

with good reason to anticipate its fulfillment, that the Democratic party will be similarly reorganized, and its best men put in power. In the latter city it is evident that the political revolution is not due to any merely evanescent ebullition of feeling. As we go to press, a large public meeting is called, to be held by citizens regardless of party, to preserve the purity of the ballot-box, and careful measures are being taken to prosecute illegal voters; and they have to be very carefully taken, since the law officers of the county are interested in screening, rather than punishing, the offenders. The election of Judge Gary in Chicago, where the issue was clearly drawn between the apologists of the Anarchists and the Judge by whom they were tried and convicted, bears its witness that the political conscience of the Nation is efficient in the West as in the East.

The moral of the elections in New York, New Jersey, and Chicago is, then, writ in large characters. Mr. Hill is a shrewd politician, and has shown in the United States Senate evidences of even a higher ability than shrewdness. But the overwhelming defeat which the convention that he organized and engineered has suffered at the hands of the people may be put alongside analogous, though different, experiences of Aaron Burr, Benjamin F. Butler, and other similar politicians of lesser note. The man who does not recognize the political conscience of the American people cannot permanently succeed in American politics. He is sure, in some unexpected moment, and by some unexpected act, to arouse this sleeping power and array it against him. And then defeat is sure to follow.

Men who believe in the power of conscience in public affairs may find in this election abundant cause to encourage their faith. But they ought not to be content with such spasmodic manifestations of righteousness. They ought not to be satisfied with the reflection that when political corruption becomes intolerable there is a power which can, at a great cost, cleanse the city or the State. They should address themselves to the task of so organizing the forces of righteousness as to prevent corruption. The motto applies, An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. And to this problem they may surely address themselves with good hope of results.



Francis Parkman

On the occasion of the publication of Dr. Francis Parkman's last work, "A Half-Century of Conflict," completing his historical contribution to our literature, *The Outlook* commented at length upon the significance and characteristics of that work and upon the qualities of the man. Now comes the news that, in the fullness of years and honors, Dr. Parkman has gone to his rest. This familiar phrase means much in his case; for he had been all his mature life fighting against disease and doing his work under conditions which would have discouraged any man of less nobility and steadfastness of purpose. Born in 1823, of a distinguished New England ancestry, Dr. Parkman was prepared for college at Chauncy Hall, graduated from Harvard, and discovered very early the love of nature and of historical research which distinguished his later life. As a boy he was given to the reading of colonial history and to long wanderings in the woods of upper New England and of central New York, a good deal of his leisure being spent in the picturesque region of Lake George and Lake Champlain, which he was afterwards to describe with such loving fidelity.

Like many another man destined to achieve distinction in the field of literature, Dr. Parkman attempted to become

a lawyer, but speedily wearied of the profession, and in 1846 made the memorable journey across the plains which furnished the material for the first of his books, "The Oregon Trail." That journey was distinctly educational, for the man who was to describe Indian warfare and Indian life with wonderful vividness and accuracy, ate, drank, and slept with the Indians, watched their dances, heard their legends, and entered into the secrets of their temperament and inheritance. The exposure of that journey laid the seeds of the disease which, but for his indomitable will, would have rendered nugatory his great talents and his ample knowledge.

"The Oregon Trail" was followed in 1851 by "The Conspiracy of Pontiac," in the preface of which the historian commented briefly upon the conditions under which the work had been done. "For about three years," he wrote, "the light of day was insupportable, and every attempt at reading or writing completely debarred. Under these circumstances, the task of sifting the materials and composing the work was begun and finished. The papers were repeatedly read aloud by an amanuensis, copious notes and extracts were made, and the narrative written down from my dictation."

It is always possible for a strong nature to wrest power even from the most adverse conditions, and this truth, so magnificently illustrated by Dante, finds a shining example in the story of Dr. Parkman's life. One thing gained from disease and weakness, among other things, comes out in a phrase in the same preface: "This process, though extremely slow and laborious, was not without its advantages, and I am well convinced that the authorities have been more minutely examined, more scrupulously collated, and more thoroughly digested than they would have been, under other circumstances." "The Conspiracy of Pontiac" was the initial volume in a series of histories covering the varied and romantic episode of the struggle of the French for a foothold upon this continent, and the memorable war of races which wrested power from their hands and lodged it in the hands of the English-speaking peoples. No American historian has ever had richer material to deal with, nor has any had material more widely scattered and more difficult of access. In spite of his physical infirmities, Dr. Parkman made many visits to Europe, examined a vast mass of official documents, explored archives, and, with tireless persistency, made himself the master of the great body of material, written in different languages, preserved in different places, and never before brought together and collated. It was a noble work, both from the intellectual and the moral side; and, recalling the self-sacrifice, the heroic conquest of pain and weakness, the patient devotion to high ideals of exactness and thoroughness, which went into the work, it is no exaggeration to say that Dr. Parkman's life was heroic.

