

hammadan University of Cairo and his speech delivered at the Guildhall. Personally (though as a politician I entirely agree with Mr. Roosevelt's views, as my own writings amply testify) I think this is an artistic mistake; as much so as if Mr. J. G. Millais in his "A Breath from the Veld" (a book which the author of "African Game Trails" deservedly commends) had added an appendix dealing with South African protective duties, or Audubon had intercalated an appeal to slaveholders in his descriptions of American birds. Some of the best reading I know, of contemporary interest, and even for English readers, are the five bound volumes of Theodore Roosevelt's Speeches and Public Addresses (notably that much-quoted one, in 1905, on Santo Domingo). The two enunciations of opinion on national ethics, religious equality, and the education and administration of backward peoples delivered to the Egyptian students at Cairo and the complacent assemblage at the Guildhall should most certainly find their place in the next published collection of Mr. Roosevelt's speeches; the space occupied by them in "African

Game Trails" being taken in any new edition by further natural history and anthropological information, plenty of which I know Mr. Roosevelt has at the back of his brain, but which he has not had the time to transmit to paper.

One or two of the English reviewers have mentioned Mr. Philip Goodwin's drawings—which assist to illustrate the book under review—in terms of faint praise. May I be allowed to say, as one who has "gone through the mill" as a draughtsman and is exceptionally familiar with the aspect of African beasts, that I think these drawings exceedingly good, effective, and accurate? Mr. Roosevelt himself, on page 501, makes some very sensible remarks as to the importance of good drawings even alongside good photographs. There are many events and aspects of nature which the camera cannot render but which can be brought to our comprehension by the painter or draughtsman. I think Mr. Roosevelt has been fortunate in his artist, and would hope personally that in some revised and enlarged edition of the book we may see more of Mr. Goodwin's work.

THE COMING OF ALICE-FOR-SHORT

BY WILLIAM DAVENPORT HULBERT

"She's little—but O my!"

IT was three or four years ago that we first began to sit up and take notice, but for a long, long time it looked as if nothing practical would ever come of it. Often our eyes followed the various cars that we met upon the highways—the big cars and the little cars, the red cars and the black cars and the gray cars, the cars of all sorts and sizes and shapes and colors—and as the moons went by we learned to recognize the different makes and to know something of their respective merits and demerits. But our interest in them was sometimes scientific and sometimes wistful, according to our mood, but seldom, if ever, very hopeful. Somewhat later we met a number of the agents, and some of them we drove into a perfect

frenzy of excitement. How many demonstrations were given in vain, and how many hours of eloquence and argument were wasted on us, it is painful to remember. But though wasted from one point of view, they were not entirely ineffective from another, for we came to have the fever very badly. We weighed and considered and discussed, and over and over again we inspected the contents of our purses and our consciences. Still there was nothing doing, except that we learned once more that hope deferred maketh the heart sick. And then, all of a sudden, it happened; and we were the owners of an automobile. Permit me to introduce her.

She is nearly as close-coupled as an electric, and Diantha, who has acquired

the De Morgan habit, has christened her Alice-for-Short. For short we call her Alice. As to her number, we understand that the one originally assigned her by the Secretary of State was "80," but that was before we knew her. Just now she is in the forty-nine hundreds. Perhaps the most striking feature of Alice's architecture is the arrangement of the tonneau. It is a removable tonneau, very much abbreviated, and you get into it by climbing onto the forward deck and then tilting the left front seat sidewise, out of the way—thus, in the language of the catalogue of 1905, securing all the benefits of a roomy and comfortable side entrance without any of the disadvantages of longer wheel-base, increased weight, and consequent loss of power and effectiveness. It is very ingenious, entirely obviating the inconveniences of a door in the middle of the back. One does not like to praise his own machine too highly, but I see no reason why I should not again quote the catalogue, which says frankly, without any hesitation or false modesty, that she is a wonderfully attractive car.

Partly because Alice's front and rear wheels are so close together, and partly because they are of very modest diameter, she generally knows it when she hits a bump. So do you. But she is possessed of an elastic temperament and a set of full-elliptic springs that know their business, and she hops over without a pause, comes down lightly and easily on the other side, and goes on her way rejoicing.

