

INTERCIVIC HUMOR.

God the first garden made;
And the first city, Cain.

BY TUDOR JENKS.



AMERICAN humor is so peculiar that your true American can see little that is amusing in foreign jokes until they have been stolen by native wits and presented as indigenous. It is the fashion to decry the fun of London "Punch," and to steal from it specimens of native humor. As a reader of that journal during its John Leech period, I am often impressed with its continued influence upon modern humorous journalism.

Certainly "Punch" managed to furnish many ancestors to recent jokes, and from its pages can be cited many "leading cases" in the science of jociprudence. Local pride and its converse, the gibe locative, are no doubt older than Egyptian mummies or Babylonian cylinders; but in its simplest form the feeling underlying all such jocular manifestations is well typified by Leech's drawing of the two navvies contemplating the new arrival in their village:

"Who's 'im, Bill?"

"Don' know. A stranger."

"'Eave 'arf a brick at 'im."

This is patriotism, of a kind, in the rough—a survival of the old clan-loyalty. It is the spirit of the prayer offered by the old Scotchman, in the presence of the unwelcome Sassenach: "God bless me and my wife, my son John and his wife: we four and no more."

Country boys of the same community are on an equality; but town and city boys divide sharply into clans, and live like Highlanders—inventing affronts for the pleasure of resenting them. Cities where the quarters of the rich abut upon poorer districts are for their boy residents the scene of a never-ending border warfare. Brooklyn is an example. Though not resembling ancient Rome so closely as to create confusion, the "City of Churches" resembles the "Nameless City" in sitting upon hills. The intervals are inhabited by her poorer citizens. From these valleys used to issue swarms of young barbarians, lured by hope of spoils,—marbles,

sleds, tops, kites,—as the barbaric Goths poured into the fertile fields of Italy.

Under such conditions boys were of necessity gregarious; loyalty to the *grex* was enforced by pressure from without. The strong in muscle spared their wind for the combat; the skilled in sarcasm galled the foe with the arrows of epithet. We called our clansmen "our fellers," but were known as Yankees to those "qui in nostra lingua Micks appellabantur," to quote an elementary classic.

So did the Greeks group all foreigners as barbarians—babblers; to which the modern descendants of those conquering races have slowly evolved the repartee of classifying all tricksters and gamblers as "Greeks," the title of Houdin's book being an example: "Tricks of the Greeks Unveiled." But the Romans were earliest in the field, and made "Græcia mendax" a byword.

At first international, the feeling of opposition became specialized. The citizen made the word "villager" into the reproach "pagan," and the countryman was to him a "villain." But the man of the fields or hamlet also found means to give an abusive significance to "bourgeois," to "cockney," to "Corinthian" and "Sybarite." Even to-day, "rustic" implies rude, "urbane" is a trifle Pecksniffian, and "citified" and "countrified" have a similar import.

As the national rivalries were most universal, they have left the richest deposits of verbal missiles. We may pick up at random these word-shafts of long ago: "Punic faith"; "Injun giver"; "Dutch courage"; "Dutch talent"; "a Dutch uncle"; "to beat the Dutch"; "the unspeakable Turk"; "perfidious Albion"; "French leave"; "walk Spanish"; "Flanders mare"; "Nation of Shopkeepers." The list is endless, for each sect, each race, each clique, coined unlimited phrases of more or less currency.

But in the old days of Assyrian rollers there were no cylinder-presses to preserve the lighter forms of colloquial wit. The quip modest was pillage, and the reproof valiant found expression at the end of the battering-ram or was launched by the ballista. An

ancient monarch never felt secure from repartee till his enemy's chapfallen head was elevated on a pike—a form of wit to be classed with the triumph of the Scotch judge who, after many irritating defeats over the chess-board, had the pleasure of sentencing to death his triumphant opponent. The judge went decorously through his adjuration, but could not refrain from adding: "An' noo, Jamie, Ah theenk ye 'll have to admeet Ah have ye checkmated for ance."

