

DEATH'S HARVEST AMONG DEMOCRATIC LEADERS



GOVERNOR JOHNSON, of Minnesota, dying at the age of 50, when it looked as though nothing but a miracle would have deprived him of the Democratic nomination for the Presidency in 1912, presents another case of the fatality that seems to overhang leaders of the party of Jackson.

It is not the first time that death has thus cut short a promising life and deprived the Democratic party of its chances.

William H. Crawford, of Georgia; Robert J. Walker, of Pennsylvania; C. L. Vallandigham, of Ohio; William Russell, of Massachusetts, and Robert E. Pattison, of Pennsylvania, are all instances of men lost to the Democracy in their prime.

Some of these lost leaders had time enough to make a place in history and are remembered for what they have done, others are merely names, and are only kept down from utter oblivion by the thought of what they might have accomplished.

William H. Crawford, of Georgia, has had his memory cherished by Democrats for nearly a century now and is remembered as the first great Democrat who might have attained the Presidency had he lived.

Crawford began his political career as a moderate Federalist, but came over to Jefferson at the beginning of the 19th century, and was thereafter a recognized leader of the party.

He had hopes of the party nomination in 1824, but Monroe, whom Jefferson had greatly represented in 1802, in order that Madison might be elected, had his reward.

When the convention of 1824 arrived Crawford had for 20 years been a dominating figure in National life, his services having included work as United States Senator, Minister to France, Secretary of War and Secretary of the Treasury.

It was while he was Secretary of the Treasury and at the very summit of his popularity that he was stricken with paralysis. He was then 53. His friends did their best to make a secret of his illness, so that his chances for the nomination might not be hopelessly repaired for the giants of the period in the party were all active candidates.

Calhoun was 16 years younger than Crawford and he was elected with the selection as Vice-President.

Crawford came third when the electors voted and failed to give any candidate a majority. This threw the election into the House of Representatives, and then the friends of the other leading candidates, Adams and Jackson, made the most of Crawford's illness and Adams was elected.

Crawford rallied somewhat in health, and had he fully recovered, might have been a dangerous opponent for Jackson in 1828, but he joined hands with Jackson to combat the hated Adams administration, and died during the term of Jackson.

Robert J. Walker was another leader early lost to the Democracy, but it was not death or disability that took him out of the arena of politics, but a most creditable case of conscience.

Walker, who was born in Pennsylvania, went to live in Mississippi at the age of 25. Six years later he was leading a movement against nullification, and when he had been but 19 years in his adopted state he was selected to be United States



WILLIAM H. CRAWFORD, WHO BUT FOR ILLNESS MIGHT HAVE BEEN PRESIDENT

Senator, a most unusual progress for any man.

Walker was an open advocate of gradual emancipation with proper remuneration paid to the slave owners, but in every other particular he was a most radical Democrat.

In fact he early gained the reputation of being the most astute Democratic leader in the party when he brought Tyler back into the fold, thereby nullifying the effort of the Whig triumph of 1840.

He fashioned the tariff of 1842, and was a most able Secretary of the Treasury under Polk.

Much against his will he became Governor of the Territory of Kansas. He was assured that if he served those who wanted to make Kansas a slave state he would get the nomination for the Presidency, a nomination worth having, since the man who got it, James Buchanan, went to the White House. But Walker, though a politician, was strictly honest on the big issues that then engrossed the country. He declined to assist in making Kansas a slave state, because he believed that to be the course that met with the wishes of the people. Hence he lost his nomination, and passed out of power as a leader of the Democracy.

Had Clement L. Vallandigham, of Ohio, lived, he would have been a formidable candidate for the Presidency in 1872, for by that time the Democrats of the country had come to the conclusion that they had done a great wrong to him during the Civil War.

During the war he was the most hated Democrat in the North. He was the leader of the Copperheads. He was the only man whom President Lincoln banished for opposition to his policy.

Until 1870 he looked hopelessly dead from a political standpoint, but then he began directing attention to new issues that had arisen with the ending of the war, and called on the people to get together, and take the big forward step

necessary to wipe out the memories and bitterness of the internecine conflict.

In June, 1871, it was a certainty that at the next Democratic convention Vallandigham must be the leading figure, and with his admitted ability and proved courage he might even have been the nominee, but on the 17th of June, while trying a case, and attempting to show that the victim of an alleged murderer whom he was defending had accidentally shot himself while drawing a pistol, Vallandigham shot himself and died at the age of 51.

The career of William Russell, of Massachusetts, is well remembered.

