

Paine's pamphlets and contributions lack something of the weight and dignity of the Review, they afford, in a literary point of view, a model worthy of study by the modern editorial writer.

In Italy a child says as instinctively of anything "*È bello*," "*È brutto*," "it is beautiful" or "it is ugly," as that it is good or that it is true. Here and in Great Britain, perhaps because of tenacious ultra-Puritanism, the good and true are indeed emphatic as nowhere else, but the beautiful as an instinct is often lacking. It is this need for a substratum of appreciation which seems to have been the motive for the publication of Mr. William Ordway Partridge's *Art for America* (Roberts Brothers, Boston), one of those volumes in which the writer's impulse and enthusiasm are so great as to make it seem quite possible that we are listening to his voice instead of reading his words. As to those words, despite all attractiveness of subject and style, we could wish that there were not so many of them. The author seems inebriated with his own verbosity. Patriotic he is to a spread-eagle degree, and finds that Americans who spend their art-lives in Rome or Paris produce only "pretty, idle, senseless statues and paintings that are neither good nor bad." What would Messrs. Story, Randolph Rogers, Park, Elihu Vedder, Bridgman, Ridgway Knight, Walter Gay, and Sargent say to this? Perhaps they had supposed that art had no country. Mr. Partridge then declares that the creative faculties of our children are starved, while the receptive ones are put to utmost tension. How about the work of the kindergartens? But an artist's talk is sometimes as good as the scenes he paints, and Mr. Partridge's is often as powerfully picturesque as his "Shakespeare" just set up in Chicago. He is equally interesting whether discoursing on "True and False Education," "American Sculpture," or "Manhood in Art," and he stands for the necessity, which the Greeks recognized better than we, that art to be art must grow with the life; it can seldom be engrafted in later years. But why was the essay on "Goethe as a Dramatist" appended to this volume, and since when has Gustav Freytag been spelling his name Freitag?

One of the most attractive books of the season is Mrs. Celia Thaxter's *An Island Garden*, which gives an account of that lovely bit of ground on Appledore, the largest of the Isle of Shoals, which for many years has yielded its best returns to Mrs. Thaxter's loving care. This bit of color on the rocks, nourished by sea-moisture and attended and watched by that genius for flower-culture which seems to be the only thing that makes flowers prosper, has been observed by all visitors at Appledore, and is remembered by them as something peculiarly beautiful. Mrs. Thaxter is an enthusiast. She knows and respects the individuality of flowers, and because she has this knowledge they respond to her friendliness by the richest possible development. Since she was a little child in her island home the garden on Appledore has been a kingdom of delight to the gardener, and, after having made it bloom for many years, she has now in a way pressed its flowers and caught its perfume between the pages of a book. The record of the summer, from April to autumn, is kept in this volume, which is a sort of garden idyl, notable for its thorough knowledge of flowers and seasons and birds, and also for its very charming sentiment inspired by garden life. The volume is handsomely printed, and is adorned with pictures and illustrations by Childe Hassam, printed in colors. The text is much better than the illustrations. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

Mr. Herbert D. Ward's *The White Crown and Other Stories* (Harper & Brothers, New York) is a collection of capital tales. Of them all, the one which appeared in "Harper's Magazine," namely, "A Cast of the Net," seems the strongest, and is quite an ideal Sunday-school story. "The White Crown" itself is rather too contrary to fact, but its style is delightful, and its literal translating from supposed German or supposed French well done. "Only an Incident" is perhaps of all the most picturesque, and is dramatically told; while the tale of "The Missing Interpreter" is described with pithy phrases "right from the shoulder." Such meaningful terseness is characteristic of all Mr. Ward's work, and his story-telling is indeed a wholesome tonic in these days wherein flourish too many morbid and mawkish novel-writers.

Florence A. Merriam's *My Summer in a Mormon Village* is slight and unpretentious—not given to argument or statistics or exaggerated emotion—but it relates the personal, every-day experience of a sympathetic woman in her neighborly intercourse with Mormon women and their husbands. Its simplicity makes it effective and affecting. Some of the out-of-door chapters also are agreeably written. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

Dr. J. I. Mombert's *Short History of the Crusades* is an admirable piece of condensation. It is good for reference, and

good also as furnishing a convenient and trustworthy way of reviewing quickly an important subject. The intricate threads of the history of the various crusades are united into a systematic and intelligent single story. Maps and an index are of value. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)



## Literary Notes

—M. Arsène Houssaye, the French librettist and writer, is now over eighty years of age.

