

conduct was therefore based on misconception, if not on fraud, in the interests of a handful of unprincipled conspirators. Our course was without the slightest authority in law and morals, and had the result that two great nations were nearly brought into open conflict. It is evident now that the responsibility for this, as well as for the destruction of life, rests with Rear-Admiral Kautz and Chief Justice Chambers.

Proper characterization, in the interests of truth and right and international morality, of their conduct and the work of our sailors in 1899, exposed all critics to the usual retorts, such as "lack of patriotism," "cowardly failure to support our brave defenders when under fire," and "readiness to discredit our own flag," with which criticism of our Philippine policy has made us all so familiar. The action of the Samoans in killing hostile Americans and British in self-defence was "savage butchery" and "slaughter," in the eyes of the Administration organs (we quote from the *Tribune*), and was calculated to "arouse a feeling of indignation and a desire for retribution." "Right-thinking men," said this same newspaper, editorially, "will regard the event as another argument in favor of making stronger the authority of civilization [in the islands]. . . . The civilization of the world requires that the islands of the sea should be made safe stopping-places for peaceful commerce, and civilization has rights that even barbarism is bound to respect." And it gravely affirmed that we must govern Samoa for the Samoans, despite the views of those who would "scuttle out" of the Philippines, in order that our merchant vessels might "break the long run across the Pacific without danger of the decapitation of the passengers and crew!"

But our Solons in Washington were not far behind the *Tribune* in their desire for retribution and their promptness in placing the blame. Such distinguished and trustworthy leaders of public opinion as Senator Stewart of Nevada and Representative Hull of Iowa knew whom to hold responsible. It was Germany, of course, that was at fault. "Does she want to fight?" asked the Senator. "If so, she may be accommodated." "If Germany persists in her course," said the cool-headed and statesmanlike chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs, "there may be war." President McKinley was more cautious, but even this great lover of peace felt that Mataafa must be punished and a larger naval force sent at once. To think otherwise was to dishonor the memory of our two brave dead officers, Lieut. Lansdale and Ensign Monaghan. The European suggestions that Rear-Admiral Kautz's actions be disavowed, were met with the scorn and contempt which are always the due of the meddling foreigner. We were solemnly reminded how Admiral Die-

drichs had treated Dewey in Manila. The warning given by James H. Mulligan, for many years our consul in Samoa, that "the disorderly conduct, the cheating by means of false weights, the drunkenness, swearing, and fighting are all supplied by the whites," was unheeded. How that entire house of cards has collapsed now!

We have gone at length into this discreditable episode in our national history, not to proclaim our country's shame, but to call public attention to this incident in our over-sea Imperialism as it appears when studied under the microscope of a non-partisan investigator. It would hardly be possible to show in a more convincing or compact way what evils interference in the concerns of distant peoples inevitably brings in its train. In Samoa our boasted Anglo-Saxon superiority carried with it war, rapine, and destruction, as the result of fraud and wrongdoing, just as it has done in the Philippines, with the added evils of pestilence and famine. It is characteristic of Imperialism that, following this career of wickedness, the Samoans should have been partitioned off among the Powers, "to keep them from being troublesome." We know, too, of no other instance which brings out so clearly the way in which judgment and reason are banished, the instant there is friction or collision with another nation. A Stevenson himself may then plead for his adopted people unheard and unrespected.

There is but one bright side to the picture. Thanks to arbitration, the rights and wrongs of the question at issue have become known, and are settled for all time. If it cannot restore the dead or right the wrong, international arbitration has none the less achieved one of its most substantial victories. Had war with Germany come instead, who would ever have known where the truth and right were to be found?

MR. BALFOUR ON NATIONAL JEALOUSIES.

Mr. Balfour made his first speech as Prime Minister at a Guildhall banquet a fortnight ago, and closed it with a noteworthy plea for comity and peace between nations. This was not reported in the cable dispatches. These have a fashion of dilating on everything in the nature of international friction; a fire-brand speech of a Minister who has looked too long upon the red wine, they parade at length; but a mere official utterance in favor of civilization and peaceful progress is quite too unexciting. Yet it is really an event of the highest importance when one of the most powerful rulers of Christendom can, with all the sincerity befitting a gentleman and scholar such as Mr. Balfour is, use the language which he did. He said:

"There is no desire which, I think, ought to be more constantly present to the minds

of European statesmen, there is no sentiment which they ought more sedulously to cultivate, than that spirit of international tolerance, international comprehension, and, if it may be, international friendship and international love, which, if duly encouraged, will have the most powerful effect in the future whenever dangers menace European peace. That this should happily result from the common union, from the cultivation of affection between European peoples, and from the mutual understanding of European statesmen, ought to be the most earnest prayer of every man who has at heart the future of civilization and that peace upon which civilization is based."

