

Stories of Notable Lives Around the World

WORLD HISTORY SERIES

SELECTED AUTHORS

Stories of Notable Lives

Around the World

Selected Authors

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Stories of Notable Lives Around the World

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Compiled From:

A Treasury of Heroes and Heroines, by Clayton Edwards, New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co., (1920).

Heroines of Service, by Mary Parkman, New York: The Century Company, (1921).

Heroines in History, by Cicely Binyon, England: Oxford University Press, (1917).

Youth's Golden Cycle, by John Fraser, Philadelphia: W.M. Patterson & Co., (1885).

Lives of Poor Boys, by Sarah Bolton, New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., (1885)

Real Americans, by Mary Wade, Boston: Little, Brown & Co., (1922).

Heroes of Today, by Mary Parkman, New York: The Century Company, (1917).

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Inventors, by Phillip Hubert, New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, (1893).

Pilgrims of Today, by Mary Wade, Boston: Little, Brown & Co., (1916).

Libraries of Hope, Inc.
Appomattox, Virginia 24522

Website www.librariesofhope.com
Email support@librariesofhope.com

Printed in the United States of America

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Francesco Petrarch

(1304-1374: Italy)

Hundreds of thousands of men returned from the crusades with their minds full of new ideas. They had seen the distant countries of the East with their mountains, rivers, plains, and seas. In the great cities they had gazed upon hundreds of handsome buildings different from anything in their own lands. Many of the French, German, and English crusaders had gone to Venice to take ship to cross the Mediterranean, and there they had seen most superb structures of colored marble. The outside of the Venetian palaces was generally adorned with bas-relief, and the groundwork was often colored a deep, rich blue, while the sculpture was covered with gold leaf. Moreover, the crusaders had learned that their own ways of living were not always the best and most comfortable. They had found that there were kinds of food and materials for clothing better than those to which they had been accustomed; that there were beautiful furnishings for houses of which they had never dreamed. Having seen such things or heard of them, people wished to buy them. The cities about the Adriatic Sea, especially Venice and Genoa, were ready to supply all these newly discovered needs. Long before this, the Venetians had driven the pirates from the Adriatic and had claimed the sea as their own. To symbolize this victory, they had a poetical custom. Every Ascension Day the doge, or ruler of the city,

sailed out in a vessel most magnificently decorated, and with a vast amount of ceremony dropped a golden ring into the water to indicate that the city had become the bride of the sea. Venice had built ships and carried the armies of crusaders across the water. She had gained stations on the eastern shore of the Adriatic, and might fairly claim to rule the whole sea. She had used her ships for other purposes, however, than carrying armies, for she had an enormous trade, as we have said, in the beautiful things that were made in the distant lands of the East. She brought home cargoes of rich tapestries and silks, jewels, glassware, and most exquisite pieces of work in iron and gold and enamel. Her workmen copied them and found in them hints and suggestions for other work. These things were carried over Europe, and even in far-away England it was taken for granted that any particularly handsome article had been brought from Italy. Macaroni was the best-known food of the Italians, and the English began to call anything dainty and delicate and graceful "macaroni," or even anything dandified and foppish, as our "Yankee Doodle" shows in the lines,

"Stuck a feather in his hat,
And called it macaroni."

The crusades not only taught people about other lands and other customs, but they taught them to wish to see more of the world, to know what men of other countries were doing and thinking. People began to have more interest in what was written in books. They had thought

that a man encased in armor, carrying a sword and a lance, and set upon a horse, was the greatest hero on earth. Now they began to have a glimmering idea that the man who had noble thoughts and could put them into noble words was greater than the man with the sword.

The most famous scholar of the age was an Italian poet called Petrarch. Even as a boy he loved the writings of the early Latin and Greek authors. His father wished him to become a lawyer, and the boy listened to some lectures on law; but all the while he was saving his money to buy the works of Cicero and Virgil. His father threw the precious manuscripts into the fire; but when he saw the grief of the boy, he snatched them out again. Thus Petrarch slowly won his way to being a poet and scholar. He became a great collector of manuscripts, especially of the Greek and Roman writers; and, moreover, he showed people how to study them. Before his day, even students had felt that if two copies of an author's work did not agree, one was as likely to be correct as the other. Petrarch taught people to compare manuscripts, to study them, and so learn whether one was copied from another, or whether those in hand had all been copied from some older writing that was lost. Princes and other great men of Italy admired his poetry and showed him much respect, but there were two special honors for which he longed. One was to be crowned as poet laureate by the Roman senate; the other was to wear a similar crown in Paris. On one happy September day invitations to receive both these crowns

came to him. He had always taught that it was wrong for a man not to make the most of himself, and even when he was seventy, he did not think of giving up work. His physicians said, "You must rest"; but, instead of resting, he engaged five or six secretaries and worked as hard as ever. One morning he was found in his library, his head lying on an open book. He was dead.

His influence, however, did not die. Others, too, began to collect the long-forgotten manuscripts of the Greek and Roman authors. They searched monasteries and churches and made many copies of the precious writings. Italy was all alive with interest in the great works of the ancient writers. The Italian students thought wistfully of the manuscripts that must be stored away in Greece. They did not know how soon they would be able to read them for themselves and without leaving their own country.

Thus it was that, although the crusaders did not win Jerusalem, and though the Holy City is even today in the hands of the Mohammedans, yet the crusades did much to encourage commerce, to give people new ideas on many subjects, and to prepare them to receive the knowledge that was coming to them swiftly from the East.

Queen Philippa and the Citizens of Calais

(1314-1369: England)

It took France and England many centuries, and finally a war which dragged along from one generation to another till it was called the Hundred Years' War, to become two separate nations whose kings and people did not interfere with one another. You remember that in the days of William the Conqueror one king tried to rule both kingdoms. Then King John lost all his French possessions; but in the fourteenth century we find an English king, Edward III, claiming the throne of France, and supporting his claim with invading armies. The French liked no better than the English to have their land overrun by foreigners, and the great war began, one incident of which is this siege of Calais of our story. Sir John Froissart, a French knight, wrote down in a very quaint and picturesque style many stories of this war, and no one of them is prettier than this one which I am going to tell to you, keeping as close as I can to his manner of telling.

It was in 1346. The English had won the battle of Crécy, and now an army moved on Calais, one of the strongest French cities, for "the English king was very wroth at the people of Calais for the great damages and displeasures they had done him on the sea before."

When the king of England was come before Calais, he built a camp and a fortress, from which he could lay his

siege. He had carpenters make houses and lodgings of great timber, and set the houses like streets, and cover them with reed and broom, so that it was like a little town; and there was everything to sell, and a market place to be kept every Tuesday and Saturday for flesh and fish, houses for cloth, and for bread and wine, and all other things necessary. This the king did because he would not assail the town of Calais, for he thought it but a lost labor. (That was because the walls and towers and defenses of the city were so strong.) He spared his people and his artillery, and said that he would famish those in the town with long siege.

When the captain of Calais saw the manner of the Englishmen's attack, he ordered all the poor people of the city to leave Calais. It would be hard enough for the well-to-do, who could afford to buy provisions, to live through such a siege as was before them. The city must not be burdened by a host of poor people. So on a Wednesday the gates were opened, and there issued out of the town men, women, and children, more than seventeen hundred. As they passed through the English army it was demanded of them why they departed, and they said because they had nothing to live on. Then the English king did them that grace that he suffered them to pass through his host without danger, and gave them meat and drink to dinner, and to every person two-pence in alms.

Then Froissart tells the story of the long siege, how it went on for many months, until the citizens were truly

famished for food, since the English camped on every side and allowed none to be brought in to them; how they made sallies and attacks, but could not conquer the great English army; and how at last the French king raised an army and attempted to relieve Calais, but the roads thither were so well kept by English troops that he could not approach.

When they who were within Calais heard that the French king had departed, they knew that their last hope of succor had failed them, and they were in great sorrow. They took counsel together and desired their captain, Sir John of Vienne, to go to the walls of the town and make a sign that he wished to speak with some person from the English host. When the English king heard this, he sent thither two English knights, Sir Gaultier and Sir Basset.

Then Sir John said to them: "Sirs, ye be right valiant knights in deeds of arms, and ye know well how the king of France my master hath commanded us to keep in his behalf this town; and we have done all that lieth in our power. Now our last succor hath failed us, and we be so sore straitened that we have naught on which to live, but must all die of famine, unless this noble and gentle king of yours will take mercy on us: the which we request you to desire him to do,—to have pity on us, and to let us go and depart as we be, and let him take the town and the castle, and all the goods that be therein, the which is great abundance."

Then Sir Gaultier said: "Sir, we know somewhat of the intention of the king our master. Know surely for truth that it is not his mind that ye nor they within the town should depart so. It is his will that ye put yourselves into his will, to ransom all such as pleaseth him, and to put to death such as he decide: for they of Calais have caused him to take much trouble and lost him many of his men, so that he is sore grieved against them."

Then the captain said: "Sir, this is too hard a matter to us. We have endured much pain; but we shall yet endure as much pain as ever knights did, rather than to consent that the worst lad in the town should fare any worse than the greatest of us all. Therefore we pray you that you will go and speak to the king of England, and desire him to have pity on us, for we trust that by the grace of God his purpose shall change."

The English knights returned to the king and told him all that had been said, and he declared that he would hear to nothing else but that they should yield to him, for him to do with them according to his pleasure. Then Sir Gaultier protested, saying that if they treated the French knights so, some day, when they themselves were in the hands of the French, they might be so dealt with. All the lords supported him, and the king, saying that he would not go against all his knights, yielded and told Sir Gaultier that he might say to the men of Calais that if they would let six of the chief citizens of the town come out "bareheaded, barefooted, barelegged, and in their shirts,

with halters about their necks, and with the keys of the town and castle in their hands," and if these were yielded simply to his pleasure to do with them as he would, he would "take the rest to mercy."

Sir Gaultier returned and found the captain still on the wall, abiding for an answer. When he had heard the message, he begged Sir Gaultier to tarry on the wall a little space while he went to the town and showed this to the citizens who sent him thither.

The captain returned to the market place and sounded the common bell, and all the men and women assembled there, and the captain made report of all that he had done and asked what was their answer. At his report the people began to weep and make much sorrow, and the richest citizen of the town, Eustace of Saint-Pierre, rose and said: "Sirs, great and small, it would be great mischief to suffer so many people to die as be in this town, either by famine or by the pleasure of the king, when there is a way to save them. Wherefore I will be the first to put my life in jeopardy."

Then another honest citizen arose and said: "I will keep company with my friend and neighbor Eustace."

And still another rose, and another, until there were six of the most honorable citizens of the town. They went and appareled themselves as the king desired, and the people went with them to the gate, and there was much weeping and lamentation. Then the gate was opened, and the

captain went out with the six citizens and said to Sir Gaultier: "Sir, I deliver to you these six citizens, and I swear to you truly that they be and were today most honorable, rich, and notable citizens of all the town of Calais. Wherefore, gentle knight, I require you to pray the king to have mercy on them, that they die not."

"I cannot say what the king will do," quoth Sir Gaultier, "but I shall do for them the best I can."

Then the six citizens went toward the king, and the captain again entered the town.

When Sir Gaultier presented these citizens to the king, they knelt down and gave him the keys, saying that they offered themselves up to submit to his pleasure in order to save the rest of the people of Calais.

The hearts of all the lords and knights were touched at the sight of these noble men, shorn of all sign of rank and all means of defense, offering themselves for their city, but the king looked coldly upon them and commanded that their heads be struck off. Sir Gaultier spoke for them, saying that this was a cruel deed and would hurt the king's fair renown, but his words had no weight. The king turned away, saying, "They of Calais have caused many of my men to be slain, wherefore these shall die."

Then Queen Philippa knelt down before him, and, weeping sorely, said: "Gentle sir, since I have crossed the sea from my home in great peril to be with you, I have desired nothing of you. Now therefore I humbly beg you,

in honor of God and for the love of me, that ye will have mercy on these six citizens."

The king looked sullenly at the queen and stood still for a space in a study, and then said: "Ah, dame, I would you had been elsewhere, for if ye make such request to me, I cannot deny you. Wherefore I give them to you, to do your pleasure with them."

The queen caused the six citizens to be brought to her apartment, and had the halters taken from their necks, and had them newly clothed in garments suitable to their station, and gave them their dinner at their leisure. Finally she had each of them brought out of the English host under safe guard and set at liberty.

Wherefore men everywhere honor the six citizens of Calais, that they were willing to give their lives in order to save their people, and hold likewise in loving remembrance the good Queen Philippa, who by her gentleness and mercy did win back their lives.

A War for an Archbishop
The Curious Story of Vladimir the Great

(Ruled 980-1015: Russia)

In the latter part of the tenth century Sviatozlaf was Grand Prince of Russia. He was a powerful prince, but a turbulent one, and he behaved so ill towards his neighbors that, when an opportunity offered, one of them converted his skull into a gold-mounted drinking-cup, with an inscription upon it, and his dominions were parcelled out between his three sons Yaropolk, Oleg, and Vladimir.

Yaropolk, finding his possessions too small for his ambition, made war on Oleg, and conquered his territory; but his brother Oleg having been killed in the war, the tender-hearted Yaropolk wept bitterly over his corpse.