—Mr. Edmund Gosse will issue a new volume of verses next autumn. It is nine years since the appearance of his last book of poems, "Firdausi in Exile."

—Mr. Arthur J. Evans, the son-in-law of the late Professor Freeman, has edited and annotated the volume of the historian's "Sicily" left by the author in manuscript. The period covered is from Dionysios to Agathokles.

—The eighty-third birthday of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe was quietly celebrated on June 14 at her residence in First Street, Hartford. Mrs. Stowe is now unable to receive the personal congratulations of others than her immediate relatives.

—M. Maurice Maeterlinck has been writing an exposition of Ibsen's new play, "The Master Builder." The Belgian psychologist finds a correspondence between the works of Greek dramatists and the "play of souls" in the Norwegian's work.

—The Danish poet Holger Drachmann is now nearly fifty years old. He was for a long time a marine painter, but finally found that his profession lacked the power he must put into his pictures. In 1870 his poetic genius ripened, and his virile originality has made him a great favorite.

—Mr. Wemyss Reid, now Sir Wemyss Reid, the editor of "The Speaker," who was for a long time editor of the Leeds "Mercury," is one of the most conspicuous men in the Liberal party. His biographies of Mr. Forster and of Lord Houghton are finely done, and his one novel, "Gladys Fane," has had a fair success. Rather more than four years ago he founded "The Speaker."

—When Dr. Conan Doyle was still a mere boy he was already such a famous story-teller that his friends would offer him rewards of tarts to induce him to relate romances to them "right out of his head." To-day he is a famous author. In appearance he is big, blond, athletic, and tips the scales at over two hundred pounds. Next autumn he is coming to the United States to lecture on "George Meredith" and on "The Younger Influences in English Literature."

—A monument to the late Friedrich von Bodenstedt, the poet-author of "Mirza Schaffy" (feigned to be a translation from the Tartar), has just been erected in Wiesbaden. Bodenstedt also published many translations from the English, Russian, and Persian. Among those from our tongue, the most notable were his renderings into German from Shakespeare. It may not be generally known that for some years before his appointment as Professor of Slav Languages at Munich, Bodenstedt was editor of that reliable Bremen journal, the "Weser Zeitung."

—Berlin newspapers are coming to the fore both in numbers and circulation. The cheap new ones lead the list, the "Morgen Zeitung" edition of the "Berliner Tageblatt" having a reported circulation of 162,000 copies, while the "Tageblatt" itself has about 60,000. The "Lokal-Anzeiger" has 120,000, the "Reichs-anzeiger" (the Government official organ) half that, the "Vossische Zeitung" (or "Tante Voss," as its Liberal readers love to call it) 40,000, and "Vorwärts," the Socialist organ, the same; the conservative "Kreuz-Zeitung," the "free-conservative" "Post," and the liberal "National Zeitung" 20,000 each.

—Any piece of writing, to last, must be as perfect in form as the writer can make it. We see enough of ephemeral work in our newspapers. Just think of the enormous mass of writing in every one of our Sunday papers! And what does it all amount to? It perishes in a day. In one way it is positively pathetic to think of it, though, of course, most of it is written for the hour only. I didn't begin writing till I was forty-eight, then I tried my hand at it at the suggestion of Mr. Horace E. Scudder, who urged me to prepare some text for a collection of reproductions of some of my pictures that Houghton, Mifflin & Co. were going to bring out. So I wrote one sketch, and Mr. Scudder liked it so much that I did several others, and I've been writing more or less ever since. But I don't publish very much, for I work very carefully, write one page sometimes three or four times, and polish incessantly. I often spend a great deal of time on one phrase. . . . My painting I do when I am off on my vacation of two or three months each summer, and I devote a couple of hours in the day to writing. Both of these are recreations for me, and I enjoy them immensely. For that matter, I enjoy everything I do.