Of course, such a deliverance from the Prime Minister of Great Britain at once provoked, in the Continental press, an outburst of that very cynicism and distrust against which he had spoken so emphatically. Several German newspapers—never more "reptilian" than when they are trying to inflame international jealousies—professed to see in Mr. Balfour's words all kinds of sinister meanings. He was in trouble about his own armaments; therefore he was craftily trying to induce Germany not to go resolutely ahead with her plans for a powerful navy, deficit or no deficit. We all know that sort of international sneer. It was freely indulged in by a part of our press, and by some of our public men (speaking in private, of course), at the time of Prince Henry's visit. "We shall not build one battleship the less for his coming," one of our Joey Bagstocks of diplomacy was reported to have said. This habit of being "devilish sly" in the face of every graceful attention or generous word from foreigners is becoming too ingrained. It is rapidly destroying unaffected sincerity in international relations as surely as a similar temper would poison the intercourse between man and man. Suppose that every time a friend gave you a book or invited you to dinner, your first thought was, "What little game is he up to now?" How long could society endure on such terms? Yet it is precisely that suspicious, mean, unworthy frame of mind which our most voluble mentors would have us cultivate in international affairs. Any nation that comes forward with a friendly mien and greeting, we are told that we must instantly suspect of intending to stick a knife under our fifth rib. How long can the peace of the world be kept with that miserable spirit on the increase?

It is unfortunately true that nations, like individuals, are capable of acts of bad faith or outright villainy. England, solemnly promised to evacuate Egypt, but is there yet. The United States pledged itself not to seek territorial aggrandizement as a result of the Spanish war. France annexed Madagascar in the teeth of an agreement not to do so. Germany has made secret treaties behind the backs of her allies. Instances of sharp practice and aggression are truly far too numerous in the history of nations. They are all tarred with the same stick. What we must

remember, however, is that this is the exceptional rule of national conduct. No country is an invariable blackguard. As a rule, all governments seek to live up to their plighted word, do not go out of their way to pick quarrels, act by preference in straightforward ways, not in tortuous, and are not forever scheming to betray and entrap a neighbor.

This fact it is which makes the talk we hear about the duty of arming ourselves against a possible "attack" such a solemn futility. We are asked, that is, to regulate our conduct and order our whole life by what is confessedly the exceptional, the unusual, the improbable. But men do not reason that way in their private affairs, and nations have no call to be more foolish than individuals. Every householder knows, for example, that his residence may be entered by a burglar; but he does not, for that reason, make of it a fort and arsenal combined. Every man who walks in the streets is aware that a footpad may possibly set upon him. But does he, therefore, insist upon going always armed to the teeth, or accompanied by a body-guard? Sensible men take the usual course of things, the "customèd event," as the norm of their action, and do not make wild imaginings and disordered fears the guide of their lives. The same principle holds, or should hold, with States. Their normal condition is peace. Their ordinary action is honest. As a rule, their foreign policy is what it purports to be, and not a mask for ulterior and wicked designs. It is, then, a proof of national folly to act upon other presumptions, in the matter of armaments, alliances, or other plans for the distant future.

"I never," said Mérimée to Senior, "give credit to a nation for any sense. . . . Nations are fools." Surely they would deserve that taunt if, in a civilized age, they were to act as if barbarism had come again, and every country were only watching a good chance to fly at the throat of every other. We must travel upon the beaten highways. We must sail by the great circles. That means the cultivation of good faith with all nations, and a scornful turning of the back upon that cynical and devilish spirit of international distrust against which Mr. Balfour registered his weighty protest.

WANTED: A SCHOOL FOR ART COLLECTORS.

Dr. Bode, the learned and caustic director of the Berlin Museum, discusses the "American peril" for art in the newly founded *Kunst und Künstler*. Europe, he believes, is by no means in danger of impoverishment, for the knowledge of the wealthier American collectors is by no means equal to their zeal. That the modern captains of industry have all the power of a Marshal Soult he is

willing to admit, but he insists that they lack the discrimination which led the great plunderer infallibly to the best that the churches and galleries of Spain and Italy contained. Times have greatly changed in America since amateurs of the late H. G. Marquand's type cautiously acquired picture after picture, weeded out their acquisitions with severe critical taste, and were content to give a lifetime to the furnishing of a single gallery. In those days pictures were the white stones in a collector's pathway; to-day complete collections. This tendency towards the wholesale purchase of masterpieces has produced a peculiar class of picture brokers who contrive to furnish masterpieces, singly or *en masse*, as fast as they are wanted. The result is, that Europe is being relieved of works of art which are hearty good riddance.