Even in the Scriptures we see intercivic jealousies cropping out in the jeering inquiry, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" in St. Paul's reference to the novelty-loving Athenians, in the reproof to the Laodiceans, and in the references to the violent and rustic throngs from about Galilee—to cite only the more familiar.

In Greece, where patriotism was civism, civic character was centralized and intensified into types, a number of which have been fossilized into words. Laconic speech, according to Plato, quoted by the elder D'Israeli, was considered by the ancients to be the outcome of perfect learning: "The mode of philosophy among the ancients was a certain Laconic diction." Tenedos enforced truth in witnesses by an uplifted ax, and thus gave us the phrase "Tenedian honesty." Boeotia was not distinguished for delicacy of speech or reticence, and its inhabitants were reputed dull because of their misty atmosphere; and our dictionaries still record "Boeotian" with its derived sense—perhaps because the adjective was affixed to Landor. The effectiveness of the Colophonian cavalry, whose bones have crumbled, is still recorded in the colophon that brings the end to a volume, as these horsemen completed a rout; ease is "Capuan" or "Sybaritic," yachtsmen are Corinthians, because of the prosperity of three communities long gone the way of human grandeur; and in some dry-as-dust chronicles we may learn that the Kuklux Klan had its forerunner in the so-called "three bad K's"—Karia, Kreta, and Kilikia, once Greek colonies of unsavory repute.

Voltaire had his fling in bidding adieu to Holland as the land of "Canaux, Canards, et Canaille." How neatly Cambridge countered upon Oxford, when Dr. Johnson, a Tory and an Oxonian, quoted the lines of Trapp:

Our royal master saw with heedful eyes
The wants of his two universities:
Troops he to Oxford sent, as knowing why
That learned body wanted loyalty;
But books to Cambridge gave, as well discerning
That that right loyal body wanted learning.

And Sir William Brown thus cleverly turned the tables:

The king to Oxford sent a troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force;
With equal care to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs allow no force but argument.

We may likewise recall a triad at the expense of Switzerland, beginning with the Yankee who carried through Europe a *nil admirari* spirit, and, to a direct question as to the grandeur of the Alps, admitted candidly, "Wal, naow yeou mention it, I think I *dew* remember passin' some risin' graound," and adding a less antique example relating the visit of a tourist to the meeting of the sovereign Swiss people for the study of the initiative and referendum. Unfortunately, just as a vote was about to be reached, the tourist emptied his *stein*, and thoughtlessly hammered upon the table, yelling, "Kellner!" whereupon the whole body of suffragists dashed to take his order. The third libel relates that an observer commented upon the "irresistible" charge of the Swiss in battle. "They always," explained his friend, "carry a ration of Limburger."

England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales have long lived in amity, tempered by mutual exchange of stories at one another's expense. Welsh Taffy receives a bad name in the nursery ballads. The Scotch for years delighted to circulate the legend that "the whole English nation be monsters, and have tails by nature," although the original tradition gave the satanic finish only to the men of Kent, because, as Andrew Marvell put it: For Becket's sake Kent always shall have tails.

England has, in return, kept alive some of Dr. Johnson's pretty sarcasms, such as his definition of oats, "food for horses in England, for men in Scotland"; and his dictum that "a good deal may be made of a Scotchman if he be caught young"; and his retort to Boswell's remark that few beggars died of starvation in Scotland: "It is impossible, sir, to starve a Scotchman." In the same spirit was the reply of the English tourist when asked what he was most pleased to see in Scotland. "The funerals," was his answer. The Scotch sense of humor also comes in for well-known stories, of which Sydney Smith's definition is a good type. "The Scotch idea of wit," said he, "is laughing immoderately at stated intervals." The statement that a surgical operation is required to get a joke into a Scotchman's head reappears in the more recent form of the despairing wag who

told his austere auditor from the Land o' Cakes: "The only way to make a Scotchman see a joke is to fire it into his head out of a gun," and was met with the inquiry, "And how, mon, wad ye fire a joke out of a goon?"

