

nity and the progressive political views necessary to the ruler of Belgium.



SIR ALFRED JONES

The death of one of the greatest of English ship-owners attracts particular attention. First of all, Sir Alfred Jones was a strong personality and a real philanthropist as well as a far-sighted man of affairs. At an early age he became a partner in the well-known shipping firm of Elder, Dempster & Co. At that time the firm was doing a rather small business between Liverpool and African ports. The new member devoted himself so persistently to developing the possibilities of West Africa that, when the Royal Niger Company (a promoting concern for the exploitation of the territory of the Niger River) ceased to be an administrative corporation, he induced the British Government to establish its colony of Nigeria, comprising nearly fourteen million inhabitants. He promoted the agencies of trade and transportation, domestic as well as foreign, there and in the other West African colonies, the Gold Coast colony, Ashanti, the Sierra Leone and the Gambia colonies. He did more. His service was not only economic but humanitarian. His was the strongest influence in the suppression of slavery on the African West Coast. More than elsewhere it was difficult to root out the wrong in northern Nigeria. It was largely due to Sir Alfred's influence that a proclamation was issued in 1900, not abolishing domestic slavery, but declaring all children born after April 1, 1901, free. It forbade the removal of domestic slaves for sale or transfer, and extended to all inhabitants of the Nigeria Protectorate the penalties for dealing in slaves. Moreover, recognizing the terrible limitations of human life and endeavor on the African West Coast through malarial fevers, and desiring to bring together scientists in the effort to combat the unhealth, Sir Alfred established and endowed at Liverpool a School of Tropical Medicine, the first institution of its kind in the world. It helped not only the colonies in which Sir Alfred was interested; it helped other British colonies as well. It also helped us Americans in meeting our responsibilities as to health in

Cuba, Porto Rico, Panama, and the Philippines. But West Africa was not the only field where Sir Alfred Jones displayed his talents. He established a West Indian steamer service, and incidentally developed out of small beginnings the present great exportation of bananas from Jamaica. He then bought the Beaver Line, operating between Liverpool and Canada. All of these lines were his lines, not the Government's. For he built his ships without Government subsidy. He operated them without a penny of Government protection. Special attention is thus called to such a career at a time when in many countries, including our own, Government help is being sought to subsidize shipping. Sir Alfred Jones's fame and fortune rest squarely upon "a fair field and no favor." Of such empire-builders is the mighty British Empire builded.



The death of Frederic Remington, artist, writer, and sculptor, at a time when he was fast becoming a painter of genuine power, is a serious loss to American art and to a wide circle of friends. He was a man of exceptional vigor whose life-work seemed only approaching maturity. He was ill but a few days, and he was under fifty years of age when he died. His father, who was a journalist, was eager to make a journalist of him; but the boy had other aspirations, and, very fortunately in his case, he eventually had his own way, and went to the Yale Art School. If reports are to be trusted, his eminence at that institution was on the football field rather than in the art classes. His powerful frame, courage, and audacity made him an athletic hero. The death of his father interrupted his education; he became a clerk in a village store, where he saw many things which he later recounted with infinite glee. In course of time he went West, and here his art education was aided by four years' experience as a cow-puncher. He was in the saddle from morning until night, seeing the life of the plains at its most picturesque and vital moment, familiar with army posts and cavalry stations, studying horses, mules, cattle, sheep; at times a scout, at other times a ranchman, and often a cowboy,

scouring the Southwest and Mexico, and leaving very little of the Far West of that time unexplored. He had the good fortune to be interrupted again in his career, and this time by the loss of his money. He came East and took a clerkship, but the life was unbearable to him, and one day he characteristically ended it by putting on his coat and leaving the office forever. Then he began to make sketches. Mr. R. W. Gilder saw what was in him, and gave him a commission to draw the Indian and to write about him. He was still a young man, but in the shortest possible time he made his mark as the one man in the country who by his pencil could transfer the free life of the West to the pages of a magazine without loss of vitality. Thenceforward his success was rapid. He worked with great concentration and with a passionate intensity, but with many changes of scene, and "The Buffalo Hunt," "The Broncho Buster," "The Apache Trail," etc., are records of his free and vigorous genius, as they are, so far as plastic art is concerned, the most graphic record of a vanished life. Mr. Remington was the most unconventional, outspoken, and delightful of companions. At the time of his death he was working in oils, and had made such progress that his friends were looking eagerly for notable achievements in a new field. Many years ago, at a luncheon table in New York City at which Mr. Kipling and Mr. Remington were present, there was very frank talk about English and American relations which largely took the form of a duet between Remington and Kipling. The antagonists were well matched in audacity, frankness, and power of picturesque speech, and it is needless to say that the American side was sustained with an unconventionality, freshness, and force that quite matched Mr. Kipling at his best. At the close of the debate Mr. Kipling summed up the international differences in a striking sentence: "The real difference between us is climatic. We live in a climate so damp that one needs half a dozen stimulants during the day to keep his spirits up; and you live in a climate so exhilarating that a man can run across a rug in his stocking-feet and light the gas with the end of his finger."

FIVE NOTABLE AMERICANS

Last week there died in various parts of the world five Americans who should not be allowed to pass away without recognition. Mr. Arthur Gilman, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, one of those prominently connected with the founding of Radcliffe College, not a university man, but a man of letters and actively engaged in the work of higher education, died in Atlantic City. It is rather a remarkable fact that although Mr. Gilman was a college-bred man only in so far as an honorary degree from Williams can give that distinction, he will be particularly missed as a representative of the progressive educational work that has been done in recent years in this country. In Milton, Massachusetts, Carl Zerrahn died in his eighty-fourth year. Mr. Zerrahn was perhaps the earliest apostle of good music coming to this country from foreign shores. He was associated in Boston with the Handel and Haydn Society, with the Germania Orchestra, and he was a colleague of Carl Bergmann, the first conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society. He retired some years ago from active musical life, but this ought not to obscure the great services which he has rendered to Americans through the art of music. Walter Shirlaw, who died at the age of seventy-one in Madrid, belonged to the older group of American landscape painters and illustrators. His work, like that of Mr. Zerrahn, has been obscured by the great advance of younger men in recent years, but in his day he was one of the leaders in the progress of American pictorial art. He was a man of a striking personality, and possessed traits greatly enjoyed by his friends. He was the first President of the Society of American Artists when that body seceded from the American Academy of Design. Mr. Dumont Clarke, the President of the American Exchange Bank of New York City, died at his country home at Dumont, New Jersey. Mr. Clarke was of a retiring disposition, and was not associated with New York City affairs except in banking circles, in which his fidelity and judgment were regarded with the highest esteem. He was at one time an important officer of the Clearing-House. His civic interest was expressed by the fact that he served the