CHURCH WORKERS PREACH FROM TOURING CARS

Philadelphia Laymen Scout About Town in Their Own Automobiles; Holding Many Religious Meetings Nightly--Rapid Religion With a Cent's Cost--Benefit to Non-Churchgoers

By the Religious Rambler.

THE twin notes of adaption and cooperation which so pronouncedly mark the deeper currents of American church life are illustrated in a novel form of modern religious activity which the members of the brotherhood of Andrew and Philip and the department of service of the Young Men's Christian Association have undertaken in Philadelphia. This is an automobile campaign of street preaching designed to cover the entire city, the entire force of workers being volunteers, and the movement from beginning to end being maintained without cost.

The aim, of course, is to reach the non-churchgoers who are out of doors in the summer, and who are willing to listen to street preaching of good quality, especially when accompanied by music. The Philadelphia plan, which is now fully in operation, uses the pastors of the local churches for the preaching and the automobiles belong to the members of the brotherhood, who also furnish the workers to accompany each.

This twentieth century gospeling by automobile is not wholly a new idea. Machines first appeared conspicuous in religious work on Wall street a couple of summers ago, when the preachers who spoke to the brokers were carried thither and from point to point by automobiles. This was part of the summer tent work of New York city.

Similarly, incidental use has been made of the automobile in the summer evangelistic services in Philadelphia and Chicago. The cities of Newark and Elizabeth have both undertaken street preaching from automobiles, with however, specially employed evangelists. In Chester county, Pa., there has been some talk among brotherhood men of using the automobile to carry lay speakers for special men's meetings in the country churches throughout the country on Sunday nights.

Throughout all this summer evangelistic work which has sprung up in several American cities, having originated in Philadelphia at the suggestion of Dwight L. Moody, there has been an undercurrent of criticism because of the expense involved. In Philadelphia John H. Converse, of the Baldwin Locomotive works, has been the chief advocate and supporter of summer tent work, and a comparatively few individuals have paid the bills.

The preachers have not always been backward about asserting that the meetings cost too much. High prices have been paid for professional evangelists, and men have received more money for talking to a few stragglers on the sidewalk than a preacher is paid for a Sunday's work in a big church. In addition to the cost of the preaching, in all these evangelistic "campaigns" there are expensive musicians and workers to be maintained, not to speak of advertising and other running expenses.

This new automobile gospeling obviates all this. The service is entirely voluntary. The brotherhood of Andrew and Philip is to be found in the churches of many denominations in Philadelphia and throughout the country, and in the former city some 24 chapters of laymen are cooperating in this automobile evangelism. Many members of the brotherhood own automobiles, and it is from these that the machines have come which are used as improvised pulpits.

Either the owner himself or his chauffeur goes along to manipulate the machine. The musicians are likewise volunteers, and the instrument is ordinarily a cornet. In securing speakers 100 city pastors were asked to indicate nights on which they would serve and all who are to be in the city responded with alacrity. Aside from the postal card notices and such like expenses which the Y. M. C. A. bears, there is absolutely no expense to this propaganda. The part of the association is in organizing and directing the forces.

Each of these preaching teams comprises from three to six men. There is no effort made to get a crowd of Christian workers. The endeavor is rather to reduce the force to the lightness of a flying column. There are no hymn books given out and no collections taken, and naturally there is no need for ushers.

Each automobile endeavors to cover three points in a single evening, averaging meetings about half an hour long. During the first week of July, despite the fact that Independence day interfered seriously, there were 14 meetings held with an attendance of 2000 persons, of whom 25 signed inquirers' cards.

The automobile evangelists find it always easy to get a crowd. They have the advantage of speaking from an elevation and toward the people on the sidewalk, for the automobile is drawn up close to the curb. How quickly a crowd may be gathered was shown at the corner of Broad and Arch streets, where an automobile stopped with a comparatively few persons passing; yet in four minutes by the watch there were 200 hearers ready to listen to the preacher. Many a large church has not so many persons in it all day Sunday. Of this 200 most stayed throughout the address, and others were added to the crowd until the meeting was dismissed.