The Americans profess to find the same slowness in English appreciation—which has given new life to many of these old yarns. One or two may suffice. "A lawyer named Strange," said an American to his English friend, "said he would put on his tombstone only the words, 'Here lies an honest lawyer,' and then everybody will say at once, 'That's Strange!'" "Excellent, bah Jove!" responded the Englishman, and carried the story to his club, where it was retold as follows: "An—ah—eccentric solicitor directed that they should carve—ah—on his—er—monument, you know, 'Here lies an honest lawyer'; and folks said, you know, 'Ah, how extraordinary!'"

A shrewd thrust at England was Dean Swift's caution to the traveler who said the air was healthy in Ireland. "Hush," said the dean; "don't repeat that in England, or they'll tax it!" And we may quote the Irishman's profound remark in regard to Irish bulls: "It's in the climate. It would, no doubt, be the same with an Englishman who was born there." Perhaps the Canadian Indian said the best thing about the English when, in response to the boast that the sun never set upon the empire of Great Britain, he propounded the explanation, "The Great Spirit is afraid to trust the English in the dark."

The field is too large. Let us cite only the summaries. It has been shrewdly said that the apothegm, "In vino veritas," is proved because when the liquor is in control the Frenchman wants to dance, the German to sing, the Spaniard to gamble, the English to eat, the Italian to boast, the Russian to be affectionate, the Irishman to fight, and the American to make a speech. And similarly the small boy, in giving examples of national salutations, said: "The Frenchman says, 'How do you carry yourself?' the German, 'How goes it?' and the Chinese, 'How do you digest your rice?'" "And what," he was asked, "is the American greeting?" After a moment of profound reflection, he suggested, "How's your cold?"

In this desultory view of the subject, we must be content to leave the Old World and cross the Atlantic, so that we may find space for a hasty review of our own land "from Alpha to Omaha." And as the East is the easier to treat from the longitude of New

York, we may be allowed to begin with a few specimens of Western persiflage, chosen almost at random. To illustrate a style found near the Rockies, we may quote from a document issued in Kansas: "With a cheerful audacity that almost challenges admiration, Grub-street scribblers on a venal press, which panders to the most vicious instincts of semi-civilized foreign colonies like New York city and Chicago, with semibarbaric splendor at the apex and semibarbaric squalor at the base of their social life, have puny and presumptuous criticism of those whose shoe-string they are not worthy to unloose. The dogs of Egypt have barked at the pyramids unanswered for fifty centuries." Upon which an Eastern paper thus comments reassuringly: "As a professional Populist he has to make big talk, but personally he is one of the mildest and most conservative men in the world, and eats syrup on his buckwheat-cakes every morning."

"Climate" is the basis of a number of stories, of which a sufficient specimen is the legend that tells of an Arizonian who awoke shivering while being cremated, wrapped himself in the asbestos blanket, and objected vigorously as his friends opened the door of the furnace, because it made a "draft." When a visitor in Kansas remarked that "the natives could n't live to be very old," the indignant native replied: "Why, a feller 'll be older here when he's forty than when he's seventy anywhere else!"

Let us note a few jests of wider application, and then confine our attention to several cities and their mutual courtesies.

The formula for a gibe at Kentucky contains the four principal elements, colonel, whisky, horses, lynching. Perhaps under the first item as characteristic a story as any is that of a "Colonel Throckmorton of Kentucky," who in a shipwreck, where the other passengers were all upon their knees, is shown erect in simple sublimity, and remarking, "O Lord, if you ever mean to do Colonel Throckmorton a favor, now is a good time!" But both the first and the second are combined in the reply of the other colonel whose attention was called to the terrible adulteration of food-products. "Terrible!" said he. "Why, I saw a fellah putting watah in whisky the other day!" Another more recent story tells how a guest, after sharing one bottle of whisky with his host, the colonel, took advantage of that gentleman's absence at the races to drink two more bottles, leaving the colonel a single bottle. "And what," inquired the listener, "became

of that?" "We let it age, and then drank it," was the reply. "How long did you keep it?" "Foh days, sah," said the colonel.