The other brother, Vladimir, was so grieved at the death of Oleg that he abandoned his capital, Novgorod, and remained for a time in seclusion. Yaropolk seized the opportunity thus offered, and made himself master of Vladimir's dominions also. Not long afterwards Vladimir appeared at the head of an army, and Yaropolk ran away to his own capital, Kiev. Vladimir at once resumed the throne, and sent word to Yaropolk that he would in due time return the hostile visit.

About this time Yaropolk and Vladimir both asked for the hand of the Princess Rogneda, of Polotzk, in marriage; and the father of the princess, fearing to offend either of the royal barbarians, left the choice to Rogneda herself.

She chose Yaropolk, sending a very insulting message to Vladimir, whereupon that prince marched against Polotzk, conquered the province, and with his own hand slew the father and brothers of the princess. Then, with their blood still unwashed from his hands, he forced Rogneda to marry him.

Having attended to this matter, Vladimir undertook to return his brother's hostile visit, as he had promised to do. Yaropolk's capital, Kiev, was a strongly fortified place, and capable of a stout resistance; but Vladimir corrupted Blude, one of Yaropolk's ministers, paying him to betray his master, and promising, in the event of success, to heap honors on his head. Blude worked upon Yaropolk's fears, and persuaded him to abandon the capital without a struggle, and Vladimir took possession of the throne and the country. Even in his exile, however, Yaropolk had no peace. Blude frightened him with false stories, and persuaded him to remove from place to place, until his mind and body were worn out, when, at Blude's suggestion, he determined to surrender himself, and trust to the mercy of Vladimir. That good-natured brother ordered the betrayed and distressed prince to be put to death.

Then Vladimir rewarded Blude. He entertained him in princely fashion, declaring to his followers that he was deeply indebted to this man for his faithful services, and heaping all manner of honors upon him. But at the end of three days he said to Blude: "I have kept my promise

strictly. I have received you with welcome, and heaped unwonted honors upon your head. This I have done as your friend. Today, as judge, I condemn the traitor and the murderer of his prince." He ordered that Blude should suffer instant death, and the sentence was executed.

Now that both Oleg and Yaropolk were dead, Vladimir was Grand Prince of all the Russias, as his father before him had been. He invaded Poland, and made war upon various others of his neighbors, greatly enlarging his dominions and strengthening his rule.

But Vladimir was a very pious prince in his heathen way, and feeling that the gods had greatly favored him, he made rich feasts of thanksgiving in their honor. He ordered splendid memorials to various deities to be erected throughout the country, and he specially honored Perune, the father of the gods, for whom he provided a new pair of golden whiskers, golden whiskers being the special glory of Perune.

Not content with this, Vladimir ordered a human sacrifice to be made, and selected for the victim a Christian youth of the capital. The father of the boy resisted, and both were slain, locked in each other's arms.

Vladimir gave vast sums of money to the religious establishments, and behaved generally like a very devout pagan. His piety and generosity made him so desirable a patron that efforts were made by the priests of other religions to convert him. Jews, Mohammedans, Catholics,

and Greeks all sought to win him, and Vladimir began seriously to consider the question of changing his religion. He appointed a commission, consisting of ten boyards, and ordered them to examine into the comparative merits of the different religions, and to report to him. When their report was made, Vladimir weighed the matter carefully.

He began by rejecting Mohammedanism, because it forbids the use of wine, and Vladimir was not at all disposed to become a water-drinker. Judaism, he said, was a homeless religion, its followers being wanderers on the face of the earth, under a curse; so he would have nothing to do with that faith. The Catholic religion would not do at all, because it recognized in the pope a superior to himself, and Vladimir had no mind to acknowledge a superior. The Greek religion was free from these objections, and, moreover, by adopting it he would bring himself into friendship with the great Greek or Byzantine Empire, whose capital was at Constantinople, and that was something which he earnestly desired to accomplish. Accordingly, he determined to become a Christian and a member of the Greek Church; but how? There were serious difficulties in the way. In order to become a Christian he must be baptized, and he was puzzled about how to accomplish that. There were many Greek priests in his capital, any one of whom would have been glad to baptize the heathen monarch, but Vladimir would not let a mere priest convert him into a Christian. Nobody less

than an archbishop would do for that, and there was no archbishop in Russia.

It is true that there were plenty of archbishops in the dominions of his Byzantine neighbors, and that the Greek emperors, Basil and Constantine, would have been glad to send him a dozen of them if he had expressed a wish to that effect; but Vladimir was proud, and could not think of asking a favor of anybody, least of all of the Greek emperors. No, he would die a heathen rather than ask for an archbishop to baptize him.

Nevertheless, Vladimir had fully made up his mind to have himself baptized by an archbishop. It was his lifelong habit, when he wanted anything, to take it by force. He had taken two thirds of his dominions in that way, and, as we have seen, it was in that way that he got his wife Rogneda. So now that he wanted an archbishop, he determined to take one. Calling his army together, he declared war on the Greek emperors, and promising his soldiers all the pillage they wanted, he marched away towards Constantinople.

The first serious obstacle he met with was the fortified city of Kherson, situated near the spot where Sebastopol stands in our day. Here the resistance was so obstinate that month after month was consumed in siege operations. At the end of six months Vladimir became seriously alarmed lest the garrison should be succored

from without, in which case his hope of getting himself converted into a Christian must be abandoned altogether.

While he was troubled on this score, however, one of his soldiers picked up an arrow that had been shot from the city, and found a letter attached to it. This letter informed the Grand Prince that the water-pipes of the city received their supplies at a point immediately in his rear, and with this news Vladimir's hope of becoming a Christian revived. He found the water-pipes and stopped them up, and the city surrendered.

There were plenty of bishops and archbishops there, of course, and they were perfectly willing as they had been from the first, for that matter to baptize the unruly royal convert, but Vladimir was not content now with that. He sent a messenger to Constantinople to tell the emperors there that he wanted their sister, the Princess Anne, for a wife; and that if they refused, he would march against Constantinople itself. The Emperors Basil and Constantine consented, and although Vladimir had five wives already, he married Anne, and was baptized on the same day.

Having now become a Christian, the Grand Prince determined that his Russians should do the same. He publicly stripped the god Perune of his gorgeous golden whiskers, and of his rich vestments, showing the people that Perune was only a log of wood. Then he had the

deposed god whipped in public, and thrown into the river, with all the other gods.

He next ordered all the people of his capital city to assemble on the banks of the Dnieper River, and, at a signal, made them all rush into the water, while a priest pronounced the baptismal service over the whole population of the city at once. It was the most wholesale baptism ever performed.

That is the way in which Russia was changed from a pagan to a Christian empire. The story reads like a romance, but it is plain, well-authenticated history. For his military exploits the Russian historians call this prince Vladimir the Great. The people call him St. Vladimir, the Greek Church having enrolled his name among the saints soon after his death. He was undoubtedly a man of rare military skill, and unusual ability in the government of men. Bad as his acts were, he seems to have had a conscience, and to have done his duty so far as he was capable of understanding it.

The Boy Commander of the Camisards

(1681-1740: France)

Louis XIV was King of France. That country was generally Catholic, as it is still, but in the rugged mountain region called the Cevennes more than half the people were Protestants. At first the king consented that these Protestant people, who were well behaved both in peace and in war, should live in quiet, and worship as they pleased; but in those days men were not tolerant in matters of religion, as they are now, and so after a while King Louis made up his mind that he would compel all his people to believe alike. The Protestants of the Cevennes were required to give up their religion and to become Catholics. When they refused, soldiers were sent to compel them, and great cruelties were practised upon them. Many of them were killed, many put in prison, and many sent to work in the galleys.

When this persecution had lasted for nearly thirty years, a body of young men who were gathered together in the High Cevennes resolved to defend themselves by force. They secured arms, and although their numbers were very small, they met and fought the troops.

Among these young men was one, a mere boy, named Jean Cavalier. His home was in the Lower Cevennes, but he had fled to the highlands for safety. This boy, without knowing it, had military genius of a very high order, and when it became evident that he and his comrades could

not long hold out against the large bodies of regular troops sent against them, he suggested a plan which in the end proved to be so good that for years the poor peasants were able to maintain war against all the armies that King Louis could send against them, although he sent many of his finest generals and as many as sixty thousand men to subdue them.

Cavalier's plan was to collect more men, divide, and make uprisings in several places at once, so that the king's officers could not tell in which way to turn. As he and his comrades knew the country well, and had friends to tell them of the enemy's movements, they could nearly always know when it was safe to attack, and when they must hide in the woods.

Cavalier took thirty men and went into one part of the country, while Captain La Porte, with a like number, went to another, and Captain St. John to still another. They kept each other informed of all movements, and whenever one was pressed by the enemy, the others would begin burning churches or attacking small garrisons. The enemy would thus be compelled to abandon the pursuit of one party in order to go after the others, and it soon became evident that under Cavalier's lead the peasants were too wily and too strong for the soldiers. Sometimes Cavalier would fairly beat detachments of his foes, and give them chase, killing all whom he caught; for in that war both sides did this, even killing their prisoners without mercy. At other times Cavalier was worsted in fight, and when

that was the case he fled to the woods, collected more men, and waited for another chance.

Without trying to write an orderly history of the war, for which there is not space enough here, I shall now tell some stories of Cavalier's adventures, drawing the information chiefly from a book which he himself wrote years afterwards, when he was a celebrated man and a general in the British army.

One Sunday Cavalier, who was a preacher as well as a soldier, held services in his camp in the woods, and all the Protestant peasants in the neighborhood attended. The Governor of Alais, whose name was De la Hay, thought this a good opportunity not only to defeat Cavalier's small force, but also to catch the Protestant women and children in the act of attending a Protestant service, the punishment for which was death. He collected a force of about six hundred men, cavalry and infantry, and marched towards the wood, where he knew he should outnumber the peasants three or four to one. He had a mule loaded with ropes, declaring that he was going to hang all the rebels at once.

When news of De la Hay's coming was brought to the peasants, they sent away all the country people, women, and children, and began to discuss the situation. They had no commander, for although Cavalier had led them generally, he had no authority to do so. Everything was voluntary, and everything a subject of debate. On this

occasion many thought it best to retreat at once, as there were less than two hundred of them; but Cavalier declared that if they would follow him, he would lead them to a place where victory might be won. They consented, and he advanced to a point on the road where he could shelter his men. Quickly disposing them in line of battle behind some defenses, he awaited the coming of the enemy.

De la Hay, being over-confident because of his superior numbers, blundered at the outset. Instead of attacking first with his infantry, he placed his horsemen in front, and ordered an assault. Cavalier was quick to take advantage of this blunder. He ordered only a few of his men to fire, and this drew a volley from the advancing horsemen, which did little damage to the sheltered troops, but emptied the horsemen's weapons. Instantly Cavalier ordered a charge and a volley, and the horsemen, with empty pistols, gave way, Cavalier pursuing them. De la Hay's infantry, being just behind the horsemen, were ridden down by their own friends, and became confused and panic-stricken. Cavalier pursued hotly, his men throwing off their coats to lighten themselves, and giving the enemy no time to rally. A reinforcement two hundred strong, coming up, tried to check Cavalier's charge; but so impetuous was the onset that these fresh troops gave way in their turn, and the chase ended only when the king's men had shut themselves up in the fortified towns. Cavalier had lost only five or six men, the enemy losing a hundred killed and many more wounded. Cavalier

captured a large quantity of arms and ammunition, of which he was in sore need.

When the battle was over it was decided unanimously to make Cavalier the commander. He refused, however, to accept the responsibility unless it could be accompanied with power to enforce obedience, and his troops at once voted to make his authority absolute, even to the decision of questions of life and death. According to the best authorities, Cavalier was only seventeen years old when this absolute command was conferred upon him. How skilfully he used the scant means at his disposal we shall see hereafter.

On one occasion Cavalier attacked a party of forty men who were marching through the country to reinforce a distant post, and killed most of them. While searching the dead bodies, he found in the pocket of the commanding officer an order signed by Count Broglio, the king's lieutenant, directing all military officers and town authorities to lodge and feed the party on their march. No sooner had the boy soldier read this paper than he resolved to turn it to his own advantage in a daring and dangerous way.

The castle of Servas, near Alais, had long been a source of trouble to him. It was a strong place, built upon a steep hill, and was so difficult of approach that it would have been madness to try to take it by force. This castle stood right in the line of Cavalier's communications with his

friends, near a road which he was frequently obliged to pass, and its presence there was a source of annoyance and danger to him. Moreover, its garrison of about forty men were constantly plundering and murdering Cavalier's friends in the country round about, and giving timely notice to his enemies of his own military movements. When he found the order referred to, he resolved to pretend that he was Count Broglio's nephew, the dead commander of the detachment which he had just destroyed. Dressing himself in that officer's clothes, he ordered his men to put on the clothing of the other dead royalists. Then he took six of his best men, with their own Camisard uniforms on, and bound them with ropes, to represent prisoners. One of them had been wounded in the arm, and his bloody sleeve helped the stratagem. Putting these six men at the head of his troop, with a guard of their disguised comrades over them, he marched towards the Castle of Servas. There he declared himself to be Count Broglio's nephew, and said that he had met a company of the Barbets, or Camisards, and had defeated them, taking six prisoners; that he was afraid to keep these prisoners in the village overnight lest their friends should rescue them; and that he wished to lodge them in the castle for safety. When the governor of the castle heard this story, and saw the order of Count Broglio, he was completely imposed upon. He ordered the prisoners to be brought into the castle, and invited Cavalier to be his guest

there for the night. Taking two of his officers with him, Cavalier went into the castle to sup with the governor.

