater variety of academic gowns and trenchers than any other University in existence.

In connection with this unquestionably great institution, the late President Harper—a Baptist by the way; indeed, the University which owes so much to the King of the Baptists, Rockefeller, is more or less professionally Baptist—inaugurated a University Press which may be said to equal all that the College of Propaganda represents for the Vatican. It is one of the organised departments of the University and publishes a series of scholarly periodicals, the editors of which are chosen members of the professoriate, the contributors being men of high academic attainment wheresoever to be found. Columbia University, New York, believes in educational propaganda of this kind, too; and there are nearly fifty periodicals which are under the direction or inspiration of the professoriate of Columbia, including naturally enough, that of Doctor Nicholas Butler, President of the University, who is one of the world's great educators and possesses all the academic prestige and scholarship which characterize the historic race of the Butlers. Harvard's story goes back 281 years; Yale is 217 years old; Princeton and the University of Pennsylvania 171 and 177 years, respectively; Columbia 163 years; the remainder of the great Universities are all under one hundred years old, Chicago not having yet completed one-third of a century.

Let us now pass on to the Prodigals.

Some years ago the State's Millionaires sent a fat contingent of their brotherhood to the famous prison of Sing-Sing, on the Hudson River, where

a portion of the building was set aside for them, and became known (if we are to believe the newspapers) as Bankers' Row. Important aldermen of New York City, long-firm wanglers, police-captains, common roundsmen, actors, editors, clergymen and others occupied this particular section of the great Prison. The majority of these convicts, being well supplied with money, had no difficulty whatever in inducing important venal subordinates to provide them with better quarters than the ordinary "pensioners" of the great Jail. Two jail-bird bankers shared apartments in the best part of the prison-infirmiry, after the Panic of 1907, their suite consisting of three or four rooms, furnished with excellent taste and in most expensive fashion. The most important item of heavy furniture in these premises was a vast ice-box and wine-cooler, always well and variously filled. They kept open house for select insiders, as well as for their friends outside, and "thither under cover of the night," said one writer, "came also visitors who stole in secretly, holding their skirts, so that the familiar *frou frou* of women tripping along should not trouble the unrequited emotions of less fortunate convicts. Sometimes these women had to be carried out in the early morning, having celebrated less wisely and more uproariously than was quite necessary."

Occasionally, too, these jail-bird aristocrats were allowed to visit friends at good hotels in the neighbourhood, and of course in such cases, the *grande tenue* of evening clothes was rigorously adhered to. There was once (may be now, indeed)

a definitely fixed "skedule" which provided that an inmate could have portions of his sentence remitted, the price being from five to five thousand dollars for the period remitted—according to his capacity for paying, of course. A functionary—who was also an ex-convict—admitted at a State's enquiry into prison abuses, that during his holding of office inside Sing Sing, he had disposed of 2000 years of part-remitted sentences, sharing the bribe-money with superior officials.

Malingering is often winked at provided the malingerer or his friends shall square certain officials to the extent of giving him a private room. All prisoners without exception are, it may be said, allowed to supplement the prison-fare—which report declares to be very bad—by extra purchases from their private hoard, the result being that he is a very poor convict, indeed, who is not comfortably provided with his favourite drinks and delicacies. And frequently enough in the bad old days wealthy and influential convicts purchased permission from their official captors to effect their escape. A prison-warder once aided two convicts to make a hurried and unofficially-sanctioned departure from Sing Sing. He received in return for his services some money in small bills and two thousand-dollar notes. Inquiry was duly made, but for lack of evidence the blame could not be properly apportioned. A month or so afterwards the warder paid a visit to a local bank and presented one of his thousand-dollar notes for payment. It was declined on the ground that it was—counterfeit. The keeper therefore presented the second

one. This, too, was certified a "stumer," and the police were called in to arrest him as a passer of bad money. Eventually the keeper had to confess how he had come by the money: his penalty was five years in the jail in which he had officiated.

The London music-hall world, which during the past decade has sickened us to nausea with Revues, might well go to big American cities for a new departure in performances. No music-hall that we have ever heard of in England has, up till now, shown courage enough to throw its stage open for one night of the week to amateurs who possess, or *think* they possess, the requisite arts for entertaining the crowd. Undoubtedly, managers would occasionally light on real talent, as American managers have frequently done, and accordingly the benefit conferred and the benefit received would altogether balance very favourably. In the American music-halls which exploit this form of entertainment, and much to their own profit, it is found however that the public which is interested in this type of show, derives the greater part of its pleasure from the obvious and impossible incompetents who seek, pathetically enough, to show the world what it has missed through the lack of proper discrimination on the part of incapable managers, or else through the jealousy of mysterious influences which have succeeded in "keeping them down."