Alice's engine stands crosswise, and the front of her bonnet is like the arch of Cabin John Bridge. I must confess, moreover, that there are only two speeds forward and one reverse. Nevertheless, it is a highly intelligent engine—though somewhat demonstrative—and it has the correct number of cylinders. (The one on the port side is the best.) Is the grade very, very heavy, as it is apt to be in the cities of the Sound? Just throw in the low gear, give her an open throttle and a good fast spark, and then watch her climb. She'll take her time, it is true, and she'll make more or less fuss about it. In fact, she'll make a good deal of fuss. But at least she won't talk like a Gatling gun, the way so many of these new-fangled contraptions do on such occa-

sions, for Alice is a lady, and she never under any circumstances cuts out her muffler. She is too well-bred, and besides she doesn't know how.

She is air-cooled, thereby securing such advantages as— But I think we'll drop it. If you care to learn all about it, just read the advertising pages of the magazines and you'll know more than I do, who have driven a car.

We admit that Alice has her shortcomings, aside from coming short. For instance, her road-clearance is not all that it might be, and, being chain-driven, she has been known to drop her rear sprocket into the mud and dirt, which is not a good thing to do. And perhaps we did not fully realize when we bought her that she was the only machine in town that sported a canopy top. Certain of the small boys in our neighborhood awoke to the fact before we did, and were good enough to call our attention to it as we went by. Ah, well! Never mind. We were a little annoyed at first, but we have come to be like that celebrated hen of whom small Marjorie Fleming wrote:

"She was most unusual cam,
She did not give a single dam."

Besides, we took the top off as soon as the rainy season was over.

The rest of Alice's equipment calls for no extended comment. Her color is a very dark green—quiet, and in thoroughly good taste. Her seats are of comfortable design and are fairly well upholstered. Her horn is attached to the steering-post, which is the plan followed in the finest and most luxurious cars, as you will see by consulting the aforesaid catalogue. At this writing her headlights are out of commission owing to a slight altercation with a street car, but if her biography sells well we may be able to buy a new pair.

It was late October when Alice-for-Short came to live at our house, and the rainy season had begun. If you have ever spent a year on the Northwest Coast, you know what that means. Sometimes, when it cleared up for a little while, we caught a brief glimpse of "the mountain," away off on the southeastern horizon, lifting its great white dome into the blue. Before Alice came we had planned that we would visit it with our

machine just as soon as we had one. And there were Snoqualmie Falls, forty miles away among the foothills of the Cascades. They were said to be a hundred feet higher than Niagara and very beautiful. And the road to Vancouver beckoned—and the road across the Thumb to the ocean—and the road to California—and many another route through the woods and the mountains. Shall I not confess it?—we even dreamed of going to Boston. A near relation of Alice's, a little smaller and a little less powerful, and antedating her by one year, once broke the transcontinental record square in two. But when we ran out to the end of the asphalt and looked ahead, the mud was very deep. Moreover, we had discovered that Alice's acquaintance was not quite so easily made as we had fondly imagined it would be. She has her reserves, her depths of character which you do not learn except by living with her. As yet we did not feel entirely at ease in her company, and we were not always quite sure what she would do next. And so, for the time being, we kept to the pavements and the parks.

But when Thanksgiving arrived we made up our minds that it was time to butt in. It might be a little hard on Alice, but how could we ever get acquainted at all unless we went traveling? What was she for, anyhow?

So Friday afternoon four of us—the Rancher, the Greek Teacher, Alice-for-Short, and I—hiked down Madison Street to the ferry. The Rancher, who wished to look at some farm lands in the Snoqualmie Valley, had a piece of bacon in his pocket, and sundry other eatables in a bundle. The Greek, who was out of school for two or three days and wanted to get into the country, brought some hardtack and a small frying-pan. And vests. Whenever the wind blew a little chillier the Greek would fish up another vest from some dark corner of the tonneau and put it on. He says more vests are the best thing in the world in the way of extra clothing, because they afford additional protection just where you need it most. Alice and I contributed a canoe tent, a rather scanty stock of blankets, and a camera with which we meant to take a great many photographs. I may

as well say right here that we took only one, and that that one wasn't good. We had other things on our minds. Diantha and I went again in April, and that time we got some.