Lynching is ascribed to other States oftener than to Kentucky, yet the Cleveland "Leader" printed the laconic item: "Nobody seems to have been lynched in Kentucky yesterday. Who stole the rope?"

Delaware is in the joke-world a synonym for peaches, and many New-Yorkers will remember a pertinent question of the street-boy during the Washington centennial parade. The governor of Delaware made an imposing appearance; but his dignity collapsed when, from a perch on a convenient lamp-post, a ragged little chap hailed him with, "Hello, governor! How 's de peach-crop?" And recently a New York paper said: "News comes from Kingston, in this State, that the peach-buds have been killed. This seems to be taking an unfair advantage of Delaware."

In like manner the Jerseyman is made responsible for the mosquitos; and a lecturer upon the ancient Hittites, Amalekites, and Moabites was said to be posed by the Jerseyman's anxious question, "How about the Mosquito-bites?" Another Jersey taunt—that of being out of the Union, foreigners and aliens—took its origin from the residence at Bordentown of the Bonapartes and their fellow-exiles, who found asylum and were allowed to buy land across the North River.

As to Ohio, it has become a stock joke that the State is a nursery of office-holders; the "Ohio idea" is an accepted term implying the advancement of State interests by national officials. It is this that points the answer of the school-boy who refused to give Ohio's boundaries because "since November she has n't had any." As Virginia was the mother, Ohio is the foster-mother of Presidents. She claims William Henry Harrison, Grant, Garfield, Hayes, and McKinley. But alas for fame! When Ohio erected at the World's Fair a composite group of her favorite sons, and carved the proud inscription, "These are my jewels!" a visitor remarked, "That is what Isabella said to Columbus!"

But it is between paired cities—St. Louis and Chicago, Minneapolis and St. Paul, are the classic examples—that the chestnut-pelting never ceases. Most of their courtesies, however, are ephemeral and of strictly local application. Those of greater permanence and wider scope are likely to be revised forms of imported humor. In St. Paul one may hear of the clergyman who failed of a call to the Minneapolis congregation because

"he took his text from St. Paul"; and, in return, Minneapolis antiquarians do not let the careless world forget the important historical fact that "St. Paul was once known as Pig's Eye." When the city of Cleveland claims increased brewing-power, a loyal son of Cincinnati cites statistics to prove his own city's preponderance in bank clearances, with the implication that he values prominence in banking rather than in beer.

St. Louis seems to be a favorite butt against which to turn stories implying crudeness or newness. The Chicago genius who, during the prevalence of the epizootic, remarked that his horseless city was "as quiet as St. Louis on a holiday" won an anonymous immortality; while the labored repartee of a St. Louis man that, "to save expenses, Chicago threw the bodies of murdered strangers into the river, and let them float to St. Louis," was not only far-fetched, but was countered when Chicago explained that then "St. Louis emptied the pockets and sent them along down the river."

This, however, is not refined wit, to say the least. Better far is the Chicago comment on St. Louis's statement that "a dog in St. Louis weeps over music." "This is rather remarkable," said Chicago; "but it must be remembered that it is St. Louis music." It was said to be a St. Louis editor who maintained that "one half the lies told about me are not true," and a St. Louis girl who claimed that city as her "native place part of the time"; and recently a Chicago paper asked what chance there was for grand opera in St. Louis, "where there is only one dress-suit to a thousand men."

But in moving on to other towns we must be as relentless as the express-train which carried the Westerner through his native city at lightning speed. "Don't we stop here, porter?" he asked indignantly. "Stop heah? No, sah. We doan't even hesitate heah, sah," said the ebony potentate, loftily.