During supper several of his soldiers, who were encamped just outside, went into the castle upon pretence of getting wine or bread, and when five or six of them were in, at a signal from Cavalier, they over-powered the sentinels and threw the gates open. The rest of the troop rushed in at once, and before the garrison could seize their arms the boy commander was master of the fortress. He put the garrison to the sword, and, hastily collecting all the arms, ammunition, and provisions he could find, set fire to the castle and marched away. When the fire reached the powder magazine the whole fortress was blown to fragments, and a post which had long annoyed and endangered the Camisards was no more.

On another occasion, finding himself short of ammunition, Cavalier resolved to take some by force and stratagem from the strongly fortified town of Savnes. His first care was to send a detachment of forty men to a point at some distance, with orders to burn a church which had lately been fortified, "thereby," he says, "to make the inhabitants of Savnes believe we were busy in another place." Then he detached an officer and fifty men, and ordered them to disguise themselves as country militia in the king's service, and to go into Savnes in that character. With some difficulty this officer accomplished his purpose, and then Roland and Cavalier marched upon the place.

His officer inside the town, when the alarm was given, said to the governor, "Let them come; you'll see how I'll receive them." Anxious for his own safety, the governor permitted the supposed officer of militia to take charge of the defence, and the armed citizens put themselves under his command. He instructed the citizens to reserve their fire until he should give them orders, and in that way enabled Cavalier to approach unharmed. Suddenly the officer, directing the aim of his men against the citizens, ordered them to throw down their arms upon pain of instant death, and they, seeing themselves caught in a trap, obeyed. Cavalier marched in without opposition, secured all that he could carry away of arms, ammunition, and provisions, and retired to the woods.

Throughout the summer and autumn the boy carried on his part of the war, nearly always getting the better of his enemies by his shrewdness and valor, and when that was impossible, eluding them with equal shrewdness. During that first campaign he destroyed many fortified places, won many fights against superior numbers of regular troops, and killed far more soldiers for the enemy than he had under his own command. Failing to conquer him by force or strategy, his foes fell back upon the confident hope of starving him during the winter, for he must pass the winter in the forests, with no bases of supply to draw upon for either food or ammunition. But in indulging this hope his enemies forgot that the crown and glory of his achievements in the field had been his

marvellous fertility of resource. The very qualities which had made him formidable in fight were his safeguard for the winter. He knew quite as well as they did that he must live all winter in the woods surrounded by foes, and, knowing the difficulty of doing so, he gave his whole mind to the question of how to do it.

He began during the harvest to make his preparations. He explored all the caves in the mountains, and selected the most available ones for use as magazines, taking care to have them in all parts of the mountains, so that if cut off from one he could draw upon another. In these caves he stored great quantities of grain and other provisions, and during the winter, whenever he needed meal, some of his men, who were millers, would carry grain to some lonely country mill and grind it. To prevent this, the king's officers ordered that all the country mills should be disabled and rendered unfit for use; but before the order could be executed, Cavalier directed some of his men, who were skilled machinists, to disable two or three of the mills by carrying away the essential parts of their machinery and storing them in his caves. Then, when he wanted meal, his machinists had only to replace the machinery in some disabled mill, and remove it again after his millers had done the necessary grinding. His bakers made use of farmers' ovens to bake bread in, and when the king's soldiers, hearing of this, destroyed the ovens, Cavalier sent his masons for he had all sorts of craftsmen in his ranks to rebuild them.

Having two powder-makers with him, he collected saltpetre, burned willow twigs for charcoal, and made all the powder he needed in his caves. Before doing so he had been obliged to resort to many devices in order to get powder, sometimes disguising himself as a merchant and going into a town and buying small quantities at a time, so that suspicion might not be awakened, until he secured enough to fill his portmanteau.

For bullets he melted down the leaden weights of windows, and when that source of supply failed he melted pewter vessels and used pewter bullets a fact which gave rise to the belief that he used poisoned balls. Finally, in a dyer's establishment, he had the good luck to find two great leaden kettles, weighing more than seven hundred quintals, which, he says, "I caused immediately to be carried into the magazines with as much diligence and care as if they had been silver."

Chiefly by Cavalier's tireless energy and wonderful military skill, the war was kept up against fearful odds for years, and finally the young soldier succeeded in making a treaty of peace in which perfect liberty of conscience and worship which was all he had been fighting for was guaranteed to the Protestants of the Cevennes. His friends rejected this treaty, however, and Cavalier soon afterwards went to Holland, where he was given command of a regiment in the English service. His career in arms was a brilliant one, so brilliant that the British made him a general and governor of the island of Jersey;

but he nowhere showed greater genius or manifested higher soldierly qualities than during the time when he was the Boy Commander of the Camisards.

The Troublesome Burghers

(1340-1382: Netherlands)

Philip van Artevelde was a Dutchman. His father, Jacob, had been Governor of Ghent, and had made himself a great name by leading a revolt against the Count of Flanders, and driving that tyrant out of the country on one occasion.

Philip was a quiet man, who attended to his own affairs and took no part in public business; but in the year 1381 the good people of Ghent found themselves in a very great difficulty. Their city was subject to the Count of Flanders, who oppressed them in every way. He and his nobles thought nothing of the common people, but taxed them heavily and interfered with their business.

The city of Bruges was the rival of Ghent, and in those days rivals in trade were enemies. The Bruges people were not satisfied with trying to make more money and get more business than Ghent could, but they wanted Ghent destroyed, and so they supported Count Louis in all that he did to injure their neighboring city.

Having this quarrel on their hands, the Ghent people did not know what to do. Count Louis was too strong for them, and they were very much afraid he would destroy their town and put the people to death.

A public meeting was held, and remembering how well old Jacob van Artevelde had served them against the

father of Count Louis, they made his son Philip their captain, and told him he must manage this quarrel for them.

Philip undertook this duty, and tried to settle the trouble in some peaceable way; but the Count was angry, and would not listen to anything that Van Artevelde proposed. He said the Ghent people were rebels, and must submit without any conditions at all, and this the sturdy Ghent burghers refused to do. Count Louis would not march against the town and give the people a fair chance to fight the matter out. He preferred to starve them, and for that purpose he put soldiers on all the roads leading towards Ghent, and refused to allow any provisions to be taken to the city.

The people soon ate up nearly all the food they had, and when the spring of 1382 came they were starving. Something must be done at once, and Philip van Artevelde decided that it was of no use to resist any longer. He took twelve deputies with him, and went to beg the Count for mercy. He offered to submit to any terms the Count might propose, if he would only promise not to put any of the people to death. Philip even offered himself as a victim, agreeing that the Count should banish him from the country as a punishment, if he would spare the people of the town. But the haughty Count would promise nothing. He said that all the people of Ghent from fifteen to sixty years old must march half-way to Bruges bareheaded, with no clothes on but their shirts, and each

with a rope around his neck, and then he would decide how many of them he would put to death and how many he would spare.

The Count thought the poor Ghent people would have to submit to this, and he meant to put them all to death when they should thus come out without arms to surrender. He therefore called on his vassals to meet him in Bruges at Easter, and to go out with him to "destroy these troublesome burghers."

But the "troublesome burghers," as we shall see presently, were not the kind of men to walk out bare-headed, with ropes around their necks, and submit to destruction.

Philip van Artevelde returned sadly to Ghent, on the 29th of April, and told the people what the Count had said. Then the gallant old soldier Peter van den Bossche exclaimed:

"In a few days the town of Ghent shall be the most honored or the most humbled town in Christendom."

Van Artevelde called the burghers together, and told them what the situation was. There were 30,000 people in Ghent, and there was no food to be had for them. There was no hope that the Count would offer any better terms, or that anybody would come to their assistance. They must decide quickly what they would do, and Philip said there were three courses open to them. First, if they chose,

they could wall up the gates of the town and die of starvation.

Secondly, they could accept the Count's terms, march out with the ropes around their necks, and take whatever punishment the Count might put upon them. If they should decide to do that, Philip said he would offer himself to the Count to be hanged first. Thirdly, they could get together 5,000 of their best men, march to Bruges, and fight the quarrel out.

The answer of the people was that Philip must decide for them, and he at once said, "Then we will fight."

The 5,000 men were got together, and on the 1st of May they marched out of the town to win or lose the desperate battle. The priests of the city stood at the gates as the men marched out, and prayed for blessings upon them. The old men, the women, and the children cried out, "If you lose the battle you need not return to Ghent, for you will find your families dead in their homes."

The only food there was for these 5,000 men was carried in five little carts, while on another cart two casks of wine were taken.

The next day Van Artevelde placed his little army in line on the common of Beverhoutsveld, at Oedelem, near Bruges. There was a marsh in front of them, and Van Artevelde protected their flank by a fortification consisting of the carts and some stakes driven into the ground. He then sent a messenger to the Count, begging

him to pardon the people of Ghent, and, having done this, he ordered his men to go to sleep for the night.

At daybreak the next morning the little army was aroused to make final preparations for the desperate work before them. The priests exhorted the men to fight to the death, showing them how useless it would be to surrender or to run away, as they were sure to be put to death at any rate. Their only hope for life was in victory, and if they could not win that, it would be better to die fighting like men than to surrender and be put to death like dogs.

After these exhortations were given, seven gray friars said mass and gave the sacrament to all the soldiers. Then the five cart-loads of provisions and the two casks of wine were divided among the men, for their last breakfast. When that meal was eaten, the soldiers of Ghent had not an ounce of food left anywhere.

Meanwhile the Count called his men together in Bruges, and got them ready for battle; but the people of Bruges were so sure of easily destroying the little Ghent army that they would not wait for orders, but marched out shouting and singing and making merry.

As their column marched along the road in this noisy fashion, the "troublesome burghers" of Ghent suddenly sprang upon them, crying, "Ghent! Ghent!"

The charge was so sudden and so fierce that the Bruges people gave way, and fled in a panic towards the town, with Van Artevelde's men at their heels in hot

pursuit. The Count's regular troops tried to make a stand, but the burghers of Ghent came upon them so furiously that they too became panic-stricken and fled. The Count himself ran with all his might, and as soon as he entered the city he ordered the gates to be shut. He was so anxious to save himself from the fury of Van Artevelde's soldiers that he wanted to close the gates at once and leave those of his own people who were still outside to their fate. But it was already too late. Van Artevelde's column had followed the retreating crowd so fast that it had already pushed its head into the town, and there was no driving it back. The five thousand "troublesome burghers," with their swords in their hands, and still crying "Ghent!" swarmed into Bruges, and quickly took possession of the town. The Count's army was utterly routed and scattered, and the Count himself would have been taken prisoner if one of the Ghent burghers had not hidden him and helped him to escape from the city.

Van Artevelde's soldiers, who had eaten the last of their food that morning in the belief that they would never eat another meal on earth, supped that night on the richest dishes that Bruges could supply; and now that the Count was overthrown, great wagon trains of provisions poured into poor, starving Ghent.

There was a great golden dragon on the belfry of Bruges, of which the Bruges people were very proud. That dragon had once stood on the Church of St. Sophia in Constantinople, and the Emperor Baldwin had sent it as a

present to Bruges. In token of their victory Van Artevelde's "troublesome burghers" took down the golden dragon and carried it to Ghent.

The Sad Story of a Boy King
(England)

London took a holiday on the 16th of July, 1377. There were processions of merry-makers in the streets, and the windows were crowded with gayly dressed men, women, and children. The great lords, glittering in armor, and mounted upon splendid steel-clad horses, marched through the town. The bishops and clergymen in gorgeous robes made a more solemn, but not less attractive show. The trade-guilds were out in their best clothing, bearing the tools of their trades instead of arms. Clowns in motley, merry-makers of all kinds, great city dignitaries, lords and commons everybody, in short, made a mad and merry holiday; and at night the houses were illuminated, and great bonfires were lighted in the streets.

All England was wild with joy; but the happiest person in the land was Richard Plantagenet, a boy eleven years of age. Indeed, it was for this boy's sake and in his honor that all this feasting and merry-making went on, for on that day young Richard was crowned King of England; and in those times a king of England was a much more important person than now, because the people had not then learned to govern themselves, and the king had powers which Englishmen would not allow any man to have in our time.

Richard was too young to govern wisely, and so a council was appointed to help him until he should grow up; but in the meantime he was a real king, boy as he was,

and it is safe to say that he was the happiest boy in England on that July day, when all London took a holiday in his honor.

But if he had known what this crowning was to lead to, young Richard might have been very glad to change places with any baker's or butcher's boy in London. The boy king had some uncles and cousins who were very great people, and who gave him no little trouble after a while. He had wars on his hands, too, and needed a great deal more money than the people were willing to give him; and so, when he grew older and took the government into his own hands, he found troubles all around him. The Irish people rebelled frequently; the Scotch were hostile; there was trouble with Spain because Richard's uncle wanted to become king of that country, and there was a standing war with France.