The alleged artist-singer who owes his daily bread to a wife's busy needle, but who is certain Jean de Reszke or Maurice Renaud never possessed his "artistries"—this adipose incompetent with his

affectation of "Italian" mannerisms, who lives mainly by swindling shop-girls of their wages, is very much alive and Britain is full of him, as police reports show; the pseudo-comedian who is positive that the critics have made a dead-set against him, and is equally certain that the world of comedians has conspired together to "let him in bad"—he also is an abounding quantity who ought to be in jail; the self-styled tragedian who alone has the secret of the "Salvini" touch—him also we know to ply his parasitical trade and brag his way round the town, a victim, as he will tell you, of the unforgiving envy and jealousy of his fellows.

Do you think that New York or other big American cities escape these public nuisances? No, indeed! There, however, the self-styled artist has his remedy, and the free-public-trial night gives it to him; if he is the genius he professes to be, then recognition will come to him; if not, why his patient wife will continue to keep and *listen* to him; or else, having failed as a singer, or as an actor, he will set about "educating" singers or actors, being careful in most cases, however, to exploit only female pupils, some of whom—not all—would be unable, he knows, to horsewhip him when they discover him to be a Fat Fraud.

Amateur-night at the music-halls in important American cities is certainly productive of much amusement, and affords one also every opportunity of studying personal vanity—the desire to be looked at and admired—as the main inspiration which prompts empty-headed individuals to seek the

stage as a means of attracting public attention to themselves, though it is certain that many great successes on the stage are the least affected and pretentious of men. As you may imagine, those who are responsible for the selection of men and women desirous of demonstrating their artistic talent, incline to think of their patrons rather than the poor pseudo-artists themselves. The result is that the most ineffably grotesque incapables are, more often than not, chosen by stage-managers to fill an evening's bill. The more incapable a singer, the more insistent is he on forcing his song upon the audience, to whose forbearance there is, however, a physical limit.

When the public have shown that they have had a sufficient demonstration of any particular artist's talent, like true democratic Americans they call him off. The poor artist is, however, just as loth to leave his unwonted centre of vantage, as his audience is anxious to be rid of him. At such a crisis, when officials in the wings have failed by every sign and threat to induce the performer to leave the stage, the hook is requisitioned—a long hop-pole, with a hook on one end sufficiently large to engirdle the artist—and by means of this instrument, the offender is ignominiously dragged into the stage-recesses and thrown out of the theatre. Accordingly, when a performer starts so badly and with such an obvious lack of talent as to worry the house's "goat," or evoke its disgust, the cry "Get the hook!" resounds throughout the theatre, the artist's fate is thereupon sealed and his number called, so far, at least, as that

particular music-hall is concerned. There, he will never certainly reappear, unless a change of management should take place.

Whether important artistic successes have ever revealed themselves at such theatres, we cannot say; but are, nevertheless, certain that just as some successful English barristers have learned the art of public speaking at the Old Cogers' Union, by Salisbury Square, London, E.C., so, too, more or less successful music-hall artists in the States have run the gauntlet of the Amateur-Night. This without prejudice to the essential fact that the institution's existence was inspired in the first place by that sense of the ridiculous which ever moves men to take interest in such of their fellows as wish to entertain without possessing any real ability to do so. This would, of course, be one of the most pathetic of self-delusions if it were based on a real wish to please or instruct. On the contrary, we have, in the case of such male pretenders as we have tried to suggest above, invariably found that hopeless vanity—a term which is derived from a Latin word meaning *emptiness*—is invariably at the root of their pseudo-artistry.

CHAPTER XIX

GENERAL NOTES (CONTINUED)

WE do not know what is really meant by the term odour of sanctity. We do know, however, that there is none of this particular personal perfume to be found in the United States, if as the term suggests, it signifies the aroma of saintliness which supposedly comes of long ascetic practice. If such an aroma exists, we have never yet come across it; and as for some of the alleged saints we have met in our pilgrimage on earth, one could easily smell them across a street, and their odoriferousness was the reverse of ambrosial. If anything were really wanting to emphasize the intense materialism of conditions in the States, it could easily be found in the entire absence of the spiritual in their clergymen of all denominations. In the average Episcopalian parson, or Catholic priest, or Nonconformist preacher, one seeks in vain for that refinement of soul and manner, or for the mental detachment from worldly things which is, rightly or wrongly, said to characterize the men and women who, it is alleged, spend a large portion of their lives in repressing their grosser selves and in curbing the latent animal within them.