We had to wait some time for the ferry, and it was beginning to grow dark when we disembarked the other side of Lake Washington. November days are short in the Puget Sound country. We would push out on the road just a little way, we thought, and find a good place to camp for the night. We pushed, and Alice's troubles began.

The road was muddy and bad and the hill was very steep—much steeper than gloomy autumn evening than on the spring morning when Alice and Diantha and I went over it again. We had to give her the low gear almost immediately, and even so she labored heavily. Presently the Greek and the Rancher said they would walk a little way. The merciful man is merciful to his beast. Thus lightened, Alice took heart, and in the course of time she paused on the summit and waited for them to overtake her. The engine was pretty warm.

We looked around in the gathering dusk, but as a camping-ground the crest of that hill was not attractive. It had been raining most of the time for a month, and we might as well have hunted for a gold mine as for dry fuel or a dry spot to pitch the tent.

"Let's go a little farther," some one said, and we went—mile after mile, and hour after hour.

Behind the clouds was a moon, and enough light sifted through to show us the tall trees marching slowly past, with now and then a farm-house, or a lumber camp, or a village. The searchlights lit the road a little way ahead—not very far, for Alice's generator has its faults. Usually there was mud—sometimes shallow, sometimes deep. Sometimes we went up hill, and sometimes down. Sometimes the Greek and the Rancher rode, and sometimes they walked. Often my conscience smote me as I sat at the wheel and listened to Alice's bitter complainings. Who was I to set her such a task and hold her to it, when I did not know how to make it easy for her? It wasn't right.

By and by we came to where the lum-

bermen had been hauling logs over the road and had cut it all to pieces. How many such miles there were I do not know, and I do not want to. But there were too many. The Greek and the Rancher walked, and Alice and I crawled, she shrieking hysterically, I objurgating silently. With the throttle well open, the spark away forward, and the engine fairly humming, I swung the clutch lever with one hand and steered with the other, and Alice drove ahead—pitching, tossing, lurching, trembling, protesting in every way she knew how—till I could tell by the feel of her that she was getting very hot. Then we would stop and rest. Around and above us the tall trunks of the giant trees loomed up in solemn majesty to lose themselves in the darkness overhead. There was no wind, and the woods were very, very still. Little by little, as we sat and waited, the calm peace of the quiet night crept into our troubled hearts, and Alice's fevered brow grew cool again—or at least a little cooler. Then, in the course of time, we would hear the voices of the Greek and the Rancher as they came trudging up behind. The Rancher would stop beside the lifted bonnet and lay his hand on the engine. If it burnt him very badly, we would wait a little longer. If it didn't, he would give the crank a throw and we would do the whole thing over again—and again—and again—and again. It was wicked.

At eleven o'clock we pulled up in front of a blacksmith shop some thirty-five miles from home. The rain was coming down, not heavily, but with a quiet, determined air that foreboded trouble. We tried the door, thinking to get under cover and spread our blankets among the horseshoes, but it was locked. We looked under the trees for a dry spot, but there was none to be found. And so, at last, we climbed up again on to Alice's back, pulled down the side curtains, wrapped the blankets round us, nibbled some of the Greek's hardtack, and slept and woke by turns for six or seven hours. The rain pattered on the canopy top, and the wind stole in between the curtains and poked its cold fingers down our necks. The prospects for a transcontinental trip seemed very poor.

But at the first glimmer of dawn we tumbled out, and with a few dry kindlings from the locker under Alice's rear seat, aided by kerosene from Alice's left side-light, we started a small fire. We made coffee and fried bacon and eggs, and were somewhat cheered. The rain had ceased. Up the road a few of the clouds were touched with a rosy fire that was more like a real "back East" sunrise than anything we had seen for weeks. Some one pointed to a row of trees along the bank of the Snoqualmie, and called attention to the fact that their limbs were bare, as trees' limbs should be in November. (The evergreens of the Coast are superb, but sometimes a little monotonous.) The Rancher said it looked like a Kansas river-bottom. A kind of homey feeling came over us, and the world was quite another place from what it had been at midnight.

"Ain't it funny what a difference
Just a few hours make?"

