

element." The hope of the South, said Mr. Dasher, lies in either an educational qualification to the suffrage or an Australian ballot law to prevent the bribing of the negro. "Registration as a prerequisite to voting has recently been adopted in most of our cities, but it does not go far enough. The politician has learned how to avoid it, although he does so at the expense of both time and money." In illustration of this statement Mr. Dasher told how in one of their cities three hundred negro laborers had been imported into the State to do contract work. The politicians instructed them how they could register, and fully ninety-five per cent. of them did so successfully. All of them sold their certificates to a certain barkeeper for one dollar and a drink each. The only strong demand for reform, said Mr. Dasher, came from members of the Protestant churches who are spurred by their religion to protest against the abuses.

The discussion of public ownership of municipal franchises was especially noteworthy for the further evidence it afforded of the tendency among municipal reformers to regard the protection of citizens against extortion as an essential part of the business government of cities. Even the speaker who most strongly opposed the public ownership of public franchises vigorously condemned the present system of allowing municipal monopolies to charge what they pleased, subject only to the occasional interference of a legislature most of whose constituents were not affected by the evils complained of. This speaker demanded that the people of every community should have the right to control the charges for gas, water, transportation, and telephones, subject only to revision by the court in case they went too far in reducing charges. Where this was the most conservative position taken, it may be imagined that the drift of the discussion was strongly in favor of direct public ownership. Mr. Charles Richardson, of Philadelphia, the founder of the National Municipal League, read the paper in favor of municipal ownership. He dealt especially with the street-car problem. It has become a frequent occurrence, he urged, for streetway companies to pay dividends of sixty per cent. upon the capital actually invested in them. One-tenth of these dividends represents the property the investors have lent to the public. The remainder represents the property the public has lent to these investors. Competition affords no remedy; and public control affords but an inadequate one, because the private corporation is kept constantly in politics, corrupting councils, and in other ways defeating the public interests. The city cannot secure the revenue which belongs to it from the value of the franchise, or the low fares to which its citizens are entitled, unless it directly owns the plant. Two features of public ownership which Mr. Richardson brought out strongly are worthy of special attention. In Philadelphia, he said, it is estimated that possibly 70,000 persons are pecuniarily interested in protecting the street railway companies against the reduction of fares justly demanded by the public. These people, especially the larger stockholders, are given an interest diametrically opposed to the public interests, and good citizenship on their part is thus deadened. With public ownership this incentive to indifference on the part of the well-to-do classes will be removed, while the poorer classes will be given the direct interest in good city government essential to a thoroughgoing municipal reform. Mr. Richardson urged that the extension of the power to the city government would not extend the patronage of the spoilsmen. The people submitted to the evil of patronage only when it was a minor grievance, just as men will put up with an inefficient workman in a subordinate position when they would not consent to placing such a workman in charge of their business. The enlargement of the city's activities will make the systematic reform of the civil service not only necessary, but it will make it of vital importance to the poorer classes, which are especially interested in the conduct of municipal enterprises by and for the public. The real source of bad city government, urged Mr. Richardson, is public indifference, and measures which arouse the interest of all classes in the faithful conduct of the government are those which promise an enduring reform.

Unconscious Revolutions

By Thomas Wentworth Higginson

Perhaps the most striking social formula contributed to our times was that incidentally uttered half a century ago by the veteran English reformer, George Jacob Holyoake, when he said in his newspaper, "The Reasoner," that the unconscious progress of fifty years was equivalent to a revolution. It is one of the pleasures of advancing years that this thought grows more and more impressed upon us. Another English reformer, on a higher social plane, the late Hon. Mrs. William Grey—to whom was largely due, with Lady Stanley, of Alderley, the establishment of Girton College—told me, in 1872, that when she looked back on her youth and counted over the reforms for which she and her friends had then labored, and saw how large a part of them were already achieved, it almost seemed as if there were nothing left to be done. It is the same with many Americans who suddenly have the thought come over them afresh that, no matter what happens, negro slavery is abolished on our soil. In the larger movements that affect whole nations, we hardly appreciate the changes that have come until we look back and wonder what brought them about. To reflect that Pope Alexander VI. once divided the unexplored portions of the globe between the Spaniards and Portuguese, as the two masterful nations of the earth; that Lord Bacon spoke of the Turks and Spaniards as the only nations of Europe which possessed real military greatness; that the Dutch Admiral Van Tromp once cruised with a broom at his masthead, to show that he had swept the British fleets from the seas—all this impresses us as being something almost as remote as the days of the plesiosaurus or the mylodon. Yet we have seen before our eyes a transformation more astounding than any of these in the utter vanishing of the French military prestige. Probably one reason of the revived interest in the Napoleonic tradition is in the restored wonder of that period when merely to be French was to be formidable. It lasted really unbroken down to the Crimean War, during which the French still seemed, compared with the English, like trained men beside honest but clumsy school-boys. In 1859 Matthew Arnold wrote from Strasburg, then still French: "He [Lord Cowley] entirely shared my conviction as to the French always besting any number of Germans who came into the field against them. They will never be beaten by any other nation but the English." A few years later this whole illusion suddenly broke and subsided almost instantly, like a wave on the beach. When our Civil War began, every tradition of our army, every text-book, every evolution, was French. The very words were often of that language—*échelon*, *glacis*, *barbette*. There sprung up everywhere Zouave companies, with gaiters. Since the Civil War our whole system of tactics is modified and simplified, our young officers are sent to Germany to study the maneuvers, and our militiamen are trained by the *Kriegspiel*. In short, there has passed before our eyes a change of position as astonishing as that under which Turkey, Spain, and Holland became insignificant powers.