The average professor of religion in the big cities

of the States suggests too forcibly the drummer, or commercial traveller in clerical garb, to invite those feelings of reverence which only the veriest bores can refuse to men of the clerical calling—when they deserve it, of course. On the highway, they pass you—in New York, at any rate—with all the expectorating incivility and the aggressiveness of demeanour and deportment that marks the climber who has just got away with and banked his first five thousand dollars. Bishops Potter and Doane (the latter of Albany) were certainly very imposing persons to look at, but altogether failed to suggest that they possessed any particular sacramental power in their artistic fore-fingers. To see old Potter calling down the Spirit on his congregation of multi-millionaires at the close of a sermon, in his Fifth Avenue Cathedral, was to prompt the horse-laugh, and the venerable hierarch himself never seemed to be quite sure of himself at such moments.

The Catholic priests of the Union differ not from their fellows in all other parts of the world as to one special point, namely, that you can always tell them from all other kinds of clergymen. Now-a-days it is hard enough in England, or in America, to tell the Protestant from the Nonconformist priest; and even the self-styled "English Catholic" clergyman of the Roman Church, here in England, is gradually affecting an external pose which suggests Oxford much more than Rome. There is no doubt, however, about The Priest; herein at least he has struck the note of universality, wherever else he may have failed to do so, and

you were not born to be an observer, if you mistake him for any other kind of evangelist than the R.C. variety.

Apart from this official unmistakableness, however, the American Catholic priest has little in common with his congener in the British Islands. The Transatlantic priest is certainly a handsome enough looking person, so far as we have observed, and invariably one of the best-dressed men you will meet in an afternoon's walk. He also conveys, however, the impression that he has a proprietary interest in the streets, generally, and looks as if his mind were more concerned with dividends than with souls. We have seen clergymen of all denominations in these Islands whom we could readily believe to be veritable founts of consolation to those who sought their advice. We have rarely seen such men in the States, however, and if we had to surrender our sins, their quality and their number, to any priestly shriver, we should find it very difficult to "cough up" to any American pastor who handed out forgiveness. We assuredly saw the most hierarchical-looking hierarch ever seen by us in Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia. The late Cardinal Vaughan was certainly a most princely and prelatial personage to look at; but Ryan was the Father of Christendom—the true Pope, from the ground up. The name Ryan, we are informed, means kingly, and certainly here was a king of men, and to judge by appearances at any rate, one of the kindest we have beheld.

On the whole, however, we were most impressed in America by the Nonconformists. It is in the

argument of things, too, that this should be so. For one may divorce the Protestant Church from the State without at all producing a very complete practical disestablishment; the principle of Church and State virtually remains, and such a principle is entirely opposed to the constitutional ideas of American republicanism, as it is altogether inconsistent with the full liberty of the people. The same principle holds in Ireland, where in the overwhelming and self-interested influence of the Catholic Clergy over the general people, one finds also a virtual principle of Establishment; and this fact easily and fairly explains why the Vatican has always, and for all it may say to the contrary, stood in the way of self-government for Ireland.

With the coming of that measure, the people of Ireland will know a far fuller intellectual and political freedom than they have ever known; while the Catholic clergy will be relegated to the only sphere in which they possess any real right to interfere with the masses, namely to the spiritual sphere. The disestablishment of the Catholic Church, or its divorce from the States of the Continent, as in France, Spain, Portugal, will yet be written down by the historian of our own times as among the first steps which contributed indirectly to bringing about self-government for the most Catholic people in the world; and if the irony of History has ever gone farther than this, we have certainly never heard of it.

The Nonconformists in the States are to be distinguished, however. They include Baptists, Methodists and Wesleyans, and form together, we

think we are right in saying, the wealthiest and the most influential religious body in the country. Besides these, there are countless sects, or sub-sects, which are generally classed under the generic head of Revivalists, and of which bodies it may be said that they are without authority in the hierarchic or ecclesiastical sense, and consequently are nothing more (nor less) than floating missions which operate simply on a Hymn-and-Bible basis—a kind of evangelical knock-about, indeed. Many of their leaders—some would say most of their leaders—are out for the living that accrues to them for preaching the Word; we have met not a few who called themselves Bishops, though they had no Headquarters—except occasionally Police Headquarters—nor were they at all acquainted with such minor trivialities as are associated with the sacramental business of “laying-on hands,” or Apostolic Succession, or other little details connected with the Episcopacy, and were rarely troubled with any scholarship to speak of. They invariably assumed the gaiters, but not the apron, and notwithstanding that they also wore large rolled-gold-looking pectoral crucifixes, we rarely found that there was a much larger percentage of intrinsic bishop in these divines, than was denoted by the items of make-up just mentioned.