But about this time we made an alarming discovery. Alice must have been very thirsty in the night, for both the gasoline tank and the one that had held the cylinder oil were nearly empty. We found some gasoline at the nearest post-office, but of oil there was none. Then some one told us that back in the woods a little way, breaking rocks for the county roads, were an engine and a stone-crusher. Possibly they might have something that would answer our purpose. So we hunted them up, cutting across fields, through the bush, and up and down roads that were little more than cow-tracks. It was low-gear work, and Alice-for-Short got all het up in her little tummy and was very much excited. We found them at last. Yes, they had oil, but it was steam-engine oil, thick and dark and heavy, very different from the bright, clear, liquid article that Alice was accustomed to. Whether she could digest it without serious derangement seemed exceedingly doubtful. We took a good big can full of the stuff, because we did not know what else to do, but we were afraid of it. And then, just when things looked blackest, we heard of a man who owned an automobile and actually had a whole barrel-ful of genuine cylinder oil stored in his woodshed. He was away on his wedding tour, but the Rancher did some detective

work and found some one who had authority to sell us a gallon. A goodly slice of the day was gone, but our difficulties were over for the time, and Alice was ready for the road.

Something less than half an hour later we struck a long, steep hill, and at its top we left Alice to catch her breath while we went on foot a few rods farther and stood on the edge of a tall cliff, gazing silently at Snoqualmie Falls. Directly opposite us the big river, swollen with the autumn rains, leaped over a rocky precipice between the fir trees, and dropped two hundred and sixty feet sheer down. Our ears were full of the roar and thunder of it, and from head to foot we were wet with the drifting spray. I wish I could tell you what it was like, but there are some things that cannot be put into words. You too must go traveling in an automobile.

At noon we stopped again in front of the blacksmith shop, and again it was raining. This time we had no trouble in getting in, for the blacksmith was there and was much concerned when he heard how we had sought shelter the night before and had not found it. The back door was open all the time, he said, and we would have been welcome. Next time we must walk right in and make ourselves at home. We blew up his forge, and while we made coffee, heated a frying-pan of beans, and ate our dinner, he kept on with his work and between hammer-strokes told us his history and that of his family unto the third and fourth generation backward. It appears that the Murphys have always been short, like himself, though always strong and hearty. He had an uncle once who weighed two hundred and fifty, but he was as broad as he was long. The blacksmith was a fine man, with the true neighborly spirit, and we spent a pleasant hour in his shop and parted from him with regret.

A few miles nearer home, where the road was sometimes an aisle between the giant firs, sometimes a rickety bridge over a gully, and sometimes a shelf on the hill-side, Alice did a new stunt. We couldn't tell exactly how she managed it, but whenever we tried to throw in the clutch there was a loud bang from the driving-chain, and then—nothing doing. It didn't break,

but it wouldn't go. We couldn't understand it, and we wondered if the con-founded chain had stretched, or what other unearthly thing had happened to it. We tried various expedients, and things that we hoped might be expedients, but none of them helped very much. For a little while we limped along, half expecting to go to pieces at any moment, and then, at the foot of a long, steep hill freshly covered with loose gravel, she balked absolutely. Again and again we tried our best to start her up the grade, till the cylinders grew hot as fire, but she would not. And the rain came down harder and harder, and our spirits sank, and our tempers rose. And the humiliating part of it was that we were pretty sure, down in the bottom of our hearts, that it was all our fault, and that Alice-for-Short would be entirely equal to the emergency if we only knew how to give her a fair show.

In the midst of things there appeared a Job's comforter in the shape of a man in a buggy. He stopped to palaver, and we told him all about it.

"Well, boys," he said, when he had heard the whole story, "I *hope* you'll make the five-forty-five boat, but I don't *believe* you will," and he whipped up his horse and went on.

It was a fine horse.

But after him there came a good Samaritan with a farm wagon and a stout, heavy team, and instead of passing by on the other side he asked us how much we weighed. Thirteen hundred, we told him, and he said his grays were good for it.

It hurt, but the Rancher had promised his wife that he would be home that night. What twelve horse-power in a gasoline engine had failed to accomplish, two horse-power in flesh and blood did with ease, and Alice-for-Short moved quietly and steadily up the hill.