While the method is that of the Salvation Army in the main, yet it goes the latter one better in having trained speakers and somewhat more conventional music. The people seem not to be adverse to hearing good preachers so long as they do not have to "dress up" and enter a church building. From 18 automobile meetings, held on seven nights and attended by 2000 persons, 40 church members were gained by the congregations of the vicinity.

There is no attempt to count hands or heads by the Brotherhood men, but only the actual accessions which result. Inasmuch as these laymen do not have to have any reputation to bolster up, and do not have to get statistics of success to send forward to their next stand, they can be indifferent to the sort of showings that have come to be associated with professional evangelists. Their aim is first to reach as many people as possible in as helpful a fashion as possible, and to gather as many people as possible in as helpful a fashion as possible, and to gather as many as are interested into the nearest church of that person's choice.

They have devised a card, which they pass around. It contains the notices. In order that the Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip may be of assistance to you, you are invited to give your name and address above, and to put a cross in the appropriate square to indicate your position on Christian and church matters.

The sentence opposite the squares to be checked are: "I am not a church member, but think I am a 'Christian'"; "I desire to be a Christian, and would like further information on the subject"; "I was a member of a church, but am not now active"; "I am an active member of a church"; "My present membership is in the church"; "My denominational preference is——." These returns will be of some value in the ever increasing total of religious statistics.

Robert R. Adams, the association's secretary of the department of service, has, with the Brotherhood men, studied to make this effort not only thoroughly modern and effective; but also an instance of economy of effort and utilization of available forces. To that end the work is done in cooperation with the Salvation Army, the Presbyterian evangelistic committee, which conducts the tent services, and other agencies of a similar sort. The meetings are never held near other meetings. The Brotherhood men do not want anybody else's crowd. They are simply after the people who are unchurched.

While the automobiles are manned exclusively by Brotherhood men—and occasionally the speaking is done by these laymen—who, of course, during the day are engaged in their regular calling—yet the preaching, as has been stated, is almost wholly by stated pastors of local churches. The eagerness with which the preachers took hold of this opportunity was interesting to those in charge. Apparently the pastors were delighted to have an opportunity to get next to the crowd without a pulpit intervening. The fresh zest which these unconventional services impart is no slight equipment for the pastor in his regular Sunday work.

Sometimes the services cover the neighborhood of a church, the automobile being equipped entirely from that one congregation, the aim being to strengthen the hold of the church upon its own neighborhood. The whole plan is so simple and natural and feasible that it is likely that before the summer is over it will spread throughout the whole country, for the men's movement in the churches is forever seeking some form of expression for its latent powers.

FAMOUS SONGS *and* THEIR HISTORY

No. 4.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home; there's no place like Home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly, that came to my call—
Give me them—and the peace of mind, dearer than all!
Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home; there's no place like Home!

How sweet 't is to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile!
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh give me, the pleasures of home!
Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home; there's no place like Home!

To thee I'll return, overburdened with care;
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there;
No more from that cottage again will I roam;
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home; there's no place like Home!

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By John Howard Payne.

ALTHOUGH John Howard Payne, who wrote one of the most beautiful songs in the English language, "Home, Sweet Home," and, through this song, has done so much to make the homes of others pleasant, he was never able to have a pleasant home of his own, and in a very few of the 60 years of his life was he settled sufficiently long at any one place to call it "home." Payne died in far-off Tunis, Africa, in 1852, and it was 31 years afterward before his body was brought to this, his native country—his "Home" which he, no doubt, had in mind and which he so feelingly worked into the words of his immortal song.

Payne's final resting place is Oak Hill cemetery, near Washington, where he was buried on June 9, 1883, and where a shaft of white marble marks his final resting place. On the front of the shaft is the inscription:

John Howard Payne,
Author of "Home, Sweet Home."
Born June 9, 1792. Died April 10, 1852.