There are no statistics that will determine the size of shoes in Chicago, enumerate the baby-carriages in Brooklyn, expound the consumption of beans in Boston or of scrapple in Philadelphia, or even explain the prevalence of revolvers in Texas, and why you may not safely buy nutmegs in the Land of Steady Habits. Concerning Chicago there is a libel as to the size of feminine shoes, made popular by the cheering reply of the St. Louis damsel when told that a Chicago girl has "one foot in the grave." "She's safe enough," was the heartening response; "she 'll never get the other in." There is also the story of

a Chicago girl who had failed to be fitted, and on asking the salesman, "Have you nothing larger?" was told, "You might try the box." Chicago has recognized no boundaries, intellectual or physical. "Why," said the Boston man, "do you Chicago people say, 'How is things?'" "Because," was the crushing response of the native, "we want to know how things *is*; that's why!" Their wide boundaries give them freedom. "I'm going," said the reckless young man in "Shore Acres," "where I can say what I please and do what I like!" "Heavens!" exclaims the sagacious heroine, "you are going to Chicago."

As to their only rival,—the Greater New York, which they now suggest shall dub itself "East Chicago,"—they regard it as provincial, but they despise sectionalism. "Let us pray," said the teacher, "for the day when there shall be in our country no North, no South, no East, no West. What great agency will accomplish this end?" "Chicago!" was the unanimous reply of her intelligent class. Yet they deplore the crudity of their neighbors. A Chicago lady told with pain how a lady visitor from St. Louis was appealed to by her daughter as to the use of the great array of sets of knives, forks, and spoons at a Chicago banquet. "Have you never heard," inquired Mrs. St. Louis, "of souvenir spoons?" and with perfect aplomb pocketed all at her place save the requisite three. New-Yorkers assert that Chicago must sing second, but cannot deny that the Western city is like the singer in the little country church, "who sang second to that degree you'd think it was first." The readiness of the great Western city to receive instruction proves anew the remark, to which Warner gave currency, that "when Chicago went in for culture, she'd make culture hum." What, for instance, could be more docile than the conduct of the Chicago lady visiting in Boston? She arrived at an afternoon reception, during a storm. "I wish I had knowned," she remarked easily, "it was goin' to rain; I'd oughter brung my umbrella." Whereupon her Back Bay host said pleasantly, "You did n't mean to say 'brung'?" "Of course not," replied the new arrival. "Thank you. I should have said 'to have brang my umbrella.'" And the Chicago man who saw the Worth monument on Broadway asked with pain: "What! is he dead?" "Dead? Of course he's dead," said the New-Yorker. "Then," the Chicago friend resumed, after a reflective pause, "where does your wife get her dresses now?" "Seems to me that all the sharpers here come from

Chicago," said a New-Yorker once, without due consideration for his friend's native place. "Yes," said the Chicago man, musingly; "they *do* seem to know where to come."

But the Chicago "Record" is responsible for reporting that one of its own citizens was "cutting a great dash in his Chicago overcoat," and explains that the garment is "fur on one side and a linen duster on the other." And the "Tribune" of the same city prints the following:

HE (*after the introduction*). I feel acquainted with you already, Mrs. Skymore. In fact, I may claim to be a distant relation of yours.

SHE. Indeed, Mr. Blim? I was not aware of it.

HE. Yes. I find by an item in the papers, this morning, that my second wife has just married your fourth husband.

It is doubtful, though, whether either of these journals copied the following dialogue from the New York "Truth":

"How did you know he was from Chicago?"

"By his accent."

"But he did n't speak."

"I overheard him eating a piece of pie."

It will be well here to repeat that these stories may be considered as formed of adjustable parts. The American joke, like other articles of home manufacture, is made on the interchangeable principle.

Thus we may apply to any of our growing cities the case of the farmer who wished to exchange his farm for city property, and drove out on a tour of inspection with the agent. The city lots were inspected. "Now, where is your farm?" asked the agent. "We passed it five miles back," said the farmer.

Of Boston such anecdotes as the following circulate:

MRS. BEANLEIGH (*of Boston*). Baby spoke a sentence to-day, Oscar.

BEANLEIGH. What was it, Constance?

MRS. BEANLEIGH (*proudly*). She said, "Mother seems to have astigmatism in her left optic."

And the reply of the child who said, when asked if she would like a talking doll: "Certainly, if you have any that converse intelligently. I could not abide one that giggled."