So discourses Mr. Hopkinson Smith, in pleasant vein, of his artist-authorship to Mr. Barry, of the Boston "Literary World." Mr. Smith's new book on Venice will appear next autumn, with both text and illustrations by himself. This new "Venetian Life" may be a rival for honors with Mr. Howells's work, done long ago, but as good a book as he has ever put forth.

[For list of Books Received see page 1211]

## The Harvard Club House in New York

In connection with President Eliot's twenty-fifth anniversary occur the completion and occupancy of the new Harvard Club House in New York City. The building is three stories in height, occupies two city lots, and looks like the dwelling of some well-to-do citizen a hundred years ago. It is centrally located at 27 West Forty-fourth Street. True, the air of the immediate vicinity is still redolent of stables, but they are disappearing one by one and giving place to such superb structures as are those of the Century, the Racquet, and the St. Nicholas Clubs. Indeed, this locality is now almost as much of a club center as any. At first the façade of the new Harvard Club was expected to be a duplicate of the old John Harvard house at Stratford, but this plan was afterwards abandoned by the architect, Mr. McKim, who showed loyalty to his Alma Mater by making a present of these fine plans to the Alumni Association. The façade is as good a copy of pure Colonial architecture as may be found anywhere. The walls are of what is known as "Harvard brick," patterned directly after the bricks in Harvard Hall at Cambridge. They are laid alternately long and short. The dignified-looking entrance is flanked by Doric stone pillars, and above is a sculptured panel bearing the dates of Harvard's founding and of the Club's founding, together with the college arms, namely, a shield



The Harvard Club House

on which lie three open books, the word "Veritas" being written across, while circling all is the motto, "Christo et Ecclesie." The entrance-hall is a spacious apartment occupying a third of the ground floor. The rest is taken up by a small reception-room and a large grill-room. On the next floor, reached by a superb stairway, are the library, meeting and banquet rooms, so arranged as to be thrown into one great hall for Harvard reunions. On the third floor there are the billiard and card rooms and the office of the House Committee. There are, unfortunately, no sleeping-apartments. The plans, however, have not yet been fully completed, and the rear extension is still to be built. Owing to Mr. McKim's generosity, the cost so far of the structure has been but about \$40,000. The lots cost \$72,000. Taken as a whole, the interior is even more emphatic of mellow age than is the exterior. This is not conveyed in the freshly toned crimson walls and upholstery (any other color would be unorthodox) nor in the clever arrangement of rooms. It is rather in the solid mahogany doors, in the old black marble mantels, the old clocks and old furniture, all taken from old homes or given by old Harvard boys. The hale and hearty age already so well expressed by the façade is further accentuated by the fine portraits, bric-à-brac, and relics. Although the New York City Harvard Club was organized twenty-five years ago, this beautiful new structure is the first adequate building of its own, or the first considerable alumni club-house of any of our great universities to be established in the metropolis. As a needed home after years of monthly dinners, the Harvard Club in 1887 took a house in Twenty-second Street. All Harvard men in and out of New York will be glad that the Club is now housed in more fitting and permanent quarters. The present officers are Messrs. Edward King, President; George Blagden, Vice-President; Frederick Cromwell, Treasurer; and Evert Jansen Wendell, Secretary. The membership now reaches seven hundred, two hundred and fifty of these being on the non-resident list.

## Correspondence

### An Occasion for Protest

To the Editors of *The Outlook*:

It is proposed by an "economical" Congress to abolish the office of Superintendent of Indian Schools. A few years ago we might have acquiesced in such a decision on the ground of uselessness—not of the office, but of the incumbent. I taught an Indian school for three years, and one of the more easily accessible ones at that, as it was situated only ten miles from a railway station. Yet during that time it was but once officially visited (except by the Agent), and upon that well-remembered occasion not a single criticism or suggestion was offered, nor did my august superior vouchsafe the slightest display of interest in the school or the pupils. His call was purely perfunctory, and produced no effect of any kind whatsoever.

