

support the fusion ticket and have nominated a straight ticket of their own. The negro Republicans may support the fusion ticket, and may not. The white Republicans, especially the aristocratic element composed of the sugar-planters, are as disdainful of the negroes as are the Democrats. Captain Pharr, the fusion candidate for Governor, has recently denounced in public a most influential manager of the old negro Republican machine, and it is believed that the machine will retaliate. The Democrats, feeling that the election is in danger, have in one parish after another thrown overboard the constitutional amendment proposed by their Legislature disfranchising illiterates who do not pay taxes on three hundred dollars' worth of property. In the last Congressional election in North Louisiana, it was chiefly through negro votes that the Populist candidate was defeated. This year it is believed that negro votes throughout the State will be relied upon to secure the same result.



The friends of school reform in the State of New York were greatly encouraged by the message of Governor Morton to the Senate, on March 20, urging the passage of the compromise bill for the reform of the school administration in the city of New York. This bill is the culmination of years of effort to eliminate politics from the public schools of the city, and the reconstruction of the school system along the lines of educational progress. The need of reform in the school system is conceded even by the opponents of the bill. The radical feature of the bill, as already reported in these columns, is the abolition of the trustee system, and the appointment of a superintendent and assistant superintendents, who are to have entire charge of the teachers and of the system of studies. That is, the measure provides that the system of education in the city of New York shall be in charge of a board of paid experts. The construction and care of the buildings are also to be under the care of a recognized expert and assistants. The bill provides for the division of the city into fifteen districts, "as nearly as may be of equal population." In each of these districts five inspectors are to be appointed by the Mayor. These inspectors, who serve without pay, are to examine into the record of attendance of teachers and pupils, the cleanliness and safety of the buildings, the studies and progress and discipline of the pupils, the fidelity and competence of the teachers. The bill protects the teachers fully. No teacher can be discharged without a majority vote of the board of superintendents and of the school inspectors of the district in which the teacher is serving. The Board of Education is appointed, as at present, by the Mayor. It is in this bill given absolute control over the school property, and the right of selection of site and decision on construction and alteration of buildings, and is authorized to employ an expert and such assistants as are necessary. The bill gives authority to the Board to redistrict the city when the change in population demands it; and authorizes the appointment by the Mayor of the inspectors in such new districts. The superintendents of schools serve for six years; inspectors for five years. Politics has such a hold on the public-school system of New York City that this measure aroused the petty politicians to a state of rage that manifested itself at the hearings of the bill. The independence of Governor Morton in sending a message to the Senate urging the passage of the bill has aroused the admiration and gratitude of the friends of reform.



For some time there has been a systematic attempt on the part of some of the less reputable New York newspapers

to induce the belief that crime has been on the increase in this city under the present police administration. This has been done by sensational treatment of the crimes which have actually taken place, by innuendo, and by direct assertion. In point of fact, the records show that while under the old administration (from December 1, 1894, to January 20, 1895) there were 1,083 felonies committed and 732 arrests made, under the present administration (December 1, 1895, to January 20, 1896) there were only 911 felonies reported and 847 arrests were made. These facts—which amount to a decrease of 16 per cent. in serious crimes and an increase of 15 per cent. in arrests—are pointed out by President Theodore Roosevelt, of the Police Commissioners, in an open letter. So long as only general assertions were made, the false and slanderous imputation could be met only by appealing to the recorded facts; but Mr. Roosevelt has found in the columns of the New York "World" attempts to sustain the slander with proof, and he has thought it worth while to call the attention of the public to the way in which these "catalogues of crime" have been manufactured. Taking up one by one forty-five cases which had been put forward as proving the prevalence of unpunished crime, Mr. Roosevelt shows that exactly four were genuine—"a little less than nine per cent. of truth." Even this percentage of truth, however, is large compared with that of another sensational article in the same paper which gave an account of "twenty-six great criminals now at large in this city." Of these Mr. Roosevelt tells us eight were dead, one was dying, seven were in jail in Europe, three had reformed and were leading reputable lives, and of the remaining seven not a single one, so far as could be found out, was in New York. It is not surprising that the Police Commissioners say, "We shall not hereafter take the trouble to deny any unsupported statement whatever that may appear in the 'World.'" In thus calling attention to these disgraceful and mendacious newspaper methods Mr. Roosevelt has performed a public service of importance.