Pythagoras and his followers were wise in their generation when they revered the bean; they foresaw Boston. Boston knows beans; she knows nature intended beans and Browning to go together; and it was hard, as the Boston boy said, to be told by "a rude, illiterate boy from New York that he did n't know beans." He undoubtedly did

know the vegetable, even with the naked eye.

No; there is no such thing as the undeveloped Bostonian. From the earliest days, when the frigid daughters of the colonists, in the primitive eye-glasses of that period, drove home the cows that laid out the city, to the present period, when on borrowing a fountain-pen from a Boston maiden the borrower could not use it, for he found the ink frozen, the people of the literary emporium have existed in their icy regularity of demeanor and their brickly irregularity of streets. Their family names are enough to show them coeval with Eve. Adams family, Quincy family—here are Eve, Adam, and the apple traced at once.

It is said that the great organ is no more; but none can deny that the modern Athens is still the place where was delivered "the most eloquent prayer ever addressed to a Boston audience." Still, it is the chosen dwelling-place for those who like to have New York for a place to visit. "If I live in Boston, I can visit in New York; but if I live in New York, where can I go?" was the unanswerable inquiry of the Knickerbocker who had moved to the home of Holmes.

"Boston is only five hours from New York," said one from abroad to a New-Yorker. "Not five hours, but fifty years," was the reply. But Boston is nearer culture than that. She has her revenges, too. It was a Boston girl in a New York friend's library who asked whether the New York girl had read Browning. "No; I can't understand him," was the discouraged reply. "And have you *Praed*?" Boston went on. "Yes," the New York girl admitted, with a blush; "but it did n't do any good."

Boston pronounces with purity, and has contributed much to the elegance of the English tongue, as an instance of which we may mention three words that were invented there: "caucus," "gerrymander," and "chromo." Boston must give place to others. "These New York and Philadelphia people get in everywhere!" complained a Beacon-street sojourner at Bar Harbor.

"Philadelphia was settled by the Quakers in 1682. Now, Willy Green, what happened after that?" asked the teacher. "Nothin'," said Willy Green, who had recently moved there from New York (as "Puck" reports him). The Philadelphia "Record" some years ago detected a movement, and chronicled it in the terse form: "Caterpillars are crawling"; and an ever-appreciative New York paper not only copied the startling item, but

gave it the scare-head, "Activity in the Quaker City."

But these be gibes, and even the impeccable statistician strives in vain against them, as this item from the Indianapolis "Journal" bears witness:

"Perhaps you are not aware," said the placid gentleman with the white tie, "that Philadelphia erected more buildings last year than Chicago?"

"Dormitories?" asked the fat gentleman with the large diamond and the soft hat.

There seems to be a general impression that insomnia is not epidemic on the Schuylkill, or why would "Puck" print this?

HE. Did you know Calloway's parents lived in Philadelphia?

SHE. No; I thought they were dead.

HE. Not dead, but sleeping.

This last joke has at least two variants. One is the saying, "In the midst of life we are in Brooklyn," and the other represents a bereaved mother as remarking, "Yes, I have three children; two living, and one in Philadelphia."

As to New York, let some gifted son of Chicago administer the needed correctives. Gibes at the expense of Manhattan—the "Island of Drunkenness" as interpreted by conscientious historians—are not plentiful within the limits of Greater New York. Our newspapers never print any to which fitting repartees are not to be found. We admit that the city had a Tweed ring; the "four hundred" are nowhere ridiculed more than here at home; the city does possess more Irishmen than Dublin, more Jews than Palestine, and, for aught we know, more "Johnnies" than Johannesburg. The city is no longer sufficiently concentrated to be a distinctive entity. It combines so many elements as to confuse the critic. "Why, what are you doing in evening dress? It's only three o'clock in the afternoon!" "That's all right. I'm going to take a Harlem girl to a Brooklyn theater-party."

How is one to judge elements so discordant? The Greater New York has outgrown classification. It includes everything—French, extras, and washing. Yet there are certain homely features that must be lacking in this overgrown municipality. A visitor from the interior of the State finished the metropolis in a single sentence: "New York? Pshaw! it ain't got its name by the station in whitewashed cobblestones, like Utica has!"