Seriously, however, we are all aware that a system cannot exist without a head, nor a school organization worthy the name without a superintendent. At the time of which I write the Government Indian schools could not be called a *system* of schools—they were merely a disorderly collection of educational (?) units. If I were to relate things which I have seen and known of them, I should scarcely be believed. Some of them were *never* inspected, not even by the agents, for years at a time, and irregularities of the most glaring kind were tolerated, or perhaps not even known.

Under Commissioner Morgan a remarkable ad-

vance was made. It was seriously undertaken to create order out of this chaos. I had the pleasure of assisting for a time in the work as Supervisor of the Sioux schools, and I can testify to the surprise and bewilderment of many of the teachers when they were made to understand that there was a certain standard which they were expected to reach; that something like a given result should be obtained in a given time; and that comparisons might be instituted between their schools and those of others. It had formerly been sufficient, if one did not care to teach arithmetic, to excuse the deficiency by saying that "Indians can't understand figures;" or, if reading proved a bore, that "Indian children can't learn to read." Children who had attended school for seven or eight years had in some cases been kept going over and over the same ground, until they knew every bit of their lessons by rote, and grew duller every day.

Some teachers (?) were unutterably disgusted by the introduction of "courses of study," of teachers' institutes, and of critical supervision. Others responded eagerly to the needed stimulus and made rapid advances; and I have no doubt that the subsequent extension of civil service requirements over these positions has replaced most of the former class by reasonably competent persons.

During my short term as Supervisor my chief cause for dissatisfaction lay in the fact that, so far from being without a head, the new-made system was hydra-headed. The Superintendent of Indian Schools was merely a school inspector, without power or definite responsibility. My duties were similar to his, within a circumscribed territory; and yet I was not his assistant and held no official rela-

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tion to him whatsoever. I was wholly independent of the various Indian Agents, who countenanced or hindered my work according to their several dispositions. To complicate matters still further, the five Inspectors, reporting to the Secretary of the Interior, and the five Special Agents, reporting to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, occasionally visited these schools, and, not being school experts—and many of them, indeed, not even educated men—their comments and suggestions were not generally edifying. The teacher who, while lacking in self-confidence, really wanted to do her duty, was hopelessly bewildered by these contradictory orders and criticisms from a set of men all of whom she feared, because she believed that any one of them might cause her to be dismissed. As to which one of them all she was directly responsible, she had not the faintest idea, unless it might be the Agent, from whom she received her pay.

The real value of school supervision lies not so much in the maintenance of a uniform set of regulations as in the education of a corps of teachers. The successful Superintendent is not he who merely inspects and reports upon schools, however thoroughly and well, but he who welds together in the fires of his enthusiasm and with the hammer of his mental superiority a compact and loyal body of teachers, to be a trustworthy instrument in his hands for the accomplishment of his large designs. The National reputation of Dr. Hailmann, the new Superintendent of Indian Schools, guarantees us that he is such an educator as this. With adequate powers and a sufficient number of trained assistants, responsible directly to himself, to cover the ground effectively, including remote and hitherto neglected districts, what might he not do for the education of the Indian youth? Is this a fit moment in which to "abolish" the vitally important office of Superintendent of Indian Schools?

ELAINE GOODALE EASTMAN.

St. Paul, Minn.

### The Central Pacific Debt

To the Editors of *The Outlook*:

The question of refunding the debt of the Central Pacific Railroad to the United States is now in process of determination before Congress. The case is this: The Central Pacific Railroad Company is now confessedly bankrupt. It owes, among other debts to a great amount, to the United States the sum of about \$77,000,000, being principal and interest of six per cent. bonds payable thirty years from their date, issued by the United States to the builders of the Central Pacific Railroad at sundry dates from January 16, 1865, to January 22, 1872, to the total original amount of \$27,855,660. Of these bonds the first will become due, with interest (amounting to 180 per cent. on the face of the bond without compounding), on January 16, 1895 (viz., next year); and the other bonds will fall due in their order until the maturity of the last one, January 22, 1902. Now, Mr. C. P. Huntington, the only survivor of the four men who built the Central Pacific Railroad, wants Congress to enact that the railroad may have a hundred years more in which to pay this money at only 2 per cent. interest, the Government to become responsible for the payment of both interest and principal of the new bonds, the present issue of bonds to be withdrawn when the new ones are issued, the railroad to

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