On the reverse side are the following lines, which were also on the tombstone which marked his grave in Tunis:

"Sure, when thy gentle spirit fled
To realms above the azure dome,
With arms outstretched, God's angel said:
'Welcome to Heaven's home, sweet home.'"

At the imposing ceremonies at the tomb, Leigh Robinson delivered the funeral oration, Robert S. Chilton read an original poem, and among the many tokens received was a telegram from Will Carlton, which read as follows:

"Although today with reverent tread
I may not join your throng,
My heart is with the living dead,
Who wrote the deathless song."

"Home, Sweet Home" was written as a musical number for a play, entitled "Clari, the Maid of Milan," which Payne wrote and which was first produced in London by Charles Kemble at the Covent Garden theatre in May, 1823.

About the time that Payne was engaged in the composition of "Clari," a letter to his brother Thatcher well expresses the yearnings of his heart toward the land of his birth.

"My yearnings toward home," he wrote, "become stronger as the term of my exile lengthens, and I long to see all your faces and hear all your voices.

"I feel the want of some of you—parts of myself—in this strange world—for though I am naturalized to vagabondism, still it is but vagabondism. I long for a Home about me."

The heroine of the play is a village girl, who has run away with a nobleman, but who is led to return to her home by hearing the strains of a song that had been familiar to her from childhood. Anna Marie Tree was the actress who played the role of "Clari," and it was she who first sung the song that has been sung by millions of people in all parts of the world. In November of the same year the play was given in New York, and in 1837 Ellen Tree played "Clari," in this country, and in 1855 Matilda Heron was seen in the role.

There are several musical numbers in the play, and their composition was entrusted to Sir Henry R. Bishop. Bishop had been engaged at the time in collecting "Melodies of Various Nations," and in this collection was a musical composition called "A Sicilian Air" set to the words:

"To the home of my childhood in sorrow I came."

When Bishop read Payne's verses they seem to have reminded him of this earlier poem, and thereupon he adapted the "Sicilian Air" to "Home, Sweet Home," and no music and words were ever more appropriately combined.

John Howard Payne was born in New York, and at the early age of 13, while a clerk in a mercantile house in that city, secretly edited a weekly paper, "The Thespian Mirror." In 1807 he issued 25 numbers of a periodical called "The Pastime." He was at that time a student of Union college, but the bankruptcy of his father led to his departure from that institution before completing the collegiate course. Having evinced considerable dramatic ability, he decided to go on the stage, as the best means of contributing to the support of his family. He accordingly made his debut at the Park theatre, New York, on February 24, 1809, in the character of "Young Norval." This enterprise proved an artistic and pecuniary success, and he subsequently appeared before large and enthusiastic audiences in Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore.

In 1813 Payne sailed for England and made his first appearance in London at the Drury Lane theatre as "Master Payne, the American Roscius," in his original part of "Young Norval." His performances were well received by the public and after this he supported himself in England as actor, manager and playwright, but, owing to his lack of thriftiness, often suffered financial embarrassment. He adapted many plays from the French, and produced a number of original plays, among which was the tragedy "Brutus." Among the best of his numerous productions are "Oswali," "The Italian Bride," "Charles II," "Paoli," "Maid and Magpie," "Mazeppa," "The Postchaise" and "Love in Human Life."

The publishers of "Home, Sweet Home" are said to have cleared by it, for the benefit of Charles Kemble, the manager of the theatre, 2000 guineas within two years after its first publication, and by the year 1832 it was computed that more than 100,000 copies had been sold. In 1826 Payne edited, in London, a periodical called the "Opera Glass," and returned to America in 1832. In 1841 he was appointed American consul at Tunis; recalled in 1845, and reappointed in 1851.

GROOMING AS AN INVESTMENT

By I. C. C.