It is to be further noticed that our eyes are kept veiled up to the very moment when the thing occurs. At the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, a deluge of war-maps suddenly appeared, both in London and Paris. They were invariably, however, maps of North Germany and the Rhine provinces, and were of course utterly useless. There is no race, on the whole, more blind than statesmen. Lord Shelburne predicted that with the loss of the American colonies "the sun of England would set and her glories be eclipsed forever." Burke, whom Macaulay ranks above all others in foresight, pronounced France to be in 1790 "not politically existing" and "expunged out of the map of Europe." Mr. Gladstone thought that Jefferson Davis had created not merely an army but a nation. Other similar instances are collected in the opening chapter of that very remarkable book, Mr. Charles H. Pearson's "National Life and Character," which is, in spite of its needlessly dreary conclusion, more suggestive and interesting than Nordau and Kidd and Balfour all rolled into one, and yet has not, like them, been received with any attention.

or interest in this country. Above all, it is especially noticeable as connected with this very question, inasmuch as its author, after accumulating these instances of blind prediction, goes on to add to them two equally striking of his own. Writing in 1893, and therefore before the war between China and Japan, he predicts that China is likely to be organized into a great power, with her flag floating on every sea (p. 124), that she will gradually acquire new dominion (p. 46), and that we cannot suppose a foreign conqueror of China (p. 34). This in respect to the history of nations; but his prediction in respect to science goes even beyond this in the ill fate of being wholly knocked to pieces in a moment by later incidents. It is his favorite conclusion that human life on this planet is destined to be in the end more and more comfortable but less and less enjoyable, and one part of this forlornness lies in the belief that all the fine thoughts will have been thought and all the really interesting discoveries made. "Even if the epoch of great discoveries is not exhausted, the new results are almost certain to be less simple, less sensational, more painfully approached by long processes of inquiry, less easy of comprehension to the outside world, than the first revelations of astronomy and geology have been" (p. 312). Thus Mr. Pearson in 1893, and now 1896 has brought us the cathode rays! The wit of man could not have devised a greater anticlimax.

When we turn to social progress, we find similar high expectations, usually falsified by the direct results, while the aims and ideas represented usually reappear in some higher form. Fourier, having announced that he would remain at home every noon to receive offers of a million francs to carry out his vast designs, kept faithfully the tryst for twelve years, without a single visitor. Robert Owen, disappointed at the failure of Parliament to take up his suggestions for prompt action, said sadly, "What! postpone the happiness of the whole human race to the next session?" The late Thomas Hughes admitted that when Maurice and the Christian Socialists first formulated their plans, they all believed that the results would develop very quickly. The American Socialists of the Brook Farm period confidently believed, as one of their leaders assured me, that the national workshops of the French Revolution of 1848 would be a complete success, although Louis Blanc, who had charge of them, told me that he personally had never shared this belief. Brook Farm was in some ideal and social ways so attractive that I never met any one who did not look back with enjoyment on the life there; and all the faithful believed that such experiments would be multiplied on a larger and larger scale, until they molded society. Every succeeding effort in the same line has broken down with great regularity, after a period of promise; and yet who can deny that the vast development of organization among workingmen, the growth of public ownership and of philosophic thought, has come indirectly as the fulfillment of what Fourier and Owen and Maurice dreamed?