We were assured once by a very well-informed editor at Troy (N. Y.), that a large number of these self-appointed evangelists go into the business of preaching in order to acquire practice as public speakers, and that not a few of them, after some years' experience with evangelical meetings, go

into ward-politics and if successful, frequently end up in State Legislatures, when not actually in Congress itself. It is an undoubted fact that a man with a turn for moving oratory can make a handsome living—well into the thousands of dollars—in the States, and not a few British Islanders, eloquent Scottish, Welsh and Irish residents, with a native turn for politics, depend almost wholly on this talent for their livelihood.

Not that there is any lack of speakers in American political communities; the American is, as a rule, a far better and readier debater and speaker than any other member of the Anglo-Saxon race; but it is not in impassioned oratory that he shines, and emotional Kelts, with their better literary and æsthetic equipment, nearly always excel in this style of eloquence and so prove more effective “spell-binders,” as the American so comprehensively describes a man who possesses the gift of holding a crowd. Bourke Cochrane, Chauncey Depew, Choate—these are men who were either Keltic, or at least well-blooded with Keltic strains. Incidentally we recall that one of the most impassioned pieces of oratory we ever listened to was uttered at a Waldorf-Astoria public banquet in 1910 by an Irish police-captain.

The newspapermen of the less serious papers in America can rarely be induced to take religion, or religious ceremonies, very seriously. We remember some important exceptions, however, and in both cases the missionaries were two very high types of Englishmen—namely the present Bishop of London, Dr Winnington-Ingram, who fairly

“knocked them” in Wall Street where on several occasions he addressed the operators and Brokers of the money-mart. Indeed, we never expect in this world to see again a more touching or more edifying spectacle than that presented by the vast crowd of hardened speculators who crowded, hatless, around the English Bishop to hear him discourse on the better life. The other is Doctor Jowett, who still preaches at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, and whose genuine sincerity would move the very Statue of Liberty itself to acknowledgment.

We wonder how many people know that one of the greatest of modern English dialecticians, the Reverend A. B. Sharpe, owes not a little to his residence in Philadelphia, where he was associated with one of the principal Episcopalian churches. Mr Sharpe is now a Catholic priest in England, and in our own opinion, is the most important acquisition the Catholic body has had in Britain since the day of Newman. Men of the foregoing types are, of course, taken very seriously; but the average American newspaperman is true to his American nature in that, as a French critic once declared, he is of opinion “that the element of bluff enters not only into ethics, but into religion.” And for religious ceremonies he has about as much (or little) reverence as for a circus. Bishop Potter, the most stately of divines, was once described by a Yellow paper as “moving in pontifical fashion up the aisle of his Cathedral, wearing the cape on his shoulders and the *crozier* on his head.” On another occasion in the Catholic Cathedral, the

presiding Archbishop was described as having at a most solemn part of the ceremony “piously swallowed the chalice.”

Of the eminently episcopal Bishop Doane of Albany, they used to relate the following story:

It was during the heat of an electioneering period, when party feeling ran deep and strong, that a “floater” was once engaged to personate the very dignified prelate of the Capital of New York State. A “floater,” it may be said, is a fraudulent voter who repeats his vote in the various electoral districts, at so many dollars a vote. Naturally, in the case of so dignified and statuesque a personage as Bishop Doane, it was exceedingly difficult to find a man who might successfully carry off the trick of impersonating him. At last a presentable double of the prelate was found, who agreed, on his own terms, to personate the Bishop at the six different polling-stations in the electoral district. For every vote he succeeded in registering, he was to receive twenty-five dollars—a £5 note. The floater was fortunate in getting away with his trick, garbed in the guise of Albany’s high-priest, at three successive polling-booths. So successful indeed, that he returned to electoral headquarters to report progress, and incidentally to borrow a five-dollar bill, which in company with two more congenial electioneers, he broke in a saloon-bar and spent in several libations.

Late in the afternoon, he issued from the bar-room, somewhat flustered and smelling of alcohol, but nevertheless full of courage. Making straight for the fourth polling-station, he entered the

registrar's room with that studied solemnity of demeanour so often affected by men in their cups, and which deceives no one but themselves. The registrar was unusually sharp of eye and memory:

"And who are you, sir?" he asked his visitor.

"I am William Doane, Bishop of Albany," was the slowly enunciated and sonorous reply.