THE head of a woman's toilette establishment was asked by a Portland woman if she thought grooming really paid. With a curious, rather uncertain smile, she said, "Of course, it is all right, you know, but when one starts it they just must keep it up."

Yes, that is the very point, the great truth of grooming, when one starts it she just must keep it up. For what woman who has known the delights of a Turkish bath—a thoroughly clean body, the freshness of a facial massage, daintily groomed finger nails, perfumed, well dressed hair, would allow herself to slip back into the meshes of carelessness after she has tasted the power of the groomed woman to fascinate.

Again, she is a delight unto herself; therefore, happy, and her husband, returning from a tiresome day, catches the infection and is charmed anew. He is hers "to have and to hold." But the woman who sits at home worrying, courting wrinkles and letting the best things in life slip by while her husband is paying for the grooming of some other woman, should let the scales fall from her eyes and awaken to the great truth, men like best the women who glorify their bank accounts, and rarely appreciate the careful, close saver. Also, she who denies herself to reach some promised goal will find when she arrives there that the years have robbed her of the little refining influences, and she is a misfit, radiating discontent and discord, marching in the ranks of yesterday.

Two thirds of the industry of the world is the manufacturing of women's wearing apparel, but it is the grooming of women that is revolutionizing the world. In our grandmothers and mothers' times when a woman reached the age of 40 she felt it her sacred duty to put on bonnet and strings, take to knitting dads's stockings and give up all the lighter pleasures.

Not so the woman of today, for it is only somewhere about forty that she finds a good receipt for living and reaches into the future with greedy arms. The gifts the gods have given have turned back the hands of time and made Rider Haggard's fiction truth, for "She" will always remain youthful 35. In this strenuous, vaudeville age when men are dissipating in that mad rush to build their house of dollars, women are gathering up the strings and driving the better things. On the morrow the world will know what a woman can do. And were Jerome K. Jerome's musings all fiction, or was there a grain of truth that on the morrow men will be lying abed until 10 in the morning and giving pink teas? Let us pray not.

So women, groom, groom! Become glorious butterflies, luring men to the heights, for it is an investment that will pay in the coin of greatest happiness.

SOLDIERS OF THE LAW

NO ARMY investing a conquered country ever met with more hostility from its people than did the Pennsylvania state constabulary on its debut in the mining regions, says John S. Lopez in the August Van Norden Magazine. A campaign of antagonism had been laid against them by violent labor agitators and petty politicians. Ignorant foreigners had snapped at the inflammatory bait. The bitter feeling engendered among the ignorant remains little abated to this day. But whereas in the beginning the constables were regarded as "tin soldiers" who could accomplish nothing, that feeling has changed to one of respectful hate. One of the early clashes, in fact, the baptism of real service, was responsible for this shift of perspective.

There had been rioting by foreign miners at Mt. Carmel, and 22 men of Troop C had been sent from Reading to restore order and arrest men who had led attacks on employes of the Lehigh Valley Coal company. The troop was greeted with open derision, and after making a tour of the collieries, the constables tethered their horses and went to a hotel for breakfast.

The mob began to gather. Soon the hotel was surrounded by several thousand, howling, jeering foreigners. Someone threw a brick, which was the signal for a general attack. The mob charged the troops with stones, clubs, revolvers and knives, and several of the constables were slightly hurt. The squad rallied and began to fight its way back to the horses. They were 22 men against thousands, and they could make no headway. Every moment a trooper was struck.

Up to this point the constables had refrained from using firearms, but now they brought their carbines to bear, shooting to hit only when it was necessary. It was a runnnig fight back to the horses, during which nine men were shot. The tide of battle changed after that. Once on horseback the constables took the aggressive and chased the rioters to cover. Several of the leaders were arrested, and there was no further disturbance. It took that first pitched battle to impress the lesson on the turbulent foreigners. It also taught the constables to stick to their horses when possible.