But this was not all. In order to carry on these wars the king was obliged to have money; and when he ordered taxes to be collected the common people, led by Wat Tyler, rose in rebellion. They marched into London, seized the Tower, and put to death the treasurer of the kingdom, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and many other persons high in the government. Tyler was so insolent one day that the Lord Mayor of London killed him; but the boy king, who was only sixteen years old, seeing that the rebels were too strong for him, put himself at their head, and marched with them out of the city; and so the king, against whom the rebellion was made, became the leader

of the rebels. As soon as matters grew quiet, however, he broke all the promises he had made, and punished the chief rebels very harshly.

Not long after this one of the king's uncles made himself master of the kingdom by force, and it was several years before Richard could put him out of power.

But the greatest of all Richard's troubles were yet to come. His cousin, Henry Bolingbroke, the son of old John of Gaunt, had misbehaved, and Richard had sent him out of England, not to return for ten years. But while Richard was in Ireland putting down a rebellion there, Henry came back to England, raised an army, and was joined by many of the most powerful men in the kingdom. When Richard came back from Ireland Henry made him a prisoner, and not long afterwards the great men made up their minds to set up Henry as the king instead of Richard. They made Richard sign a paper giving up his right to the crown, and then, to make the matter sure, Parliament passed a law that Richard should be king no longer.

Richard was only thirty-three years old when all this was done, but after so many troubles he might well have been glad to give up his kingship, if that had been the end of the matter. But a king who has been set aside is always a dangerous man to have in the kingdom, and it would not do to let Richard go free. He might gather his friends around him and give trouble. So it was decided that the

unfortunate man should be shut up in a prison for the rest of his life.

But even this was not the worst of the matter. Richard had a wife Queen Isabella whom he loved very dearly, and if the two could have gone away together into some quiet place to live, they might still have been happy in spite of being under guard all the time. But the new king would not have it so. He gave orders that Richard should be shut up closely in a prison, and that Isabella should go back to France, where Richard had married her.

This was a terrible thing for the young man and his younger wife, who might have had a long life of happiness still before them if Richard had never been a king. But Richard had been King of England, and so he had to give up both his freedom and his wife.

In his play of "King Richard the Second" Shakespeare makes a very touching scene of their parting. Isabella, anxious to see her husband once more before they part forever, waits at a point which she knows he must pass on his way to prison. There they meet and talk together for the last time on earth. The words which Shakespeare puts into their mouths are terribly sad, but very beautiful. You will find the scene at the beginning of Act V of the play. The picture shows the two at the moment when Richard moves away to his prison, leaving Isabella to mourn for him in a nunnery for the rest of her life.

It is not certainly known what became of Richard after he was taken to prison. It is believed that he was murdered there, perhaps starved to death, but there is a story that he got away and lived in Scotland, dying there in 1419. It is not at all likely that the story is true, however, and the common belief has always been that he died or was killed in Pontefract Castle, where he was imprisoned.

However that may be, Richard's life was a terribly unhappy one, and all his sorrows grew out of the fact that he was a king. If he could have looked forward on that July day when the people were making merry in his honor, and could have known all that was to happen to him, instead of being the happiest boy in England on his coronation day, he would have been the most wretched.

The Story of Catherine

(Died1796: Russia)

Peter the Great, the emperor who, in a few years, changed Russia from a country of half-savage tribes into a great European nation, was one day visiting one of his officers, and saw in his house a young girl, who attracted his attention by her beauty and her graceful manners. This girl was a prisoner named Martha, and she was living as a sort of servant and housekeeper in the family of the Russian officer. She had been taken prisoner when the town she lived in was captured. Nobody knows, even to this day, exactly who she was, except that she was a poor orphan girl who had been brought up by a village clergyman; but it is generally believed that her father was a Livonian peasant.

Martha's beauty and the brightness of her mind pleased the emperor so much that, after a while, he made up his mind to marry her, in spite of her humble origin. Peter was in the habit of doing pretty much as he pleased, whether his nobles liked it or not; but even he dared not make a captive peasant girl the Empress of Russia. He therefore married her privately, in the presence of a few of his nearest friends, who were charged to keep the secret. Before the marriage took place he had Martha baptized in the Russian Church, and changed her name to Catherine.

Now Peter had a bad habit of losing his temper, and getting so angry that he fell into fits. As he was an absolute

monarch and could do whatever he liked, it was very dangerous for anybody to go near him when he was angry. He could have a head chopped off as easily as he could order his breakfast. But he was very fond of Catherine, and she was the only person who was not in the least afraid of him. She soon learned how to manage him, and even in his worst fits she could soothe and quiet the old bear.

Peter was nearly always at war, and in spite of the hardships and dangers of the camp and battle-field Catherine always marched with him at the head of the army. The soldiers wondered at her bravery, and learned to like her more than anybody else. If food was scarce, the roads rough, and the marches long, they remembered that Catherine was with them, and were ashamed to grumble. If she could stand the hardships and face the dangers, they thought rough soldiers ought not to complain.

Catherine was a wise woman as well as a brave one. She soon learned as much of the art of war as Peter knew, and in every time of doubt or difficulty her advice was asked, and her opinion counted for as much as if she had been one of the generals. After she had thus shown how able a woman she was, and had won the friendship of everybody about her by her good temper and her pleasant ways, Peter publicly announced his marriage, and declared Catherine to be his wife and czarina. But still he did not crown her.

This was in the year 1711, and immediately afterwards Peter marched into the Turkish country at the head of forty thousand men. This army was not nearly large enough to meet the Turks, but Peter had other armies in different places, and had ordered all of them to meet him on the march. For various reasons all these armies failed to join him, and he found himself in a Turkish province with a very small number of troops. The danger was so great that he ordered Catherine and all the other women to go back to a place of safety. But Catherine would not go. She had made up her mind to stay with Peter at the head of the army, and was so obstinate about it that at last Peter gave her leave to remain. Then the wives of the generals, and, finally, of the lower officers, wanted to stay also. She persuaded Peter to let them do so, and the end of it was that the women all stayed with the army.

Everything went against Peter on this march. The weather was very dry. Swarms of locusts were in the country, eating every green thing. There was no food for the horses, and many of them starved to death.

It was hard for the Russians to go forward or to go backward, and harder still to stay where they were.

At last the soldiers in front reported that the Turks were coming, and Peter soon saw a great army of two hundred thousand fierce Moslems in front of his little force, which counted up only thirty-eight thousand men. Seeing the odds against him he gave the order to retreat,

and the army began its backward march. As it neared the river Pruth a new danger showed itself. The advance-guard brought word that a great force of savage Grim Tartars held the other bank of the river, completely cutting off Peter's retreat.

The state of things seemed hopeless. With two hundred thousand Turks on one side, and a strong force of Grim Tartars holding a river on the other, Peter's little army was completely hemmed in. There was no water in the camp, and when the soldiers went to the river for it, the Tartars on the other shore kept up a fierce fight with them. A great horde of Turkish cavalry tried hard to cut off the supply entirely by pushing themselves between Peter's camp and the river, but the Russians managed to keep them back by hard fighting, and to keep a road open to the river.

Peter knew now that unless help should come to him in some shape, and that very quickly, he must lose not only his army, but his empire also, for if the Turks should take him prisoner, it was certain that his many enemies would soon conquer Russia, and divide the country among themselves. He saw no chance of help coming, but he made up his mind to fight as long as he could. He formed his men in a hollow square, with the women in the middle, and faced his enemies.

The Turks flung themselves in great masses upon his lines, trying to crush the little force of Russians by mere

numbers. But Peter's brave men remembered that Catherine was inside their hollow square, and they stood firmly at their posts, driving back the Turks with frightful slaughter. Again and again and again they fell upon his lines in heavy masses, and again and again and again they were driven back, leaving the field black with their dead.

This could not go on forever, of course, and both sides saw what the end must be. As the Turks had many times more men than Peter, it was plain that they would, at last, win by destroying all the Russians.

For three days and nights the terrible slaughter went on. Peter's men beat back the Turks at every charge, but every hour their line grew thinner. At the end of the third day sixteen thousand of their brave comrades lay dead upon the field, and only twenty-two thousand remained to face the enemy.

Towards night on the third day a terrible rumor spread through their camp. A whisper ran along the line that the ammunition was giving out. A few more shots from each soldier's gun, and there would be nothing left to fight with.

Then Peter fell into the sulks. As long as he could fight he had kept up his spirits, but now that all was lost, and his great career seemed near its end, he grew angry, and went to his tent to have one of his savage fits. He gave orders that nobody should come near him, and there was no officer or soldier in all the army who would have dared enter the tent where he lay, in his dangerous mood.

But if Peter had given up in despair, Catherine had not. In spite of Peter's order and his anger, she boldly went into his tent, and asked him to give her leave to put an end to the war by making a treaty of peace with the Turks, if she could. It seemed absurd to talk of such a thing, or to expect the Turks to make peace on any terms when they had so good a chance to conquer Peter, once for all, and to make him their prisoner. Nobody but Catherine, perhaps, would have thought of such a thing; but Catherine was a woman born for great affairs, and she had no thought of giving up any chance there might be to save Peter and the empire.

Her first difficulty was with Peter himself. She could not offer terms of peace to the Turks until Peter gave her leave, and promised to fulfil whatever bargain she might make with them. She managed this part of the matter, and then set to work at the greater task of dealing with the Turks.

She knew that the Turkish army was under the command of the Grand Vizier, and she knew something of the ways of Grand Viziers. It was not worth while to send any kind of messenger to a Turkish commander without sending him also a bribe in the shape of a present, and Catherine was sure that the bribe must be a very large one to buy the peace she wanted. But where was she to get the present? There was no money in Peter's army-chest, and no way of getting any from Russia. Catherine was not discouraged by that fact. She first got together all her own

jewels, and then went to all the officers' wives and asked each of them for whatever she had that was valuable—-money, jewels, and silver plate. She gave each of them a receipt for what she took, and promised to pay them the value of their goods when she should get back to Moscow. She went in this way throughout the camp, and got together all the money, all the jewelry, and all the silver plate that were to be found in the army. No one person had much, of course; but when the things were collected together, they made a very rich present, or bribe, for the Grand Vizier.

With this for a beginning, Catherine soon convinced the Turkish commander that it was better to make peace with Russia than to run the risk of having to fight the great armies that were already marching towards Turkey. After some bargaining she secured a treaty which allowed Peter to go back to Russia in safety, and thus she saved the czar and the empire. A few years later Peter crowned her as Empress of Russia, and when he died he named her as the fittest person to be his successor on the throne.

Thus the peasant girl of Livonia, who was made a captive in war and a servant, rose by her genius and courage to be the sole ruler of a great empire—the first woman who ever reigned over Russia. It is a strange but true story.

After a few years Napoleon again went to war, and again came back in triumph. Then he settled down and for a few years gave his country peace. He started schools and colleges, built roads and canals, and, best of all, had some of his most skillful lawyers draw up a code of laws for France. So wise were these laws that they are used today, and are still called the Code Napoleon.

Napoleon also founded the now famous Legion of Honor. The sign of the legion is a cross on a red ribbon, and it is given to a soldier or citizen who does some deed of remarkable bravery.

But after a few years Napoleon became restless. His genius was for war, and he was happier fighting than doing anything else. In the midst of the wars, Napoleon discovered a conspiracy against him. He found out the conspirators, and had them put to death. But now he did a very cruel thing. He pretended that one of the young princes of the royal house of Conde was in this plot, so he had him arrested and brought to Paris. Napoleon had long been wishing for just such an opportunity to show his power over the Royalists. After a secret and hasty trial, the prince was condemned to die, and he was shot at six in the morning of the following day.

After this no one dared breathe a word against Napoleon. He knew this, and saw that the time was ripe

for the carrying out of a long-cherished scheme of his. He declared that it was necessary for the safety and welfare of France that he should be made emperor. The senate and deputies agreed.

The grand ceremony of his coronation took place in the cathedral of Notre Dame, December, 1804. The Pope himself came from Rome to crown Napoleon, but at the last minute the latter seized the crown from the Pope's hands and placed it upon his own head. Then he turned and crowned Josephine as his empress.

Napoleon was now at the height of his power. He was emperor of France and had conquered many kingdoms in Europe, over which he placed his brothers as rulers. England and Russia still defied him. He tried in vain to conquer the former. Germany and Austria had to yield to him. He even forced the emperor of Austria to give him his daughter, Marie Louise, in marriage. He had divorced the Empress Josephine because she had borne him no children. Great was his joy when a little son was born to Marie Louise. To this child, the King of Rome, as Napoleon called him, he could leave his empire.

Perhaps it was the desire to leave as large an empire as possible to his little boy that made him lead his army far away into Russia. Napoleon wished "to melt all the states of Europe into one, and have Paris for its capital." However, this hope was never realized. When Napoleon reached Moscow, a great Russian city, he found that the

people had all fled. At first he thought that all Russia was fleeing before him and he was to be successful in his long campaign. But that night a fire broke out and burned the city to the ground. The people of Moscow themselves had set the city in flames. All food and shelter were destroyed. There was nothing for Napoleon to do but to turn back toward France with his army. The people of Moscow knew this. They knew, too, that Napoleon would meet a more terrible enemy than they. This enemy was the Russian winter. On it came, with wind, snow, and blizzards. The French soldiers died all along the way. They starved to death, for provisions had given out. They froze to death in the snow. They sickened and died, worn out by the terrible hardships of that awful retreat from Moscow. Only the wreck of Napoleon's splendid army ever reached France, and these poor, worn-out men had only tales of defeat and awful misery to tell.