TOPICS OF THE TIME

"The Story of the Captains."

WE are happy to be able to offer to our readers, as the culmination of our plans for the treatment of the Spanish war, so complete, unique, and significant a group of articles as those by the American captains in the present number. It was the conviction of THE CENTURY at the opening of the war that in the mass of descriptive matter which was likely to appear it would be better for the magazine to forego the subject of the war unless it could be treated in a commanding and notable way, as was the war of 1861-65. The series has lacked one name of supreme interest, that of Admiral Dewey; otherwise, almost without exception, it has enlisted the literary service of the officer in each instance, best entitled to make the record. Captain Sigsbee was manifestly the one to whom the public would naturally turn for the inner history of the loss of the *Maine*. Mr. Hobson's manly and graphic story of the *Merrimac* incident increased the respect inspired by his never-to-be-forgotten heroism. The narratives of Lieutenants Winslow and Bernadou lacked nothing except, perhaps, a juster setting forth of their own valiant personal service. General Shafter's exposition of his successful campaign against Santiago was, in view of his previous silence, a paper of absorbing interest and value. General Greene's account of his personal experiences in the capture and government of Manila is the work of a trained soldier and military critic, and fits on to the vivid accounts of Dewey's victory told in THE CENTURY last August by the first eye-witnesses who reached the United States. Admiral Sampson's frank and full record of the naval campaign of which he was both head and heart is a historical document of rare interest. And now comes "The Story of the Captains"—the commander of every American vessel in the decisive battle of July 3 contributing to the elucidation of its record or the consideration of its strategy, and others adding supplementary scenes of noble significance which soften the asperity of war. Add to this setting forth of the form and color of a modern battle from the human, and not the official, point of view, the fact that the illustrations have been drawn under competent supervision and that photographs are included from eight American ships, and the result is, we may fairly say, without precedent in the history of warfare. We regret that personal considerations and the lapse of time have made it impracticable to add two or three papers which were expected to elaborate the general operations, and particularly that Admiral Schley asked us to excuse him from taking his promised part in the literary record of these great events. A few papers

of a special character, already announced, are yet to appear, but the accounts of the tactics, so far as we now see, come to a close with the present number.

One cannot read this group of narratives without renewed admiration for the victors of Santiago, whether as guardians of the national honor or as men of fine feeling. Seen through their eyes, one also discerns in the vanquished captains qualities of courage and magnanimity—the magnanimity of the defeated—which ought to win for them the homage of the government that sent them, unflinching, to their doom. As for their great-hearted admiral, it would be a happy omen for the future friendship of the two countries if, instead of ordering him to a court of inquiry, Spain would send him as her ambassador to the land from which, whether as foe or prisoner, he has won profound and lasting personal esteem.

Numbers, Imagination, and Good Government.

AT what point does the mere size of a community quicken in its citizens such a sense of its greatness as to make them more watchful and disinterested in their citizenship? This is a question not so fantastic and uncalled for as it might at first appear to be. Take, for instance, the community of New York before the recent formation of the "greater" city. The population then was much over two millions of souls. This was already probably four times as large a population as that ever possessed by the Athenian state, including their slaves. But among the arguments advanced for wider civic territory and greater numbers was the argument based upon the assumed fact that an increase of size would so appeal to the imagination and to the patriotism of the people that the tone of public life would be lifted, and that the best citizenship would be more largely represented than heretofore in our municipal legislature. It is true that in the first campaign for the mayoralty of the "greater" city there was an effect produced partly by the idea of "greatness" and wider responsibility upon very many voters. An unprecedented amount of independence was developed; and yet the appeal to the imagination and to civic patriotism was not effective in saving the Greater New York from a surrender to boss rule in its grossest form. The "second city of the world" is existing to-day largely under a system of blackmail. A foreign-born student who visited New York during the past winter said, with much discouragement, that in the way of municipal government he found here little that was instructive except in the way of warning. "Optimistic" citizens were able to point out great advances made in certain direc-