In "Tom Brown at Rugby" there is a beautiful description of the feeling of Tom when the news of the death of Dr. Arnold reached him in Scotland. Some such feeling came to thousands of men when they read the announcement on Monday of this week that Thomas Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown," had gone to his rest. The vitality and manliness of that book made its author seem perpetually young in the thought of those who loved it, but he had reached, after a very busy and useful life, the ripe age of seventy-three. Entering Rugby in 1833, under Dr. Arnold, he took his degree of B.A. at Oriel College, Oxford, in 1845. Three years later he was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn. In 1865 he entered Parliament. He was appointed Queen's Counsel in 1869, and in 1882 Judge of one of the County Courts, a position which he held at the time of his death. His interest in the welfare of the working classes, his strong advocacy of co-operation, his attempt to realize a better order of things in the Rugby Colony, are all well known. To the English working people he was a consistent and life-long friend; for this country also his friendship had been persistent and hearty. During the days of the Civil War he did much to enlighten England as to the real significance of that great struggle and to change English opinion. He had a thorough knowledge of American literature, and was especially a lover of Lowell, whose "Bigelow Papers" he knew by heart. It is, however, as the author of "Tom Brown at Rugby" and "Tom Brown at Oxford" that Mr. Hughes will be long remembered. These books belong to the classics of young manhood; they combine in the most

healthful way the manliness of youth with its idealism and its aspiration, and they will preserve to future generations the charm of one of the most famous schools of the world under its most famous teacher, and of student life in one of the most delightful and beautiful of university towns.



Hints to Some Contributors

To those who are just setting out on the difficult career of writing as a profession, a few suggestions, born of some knowledge of existing conditions and some experience with literary aspirants, may be of practical value. There are, for new contributors to magazines and newspapers especially, a few basal inferences or assumptions which are stepping-stones to immediate success and to future eminence. In the first place, every such person ought to firmly lay hold of the elementary truth that good writing comes by nature and not by practice. In order to make shoes that have shape and will hold together, or chairs that will stand alone, one must go through an apprenticeship; but in order to write "Hamlet," "The Elegy in a Country Churchyard," "Vanity Fair," "The Scarlet Letter," or "In Memoriam," one has only to feel the impulse and to purchase the necessary ink and paper; nature will do the rest. When Flaubert put four hundred hours of work on a short story, he showed how ignorant he was of the principles of art. Nothing is easier than writing; it is only putting words together, and "the Sweet Singer of Michigan," speaking in familiar language about familiar things, can do that quite as well as Tennyson, who is believed to have spent much time in reflecting on the selection and arrangement of words, not only with reference to clear expression of meaning, but with reference to such silly matters as the sequence of vowel sounds, the nice adjustment of quantities, the mysteries of assonance, and other like foolishness. Dante thought so long and profoundly about his famous poem that it made him lean for many a year; George Eliot declared that the writing of "Romola" made her old; several well-known writers are reported to have recast and rewritten several times works which have become famous. This fastidiousness is greatly to be regretted; it stands in the way of that continuous and exuberant productiveness which keeps the presses going and makes reading cheap in every sense of the word. It is well at the start, therefore, to rid one's self of the idea that one must work, observe, think, practice, live, before one can write with ease, clearness, and power. Trust to nature; do not waste time on construction, grammar, or style; say what you have to say in the first words that occur to you; believe implicitly in yourself; and if your manuscript comes back to you, assume at once that your failure is due to lack of personal influence, to the jealousy of the literary coterie, and to the ignorance and indifference of editors.