Again Napoleon drained his country of soldiers. He raised an army and won several more battles, but his power was broken after his terrible Russian retreat. The royal princes in their various hiding places began to stir about. England was always ready to fight Napoleon. The allied powers of Europe rose against him and at last overcame him. He tried to give up his empire to his little son, but England refused to let him. She forced him to lay down his crown, and exiled him to the island of Elba, near the western coast of Italy. Still his army in France loved him. The last thing he did before going into exile was to

bid farewell to his Old Guard at Fontainebleau, and to kiss the golden eagle on his standard.

Sadly did the army miss their general, and it is said that they passed around bunches of violets, the badge of Napoleon's family, whispering to one another:—

"He will return to us in the spring!"

Back From Exile

When the cruel Paris mob imprisoned Louis XVI, his brothers escaped from France and lived in exile during the Revolution and Napoleon's rule. Louis, the oldest, bore the title of Louis XVIII, for the little son of Louis XVI lived some time after his father was put to death, and, although he never reigned, the Royalists always spoke of him as Louis XVII. Louis XVIII fled to England where he had a small court at Hartwell. His private office was so tiny that it seemed like a cabin in a ship. On the walls were portraits of the king, his brother, and the other members of the imprisoned royal family. The life there was so simple that no one would have guessed it was the household of a king, except for one little ceremony. Whenever Louis rose to leave the room, or entered it, every one else in the room stood, and the queen dropped him a courtesy. Then Louis bowed and kissed her hand. This little form of royal etiquette was always observed, even if the king and queen were alone. But this was all merely playing at being king.

When Napoleon was sent away to the island of Elba, Louis XVIII became king of France in reality. As he entered Paris, the Royalists greeted him with cheers and hurrahs, but most of his people looked coldly at him, as he rode along in his carriage to Notre Dame. The soldiers turned aside in disgust. They had no liking for the stout, infirm old Bourbon king, and longed for their fiery, active emperor, living in exile on his lonely island.

With Louis, many nobles and their families returned to their native country. It was said of these nobles that while they were in exile, "they had learned nothing and forgotten nothing." They came back to find their possessions confiscated. They besought Louis to give them back their estates.

"The king has his royal castles and estates, just as before the Revolution, why should we be deprived of our possessions?" they argued.

But Louis feared the people, and refused to help the nobles in getting back their former estates, which made them very angry.

Meanwhile a great Congress of statesmen from all over Europe was held in Vienna to settle the boundary lines of the different countries which Napoleon had disturbed so greatly. In the midst of one of these meetings word came to them that Napoleon had escaped from Elba, and was back in France. Horror was written on many faces. The Congress had one more meeting, voted Napoleon an outlaw, and then the members hastened back to their own countries to help raise armies to fight their great enemy.

The word was true; Napoleon had landed in France. To be sure, he had few friends and only four hundred of his former grenadiers, but as he marched through the towns in his old green coat, with the cross of the Legion of Honor on his breast, the soldiers cried again:—

"Long live the emperor!"

They hurried to his standard from far and near. Louis XVIII with his family fled in terror, and once again Napoleon entered Paris amid shouts of joy.

For just one hundred days he ruled. Then he had to fight the allied armies of Europe. He had meantime been collecting his forces, and with them he went forth bravely and hopefully to meet his enemies. The two great forces came in contact at Waterloo, a little Belgian town. There was a terrible battle, and in the end Napoleon was defeated. He escaped to Paris, but his spirit was broken. Again he abdicated, and gave himself up a prisoner to the English. This time they exiled him to the island of Saint Helena, a lonely island, far out at sea, off the coast of Africa.

For six long, weary years Napoleon lived at Saint Helena, guarded night and day by English soldiers. When he died, he was buried on the island, but in after years his body was brought to Paris, and laid to rest in the splendid tomb at the Invalides. Thus the desire expressed in his will was gratified:—

"I wish to be buried by the river Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I have loved so dearly."

Louis XVIII came back again to France, but his reign was brief. After his death his brother became king, with the title of Charles X. At first the people thought they would like him better than Louis XVIII, for he rode a horse well

and had much of the dignity that the Parisians loved to see in a monarch. But he took away the liberties of the people to such an extent that they rose against him, and he and his family had to flee for their lives. Charles X lived for many years after he ceased to be king, but he never dared go back to France, and died in exile.

The Little King of Rome

Napoleon's little son, like his father, died far away from France. Great had been the rejoicing in Paris on that March morning when the cannon announced to the world that an heir had been born to Napoleon. Windows were thrown up, carriages stopped in the streets, and all the people stood still to count the number of guns. Twenty-one reports meant that the baby was a girl; one hundred and one, that it was a boy. When the twenty-second report sounded, cheers broke forth from every throat, and caps flew into the air. As the emperor stood at the windows looking down on the crowd, mad with joy, tears came into his eyes.

Inside the palace, safe from all the noise, the little prince lay sleeping in his cradle that the people of Paris had given him. It was made of mother-of-pearl, lined with red velvet, and decorated with big golden bees, the crest of the Bonapartes. A figure of Victory, holding a crown set with Napoleon's star, spread its wings over the head of the cradle, and at the foot a young eagle gazed at the star and spread its wings as if about to take flight.

That very evening the baby was christened Napoleon, and given the title not only of Prince Imperial but also of King of Rome.

When the warm weather came on, Marie Louise and the little Napoleon left Paris to go to Saint Cloud. Here,

every sunny day, the King of Rome went to drive in the park, in his gilded baby carriage drawn by two white sheep.

Here too he had his first portrait painted, playing with a cup and ball. Napoleon was away at this time, fighting. The portrait when finished was sent to him, and reached his camp on the eve of a great battle. All the worries and anxieties of the coming day were forgotten when the general saw the painting of his boy. He placed it on a chair outside his tent and, calling his generals together, declared:—

"If my son were fifteen years old you may be sure that he would be here in person, among this multitude of brave men, and not merely in a picture." And the gray-haired grenadiers wept for joy as they looked at the little prince playing with his cup and ball, and thought of his glorious future.

But it was a sad future that lay before the little Napoleon. Within two years his father was in exile on the island of Elba, and he was taken away from France to be brought up as an Austrian at the court of his grandfather. Here he missed his little French playmates sadly and used to say: "Any one can see that I am not a king. I haven't any pages."

He was not allowed to hear much about his father. Even when Napoleon came back and reigned in Paris for the Hundred Days he never saw his son. One message he received from him, a message whispered very low to a

French officer who was going from Vienna to Paris: "You will tell my father," said the boy, "that I always love him dearly."

Afterwards he wrote a letter to Napoleon at Saint Helena and sent him a lock of his hair.

In his father's will there was one clause which the little King of Rome read many a time. "Never forget that you are a French prince." This thought the Austrians tried in vain to drive from his mind. They gave him a German name and title, but at heart the boy was always the King of Rome, the son of the Emperor Napoleon.

When he was five years old he told an artist who was painting his portrait: "I want to be a soldier. I shall fight well. I shall be in the charge." And before he was seven he was wearing a uniform.

From then until he died his greatest delight was drilling his company of soldiers, and reading about his father's victories. He wanted to be ready if ever the French people should call him to come back to be their ruler.

But as he grew up he was not strong. Great anxiety was felt about his health. It was clear that he would never live to rule, even if the call from France came. When he was only twenty-one he died, and was laid to rest in Vienna, the little King of Rome, who never even saw his kingdom.

Abolition of British Slavery

(1759-1833: England)

After Magna Charta, no British triumph, achieved without loss of human life—perhaps none in the history of the world since the advent of Christianity— can be compared with the abolition of slavery in the British West Indies.

Half a century ago, or little more, the government of England was sanctioning the slavery of hundreds of thousands of human beings, and dreamed of nothing less than emancipating them.

Christian men and women had, however, begun to reflect upon this wrong, and to pray for its removal.

An English clergyman, Mr. Ramsey, who had lived some time at St. Kitts, in the West Indies, and seen a great deal of the horrors of the slave-trade there, gave such reports to a lady, the wife of Sir Charles Middleton, a member of Parliament, that one morning at breakfast she said to her husband, "Indeed, Sir Charles, I think you ought to bring the subject before the House, and demand inquiry into the nature of a traffic so disgraceful to the British character." Sir Charles did not consider himself equal to the task. Indeed it was a mighty one. The celebrated orator, Burke, thought of attempting it, but shrank dismayed from the mountainous difficulties that rose on every side.

Lady Middleton's heart was deeply interested for the poor slaves, and for the character of her nation. At once philanthropic and patriotic, she could not rest till abolition was attempted.

She prevailed on her husband to write to Mr. Wilberforce, a young man who had lately come out, who was talented, eloquent, a personal friend of Mr. Pitt, the prime minister, and possessed of Christian truth and virtue.

Wilberforce had already thought of slavery. "It was the condition of the West Indian slaves which first drew my attention, and it was in the course of my inquiry that I was led to Africa and the abolition."

Wilberforce commenced a thorough inquiry into the subject. He began by consulting the African merchants; but he found their accounts "full of prejudice and error."

Wilberforce began to talk the matter over with leading men in the councils of the nation. "Pitt recommended me to undertake its conduct, as a subject suited to my character and talents. At length, I well remember, after a conversation in the open air at the root of an old tree at Halwood, just above the steep descent into the vale at Keston, I resolved to give notice on a fit occasion in the House of Commons, of my intention to bring the subject forward."

This was done on May the 11th, 1789, in a speech which Burke styled "masterly, impressive, eloquent," and

the grand pervading idea of which—that slavery was a national iniquity—lighted a flame throughout the British dominions. Viewing the subject in this light, Wilberforce carried all true hearts with him, as he traced the destructive effects of the slave-trade on Africa, on its victims, on our colonies; weighing conflicting evidence, and appealing in glowing language to the spirit of humanity.

After this Wilberforce headed a number of associations of benevolent people— chiefly Quakers,— which collected, published, and diffused information on the abominations of the human traffic. And, during the sittings of parliament, year after year, while the question seemed to retrograde rather than advance, Wilberforce undauntedly grappled with all difficulties—prejudice, custom, interest, opulence, pride; commercial, civil, and kingly power; for all these were in arms against his cause; and not Napoleon, amidst his armies, could have displayed more skillful generalship, more untiring energy, than did this Christian warrior on behalf of the ignorant, debased African slave. From morn to night his house was crowded with abolitionists, with whom he was holding frequent consultations.

When the immense mass of information collected by them had to be thoroughly mastered by Wilberforce to prepare him for the debates in the House, he scarcely took food or rest, sat nine hours daily, and the midnight taper

often gleamed upon his pale and anxious face, as he sat immersed in study.

Year after year the hero of abolition kept the field gallantly, but his course seemed to grow desperate, so powerful was the opposition of the monied classes, and especially of the Guinea merchants, and the great body of West Indian planters. The feeble filtering hand of the venerable John Wesley was exerted for the last time on the bed of death, to encourage Wilberforce still to contend against that "execrable villany which is the scandal of religion, of England, and of human nature. Unless God has raised you up for this very thing, you will be worn out with the opposition of men and devils, go on, in the name of God, and in the power of his might, till even American slavery, the vilest that ever saw the sun, shall vanish away before it." Wilberforce wrote on this letter—"The last words of John Wesley."

Wilberforce longed to cease the strife, protracted through near twenty years. "I am sick of bustle, and long for quiet; but I will not leave the poor slaves in the lurch."

The day of triumph arrived at last.

The bill for the abolition of British slavery passed by a large majority. The members of the House of Commons were animated on that memorable day by a more lofty, holy, generous enthusiasm than ever before or since. They felt that the triumph was of no common order. The Spirit of Christ was in the midst of them.

Sir Samuel Romilly intreated young members to let this day be a lesson to them—how much the rewards of virtue exceeded those of ambition. He contrasted the feelings of the Emperor of the French, the then mighty Napoleon, with those of that honoured individual, who would this night lay his head upon his pillow and remember that the slave trade was no more. The whole House, by one impulse, gave three tremendous cheers.

A thousand congratulations poured in on Wilberforce. Amongst them all, the following merits your most earnest attention.

"To speak of fame and glory to Mr. Wilberforce would be to use a language far beneath him; but he will surely consider the effect of his triumph on the fruitfulness of his example. Who knows whether the greater part of the benefit that he has conferred on the world, (the greatest that any individual has had the means of conferring,) may not be the encouraging example that the exertions of virtue may be crowned with such splendid success. A short period of the short life of one man is, well and wisely directed, sufficient to remedy the miseries of millions of ages. Benevolence has hitherto been too often disheartened by frequent failures; hundreds and thousands will be animated by Mr. Wilberforce's example, to attack all the forms of corruption and cruelty that scourge mankind. Oh! what twenty years in the life of one man those were which abolished the slave-trade! How precious is time! How valuable and dignified is human life,

which in general appears so base and miserable! How noble and sacred is human nature, made capable of achieving such truly great exploits!"

No vainglory marred the pure and heavenly satisfaction which filled the soul of Wilberforce. "Oh! what thanks do I owe the Giver of all good," he devoutly exclaims, "for bringing me, in his gracious providence, to this great cause, which, at length, after almost nineteen years labour, is successful!"