That the great $800,000 library building soon to be erected at the University of Chicago as a memorial to the late President William Rainey Harper will be none too large for the housing of the immense library already owned by the University is apparent from the fact that in the year ending July 1, 1909, the university library has added 19,849 volumes to its shelves. The total number of volumes, etc., now on hand exceed 3[illegible]

ROMANCE OF PRINCE AND AMERICAN GIRL

Anita Stewart, Whose Engagement to Prince Miguel of Braganza Has Been Announced in London.

LONDON, July 21.—No engagement of late years has caused such wide spread interest here as that of Anita Stewart and Prince Miguel of Braganza.

Their acquaintance began less than three months ago when Miss Stewart and her mother were crossing from Calais to Dover with their new Parisian frocks for the London season. He knew nothing of the Americans nor they of him, but he was instantly fascinated by the fair Anita. The words of Shakespeare "Who ever loves who loves not at first sight" were exemplified to the full in his case. He was on pins and needles for an introduction.

He moved heaven and earth in his endeavor to get some opening so speak. None came, the ladies assuming a haughty attitude which proved to him he must not advance. When they arrived at Dover he attempted to travel in their carriage. This, too, failed, for they had taken the precaution to engage beforehand a first class compartment. By this time Mrs. Smith and her daughter were thoroughly suspicious—in fact anxious as to the individuality of the handsome foreigner who was shadowing them. They called the guard and asked to be locked into their carriage. Not that this was very much use as the persistent young man hung around in the corridor.

When the train reached Victoria, Dom Miguel was again to the fore. Watching Anita and her mother enter their private motor brougham he promised the chauffeur of a taxicab a sovereign if he would keep the brougham in sight until it reached its destination.

It stopped in front of Mrs. Smith's house in Grosvenor square which fact very soon established the idenity of the ladies. The rest was comparatively easy. Prince Miguel induced a friend to take him to Mrs. Smith's when one of the first things he did was to apologise for having pursued them as he had done during the memorable crossing. He was to be forgiven he said because "he wanted so badly to know them." At this juncture it never entered in to the mind of Mrs. Smith that this Portuguese prince had any "intentions" regarding her daughter. Before he had visited the house half a dozen times, however, he declared them. At first Mrs. Smith refused point blank to accept his offer. On no account, she said, would she allow Anita to enter into life of political intrigue which must necessarily be associated with the personality of Dom Miguel. But her discretion came too late. Already the affections of her daughter were engaged. Come what would Anita declared she would marry the Portuguese. She was not of age she admitted, but she would wait until she was and Dom Miguel would wait, too.

"Wait indeed. Certainly not," he replied. He would run away with her to the end of the earth if necessary. Half frightened, half fascinated, wholly delighted, the girl set about to coax her mother to give in and let them be married. Finally Mrs. Smith realizing the impetuosity and the determination of the foreigner gave her consent. It has been said that Dom Miguel had Miss Stewart's immense fortune in view when he proposed, but this is absolutely without foundation.

Mrs. Smith still remains exceedingly unhappy about the engagement, for she has a conviction like others that the prince is in the thick of political intrigues, that he is wildly ambitious and that he has designs on the throne of Portugal.

The engagement has created a lot of interest in political circles in Europe on account of the possibility of Prince Miguel some day becoming King of Portugal. His grandfather ruled that country for six years from 1828 to 1834, and his grandmother, the ex-queen, is now a nun in a convent in the Isle of Wight. His father, Prince Miguel, is known in Portugal as "The Pretender."

Just at present there is not much likelihood of Miss Stewart's American money being used to finance a revolution, as Prince Miguel the elder was formally reconciled to young King Manuel a few months ago, and renounced his claim to the Portuguese throne. Events which the house of Braganza has no power to control, however, at any time might upset the none too secure seat of young Manuel, in which case the royalists would turn naturally to the Braganzas.