This contention of Dr. Bode's is supported by many concrete instances. Mr. J. P. Morgan's famous Raphael was offered to all the great European galleries at a fraction of the price he paid for it; and refused. Even more exemplary is the case of Mr. Henry Walters, who has recently bought the Massarenti collection at Rome. At the time of the sale the *Evening Post* incautiously protested that stories of an obscure gallery which fairly rivalled the national collections of Europe were far too good to be true. For this caveat it was roundly rebuked by the *Times*, which urged the purchase of the Massarenti pictures by some New York art-lover, and found the hostility of the *Evening Post* to the importation of these *chefs d'œuvre* wholly inexplicable. Dr. Bode does not tell the story of the assembling and unloading of the Massarenti pictures, but he does tell enough to show how natural was the *Evening Post's* distrust.

"Whoever, like myself," says Dr. Bode, "has had the pleasure of seeing this collection, knows that it would be difficult to name a second that is so void of good things and contains so many mediocre pictures and forgeries of great names . . . as the collection of Don Marcello Massarenti, which filled the spacious rooms of a palace near the Vatican. . . . The Italian Government assessed a 20 per cent. export tax at 40,000 francs, so that its estimate of the value of the collection was 200,000 francs."

Mr. Walters is reported to have paid 5,000,000 francs to Don Marcello.

Again, Dr. Bode marvels at the publicity which the sale received in the press of Europe and America—"all this hocus-pocus about a collection which does not contain one noteworthy picture, one remarkable statue, or half a dozen works of a respectable mediocrity!" Mr. Walters's case is treated so much at length by Dr. Bode, whom we abridge, not because it is unique, but because no other American enthusiast has fallen in so deeply as the Baltimore collector.

It would be easy to cite examples by the dozen of the victimization of American amateurs. The auction rooms

abound in falsification of all degrees. Reputable dealers import hundreds of nondescript canvases, which are undoubtedly "of great antiquity," christen them optimistically, and sell them under the names of the great masters. We have seen in a Fifth Avenue auction room a landscape bearing three signatures, one illegible, the second "Wm. Hart," the third no less a name than "G. Inness." This was eminently a case in which the buyer "paid his money and took his choice"; but it is rarely that the fraud is of such childlike simplicity. Obviously, the purchase of bad works of art abroad, at a long price, does not constitute an "American peril." Possibly the purchase of bogus great masters at home does.

A remedy for this state of ill-regulated enthusiasm for art is not immediately apparent. We cannot compel adventurers upon the troubled sea of collecting to take on trustworthy pilots. The millionaire collectors are within their rights when they prefer the counsel of willing but untrained friends who pass for connoisseurs, the advice of dealers and brokers with a profit to make, or the suave blandishments of "venerable prelates" with a taste for dubious pictures and an instinct for the main chance. But it does seem as if something analogous to university extension for the ignorant poor might be planned for the ill-informed rich. Our captains of industry have not the leisure to learn as their predecessors in art collecting did, by long residence abroad and loving association with the best works of art. Yet they might acquire adequate connoisseurship, at no great expenditure of time, in a school established for this purpose. The proceedings of such a "seminar" of multi-millionaires would unquestionably be in the nature of an experience meeting. Mr. Morgan, who has been on the whole fortunate in his acquisitions, but indiscriminate in the prices he has paid, would naturally compute the millions he has paid in excess of market values. His listening confrères meanwhile could make mental comparisons of the sum total with the estimated amount of water in the Steel and Shipping Trusts. Senator Clark might safely base his "experience" upon the case of a little Dutch picture, the pedigree of which Dr. Bode traces. It was sold, twenty-five years ago, with the refuse of the Berlin Gallery as a Vercolje—a third-rate painter—for about 500 francs. It came into the Preyer collection at Vienna, where it gained a full generation in antiquity through being transformed into a Metsu, and 49,500 francs in price—50,000 francs was its valuation at the time of the sale to Senator Clark. Mr. Walters's part in the proceeding would obviously be to contrast himself with that noble connoisseur, his father, to apply the right names to the pictures of the Massarenti collection