The latter suggestion brings into view with great clearness another article in the creed which a newcomer in the field of letters ought to hold: Believe firmly that editors care only for names and not at all for the intrinsic interest of the articles submitted to them, that they never read manuscripts which come from new writers, that they detest unknown names, and are entirely under the control of an organized, powerful, and unscrupulous ring of persons who have, by various devices, gotten access to the periodical literature of the country. Editors dislike nothing so much as a fresh note, a new talent, a novel force; they love to read and print the same things again and again. They are eager to avoid the attention which a touch of genius always attracts; they shrink from the discovery of new talent. Freshness, variety, and force they study to exclude from their columns.

Ignorant readers of The Outlook may imagine that Mr. Burroughs, Dr. Hale, and Ian Maclaren, to take the first names that come to hand, are frequent contributors to its columns because the editors think they have something to say and know how to say it; but better-informed readers know that these gentlemen are invited to write simply because they are widely known. It is a great sorrow to a publisher to discover a Kipling, a Crawford, or a Wilkins; it is a great sorrow to an editor to come upon a new and thrilling note in the mass of manuscript through which he wades, not "knee-deep in June," alas! but knee-deep in crudity and commonplace.

Do not take the trouble, therefore, to lay little snares for the editor, such as pasting pages together and scattering marks through your manuscript; quietly assume that if your name is unknown your article will not be read. Do not permit yourself to think for a moment, if these various detective devices tell a sad story of neglect, that the reading of a few pages of your manuscript may have supplied the editor with all the information he needed in order to form a judgment. When the introductory sentence of an unpublished story reads after this fashion, it is evidently impossible for the editor to form an impression of the writer's quality until he has finished the last page:

The rolling orbs of heaven, awesomely aflame or sullenly smoldering in the passionate fires of fading desire, blazed over the sultry night. The hot earth panted and sobbed, and its tears dropped on sodden leaf and insensate stone. Darkness hung thick, black, multitudinous in streets that moaned in the low, long-drawn wails of the wind of the night, the awful symbol of the nowhere from which we come and the nothing to which we go. A bank of noisome fog sprang at the moon and swallowed it, and the sweat of fear came out on the faces of the planets. Despair seemed to issue from the invisible fissures of the universe. At this moment, a door opened on a porch hung with vines that were somber and smitten in the dim obscurity, and a beautiful woman, her head bent, her hands clasped, her eyes closed, her figure tense, sprang wildly into the universal blackness.

One other article of faith ought to be held by the new aspirant for literary success: All the successful writers are secretly banded together to keep the field to themselves. There is a clandestine agreement among them to bar the way against all newcomers. This will surprise those who are not well informed. It is known, for instance, that Mr. Warner, Mr. Stedman, Mr. Howells, Miss Jewett, Miss Wilkins, Mr. Page, Mr. Hutton, and other well-known writers are constantly appealed to by unknown men and women for criticism, suggestion, introduction, and general help. It is also well known that, although these gentlemen and gentlewomen are often at their wits' ends for time and strength in which to do their own work, they cheerfully write hundreds of letters, examine countless manuscripts, interview publishers, and perform many similar services on behalf of these unknown and untried fellow-workers. Indeed, some of these distinguished men of letters have practically become literary agents for and advisers of young and unknown writers, always without salary and sometimes without thanks. This has given some people the idea that Mr. Howells, Mr. Stedman, Mr. Warner, and their compeers are an exceptionally generous and helpful group of persons, anxious to open to talent, industry, and character the field in which they have succeeded. But the public must not be misled by acts of kindness and deeds of brotherliness; this is the fine hypocrisy of a powerful secret organization, an unscrupulous literary trust which exists for the sole purpose of keeping the doors of access to popular favor closed and barred.

To sum up these practical suggestions: Assume that you have genius and do not need practice of any sort; that the return of any manuscript always means editorial ignorance and depravity; that your failure to secure a