Miss Stewart is the only child by her first marriage of Mrs. James Henry Smith, the widow of the late "Silent" Smith of Chicago. She inherited many millions from her father, James Rhinelander Stewart, and she will also receive a substantial slice of the Smith fortune.

As her mother is in mourning she has been chaperoned since she came out in London by her aunt, Mrs. Anthony Drexel.

LEPER FIGHT AT MOLOKAI

JACK LONDON tells a terrible and tragic story in the August American Magazine, which he calls "The Sheriff of Kona." Part of this story is as follows:

"We ran down to Molokai, where the lepers are kept, arriving about 11 at night. We were determined to rescue my friend.

"We had agreed that there was to be no shooting unless absolutely necessary, and when we were halted we went at it with our fists and the butts of our revolvers. I found myself tangled up with a big man. I couldn't keep him off of me, though twice I smashed him fairly in the face with my fist. He grappled with me, and we went down, rolling and scrambling and struggling for grips. He was getting away with me, when some one came running up with a lantern. Then I saw his face. How shall I describe the horror of it! It was not a face—only wasted or wasting features—a living ravage, noseless, lipless, with one ear swollen and distorted, hanging down to the shoulder. I was frantic. In a clinch he hugged me close to him until that ear flapped in my face. I guess I went insane. It was too terrible. I began striking him with my revolver. How it happened I don't know, but just as I was getting clear he fastened upon me with his teeth. The whole side of my hand was in that lipless mouth. Then I struck him with the revolver butt squarely between the eyes, and his teeth relaxed.

"Just at the moment I got free of the leper policeman there was a rush and clatter of hoofs like a cavalry charge. The whole settlement was in an uproar by that time, and as we dashed away somebody opened up on us with a Winchester. It must have been Jack McVeigh, the superintendent of Molokai.

"That was a ride! Leper horses, leper saddles, leper bridles, pitch-black darkness, whistling bullets, and a road none of the best. But we made the whale boat, and as we shoved off through the surf we could hear the horses coming down the hill from Kalaupapa."

A Solution.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

In one of Boston's primary schools the head master of the district presented a problem for the scholars that would require the use of fractions. He expected the answer: "I don't know." The problem: "If I had eight potatoes how could I divide them among nine boys?" One bright looking youngster raised his hand. "Well?" said the master. "Mash them," promptly replied the young mathematician.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN *and* HIS SUCCESSORS

"THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE" in the August American magazine is devoted to a defense of pugilism by the poet some of whose reminiscences are very interesting and are as follows:

"There were giants in the olden days, but I think our time has produced the most eminent fighters. Who that has seen Sullivan at his best can forget that representation of irresistible force, or envy him the dignified peace he now enjoys, boxing in exhibitions with his old enemy Kilrain, and occasionally contributing manly and temperate articles on current affairs to the press? Those who saw him esteemed him the chief of fighters. I have heard it said that only one man of his time gave promise of beating him. This was Mike Cleary. But the temptation that beset an artistic career overcame poor Mike, and less than the shadow of his name remains.

"Sullivan's fall began with his fight with Mitchell in France. Before that, if you gave every male human being in America a vote, Sullivan undoubtedly would have been declared our leading citizen. His private affairs were considered so noteworthy that they were described in detail in the newspapers; he had been presented with a diamond belt by the mayor of Boston in the presence of almost the entire undergraduate body and many members of the faculty of Harvard college; he had boxed privately before the prince of Wales. It was quixotic for him to fight in France but highly creditable to his ambition 'to lick anyone anywhere.' The atmosphere of a country where fighters kick at each other, must have been obnoxious to a high minded man. And the rain and sleet fell, and the London prize ring rules were not in our hero's impetuous style. Sullivan afterward ascribed his failure to put Mitchell out, to a Mr. Pony Moore, Mitchell's father-in-law, who cried while Mitchell was on the grass: 'Get up Charlie; remember your poor wife and five starving children at home.'