He was almost an infant phenomenon in politics. He was first chosen Mayor of Boston at the age of 28, and was promptly returned for a second term. He was only 32 when he was chosen Governor of Massachusetts. Altogether he had five terms. In Massachusetts they elect every year.

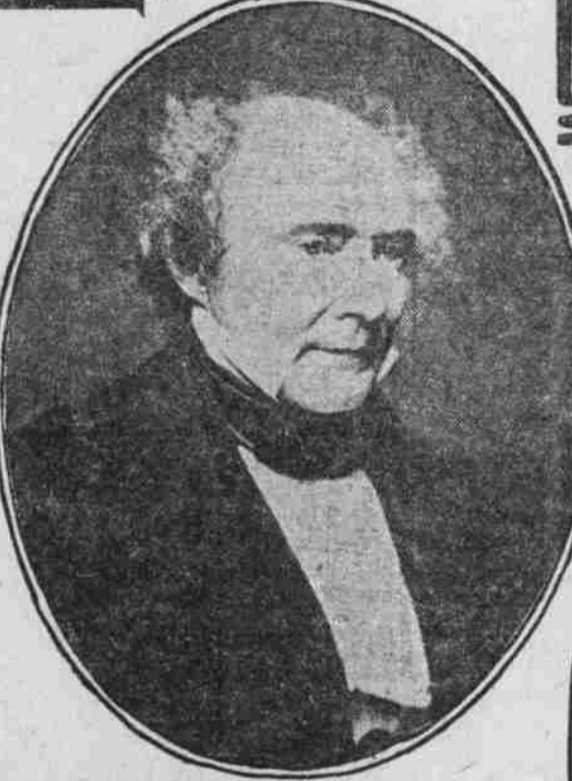
His thin, smooth, almost colorless face, sensitive in expression, but filled with intellect and energy made him liked everywhere, and Democracy looked to him as a leader who would certainly have a chance to make the running for the White House, and probably get there.

He opposed free silver, but even the advocates of that policy never learned to dislike young Russell because of his opposition, and when the time for a healing of the wounds came, it is probable that he would have been foremost in aiding his party to a hopeful fight against the Republicans.

But in 1856 from a remote camp in Nova Scotia came news of his sudden death. He was then only 40 years old, and had he lived would today still be younger than most of the present day leaders.

The career of Robert E. Pattison was somewhat similar. When only 37 years old he was elected Controller of the Republican city of Philadelphia, and twice he was elected Governor of the hide-bound Republican state of Pennsylvania.

Besides Governor Johnson, Five Men, Slated for the Presidency, Cut Down in Their Prime



ROBERT J. WALKER, ANOTHER LEADER LOST TO THE DEMOCRACY

The Nation looked with interest to the possibilities of this tall, handsome and magnetic man, but he died before reaching the age of 50.

Our National Bonfires.

W. C. Barnes, in Harper's Weekly. What can be done toward protecting large areas of forested lands has been well established by the work of the forest service on the National forests.

The National forests cover, in round numbers, about 185 million acres of public land. The fire loss each year on this great area has by careful patrolling and



ROBERT E. PATTISON, ONCE FORMIDABLE CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENCY



JOHN H. JOHNSON, WHOSE RECENT DEATH DEPRIVED DEMOCRACY OF ANOTHER LEADER



WILLIAM E. RUSSELL, GREAT DEMOCRATIC LEADER CUT DOWN AT FORTY

systematic fire fighting been so reduced as to be almost a nonentity. In 1907 the area burned over was but 100,000 acres, or less than three-fourths of 1 per cent of the whole area.

It is estimated that the National forests cover only about one-fourth of the entire forested area of the United States, so that on this basis the total area that would have been burned over in the whole of the United States in that year should have been but a little over 435,000 acres.

The estimates show that the total actually was between 6,000,000 and 8,000,000 acres.

As for the cost, taking the expense of the work on the National forests for a basis, it would have cost but \$3,000,000 to patrol and protect the whole of the forests of the country, which would be a very cheap form of fire insurance for the people who, without it, lost somewhere between \$25,000,000 and \$50,000,000 worth of timber during the year 1907.

A Soubrette and Age.