At the top we found a smooth, hard, level stretch of crushed stone, and with many misgivings we cranked the engine. And now the unexpected happened. Whether the chain had shrunk in the course of that leisurely climb, or whether our automobile was ashamed of herself and wanted to redeem her reputation, I do not know; but the carbureter and the spark-coils, the cylinders and the crank-shaft, the transmission, the differential,

and the rear wheels, all burst forth in a joyful chorus, "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" and Alice gathered up her skirts in one hand and fairly scooted till she came to the end of the macadam and hit the mud again. And then the whole painful programme of the night before had to be repeated, and we didn't make the ferry after all.

But we caught the first boat the next morning, and as we backed away from the wharf our spirits rose once more. We had butted in. To use what has been described as mixed metamorphosis, we had given Alice a very hard row to hoe and only once had she failed to make the grade. Probably she would have made it that time if we had done thus and so. We had been to Snoqualmie in the rainy

season and had come home again, and we looked forward to a day when, under brighter auspices and with more experienced handling, she would cover us all with glory. Perhaps we should still go to Boston. Anyhow, we had butted in.

Another half-hour and we landed in town, to find ourselves face to face with the very worst piece of road of the whole journey. There had been a freshet in our absence, and the plank pavement that led down to the ferry was in ruins. Had we come so far to be foiled at the very end? We looked around for cops. There were none in sight. Presumably they had all gone to church. Hist! Tell it not at the city hall, publish it not at police headquarters, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph—but Alice-for-Short came up Madison Street on the sidewalk.

THE NEW BOOKS

Mr. Walter G. Shotwell's "The Life of Charles Sumner" is certainly the most exhaustive and perhaps the most painstaking biography of Sumner that has yet appeared. It consists of a volume of more than seven hundred and fifty closely printed pages, in which every phase of the great Senator's career is studied in detail, and, fortunately, with a narrative skill that seldom allows the interest to flag. Possibly there is a little too much in the way of quotation from Sumner's speeches, and undoubtedly the story of his different European visits is told with a too minute attention to the mere facts of his movements from place to place. But the book as a whole is so interesting that such comparatively trivial defects may well be overlooked. It is most interesting in dealing with Sumner's private life, particularly with his life in the years before his strenuous championship of the rights of the negro opened for him the Congressional activities that were to place his name high on the roll of America's illustrious sons. In writing of Sumner's student days, of his associations at Harvard, in Cambridge, and in Boston, of his work as a lecturer and a lawyer, and of his friendships, Mr. Shotwell has a pleasant habit of dropping into asides of a personal and historical character, illuminating vividly both the figure of Sumner himself and the times in which he lived. The point of view throughout is that of a devoted admirer, eager to defend yet not blind to his hero's defects. Sumner, Mr. Shotwell frankly admits, was an intolerant man, a thorough-going egotist, who "did not doubt that he was right in his conclusions, and could not

see how others could have opinions different from his and still be sincere." But it was this very egotism, he insists, that made largely for Sumner's success, for his undoubted achievements. "His times demanded a man not only of his talents, but of his faults also." As to his work in Congress before, during, and after the Civil War, Mr. Shotwell seems to entertain the belief that Sumner was pretty nearly always in the right, a conclusion in which not all historians will agree with him. None, however, can read his whole-souled defense, his vigorous analysis of motives and conduct, of men and events, and, above all, his able portraiture of Sumner the man, the scholar, the book lover and art lover, as well as the statesman, without sympathizing as perhaps never before with this stern son of New England who strove so manfully and so persistently for the complete freedom of the slave. (T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York, \$1.50.)

The "Intimate Life of Alexander Hamilton," written by his grandson, Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton, is neither a formal biography nor a critical study of the great statesman. It is not intended as such, Dr. Hamilton obviously appreciating the fact that several excellent books of the kind exist, notably Mr. Oliver's brilliantly analytical work, to which he rightly refers as "a noble monument to the memory of Hamilton." His aim has been rather to portray Hamilton the man, in his home life, his friendships, his relations with other eminent men of the time, and his conduct of the enterprises undertaken by him as writer, orator, and