The slaves did not receive the full benefit of this triumph until the year 1842. Eight hundred thousand blacks were liberated in the West Indies on one day, at a cost of twenty million pounds sterling, paid by the British nation to the planters to purchase their freedom.

On the night preceding the day of freedom, the Wesleyan missionaries in the West Indies kept "watch night" for the slaves. At one of the chapels, in St. John's, the spacious house was filled with Africans. All was animation and eagerness. A mighty chorus of voices swelled the joyful song. The prayer of the missionary was drowned in general acclamations of thanksgiving, and praise, and blessing, and honour, and glory to God, who had come down for their deliverance.

The hour of midnight arrived. The stroke of the bell was the announcement of their freedom. The immense assembly fell on their knees, and in sublime silence, the silence of intense emotion, listened to the twelve slow

notes of the bell. "Peal on peal, peal on peal, rolled over the prostrate throng, in tones of angels' voices, thrilling among the desolate chords and weary heart-springs. Scarcely had the clock sounded its last note, when the lightning flashed vividly around, and the loud peal of thunder roared along the sky—God's pillar of fire, and trump of jubilee! A moment of profound silence passed, then came the burst; they broke forth in prayer; they shouted, they sang 'glory! hallelujah!' they clapped their hands, leaped up, fell down, clasped each other in their free arms, wept, laughed, and went to and fro, tossing up their unfettered hands. But high above the whole there was a mighty song, which ever and anon swelled up; it was the uttering of a broken negro dialect of gratitude to God."

The rest of the night was spent in calmer religious exercises, and in listening to the missionaries, who explained to them the nature of the freedom just received, and exhorted them to be industrious, steady, obedient to the laws; and to show themselves worthy of the high boon which God had conferred on them.

Two Obscure Heroes
How the Partisan Warfare in the Carolinas was Begun

When the British marched up from Savannah and took Charleston, in the spring of 1780, they thought the Revolution was at an end in the Southern States, and it really seemed so. Even the patriots thought it was useless to resist any longer, and so when the British ordered all the people to come together at different places and enrol themselves as British subjects, most of them were ready to do it, simply because they thought they could not help themselves.

Only a few daring men here and there were bold enough to think of refusing, and but for them the British could have set up the royal power again in South Carolina, and then they would have been free to take their whole force against the patriots farther north. The fate of the whole country depended, to a large extent, upon the courage of the few men who would not give up even at such a time, but kept up the fight against all odds. These brave men forced the British to keep an army in the South which they needed farther north.

The credit of beginning this kind of partisan warfare belongs chiefly to two or three plain men, who did it simply because they loved their country more than their ease.

The man who first began it was Justice Gaston, a white-haired patriot who lived on a little stream called Fishing Creek, near Rocky Mount. He was eighty years of age, and might well have thought himself too old to care about war matters; but he was a brave man and a patriot, and the people who lived near him were in the habit of taking his advice and doing as he did.

When the news came that Tarleton had killed a band of patriots under Colonel Buford in cold blood, Justice Gaston called his nine sons and many of his nephews around him. Joining hands, these young men promised each other that they never would take the British oath, and never would give up the cause, come what might.

Soon afterwards a British force came to the neighborhood, and all the people were ordered to meet at Rocky Mount to enrol their names and take the oath. One of the British officers went to see Justice Gaston, and tried to persuade him that it was folly to refuse. He knew that if Gaston advised the people to give up, there would be no trouble; but the white-haired patriot told him to his face that he would never take the oath himself or advise anybody else to do so.

As soon as the officer left the old man sent for his friends, and about thirty brave fellows met at his house that night, with their rifles in their hands. They knew there would be a strong force of British and Tories at Rocky Mount the next day, but, in spite of the odds against them,

they made up their minds to attack the place, and when the time came they did so. Creeping through the woods, they suddenly came upon the crowd, and after a sharp fight sent the British flying helter-skelter in every direction. This stopped the work of enrolling the people as British subjects, and it did more than that. It showed the patriots through the whole country that they could still give the British a great deal of trouble, and after this affair many of the men who had thought of giving up rubbed up their rifles instead, and formed little bands of fighting men to keep the war going.

Another man who did much to stir up partisan warfare was the Rev. William Martin, an old and pious preacher in the Scotch-Irish settlements. These Scotch-Irish were very religious people, and their preacher was their leader in all things. One Sunday, after the news had come to the settlement that Buford's men had been killed by the British in cold blood, the eloquent old man went into his pulpit and preached about the duty of fighting. In the afternoon he preached again, and even when the service was over he went on in the open air, still preaching to the people how they should fight for their country, until all the men in the settlement were full of fighting spirit. The women told the men to go and do their duty, and that they would take care of the crops.

These little bands of patriots were too small to fight regular battles, or even to hold strong posts. They had to hide in the woods and swamps, and only came out when

they saw a chance to strike a blow. Then the blow fell like lightning, and the men who dealt it quickly hid themselves again.

They had signs by which they told each other what they were going to do. A twig bent down, a few stones strung along a path, or any other of a hundred small signs, served to tell every patriot when and where to meet his friends. A man riding about, breaking a twig here and there, or making some other sign of the kind, could call together a large force at a chosen spot within a few hours. The men brought out in this way would fall suddenly upon some stray British force that was off its guard, and utterly destroy it. The British would at once send a strong body of troops to punish the daring patriots, but the redcoat leader would look in vain for anybody to punish. The patriots could scatter and hide as quickly as they could come together.

Finding that they could not destroy these patriot companies, the British and Tories took their revenge on women and children. They burned the houses of the patriots, carried off their crops, and killed their cattle, so as to starve their families; but the women were as brave as the men, and from first to last not one of them ever wished her husband or son to give up the fight.

If the patriots could not conquer the British, they at least kept them in a hornets' nest. If they could not drive them out of South Carolina, they could keep them there,

which was nearly as good a thing to do, because every soldier that Cornwallis had to keep in the South would have been sent to some other part of the country to fight the Americans if the Carolinians had let the British alone.

In this way small bands of resolute men kept Cornwallis busy, and held the state for the American cause, until General Greene went south and took command. Greene was one of the greatest of the American generals, and after a long campaign he drove the British out of the state. But if it had not been for the partisans the South would have been lost long before he could be spared to go there; and if the partisans had not kept a British army busy there, it might have gone very hard with the Americans in the rest of the country.

When we rejoice in the freedom of our country we ought not to forget how much we owe the partisans, and especially such men as Justice Gaston and the Rev. William Martin, who first set the partisans at their work. It would have been much easier and pleasanter for them to remain quiet under British rule; and they had nothing to gain for themselves, but everything to lose, by the course they took. Gaston knew that his home would be burned for what he did, and the eloquent old Scotch preacher knew that he would be put into a prison-den for preaching war sermons to his people; but they were not men to flinch. They cared more for their country than for themselves, and it was precisely that kind of men throughout the land, from New England to Georgia, who

won liberty for us by seven years of hard fighting and terrible suffering.

Genevieve
A Heroine of France
(419-502: France)

I

When I was in Paris, I went to a building called the Pantheon, where the French bury their great men. It is full of pictures painted on the walls, and there was one picture which I think you would like.

It is a picture of a field with flowers growing in it, and big trees. A little way back there are some houses; farther off a little town with a wall round it; and in front there is a crowd of people.

Some are standing, and some kneeling. Some of the women have their children by them. One mother is holding up her little round fat baby, and a little girl is carrying her baby sister, and leading up the next biggest child.

There is a lame man with a stick, trying to hurry, and a poor sick man whose friends are carrying him out of the house. The fishermen have come in their boat, and the thatchers by the half-built house have stopped working.

Why do you think they have all come together? It is because two great bishops, who lived a long way off, have made a journey in their carriage through the village, and have stopped there that one of them may preach a sermon in the open air to the people.

While he was preaching he noticed a little girl, who was sitting quite quietly listening, and being very good and very attentive. When he had done his sermon, he called her to him, and asked her name. She said she was called Genevieve, and that she was seven years old.

Then the bishop blessed her, and gave her a little medal made of copper, with a cross on it, to wear round her neck.

In the middle of the picture is little Genevieve, looking up at the bishop, who has put his hand on her head. He was a very good man, and he saw that the child was good too, and that she might grow up to be a very holy woman.

When the bishop had gone away, Genevieve did not forget what he had said to her. She grew up at home, spending her time in prayer and in praise of God, and in being very kind to every one.

Her home was near Paris, and very often she went to stay in Paris with her godmother. Wherever she was, she tried to teach people to believe in Christ and to be good. The French were not all Christians then; and there were many things she could teach them, not only by words, but by the example of her good life.

II

Then there came days of great trouble. A people called Huns appeared in Europe, under their famous chief Attila. They were an Eastern people, short and broad, and very fierce and strong. They had no settled home, but rode

through every land, killing, destroying and plundering every one.

The very sight of them frightened the people in France and Italy, who had grown used to a peaceful life; and they were so cruel that no mercy could be hoped for from them. It was believed that Attila could not be beaten, so you can think how frightened the people of Paris were when news came that he had crossed the river Rhine, and was marching against them.

The city had no walls to defend it, and no regular army to fight for it. The people, in their fear, thought that the only thing they could do was to fly from the city, with their families and the things they valued most, before Attila could come near. So nothing would be left for him to destroy except the buildings.

But Genevieve believed that God would not let Attila hurt them. She went out into the streets, and told the people that in a vision she had seen him stopped from hurting Paris.

She begged them not to go away, for they were safer where they were; and she commanded the men to be brave, and to arm themselves and get ready to defend the city. It was better, she said, to be killed fighting nobly against the Huns, than to die of starvation and misery when running away.

She filled them with hope and courage, and they went back quietly to their homes. The women grew brave too,

and no longer made the men afraid by their tears and their terror; but they knelt with Genevieve, and prayed that the city might be saved.

It was saved. Attila suddenly turned aside, and did not come to Paris. No one knew why he should have done this; and the people believed that God had listened to Genevieve, and that the holy woman's prayers had been their protection.

All her life afterwards they honoured her very much, and when she died she was made the patron saint of Paris.

The Pantheon, where I saw her picture, was meant, when they began to build it, to be the church of St. Genevieve. When they changed it into a burial-place for the great men of France, they put pictures of her there, as one of the first and greatest of the French.

The last picture of her shows you the little old city of Paris at night, when all the people are lying asleep. The towers and roofs look white in the moonlight, and it is very peaceful and quiet. Only on a tower, looking down over Paris, St. Genevieve, a very old woman, is awake, watching, and praying God to keep the people she loves so well.

William the Silent
A Hero of Holland

(1533-1584: Holland)

I

Do you know how to keep a secret? Can you not only hide the secret itself, but hide that there is any secret to be kept? It is a very difficult thing to do, and a very useful one. Prince William of Orange earned the name of the Silent, not because he never talked, but because he kept secrets so well.

When William was a boy he was page to the great Emperor Charles the Fifth. Charles ruled over many lands, among them the Low Countries, so called because they were at the level of the sea. The Emperor loved him, and kept him by him always; so that he learnt, when very young, to notice how a kingdom is governed.

He would watch the things that men did, and consider why they did them; and he grew up at the court wise and prudent, till the Emperor sent him as a quite young man to be general of his army on the French border. Later on, he was sent to France, to arrange terms of peace.

One day, while he was there, he went hunting with the French King; and in the chase they were parted from all their followers, and left quite alone. Then the King of France, feeling sure that William would agree with him, began eagerly to talk to him of a most secret plan which he

and the Emperor were making. It was a plan to kill a great number of people whom they disliked.

William was terribly shocked, and made up his mind to try to save the poor people. But he said nothing of this to the King, and his face showed nothing either. William was silent, and his silence saved many people's lives.

When the Emperor's son Philip became King of Spain, he sent orders to William's land, that people who refused to go to Roman Catholic churches should be put to death. There were great riots in the towns, and William wrote to King Philip begging him to withdraw the orders; but he would not do so.

Then some of the nobles, who were against the King, formed a party calling themselves the Beggars, a name with which they had been mocked. Wild with terror and fury, a small body of men broke into the churches, tearing down and destroying all the pictures and statues they found in them.

William helped to punish them; but he was sure by this time that the King would take all liberty of every sort away from the country.

Philip sent the Duke of Alva with a great army to punish the people. In the great square at Brussels Alva cut off the heads of two great nobles, the Counts Egmont and Horn, who had always tried to serve the King and to make him understand his people's wants. Then there began a

time of dreadful trouble. In a few days 1,800 people were put to death.

II

William of Orange and the Beggars took arms in defense of the country. They could not do much for some time; for the Spanish army in the country was large, and they had little money.

There was a city called Leyden, on the banks of the Rhine near the sea, which determined to hold out against the Spaniards. William could not come at once and help the people of Leyden; but he sent them word that, if they could hold out for three months, he would come to their rescue.

There were no regular soldiers in the city, but every man turned soldier for the time. The people brought all their food into a common stock, from which every one was given a daily portion.

The city was closely shut in, and it was very seldom that a messenger could get out or in; but they sent letters tied under the wings of carrier pigeons, which flew to and fro.

When three months were past, all the bread was eaten, and there was only a little malt cake left. A message was sent to William, to say that the time was up, and if in four

days he could not come to their help, they must give up the city.

William was ill; but he said nothing about this, for fear it should make the people down-hearted. Only he begged them to hold out still a little longer, and help should surely come.