"'Now,' said the accurate Sullivan, 'Charlie Mitchell had no children and his wife was rich. But such was the effect of domestic love that he got up and spiked my foot.'

"France has become civilized since then. La boxe is one of its favorite amusements. Today Sullivan, after sending all the Jeanettes, McVeys and McCoys scurrying home, might parade the Champs Elysees with his celebrated 'window' (diamond shirt stud) gleaming at his bosom and be the most admired foreign visitor since the czar or Buffalo Bill. But it was different in those days. And between chagrin and nostalgia the warrior failed. He was not beaten, but failure to conquer was defeat. I have it on the faith of two men of letters who were present at the ringside, that Sullivan's hair actually turned white during the fight.

"But Mitchell was no mean foe. I used to think I would rather see him spar than any other man. He was the perfection of agile grace, and he could hit and he would hit. His conqueror, Corbett, always seemed, unless his man was wholly at his mercy, to stop his punch in the very act of delivering it. It was as if prudence tapped him on the shoulder at the very moment of striking. He was getting away while he hit. I am told by a colleague that this is the fault of the negro Johnson. He is a swift boxer, as clumsily nimble as an orang outang, and he has plenty of power, but lacks the ability or the courage to finish his punch, when he is ready to deliver it, regardless of consequence. But I could go on for another hour talking about this great art; and I haven't mentioned Fitzsimmons, in some respects, that is, considering his size, the greatest of fighters, a true artist and a most distinguished professor of the principle of scientific government to hit quickly, hit hard and hit with the least possible expenditure of energy. As for Jeffries, he was, and I hope still is, invulnerable. I count it among the finest rewards that my small reputation as a writer has brought me, that I was once considered worthy of an introduction to this famous man. His larger affairs had not premitted him to read my book of verses. In this I rank with Dante. But he showed a great affability. His manner was gracious. It was unnecessary for him to prove his superiority by slamming me in the stomach. It was apparent without proof."

Grover Cleveland as Seen By Richard Watson Gilder

RICHARD WATSON GILDER'S reminiscences of Grover Cleveland, whom he knew intimately for many years form an interesting initial article in the August number of the Century Magazine. The writer, nationally known as poet, prose writer and editor, states that he puts forth the record of his knowledge of Mr. Cleveland as 'not only an obligation of friendship, but of patriotism.' Mr. Gilder found himself attracted, in common with other authors, by Mr. Cleveland's "lack of sophistication, his rustic simplicity of thought, that went along with great directness and vigor of action." Mr. Gilder records also his belief that the literary men were attracted by the president's "moral fury and his courage," and proceeds:

"That Mr. Cleveland should be instinctively impressed by the ethical bearings of public questions was perhaps natural in a descendant and brother of clergymen, missionaries and teachers; the cousin of Bishop Cleveland Coxe, one of the same stock that has produced the philanthropist William E. Dodge and his children. I heard Professor Child of Harvard say that he was always expecting to see some second rate politician put up a base imitation of Cleveland's downrightness and bravery, but even the imitation had not been forthcoming.

"It would not be easy to exaggerate in describing Mr. Cleveland's singular union of quiet self confidence with unpretentiousness and even self-depreciation," continues Mr. Gilder. He cites, as showing Cleveland's guiding motive in political life, his pleasure in being praised in James Russell Lowell's lines containing the phrase, "One who did his best," and comments:

"That was Mr. Cleveland's claim about his own performance—that he did the best he could. When with intimate friends he would talk about his successes and failures on the stage of the world as unpretentiously as if discussing some unrenowned neighborhood affair. It was a strange experience, when off alone with the ex-president in a rowboat on some secluded sheet of water, to hear one's fishing companion, while skillfully getting ready his tackle, talk with inside knowledge, and in phrases as graphic as they were homely, of great international events in which he was himself a leading actor, and naming unostentatiously some of the leading living characters of the world. When he fell into reminiscenses of this sort it was apparently without any sense whatever of his own historic importance. I have never seen such unconsciousness."