New York Evening Sun. To have been a soubrette all one's life and then to grow old! Why should one be expected to change? Why should not the habits of thought of years reach on into the adventures? The tale is told of that dear lady who forty years ago sent the blood dancing in the veins of her generation with "tassels on her boots," and the lit of kindred ditties. Her daughter, in constant fear of pneumonia for the frail, tiny old lady, urged upon her the wearing of woolen stockings. She sweetly but firmly declined, considering the ugly things, and, needing a new supply, laid the case before her son. He saw the point at once, and bought her a box of the shrewdest, daintiest, most openwork affairs the market afforded. To the surprise of all, she never wore them. Throughout the Winter and far into the Spring she spoke no more of stockings, but merely wore the ugly woolen ones of her daughter's choice. At last one day her son asked her why. "Where," he queried, "are those prettily things I bought you?" "Oh, my dear boy," she exclaimed, "it was kind and thoughtful and sweet of you to buy them for me, and, of course, you couldn't possibly know, but the patterns are so unbecoming I can't wear them."

Compensation.

By Nellie Porter. Out of my sorrows may be born a smile. Out of my tears may come a gleam of light. Somewhere, dear baby, waits all the while; I could only remember this. Out of my heart's pain may happiness reign. Out of life's struggles, rest. Somewhere, my dear, I shall reach down for mine. To him whom my soul loves best. Out of death's darkness into light. Out of the tomb new life. Somewhere, my dear, it will all be right. After life's heartaches and strife. Portland, October 6.

SOLVED THE MYSTERY SURROUNDING MOST FAMOUS PICTURE IN THE LOUVRE

BY STERLING HEILIG.

CROWDS of American tourists stand round it all Summer, fascinated by its lifelike qualities, held by its mystery, awestruck by its reputation, puzzled, interested, willing to be interested, troubled, inquiring, disappointed even, asking in a whisper if it is the right one.

Tourists of all grades of culture know they ought to like this picture, the most famous portrait of all time, the "Sphinx of Beauty," Leonardo's "Mona Lisa," special treasure of the Salon Carré of the Louvre Museum.

"Greatest portrait in the world," they murmur.

"It's seen prettier women."

"Miracle of painting (reading from the guide-book), in which the art of portraiture has probably approached nearest to perfection."

"What is she smiling at?"

"Occupied the artist four years; and then he pronounced it unfinished."

"Wife of Fran-ces-co del Gio-con-do."

"More divine than human, held to be marvelous and living, equal to Nature."

"She looks elderly."

"She looks sly."

"Looks like a servant-girl!"

that Leonardo was her husband's friend.

Friendship did not prevent the illustrious painter from selling it almost immediately to the King of France, his patron. So, "La Joconde" has always been French property; because Jovial Francis I, learning it to be the portrait of a lady named Giocondo, by its perhaps unconscious pun, called it "La Joconde," "the jocund one," say lively or light-hearted.

Giocondo is not a French family name. "La Joconde" stuck. And so, for certain deep-sea thinkers, Mona Lisa's smile became saucy, sportive, flirtatious and even naughty; while plain people were reminded of Shakespeare's "jocund morn" and took gentle cheeriness for granted. Yet they wondered. "She is kind of smiling, all right. I once heard a man from Seattle say meditatively, 'but is she jocund?'"

Yes, and more, reply great thinkers. Taine discovered, in her smile, that she was flirting with Leonardo. "The article have discovered that Mona Lisa's husband was at his third wife and, consequently, no longer young," says Taine. "Putting beside this what we know of Leonardo, his beauty, his grace and his glory, Mona Lisa's smile may be mocking for her husband, complimentary for Leonardo, and perhaps both at the same time."

Would you like to have M. Taine judge you by your photograph? But that is nothing. Her smile upset Michiel, the historian, 400 years after her death. "I go to that portrait in spite of myself," he says, "as the bird goes to the snake." Theophile Gautier, author of "Carmen" found her malicious, aggressive and cruel. "This strange creature whose look promises unknown joys and whose expression is divinely ironic." She smiles with "mocking voluptuousness on the thousands who admire her. Armeto, Houssaye sees "shining from that smile, the soul of Leonardo in love!" Bonnaman, who almost wrote a book about her, says that "those lips have smiled with love and still carry the trace of kisses." And even the honest Noziere "esteemed" that "Leonardo has left us the portrait of a witty and tender friend, rather inclined to enjoyment."

Theophile Gautier argued that Leonardo never forgot her. She was a woman not to be forgotten. "If Don Juan had met Mona Lisa," he says darkly, "he would have been saving writing on his list the names of 3000 women: he would have written but one; and the wings of his love would have refused to carry him further. They would have melted till their feathers fell, in the black sunlight of those eyes!"

Now we are getting at the truth. Mona Lisa is not a woman, but a woman, which each man ought to find.



LEONARDO'S "MONA LISA"

Perhaps she is, at the same time, all women. "La Joconde is a philosophy of women," affirms Bonnaman. "She is a manifestation of femininity," says Kraus.