His plan was this: His army was too small to fight against the great Spanish force; but he meant to break down the high banks, which kept the sea from flooding all the flat land round Leyden. Then, when the water rose high enough to drive away the Spaniards, he meant to sail to the town with many ships, bringing plenty of food.

The Prince's letter was read aloud in the market-place, and the soldiers fired salutes from the guns, and bands played music through all the streets to cheer the people, and help them to stand firm.

The Spaniards were very much astonished to hear these cheerful noises. They laughed at the thought of William being able to flood the whole country.

Even some of the people did not believe it possible. Day after day men watched from the top of the old city tower, hoping and praying that they might see the great waters coming, which should be the sign of their relief.

At last, in the darkness of the night, they could hear distant guns, and see distant lights. The fleet had started. Then all was quiet and silent again. No news came; only

the wind blew against the ships, and the people could see the water slowly sinking.

They were starving; there was no food left; but they vowed they would rather all die than yield.

Then, on a night of the autumn high tides, there rose a great storm with a gale from the west. The sea poured in fury over the land, and the ships sailed on over the flooded fields.

The people of Leyden waited, wild with fear and hope. They could see a low line of lights rise from the big Spanish fort, close to the city across the water.

Suddenly, with a great crash, one long side of the city wall fell down. But no Spaniards marched in. In the darkness, frightened by the rising water, they had all fled. Now the people had only to welcome their helpers, who sailed up to the quays, throwing bread to the starving men and women as they came near.

Then every living person within the walls went to the great church to thank God for saving them, and to sing a great hymn of thanksgiving.

The carrier pigeons which had brought letter's were petted and made much of. When they died their little stuffed bodies were carefully kept in the town hall. You may see them there now.

After this the power of the Spaniards was broken. Little by little the Dutch States gained their freedom.

Later on they agreed to be one State together, with the chief power in the hands of the Prince of Orange, who was called the guardian of the States.

The great-grandson of this William the Silent became our King William the Third.

Elizabeth Fry
A Heroine of England
(1780-1845: England)

I

Elizabeth Fry lived about a hundred years ago. She belonged to the Quakers, people who lived quiet lives, and dressed very plainly. When she was grown up and married, she used to dress in a plain cap or bonnet and a dull coloured dress, such as the Quakers usually wore.

But when she was a young girl she loved bright colours. Then she lived in the country in Norfolk, with six sisters and five brothers. Her mother died when she was a child; her father let them do much as they liked; and I think they ran rather wild together, and had a very merry time.

They were fond of dancing and of riding; and Elizabeth—she was called Betsy—liked to wear a scarlet riding-habit. She must have looked very pretty in it, I think, with her fluffy fair hair about her head.

One Sunday the seven sisters went as usual to "Meeting," which is what Quakers call their church, and sat in a row under the gallery. There was a special preacher that day, a man from America; and they were pleased to think it would be a change.

Betsy was often rather restless at Meeting, and on this day she was very much interested in her new smart boots,

which were purple, laced with scarlet. She sat there putting out her foot and admiring the look of it.

But when the sermon began, she forgot her boots, and thought only of the preachers words. After it was over, she went to see him at her uncle's house; and then in the evening to hear him preach again.

He made her feel that there are things in life that matter more than just enjoying oneself. In time she gave up her pretty clothes, and stayed away from dances; not because these are wrong in themselves, but because she found that she liked them too much, and got too excited about them. They made her forget and dislike the duller things which it was her duty to do.

She married and went to live in London, and had children of her own; and then she began the work which has made her name famous.

II

Prisons in those days were terrible places, and women's prisons were the most terrible of all. The women were all shut up together; those who had not been tried, and who perhaps had done nothing wrong, were put in the same room with those who had been very wicked. They had their little children with them, too; and there was no one to teach them anything.

There were no beds or bedrooms, no one to keep order, and nothing for the women to do. One of these places was so horrible that the governor of the prison did

not like going into it himself, and begged Mrs. Fry to take off her watch before she went in, or it would certainly be snatched from her.

Mrs. Fry began by starting in a London mission a little school for the children. Then she read to the women and prayed with them; and brought needlework to them to do, and clothes for the children.

She taught them to mend their own clothes, and to find something to do, and she and her friends went every day to the prison. At last it was no longer like a den of wild beasts, but a place of quiet work.

From London Mrs. Fry travelled about the country, seeing other prisons, and getting people everywhere to be interested, and to help in her good work. Afterwards she went to Russia and to France, and to Germany.

You can imagine how she helped all these poor women. She had a very sweet voice, and used to read the Bible aloud to the prisoners. When she went to such miserable places, her old merry temper must have helped her not to lose her courage, but to give some of it to people who were in sorrow and trouble and despair.

Mrs. Fry's work in the prisons was of very great use. It made people think, and they began to try to do something to make things better. So the name of Elizabeth Fry is remembered with honour.

The Burning of Carlyle's Book

(1795-1881: Scotland)

Washington lost more battles than he gained; but he succeeded in the end; and the Romans, in their most victorious campaigns, almost invariably began with defeat.

The accidental destruction of Sir Isaac Newton's papers, by his little dog "Diamond" upsetting a lighted taper upon his desk, by which the elaborate calculations of many years were in a moment destroyed, is a well-known anecdote and need not be repeated. It is said the loss caused the philosopher such profound grief that it seriously injured his health and impaired his understanding. An accident of a somewhat similar kind happened to the manuscript of the first volume of the late Mr. Carlyle's "French Revolution." He had lent the manuscript to a literary neighbor to peruse. By some mischance, it had been left lying upon the parlor floor, and became forgotten. Weeks ran on, and the historian sent for his work, the printers being loud for "copy." Inquiries were made, and it was found that the maid-of-all-work, finding what she conceived to be a bundle of waste paper on the floor, had used it to light the kitchen and parlor fires with! Such was the answer returned to Mr. Carlyle, and his feelings may be imagined. There was, however, no help for him but to set resolutely to work to re-write the book, and he turned to and did it. He had no draft, and was

compelled to rake up from his memory, facts, ideas and expressions which had long since been dismissed. The composition of the book in the first instance had been a work of pleasure; the re-writing of it a second time was one of pain and anguish almost beyond belief. That he persevered and finished the volume under such circumstances, affords an instance of determination of purpose which has seldom been surpassed.

Ole Bull

(1810-1880: Norway)

In the quaint old town of Bergen, Norway, so strange with its narrow streets, peculiar costumes, and open-hearted people, that no traveller can ever forget it, was born, Feb. 5, 1810, Ole Bull, the oldest in a family of ten children. His father was an able chemist, and his mother a woman of fine manners and much intelligence. All the relatives were musical, and at the little gatherings for the purpose of cultivating this talent, the child Ole would creep under table or sofa, and listen enraptured for hours, often receiving a whipping when discovered.

He loved music intensely, fancying when he played alone in the meadows, that he heard nature sing, as the bluebells were moved among the grasses by the wind. When he was four years old, his uncle gave him a yellow violin, which he kissed with great delight, learning the notes at the same time as his primer. Although forbidden to play till study-hours were over, he sometimes disobeyed, and was punished both at home and at school.

Finally, at eight, through the good sense of his mother, a music-teacher was provided, and his father bought him a new red violin. The child could not sleep for thinking of it; so the first night after its purchase he stole into the room where it lay, in his night-clothes, to take one peep at the precious thing. He said years after, with tears in his eyes at the painful remembrance, "The violin was so red,

and the pretty pearl screws did smile at me so! I pinched the strings just a little with my fingers. It smiled at me ever more and more. I took up the bow and looked at it. It said to me it would be pleasant to try it across the strings. So I did try it, just a very, very little, and it did sing to me so sweetly. At first, I did play very soft. But presently I did begin a capriccio, which I like very much, and it do go ever louder and louder; and I forgot that it was midnight and that everybody was asleep. Presently I hear something crack! and the next minute I feel my father's whip across my shoulders. My little red violin dropped on the floor, and was broken. I weep much for it, but it did no good. They did have a doctor to it next day, but it never recovered its health."

Pitiful it is that sometimes parents are so lacking in judgment as to stifle the best things in a child's nature! Guiding is wise; forcing usually ends in disaster. In two years, Ole could play pieces which his teacher found it impossible to perform. He began to compose melodies, imitating nature in the song of birds, brooks, and the roar of waterfalls; and would hide in caves or in clumps of bushes, where he could play his own weird improvisations. When he could not make his violin do as he wished, he would fling it away impetuously, and not touch it again for a long time. Then he would perhaps get up in the middle of the night, and play at his open window, forgetting that anybody might be awakened by it. Sometimes he played incessantly for days, scarcely eating

or sleeping. He had no pleasure in fishing or shooting, on account of the pain inflicted, a feeling seemingly common to noble and refined natures, though he greatly enjoyed anything athletic.

At fourteen, having heard of Paganini, he went to his grandparent, of whom he was very fond, and said, "Dear grandmother, can't I have some of Paganini's music?"

"Don't tell any one," was the reply; "but I will try to buy a piece of his for you if you are a good child."

Shortly after this an old miser, of whom the Bergen boys were afraid, called Ole into his house one day as he was passing, and said, "Are you the boy that plays the fiddle?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then come with me. I have a fiddle I bought in England, that I want to show you."

The fiddle needed a bridge and sounding-post, and these the boy gladly whittled out, and then played for the old man his favorite air, "God save the King." He was treated to cakes and milk, and promised to come again. The next afternoon, what was his surprise to receive four pairs of doves, with a blue ribbon around the neck of one, and a card attached bearing the name of "Ole Bull." This present was more precious than the diamonds he received in later years from the hands of royalty.

Ole's father, with a practical turn of mind, urged his being a clergyman, as he honored that profession, and well knew that music and art usually furnish a small bank account. A private tutor, Musæus by name, was therefore engaged. This man had the unique habit of kneeling down to pray before he whipped a boy, and asking that the punishment might redound to the good of the lad. He soon made up his mind that Ole's violin and theology were incompatible, and forbade his playing it. Ole and his brothers bore his harsh methods as long as possible, when one morning at half past four, as the teacher was dragging the youngest boy out of bed, Ole sprang upon him and gave him a vigorous beating. The smaller boys put their heads out from under the bed-clothes and cried out, "Don't give up, Ole! Don't give up! Give it to him with all your might!" The whole household soon appeared upon the scene, and though little was said, the private feeling seemed to be that a salutary lesson had been imparted.

At eighteen, Ole was sent to the University of Christiana, his father beseeching him that he would not yield to his passion for music. On his arrival, some Bergen students asked him to play for a charitable association.

"But," said Ole, "my father has forbidden me to play."

"Would your father prevent your doing an act of charity?"

"Well, this alters the case a little, and I can write to him, and claim his pardon."

After this he played nearly all night at the home of one of the professors, saying to himself that his father would be pleased if the Faculty liked him, and the next morning failed in his Latin examinations! In despair, he stated the case to the professor, who replied, "My good fellow, this is the very best thing that could have happened to you! Do you believe yourself fitted for a curacy in Finmark or a mission among the Laps? Certainly not! It is the opinion of your friends that you should travel abroad. Meanwhile, old Thrane having been taken ill, you are appointed ad interim Musical Director of the Philharmonic and Dramatic Societies." A month later, by the death of Thrane, he came into this position, having gained the pardon of his disappointed father.

But he was restless at Christiana. He desired to know whether he really had genius or not, and determined to go to Cassell, to see Louis Spohr, who was considered a master. The great man was not sufficiently great to be interested in an unknown lad, and coolly said, when Ole remarked politely, "I have come more than five hundred miles to hear you," "Very well, you can now go to Nordhausen; I am to attend a musical festival there."

Ole went to the festival, and was so disappointed because the methods and interpretation were different from his own, that he resolved to go back to classic studies, feeling that he had no genius for music. Still he was not satisfied. He would go to Paris, and hear Berlioz and other great men. Giving three concerts at Trondhjeim and

Bergen, by which he made five hundred dollars, he found himself in possession of the needed funds. When he arrived in this great city, everybody was eagerly looking out for himself. Some were in pursuit of pleasure; but most, as is the case everywhere, were in pursuit of bread and shelter. Nobody cared to hear his violin. Nobody cared about his recommendations from far-off Norway. In vain he tried to make engagements. He had no one to speak for him, and the applicants were numberless.

Madam Malibran was singing nightly to crowded houses, and the poor violinist would now and then purchase one of the topmost seats, and listen to that marvelous voice. His money was gradually melting away. Finally, an elderly gentleman who boarded at the same house, having begged him to take what little money he possessed out of the bank, as it was not a safe place, stole every cent, together with Ole's clothes, and left him entirely destitute.

An acquaintance now told him of a boarding-place where there were several music-teachers, and gave security for his board for one month—twelve dollars. Soon the friend and the boarding-mistress grew cold and suspicious. Nothing tries friendship like asking the loan of money. At last his condition becoming known to a person, whom he afterward learned was Vidoeq, the noted Chief of Police, he was shown by him to a gaming-table, where he made one hundred and sixty dollars. "What a hideous joy I felt," he said afterward; "what a horrid pleasure to

hold in the hand one's own soul saved by the spoil of others!" He could not gamble again, though starvation actually stared him in the face.