It is much the same in the development of religious thought and institutions. Emerson, in his Divinity Hall address, when giving that description, never to be forgotten by any reader, of his attendance in a country church during a snow-storm, when the snow was real and the preacher merely phenomenal, drew the conclusion that the popular interest in public worship was gone or going. Walk the streets on Sunday, fifty years later, and see if you still think so! Yet I remember well that all who passed for radicals then held this view; I know that I expected, for one, to see an immense diminution in the building of churches and in the habit of attendance. Practically, the result has not followed; even the Sunday bicyclers have not emptied the churches. The difference is not in the occupants of the pews, but of the pulpits; that course has been adopted which Henry Ward Beecher recommended at the ministers' meeting—not to scold the people for sleeping in church, but to send somebody into the pulpit to wake up the minister. There is prevalence of larger thought, of braver action. The most brilliant woman in Boston, who had been brought up under the strict sway of the Rev. Nehemiah Adams, once complained to me that

the greatest injustice had been done by censorious critics to that worthy pastor. "He was," she said, "the greatest and kindest of men. He was never heard to say a harsh or unkind word about any one—except, indeed, the Almighty. He drew the line there." But it is now a rare thing even for the heretic to go into church and hear anything that makes his blood absolutely run cold; and as for the real things of life, can any one doubt that he will hear more about them than in those sterner days? In no direction is this change more astounding to the reformer than in the Episcopal Church. I can look back on the time when it was, distinctly and unequivocally, the Church of decorum, and had in that direction, doubtless, a certain value. No one looked there for a reformer; whereas now all the younger clergy—and we may certainly include the elder when we think of Bishop Huntington—seem everywhere to take their place in the ranks of active philanthropy; whether High Church or Low Church, they are all strong on the practical side. Note also the spirit of the Roman Catholic Church in its Washington University—how it adapts itself to American needs and to modern days; how it grasped the opportunity of the Chicago Parliament of Religions, which the Episcopal Church did not.

That mighty gathering was in itself an outcome of unconscious revolution; what the Free Religious Association had humbly dreamed of for twenty-five years, and ventured to indicate as possible, was suddenly taken up and swept into magnificent realization by the resources of Chicago, and under the superb guidance of a Presbyterian Doctor of Divinity. When Emerson and Alcott were beginning to print "Ethical Scriptures" in the Boston "Dial," and Robert Owen, from his different point of view, was predicting (in his debate with Alexander Campbell) that a time was coming when the sacred books of all religions would be brought together and burned in one vast conflagration, who could have foretold such a consummation as this? Yet it was the unconscious fulfillment of what they all aimed at, in a better and wiser form than they could have fancied. In all these ways we can surely see that there are tides of thought on which we float, and which are constantly bringing about, though usually in unexpected ways, the good of which the brave and wise have dreamed. The higher criticism of the Bible, for instance, is already giving back the book as sacred literature to multitudes who had hitherto avoided it as dogma. In the church where I was bred—the First Parish in Cambridge—the prescribed reading of the Old Testament had almost died out and disappeared from families, and it looked as if the magnificent strains of David would pass wholly from the associations of the young, when Professor Toy came, full-charged with modern knowledge; and now the greater part of the large Unitarian congregation remains every Sunday for an hour after church to hear him lecture about Ezekiel and Jeremiah. They even take their Bibles with them and look up passages, as you may see the congregations in Scotland do, when they hastily finger over the leaves for every text cited, to see that the preacher does not defraud them of a syllable. This is unconscious revolution, whose general formula is that the predictions of the leaders of thought are apt to be fulfilled in substance, though very commonly reversed in form. If this is obvious during any given half-century, the same probably holds good during much longer periods. That, however, is much harder to estimate, for, as Joseph de Maistre well says, "On peut voir soixante générations des roses, mais quel homme peut assister au développement total d'un chêne?"



A Parable

One went east and one went west
Across the wild sea-foam,
And both were on the self-same quest.
Now one there was who cared for naught,
So stayed at home;
Yet of the three 'twas only he
Who reached the goal—by him unsought.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

The Lesson of the Spring

By Priscilla Leonard

This is the lesson of the Spring,
That all things change, that all things grow,
That out of Death's most frozen woe
Come life and joy and blossoming;
That all things open and unfold
Toward the new, from out the old,
Till loss has gain for following;
That Life, renewing out of Death,
Onward forever traveleth
Toward its divine perfectioning—
This is the lesson of the Spring.



Glimpses of Indian Child Life¹

By Alice C. Fletcher

A generation ago the Indian child was born into a society of fixed forms, which, from his cradle to his grave, controlled his name, abode, avocations, and religious rites. Many of these forms are losing their ancient authority, but they are by no means obsolete, and the child of to-day is still more or less under their influence.

The first home of an Indian baby is his mother's arms; when he is not nestling close to her he is in his snug little cradle, out of which he cannot fall, and in which he can go wherever she goes, even on long horseback journeys, securely hung from her saddle-bow.

These cradles are familiar objects in our museums, and are popularly regarded as a savage contrivance for disposing of restless little ones, but the fact is that the baby's comfort and safety are the first object in their construction, and very securely and cozily he lies in these little nests. Different tribes have each their own style of cradle, but the general plan is the same. They are made in a conventional series suited to the changing growth and increasing strength of the child; that for the very youngest is made with the softest of skins, and the baby is wrapped in the finest clothing its parents can afford.

