

jobs from the Mayor and heads of departments. But it is also true that his success came not alone because of his peculiar political service; it came also primarily because of his human service. "Little Tim" followed the time-honored traditions of his clan in keeping an eye on the less fortunate of his followers, in helping the poverty-stricken, those out of work, and the distressed. He was foremost in relief, whether in sending coal or settling family disputes. He wanted to show himself not only the boss but also the best friend of his people, and he became a boss largely because he started with being a friend. This characteristic was noticeable when Tim was a little boy. The other boys used to say of him, "He's a good feller." His was the human touch. His work rests first of all on human sympathy. His warm Irish heart was no mechanical charity system. He was a kind of pastor; at all events, his was the pastoral relation. No wonder that thousands of the Bowery folk attended his funeral and wept at his loss. One can not approve "Little Tim" as a politician. But one may approve him as a pastor. And let reformers understand that they will not achieve their reforms until good men do in the pastoral relation what so-called "bad" men have done.

IN HONOR OF WILLIAM WINTER

One of the pleasant celebrations of the holiday season in New York was a dinner given by the National Arts Club to Mr. William Winter to commemorate his retirement from active work as a journalistic critic of the drama. At this dinner gathered a group, not only of Mr. Winter's personal friends, but of leaders in various fields of the city's activity. Letters of appreciation and personal addresses were made by various men of distinction. But the feature of the occasion was Mr. Winter's own address, which was written and delivered in his characteristically accomplished manner. A man who has labored, as Mr. Winter has, for fifty years in the journalism of New York with the main purpose of promoting and fostering the drama as one of the fine arts, and of educating the play-goer to enjoy and therefore to demand the best stand-

ards of dramatic representation, speaks with peculiar authority upon theatrical matters. Mr. Winter as a critic has been himself criticised for worshipping the past and disparaging the present. "Nothing," he said, "could be further from the truth."

I do, however, *remember* the past, and it seems to me that there is good reason why it should be remembered. The past is the glory and grandeur of Greece and Rome. The past in dramatic literature is Shakespeare, Massinger, Webster, Otway, Congreve, Goldsmith, and Sheridan. The past in acting is Betterton, Garrick, Kemble, Cooke, Kean, Mrs. Siddons, Booth, Macready, and Forrest. The past in poetry is Milton, Dryden, Pope, Burns, Byron, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Tennyson. The past in novel and romance is the great Cervantes; the manly, truthful Fielding; the incomparable Walter Scott, Cooper of the lion heart, and Hawthorne, the weird magician of gloom. I mention only a few of the great representative names. You who know the storied chronicle will readily supply the rest; and those names, which are symbols, I mention only to declare that just as we should travel in foreign lands to observe and absorb the beauty to be reproduced and perpetuated at home, so we should study and remember the past, in order, by practical application of its lessons of grandeur and grace, to adorn and consecrate the present.

No English-writing critic of the period has done more than Mr. Winter to encourage and cheer the actor whose fundamental motive is the love of his profession as an art. It is equally true that no single American critic has done more than Mr. Winter to promote among the theater-going public an appreciation of excellent work on the stage, from the work of those who do their faithful best in minor parts to that of those who portray the great personages and characters of dramatic history. Mr. Winter is one of those who believe that art, even that art which is created merely to entertain, has a moral basis, a basis to which he referred in his address at the National Arts Club dinner in the following words, which deserve to be carefully remembered by the play-manager, the play-actor, and the play-goer: "And I would add that the writers who palliate theatrical offenses by quoting the great authority of Shakespeare—that the purpose of playing is to hold the mirror up to Nature—might advantageously observe his warning, which occurs in the same paragraph, that especially the modesty of

Nature should not be overstepped—a warning which applies as directly to the choice of subject as to the manner of impersonation or the method of elocution.”

**A NEW SPECTACLE IN
AN ANCIENT LAND**

America is accustomed to great assemblies, and particularly big religious assemblies. India, on the other hand, is one of the regions where one would least expect to find a convention of the American type. It may therefore surprise our readers to learn that the Fourth Christian Endeavor World's Convention brought together forty-five hundred visitors in the historic city of Agra, India. Two-fifths of these were Christians from neighboring villages, two-fifths came from the far-flung limits of the Indian Empire, and most of the remainder were from half of the missionary denominations of southern Asia. Many of these were moved to come to this gathering partly to see the Taj Mahal, the white marble memorial which Sháh Jahán built to commemorate his wife; to gaze at the tomb, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, of Sheikh Salem Chishli, the Hermit; to watch the sun swathe the mausoleums which Jahángir built, and to wander within the fort walls; but chiefly to find there the companionship of others of their own faith. It is hard for us in America, to whom such companionship is a commonplace, to realize what such a gathering means to those to whom religion has brought isolation. Twenty-eight years ago the first Society of Christian Endeavor was established in Portland, Maine. Today, in India, Burma, and Ceylon alone there are nearly a thousand societies. Not only India, but other countries and other continents were represented. A hundred delegates were welcomed from America. The whole body of delegates constituted an evidence of the interchurch, international, and the interracial character of the Christian Endeavor Movement. In one meeting responses were made in Assamese, Bengali, Burmese, Kanarese, Singhalese, Santhali, Gujaráthi, Hindi, Urdu, Karen, Khassia, Lushai, Malayálim, Marathi, Oriya, Punjabi, Tamil, and Telugu. Even the Tibetans chimed in with “Onward, Christian Soldiers!” in their own tongue. Dr. F. E. Clark, President of

the International organization and founder of the first Society, was present and gave the presidential address. According to Secretary William Shaw, who also was present, there are three and one-half million members of the Christian Endeavor Society in the world. This occasion was, in fact, a realization of the dream of that cobbler missionary William Carey, who foresaw a hundred years ago the time when missionary stations would form a chain from northern India to Ceylon.

**A HAZARDOUS
EXPERIMENT**

A French lawyer, M. Georges Bonjean, is reported by the New York “Sun” as about to make a very interesting experiment with young writers. Every one who is brought in contact with young men and women who are eager to write, and who show some promise, has been smitten by a desire to place them beyond the reach of anxiety and let them develop their talents without external pressure. This, at one time or another, has probably been the dream of lovers of poetry and of art generally; but longer acquaintance with young aspirants in the arts and with the educational effect of the experiences of life has persuaded most men and women that it would be a very hazardous experiment. This French gentleman has three estates of very great value, on one of which stands Fontgombault Abbey. An expert committee will select the most beautiful of these three estates, and will receive the title of it as the residence of fifty aspirants in painting, sculpture, literature, music, and other arts, who are to be carefully selected, and to be between the ages of seventeen and twenty-three. It is very much to be hoped that M. Bonjean may try his experiment; ten years of experience with young people of promise would be of immense value in settling the question whether or not it is possible to endow art by making life easy for aspirants. Confidence in the practicability of the scheme is shaken, however, by the announcement that there is to be opened in connection with it a special *salon* in Paris where the young artists will present their creations to the public. This is very like paying a man's board and clothing while he is writing a