Flinging down his pencil, the registrar jumped to his feet:

"*Yew ain't no Bishop of Albany, you goldarn old soak,*" he cried.

"*Like Hell I ain't!*" roared the Episcopal repeater, at this point entirely forgetting the rubric of his appointed rôle.

There are, according to the latest statistics, some 180,000 clergymen of all Denominations in the States, with nearly 230,000 churches and forty million communicants, or two church-goers in every five persons in the entire population—an excellent average. Of these the Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians number sixteen millions; the Roman Catholics, thirteen millions; the Lutheran communities, including the Protestant Episcopal body and Scandinavian Evangelicals, five millions. Altogether, there are two hundred sects of every kind, teaching one or other form of spiritual doctrine, and this number includes the Friendly Shakers, the Winebrannarians, the New Jerusalemites, the Hepziba Faith Apostles, the Hicksite and Wilburite Quakers, the Latter-Day Saints (Utah), the Vendata Soul-Culturists, the Daughters of the King, the Seventh-Day Adventists, the Yorker Brethren, the Amana Shakers, the Buffalo and

Suomai (Finnish) Lutherans, the Pentecostal Nazarenes and the so-called Bahaists. The last-named sect has considerable vogue in the States among people of consideration and wealth, its chief tenet being that Christ has already returned to Earth.

One Baha-Ulla, a defunct Persian, whose aged son, Abbas Effendi, is the present head of the community, with headquarters at Acca (Acre), on the Bay of Acca, in Asia Minor, was the founder. Abbas is held by his adherents to be the veritable Messiah. Like all religions which have endured, Bahaism is extremely simple in respect of fundamentals: humility, purity and unselfishness being essential in all disciples.

The Bahaists believe that all revealed religions date from the Covenant of God with Abraham, and that all succeeding prophets and messengers, including Christ, were inspired by the one Spirit of God. For this reason they reject the Trinity, claiming that there is one spirit in three and not three identities in one. They believe rather in the old Prophetic school of religion, though not as this appears in its present form—corrupted by schism and false teachings. They come nearer, indeed, to the religious principles of the Hebrews, though not to those of the rabbinical type. Church and State, they hold, are separate, and no interference with government should be allowed.

No retaliation is permitted for wrongs done. No man may carry weapons. No priests are wanted, since each man has the Kingdom of God within him. Capital punishment is prohibited. Woman must

be educated and trained even as completely and carefully as men. A trade must be learned by all men, and even the rich are not exempt. There is no Sabbath, for each day is a day of worship, and the only rite is self-abasement before the Most High. Abbas, it is held, is Christ reincarnated. There are some twenty thousand believers in Bahaim in the United States, a large number of these being artists and literary men. Mrs Phoebe Hearst, mother of Mr Randolph Hearst, is a convert to this faith and a personal disciple of Abbas Effendi, from whom she learned the first principles.

In European countries, and more particularly in Great Britain, there is an entire absence of that spirit of fraternization among the clergy of different Denominations, which is the first condition that strikes a European in the United States—and increasingly so in Canada. In Britain, the Anglican Church, to say nothing of the Kirk, treats all other bodies outside its own way of worshipping with a lofty patronage which is not only exceedingly ridiculous, but is really a public advertisement of the essential lack of the Christian spirit in those who live by preaching it. Non-conformists, in their turn, appear to treat their brethren of the “Roman” complexion with an insufferable kind of tolerance which reminds one of the unread classes of England—and not of Scotland, or Wales, or Ireland—when dealing with even very distinguished Frenchmen and other foreigners, the suggestion being that they mean to be *kind* to the poor devils who, after all, cannot help not having been born in England. We hold no brief

for any religion, but must confess that we best liked the attitude of the Quaker at all the British inter-denominational gatherings we have ever taken part in, for on such occasions, being entirely independent, he can distribute his spirit of Christian brotherhood all round and without discrimination. We were not indeed surprised to hear Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia declaring at a public gathering, in 1910, that if he were not a Roman Catholic he would certainly be a Quaker.

In the United States and Canada, on the contrary, the spirit of fraternity and friendship, or philanthropy, which is the elemental doctrine of Quakerism, is the spirit that leavens all inter-denominational activities. There, *all* types of clergymen meet on common ground, and the hierarchic or sectarian spirit is unknown, at least in public. Ours is the International Age, and the wing'd omens are daily flying across the frontiers of the nations. Locksley predicted the coming of the Parliament of Man, and it is at hand. With it will come the universal Brotherhood of Men as the first working religion of Humanity. And the greatest Federation of all the world will send it to us across the broad seas.

FINIS.

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