It is a mistaken notion that the child is kept tied up all the time. Every day the baby is bathed and placed on a robe or blanket near the fire, to kick and crow to his heart's content; but when family cares call away the mother, he is put into the cradle, with his arms free to play with the many bright beads that hang from the hoop that circles the head of his little portable bed. If he is sleepy, his arms are bound inside, and he is hung up or laid in some safe place to have his nap out. There are many good points to the Indian cradle, and many accidents that are common with us are avoided by its use.

It is not true that Indian babies do not cry; they do, most lustily; and Indian fathers and mothers are as willing to divert or walk with the baby to quiet it as are parents of our own race. There are no lullaby songs, as far as I can learn, but a strange weird noise is made by both men and women to soothe the child to sleep—a sound like the sighing of the winds through the pines, very sleep-compelling, as I have often found it when, lying in my hammock, I have listened to the old folk as they rocked the little ones in their arms.

If a child is very fretful and will not cease its wailing, then one who understands the language of babies is sent for, that the infant may tell what troubles it. Sometimes it is said that the child's name is not satisfactory, and then a new one is given.

Each gens in a tribe has its own distinct set of names. Among the Omahas one is bestowed upon the child at its birth and retained throughout life; women never have a second name, although men often take additional ones later in life, which are commemorative of some act or event. By the Indian's name—which always refers to some mythical being—a mysterious relationship is established with the special mythic being which dominates his gens and binds its people together in supernatural kinship.

In some tribes there are series of names, as, for instance, Konukaw, the Winnebago name for the first born, if a son; and Henukaw, if a girl. Among the Sioux, Winona designates the daughter first born. The second, third, etc., son and daughter have their particular names. Later, at maturity, another, belonging to the gens, is given with appropriate ceremony, to describe the elaborate details of which is at this time impossible. It is a custom not to duplicate names in a tribe, so that while an Indian is living his name will not be given to any child.

Indian names when translated into English lose their significance and take on a ridiculous form. Indian languages require a prefix or a suffix to a noun, which answers somewhat the purpose of our adjective; so we hear of "Standing Bear" and "Sitting Bull." Indian names should not be translated any more than our own. I recall an instance where, the Indians insisting upon the translation of the English name Hamson, it became in Indian vernacular The Son of a Leg of a Pig!

It is common in many tribes for the members of each gens to abstain from eating or touching some one particular thing that is representative of their mythic chief; for instance, in one of the Buffalo gentes of the Omahas, no one may touch the buffalo's head. The little child of this gens is taught from his earliest years that he must never use a spoon made from the buffalo horn, and that any disobedience will be followed by disease and lifelong suffering. A good old man, an elder in the church, called my attention to the peculiar mottled appearance of his hands, and told me that the white spots were caused by his once wearing, by mistake, a pair of moccasins made from the skin of the male elk—the male elk being taboo to his gens.

The indissoluble bond that binds the gens together with supernatural force is still further impressed upon the child by a ceremony that takes place when he is about three or four years old, or, as the Indians say, "when he can walk steadily." The rite is performed "when the grass is well up and the earth is green." The boy is taken by his mother to an old man, to whom belongs the hereditary right to perform this ceremony of "first cutting the hair." The child enters the old man's tent bearing his first little pair of moccasins in his hand, while his mother at the door says, "Venerable man, I desire that my child wear moccasins." The man thus addressed takes the child and gathers a lock from the top of his head, ties it together, then cuts it off and puts it away in a pack, where are preserved the similar locks of the first hair of all the children of the tribe. Then he puts the moccasins on the child's feet, and, lifting the boy by the shoulders, he turns him round, following the sun, letting his feet touch the earth at the four points of the compass. When the east is reached, the old man urges the child forward, saying, "Walk forth in the path of life." The mother now takes the child home, where the father cuts his remaining hair after the style of his gens, which symbolizes the mythic being that presides over it; as, for instance, the little boy who is born into the turtle gens has his hair all cut off close to his head except a little lock left hanging over his forehead, another at the nape of his neck, and two smaller ones on each side of his head. The bare pate represents the shell of the turtle; the lock on the forehead, the head; and the one at the nape, the tail; while the two locks on the sides are the little feet of the animal. Every spring the father cuts his son's hair in symbolic fashion until the child is seven years of age. Thus, by the object-lesson of the queerly barbered heads of his playmates, the child is so impressed that he never forgets the different gentes of his tribe, nor the religious significance of the names he and they bear.

No matter how wide the prairie upon which the tribe is camped, each gens is clustered by itself, its tents forming a segment of the tribal circle; and as each tent is always in the same relative position, the child continually has the same neighbors. As he grows older he learns that there are limits within the tribal inclosure which it is not safe for him to cross alone. Thus, among the Omahas, the tribe is divided into two parts, five gentes in each, and the imaginary line which divides the two is not crossed with impunity by the children. The boys of one side must be

¹See also articles by Miss Fletcher in *The Outlook* for March 18 and April 11.