"Is the secret of La Joconde so impenetrable?" asks Kraus. "It is going too far to pretend that the painter tried, for once, to manifest all the power of femininity, to immortalize the superiority of the woman of genius of her epoch, that superiority which Dante and Tetrarch expressed poetically in creating Beatrice and Laura?"

The English Walter Pater discovered her to be even an encyclopedia. "In this beauty," he says, "the soul appears with all its affections. All the thoughts and all the experience of the world have left their traces on it; the animal, the Greek, the publicity of Rome, the revelry of the Middle Ages, the return to Paganism, the sins of the Borgians!"

There remained nothing to discover but a glimpse into the future; and this the Italian Carotti added:

"She is the emanation of the intellectual, sentimental and poetic power of her time," says Carotti, "with all the mystery of the human soul and all its destiny."

Here is mystery; and they admit it. Paul Bourget says the smile of Mona Lisa "will never be defined, it being copied mysteriously." According to Charles Clement "thousands of men have listened to the wailing words of those perfervid lips. That enchanting smile is impalpable; it promises felicity, but it will never give happiness."

Obviously Mona Lisa is a mirror of life, showing men what they bring to reflect in it. Georges Sand found her as frightening as a misfortune or Sphinx. Armeto Houssaye declared her to be satanic. Geoffrey is sure that she is a disenchanted pessimist.

"During 400 years past," says M. Gruyer, curator of the Louvre paintings, "the Mona Lisa has added the wits of those who have talked about her, after having looked too long upon her. And much sadder to ponderer than the husband or to Mona Lisa herself! Yet its execution was everything! A word of Vasari put Salomon Reinach on the track of the mystery. Leonardo was a good friend of Francesco del Giocondo, and painted his wife when he had time to distract her mind from a great unhappiness."

Vasari says that when he painted Mona Lisa, Leonardo "surrounded his model with musicians, singers and clowns to entertain her in a gentle gaiety, in order to avoid the melancholy aspect we observe in most portraits."

The conclusion is pure Vasari, says Reinach; but the fact is a studio-tradition, which Vasari could not have invented. What melancholy of Mona Lisa did her husband's friend, the painter, go to the expense of employing professional entertainers to drive away?

Paris, July 13.

laughed at for saying "it is nature" say in a word what the critics of ancient Greece and the Renaissance developed more amply. It is only photography that has disgusted us with it. Leonardo himself asked nothing more of a portrait. "I have seen," says Leonardo, "a portrait so full of resemblance that a dog belonging to the sitter took it for his master and manifested his delight."

But with romanticism says Salomon Reinach, a new element forced itself into art criticism. It became subtle, refined, mysterious. Works, to be admired, must have something enigmatic, must envelop an unknown something which the critics would disentangle. And no chef-d'oeuvre has been so much solicited as Mona Lisa by the amateur of hidden meaning!

All this so annoyed Salomon Reinach that he finally began looking Mona Lisa up. What did he discover? He discovered a very pathetic, very tender thing!

"What is she smiling at?" You shall learn. No one would have dreamed it!

Leonardo da Vinci took four years, indeed, to paint the wife of his friend Francesco del Giocondo; and so far from his being in love with her, or she with him, he dropped both portrait and sitter again and again, on a moment's notice, to go on pleasure or business trips. Reinach is a terrible man. He chases a date through a hundred MS. until he treads it. Leonardo quit Florence in 1496, to return only in 1501. In 1502 he travelled in Umbria as architect of Valentino Borghia. He returned to Florence in 1504, went on a pleasure-trip to Venice in 1506, returned, and went to Milan in 1508. That is not four years of loving contemplation, is it?

The truth is that Leonardo painted the portrait gratis for his friend, the husband, dropping it when business called. It bears every mark of such a non-paid, purely-friendship portrait—to the last, in which the painter sells it to a third party!

Obviously, the painting itself was not much sadder to ponderer than the husband or to Mona Lisa herself! Yet its execution was everything! A word of Vasari put Salomon Reinach on the track of the mystery. Leonardo was a good friend of Francesco del Giocondo, and painted his wife when he had time to distract her mind from a great unhappiness."

Vasari says that when he painted Mona Lisa, Leonardo "surrounded his model with musicians, singers and clowns to entertain her in a gentle gaiety, in order to avoid the melancholy aspect we observe in most portraits."

The conclusion is pure Vasari, says Reinach; but the fact is a studio-tradition, which Vasari could not have invented. What melancholy of Mona Lisa did her husband's friend, the painter, go to the expense of employing professional entertainers to drive away?

Paris, July 13.