Upon the quality of that work it is unnecessary to comment at this time. Dr. Parkman brought to his task a vivid historical imagination, which dealt with the past as if it were the present, and which realized the figures of bygone ages as if they were the men and women of to-day. "The Old Régime in Canada," "Montcalm and Wolfe," "The Jesuits in North America," and "The Pioneers of France in the New World" are among the most brilliant books, in point of style, which have been written on this continent. Accurate to the last degree so far as the historical statement is concerned, they have the freshness, the variety, and the living interest of the best fiction. Dr. Parkman was a literary artist as well as a historian. He did not belong to that group of historians who believe that the proper way to write history is to edit the original docu

ments and leave the task of discerning between the essentials and non-essentials to a patient reading public. On the contrary, Dr. Parkman believed that the task of the historian is to assimilate the history of the past, to discern its great lines, to recognize its influential figures, and to give the story coherent movement, living interest, and dramatic power. He lived to finish in his age the work planned in his youth, and he leaves behind him a memory of heroic devotion and of lasting achievement. His passionate love of roses seemed a part of the man's nature, for he was pre-eminently a gentleman in the refinement, the dignity, and the elevation of his life. No man has been a worthier custodian of the traditions of literature than Dr. Parkman.



The Makers of the Fair

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Since coming from Chicago I have been profoundly impressed with the educational value of the buildings and their landscape setting, and I have no doubt many thousands of people share my deep regret that so delightful a combination must be destroyed. It has occurred to me that if the same splendid ability which was brought together in making the World's Fair buildings could be utilized in a broad and large plan for the beautifying of the public part of the city of Washington, under National auspices, and with the National Treasury behind it, a result might be achieved in a dozen years or so that would be of great and permanent and increasing value to this country, and consequently to the world. Is not the suggestion worth making in some form or other in your columns?

Yours sincerely,

W. B. H.

It is impossible to recognize in any adequate way the services of the men who created the World's Fair, but *The Outlook* desires, so far as it can, to write upon the memories of those who saw the White City the names of its builders. It therefore presents in another column some account of the architects, artists, engineers, and men of affairs whose combined work showed so harmoniously and so magnificently in the order and beauty of the World's Fair. In any such summary there will inevitably be omissions, and possibly mistakes, in the endeavor to view the work of all the men concerned in right relations and in true perspective. The list of names presented by this article must not, therefore, be regarded as inclusive, but simply as representative. The credit is due, first and foremost, to the city of Chicago, without whose amazing civic spirit and energy the White City would never have arisen as by magic on the shores of Lake Michigan. In all future judgments of the restless material activity of Chicago it must not be forgotten that out of this city came the most magnificent exhibition of the possibilities of art on a great scale which has yet been seen on this continent. In this same city, so constantly credited with self-seeking, was found also the true spirit of self-denial and subordination, which prompted the energetic business men who were to put money into the enterprise to lodge in the hands of the foremost artists and architects in the country the task of realizing their ideal. Chicago made the World's Fair on as great a scale and in as noble a form as was possible, and to Chicago, therefore, belongs the final acknowledgment of indebtedness.

The sagacity with which architects, artists, and engineers were selected is in itself no small evidence of the practical genius of the community, and the result amply justified the wisdom of the selection. Never in the history of this country has there been seen so commanding an illustration of the rich possibilities of co-operative and harmonious effort as in the White City. First a great city acting as one person, then a group of builders and planners and makers acting as one person, and then a practical organization

caring for details, subordinating personal interests, and, on the whole, governing the undertaking from day to day with rare good judgment and effectiveness. The debt of the country to the city which inspired and the men who made the Fair cannot yet be measured. Only the future will disclose the influence of that organized beauty on the taste and intellectual development of the American people. Those who saw the living tides that poured in and out of the White City month after month could not but feel that the vision realized on the shores of Lake Michigan was destined to become a National possession, and that the Fair would live in the memory of the whole people of the United States. More than that, it will live, as the Philadelphia Exposition lived, in higher impulses, purer tastes, and a truer art spirit. The educational influence and the educational result are to form the most abiding contribution of the Fair to the civilization of the continent.

The letter which stands at the head of this column contains a valuable suggestion, and is in itself a most significant comment on the work of the builders of the Fair. The White City was beautiful because it was harmonious, and it was harmonious because each building was constructed with reference to the surrounding buildings and to the general effect. The best of American cities are inharmonious, discordant, and lacking in dignity and beauty, because architecture is suffered, on all their streets, to run into a wild individualism. Paris is harmonious because each building is constructed with reference to the other buildings in the block to which it belongs; but in New York, Chicago, and other American cities, the sky-line of the streets presents a grotesque irregularity, four-story buildings and fifteen-story buildings standing neighbors to each other. Our cities can be made beautiful only when there is a controlling and unifying purpose in the structure of the individual buildings. The suggestion in the letter of our correspondent bears directly upon this point. There is a plan, which has been discussed many times of late years, of entirely removing the buildings from one side of Pennsylvania Avenue and making a National park, in which buildings should be placed which should be in themselves illustrations of noble architecture, and which should present a noble whole. So far, our public buildings, like most of the buildings of our colleges, are simply dropped anywhere. There is no harmony, no general effect, and, until of late years, there has been very little beauty. Our National capital, above all cities, ought to show the subordination of the individual architect and the individual architecture to a general plan; and there ought to be realized in Washington some such splendid architectural possibilities, in permanent form, as those which for a few months delighted the eye and refreshed the soul on the shores of Lake Michigan.



The Unknown Quantity

It was effectively said the other night in a church gathering, by a layman who has a knack of putting truth in terse forms, that in a prayer-meeting two and two do not always make four—they sometimes make seven; and fifteen and fifteen do not always make thirty—they sometimes make a hundred and thirty. This is the Unknown Quantity which gives to the devotional meeting its real value. "Where two or three are gathered together, there am I in the midst of them." It is this fourth Person who makes the company a sacred company, and the occasion a sacred occasion. If by the natural is meant the human, we do not have to go to Galilee or back nineteen centuries for the evidences