Mr. Guilder first met Mr. Cleveland at the White House before the President's marriage, but really came to know him only later in his first administration. His first talk with Cleveland was at the White House early in December, 1887. The president went over the question of tariff reform with the author and read to him the now famous message sent to congress on the subject. Mr. Gilder writes about this meeting:

"What impressed me was the note of earnestness and conviction. His tone was that of a person trying to effect a great good for the state without the slightest regard to his own personal fortunes. He was so assured of the righteousness and reasonableness of the position assumed that he felt that if the public could only undertand the actual situation, there would be an influence upon congress which would effect the necessary reform. He was inspired by the idea of a 'simple and plain duty.' 'It is a condition which confronts us—not a theory.' These now familiar words were the expression of an intense conviction. However, he saw clearly and stated clearly the difficulties in the way, even the difficulties of thoroughly uniting his own party on the issue. I said to him that the document would be more widely read than any put forth since the war, and that it would have the tendency to make annual messages matters of importance instead of merely perfunctory and uninfluential performances. There was nothing said or suggested by either of us to the effect of his appeal to the country upon his own continuance in office. The message, as is generally believed, lost him the approaching election; but it was the groundwork of his subsequent nomination and second election to the presidency."

Many other interesting incidents and impressions are related by Mr. Gilder. He tells of the interest shown by the president in international copyright, how he deplored the general extravagance of the times and the lack of men in congress who were "absolutely disinterested," and his conviction that "the class of men intended by the framers of the government to be its legislators were not, as a rule, coming to congress." Mr. Gilder says: "I never saw Mr. Cleveland more elated than after he had thrown the presidency out of the window by his anti-free-silver letter—in February, 1891." There are many other things in the reminiscences illustrative of Cleveland as a man—anecdotes of him as a fisherman, of his kindliness toward children and of his exceptional scrupulousness in money matters. On the last named subject Mr. Gilder writes:

"In speaking of Cleveland no one can help reiterating the word 'honesty.' All decent people are supposed to be honest, and an indifferent reader might well inquire, Why such harping on so common a virtue? But aside from the fact that thoroughgoing honesty is not absolutely pervasive, certainly in Cleveland's case the trait was almost phenomenally developed. The honesty of the man was in the mind of Mr. Taft and of all the memorial speakers, whether they knew him little or much, and most of them knew him well. Two men who in different times and places were long acquainted with him, said to me lately that Mr. Cleveland was the most honest man they had ever known.

"A few years ago a prominent editor, when talking to me about Mr. Cleveland, expressed a good deal of admiration and but one doubt. He said Mr. Cleveland's relations to a certain rich friend and the ex-president's money making would have to be explained. I answered that these would not have to be explained to me, because, though I did not know much about his financial affairs, I could vouch for the fact that he was one of the most scrupulous men I had ever known, and besides, I knew he was not what we call nowadays a rich man. A little while after this Mr. Cleveland happened to be talking pretty freely with me about his resources and told me about just having lost several thousand dollars on a scruple—unnecessarily, as it turned out. After relating the incident he said: 'But I don't deserve any credit for that, because money has never been a temptation to me.'

"I told this to my editorial friend, and he replied: 'Oh, I have gotten over all anxiety about that, as I've found out how glad he was to get the check we sent him for his article.'

"Soon after he left office and settled in Princeton he told me that there was talk about making a position for him with a large salary attached. He said such good friends were in the movement that he could not act hastily and in a way that would seem ungrateful, but that he would not accept a position in which he would be unable to perform adequate service. He, in fact, declined the position.

"I remember that at a time when he was adding to his not large income by industriously contributing to periodicals he insisted upon certain publishers paying him considerably less than the sum they offered for a certain article published by them on the ground that it was more than he had received for a similar contribution published elsewhere."

An Italian engineer has completed a small hydroplane capable of skimming the surface of the water at a rate of 125 miles an hour.