Cholera was sweeping through the city, and had taken two persons from the house where he lodged. He was again penniless and wellnigh despairing. But he would not go back to Christiana. The river Seine looked inviting, and he thought death would be a relief. He was nervous and his brain throbbed. Finally he saw a placard in a window, "Furnished rooms to let." He was exhausted, but would make one more effort.

An elderly lady answered his query by saying that they had no vacant rooms, when her pretty granddaughter, Alexandrine Felicie, called out, "Look at him, grandmamma!" Putting on her glasses, the tears filled her eyes, as she saw a striking resemblance to her son who had died. The next day found him at Madam Villeminot's house, very ill of brain fever. When he regained consciousness, she assured him that he need not worry about the means for payment. When, however, the Musical Lyceum of Christiana learned of his struggles, they sent him eight hundred dollars.

Becoming acquainted about this time with Monsieur Lacour, a dealer in violins, who thought he had discovered that a certain kind of varnish would increase sweetness of tone, Ole Bull was requested to play on one of his instruments at a soiree, given by a Duke of the Italian

Legation. An elegant company were present. The intense heat soon brought out the odor of assafœtida in the varnish. The young man became embarrassed and then excited, and played as though beside himself. The player was advertised, whether Monsieur Lacour's instruments were or not; for Marshal Ney's son, the Duke of Montebello, at once invited him to breakfast, and presided over a concert for him, whereby the violinist made three hundred dollars. The tide had turned at last, and little Felicie Villeminot had done it with her "Look at him, grandmamma!"

As the Grand Opera was still closed to him, he made a concert tour through Switzerland and Italy. In Milan, one of the musical journals said, "He is not master of himself; he has no style; he is an untrained musician. If he be a diamond, he is certainly in the rough and unpolished."

Ole Bull went at once to the publisher and asked who had written the article. "If you want the responsible person," said the editor, "I am he."

"No," said the artist, "I have not come to call the writer to account, but to thank him. The man who wrote that article understands music; but it is not enough to tell me my faults; he must tell me how to rid myself of them."

"You have the spirit of the true artist," replied the journalist.

The same evening he took Ole Bull to the critic, a man over seventy, from whom he learned much that was

valuable. He at once gave six months to study under able masters, before again appearing in public. He was, however, an earnest student all through life, never being satisfied with his attainments.

At Venice he was highly praised, but at Bologna he won the celebrity which continued through life. Malibran was to sing in two concerts, but feigned illness when she learned that the man she loved, De Beriot, was to receive a smaller sum than herself, and would not appear. The manager of the theatre was in despair. Meantime, in a poor hotel, in an upper room, Ole Bull was composing his concerto in the daytime, and playing on his violin at night by his open window. Rossini's first wife heard the music, and said, "It must be a violin, but a divine one. That will be a substitute for De Beriot and Malibran. I must go and tell Zampieri" (the manager).

On the night of the concert, after Ole Bull had been two hours in bed from weariness, Zampieri appeared, and asked him to improvise. He was delighted, and exclaiming, "Malibran may now have her headaches," hurried the young artist off to the theatre. The audience was of course cold and disappointed till Ole Bull began to play. Then the people seemed to hold their breath. When the curtain fell, he almost swooned with exhaustion, but the house shook with applause. Flowers were showered upon him, He was immediately engaged for the next concert; a large theatre was offered him free of expense, one man buying one hundred tickets, and the admiring throng drew his

carriage to the hotel, while a procession with torchlights acted as guard of honor.

Ole Bull had stepped into the glory of fame in a single night. Henceforth, while there was to be much of trial and disappointment, as come to all, he was to be forever the idol of two continents, drawing crowded houses, honored by the great, and universally mourned at his death. He had come to fame as by accident, but he had made himself worthy of fame.

Malibran at first seemed hurt at his wonderful success in her stead, but she soon became one of his warmest friends, saying, "It is your own fault that I did not treat you as you deserved. A man like you should step forth with head erect in the full light of day, that we may recognize his noble blood."

From here he played with great success at Florence and Rome, at the latter city composing his celebrated "Polacca Guerriera" in a single night, writing till four o'clock in the morning. It was first conceived while he stood alone at Naples, at midnight, watching Mount Vesuvius aflame.

Returning to Paris, he found the Grand Opera open to him. Here, at his first performance, his a-string snapped; he turned deathly pale, but he transposed the remainder of the piece, and finished it on three strings. Meyerbeer, who was present, could not believe it possible that the string had really broken.

He was now twenty-six, famous and above want. What more fitting than that he should marry pretty Felicie Villeminot, and share with her the precious life she had saved? They were married in the summer of 1836, and their love was a beautiful and enduring one until her death twenty-six years afterward. Though absent from her much of the time necessarily, his letters breathe a pure and ardent affection. Going to England soon after, and being at the house of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth, he writes, "How long does the time seem that deprives me of seeing you! I embrace you very tenderly. The word home has above all others the greatest charm for me."

In London, from three to seven thousand persons crowded to hear him. The "Times" said, "His command of the instrument, from the top to the bottom of the scale—and he has a scale of his own of three complete octaves on each string—is absolutely perfect." At Liverpool he received four thousand dollars for a single night, taking the place of Malibran, who had brought on a hemorrhage resulting in death, by forcing a tone, and holding it so long that the audience were astonished. Ole Bull came near sharing her fate. In playing "Polacca," the hall being large and the orchestra too strong, he ruptured a blood vessel, and his coat had to be cut from him.

In sixteen months he gave two hundred and seventy-four concerts in the United Kingdom. Afterwards, at St. Petersburg, he played to five thousand persons, the Emperor sending him an autograph letter of affection, and

the Empress an emerald ring set with one hundred and forty diamonds. Shortly after this his father died, speaking with pride of Ole, and thinking he heard divine music.

On his return to Norway, at the request of the King, he gave five concerts at Stockholm, the last netting him five thousand dollars. So moved was the King when Ole Bull played before him at the palace, that he rose and stood till the "Polacca" was finished. He presented the artist with the Order of Vasa, set in brilliants.

In Christiana, the students gave him a public dinner, and crowned him with laurel. He often played for the peasants here and in Bergen, and was beloved by the poor as by the rich. At Copenhagen he was presented at Court, the King giving him a snuff-box set in diamonds. Hans Andersen became his devoted friend, as did Thorvaldsen while he was in Rome. He now went to Cassell, and Spohr hastened to show him every attention, as though to make amends for the coldness when Ole Bull was poor and unknown. At Salzburg he invited the wife of Mozart to his concerts. For her husband he had surpassing admiration. He used to say that no mortal could write Mozart's "Requiem" and live.

While in Hungary, his first child, Ole, died. He wrote his wife, "God knows how much I have suffered! I still hope and work, not for myself,—for you, my family, my country, my Norway, of which I am proud."

All this time he was working very hard. He said, "I must correspond with the directors of the theatres; must obtain information regarding the people with whom I am to deal; I must make my appointments for concerts and rehearsals; have my music copied, correct the scores, compose, play, travel nights. I am always cheated, and in ever-lasting trouble. I reproach myself when everything does not turn out for the best, and am consumed with grief. I really believe I should succumb to all these demands and fatigues if it were not for my drinking cold water, and bathing in it every morning and evening."

In November, 1843, urged by Fanny Elssler, he visited America. At first, in New York, some of the prominent violinists opposed him; but he steadily made his way. When Mr. James Gordon Bennett offered him the columns of the "Herald," that he might reply to those who were assailing him, he said in his broken English, "I tink, Mr. Bennett, it is best tey writes against me, and I plays against tem." Of his playing in New York, Mrs. Lydia Maria Child wrote, "His bow touched the strings as if in sport, and brought forth light leaps of sound, with electric rapidity, yet clear in their distinctness. He played on four strings at once, and produced the rich harmony of four instruments. While he was playing, the rustling of a leaf might have been heard; and when he closed, the tremendous bursts of applause told how the hearts of thousands leaped like one. His first audience were beside

themselves with delight, and the orchestra threw down their instruments in ecstatic wonder."

From New York he took a successful trip South. That he was not effeminate while deeply poetic, a single incident will show. After a concert, a man came to him and said he wished the diamond in his violin bow, given him by the Duke of Devonshire. Ole Bull replied that as it was a gift, he could neither sell it nor give it away.

"But I am going to have that stone!" said the man as he drew a bowie knife from his coat. In an instant Ole Bull had felled the man to the floor with the edge of his hand across his throat. "The next time I would kill you," said the musician, with his foot on the man's chest; "but you may go now." So much did the ruffian admire the muscle and skill of the artist, that he begged him to accept the knife which he had intended to use upon him.

During this visit, to America he gave two hundred concerts, netting him, said the "New York Herald," fully eighty thousand dollars, besides twenty thousand given to charitable associations, and fifteen thousand paid to assistant artists. "No artist has ever visited our country and received so many honors. Poems by the hundreds have been written to him; gold vases, pencils, medals, have been presented to him by various corporations. His whole remarkable appearance in this country is really unexampled in glory and fame," said the same newspaper. Ole Bull was kindness itself to the sick or afflicted. Now he

played for Alice and Phoebe Carey, when unable to leave their home, and now for insane and blind asylums and at hospitals. He loved America, and called himself "her adopted son."

On his return to Norway, after great success in Spain, the Queen bestowing upon him the order of Charles III and the Portuguese order of Christus, he determined to build a National Theatre in Bergen, his birthplace, for the advancement of his nation in the drama and in music. By great energy, and the bestowal of a large sum of money, the place was opened in 1850, Ole Bull leading the orchestra. But the Storthing, or Parliament, declined to give it a yearly appropriation,—perhaps the development of home talent tended too strongly toward republicanism. The burden was too great for one man to carry, and the project did not prove a success.

The next plan of the philanthropist-musician was to buy one hundred and twenty-five thousand acres of land on the Susquehanna River, in Pennsylvania, and "found a New Norway, consecrated to liberty, baptized with independence, and protected by the Union's mighty flag." Soon three hundred houses were built, a country inn, store, and church, erected by the founder. To pay the thousands needed for this enterprise he worked constantly at concert-giving, taking scarcely time to eat his meals. He laid out five new villages, made arrangements with the government to cast cannon for her fortresses, and took out patents for a new smelting-furnace.

While in California, where he was ill with yellow fever, a crushing blow fell upon him. He learned that he had purchased the land through a swindling company, his title was invalid, and his fortune was lost. He could only buy enough land to protect those who had already come from Norway, and had settled there, and soon became deeply involved in lawsuits. Hon. E. W. Stoughton of New York, who had never met Ole Bull personally, volunteered to assist him, and a few thousands were wrested from the defrauding agent.

On his return to Norway he was accused of speculating with the funds of his countrymen, which cut him to the heart. A little later, in 1862, his wife died, worn with ill health and with her husband's misfortunes, and his son Thorvald fell from the mast of a sailing-vessel in the Mediterranean, and was killed.

In the autumn of 1868 he returned to America, and nearly lost his life in a steamboat collision on the Ohio. He swam to land, saving also his precious violin. Two years afterward he was married to Miss Thorp of Madison, Wis., an accomplished lady much his junior in years, who has lived to write an admirable life of her illustrious husband. A daughter, Olea, came to gladden his home two years later. When he was sixty-six years old, he celebrated his birthday by playing his violin on the top of the great pyramid, Cheops, at the suggestion of King Oscar of Norway and Sweden.

In the Centennial year he returned to America, and made his home at Cambridge, in the house of James Russell Lowell, while he was Minister to England. Here he enjoyed the friendship of such as Longfellow, who says of him in his "Tales of a Wayside Inn":—

"The angel with the violin,
Painted by Raphael, he seemed,
And when he played, the atmosphere
Was filled with magic, and the ear
Caught echoes of that Harp of Gold,
Whose music had so weird a sound,
The hunted stag forgot to bound,
The leaping rivulet backward rolled,
The birds came down from bush and tree,
The dead came from beneath the sea,
The maiden to the harper's knee!"

The friend of the highest, he never forgot the lowest. When a colored barber in Hartford, a lad who was himself a good fiddler, heard Ole Bull play, the latter having sent him a ticket to his concert, he said, "Mister, can't you come down to the shop tomorrow to get shaved, and show me those tricks? I feel powerful bad."

And Ole Bull went to the shop, and showed him how the wonderful playing was accomplished.

In 1880 Ole Bull sailed, for the last time, to Europe, to his lovely home at Lyso, an island in the sea, eighteen miles from Bergen. Ill on the voyage, he was thankful to

reach the cherished place. Here, planned by his own hand, was his elegant home overlooking the ocean; here his choice music-room upheld by delicate columns and curiously wrought arches; here the shell-roads he had built; and here the flower-beds he had planted. The end came soon, on a beautiful day full of sunshine.

The body lay in state in the great music-room till a larger steamer came to bear it to Bergen. This was met by a convoy of sixteen steamers ranged on either side; and as the fleet approached the city, all were at half-mast, and guns were fired, which re-echoed through the mountains. The quay was covered with juniper, and the whole front festooned with green. As the boat touched the shore, one of Ole Bull's inimitable melodies was played. Young girls dressed in black bore the trophies of his success, and distinguished men carried his gold crown and order, in the procession. The streets were strewn with flowers, and showered upon the coffin. When the service had been read at the grave by the pastor, Bjornson, the famous author, gave an address. After the coffin had been lowered and the mourners had departed, hundreds of peasants came, bringing a green bough, a sprig of fern, or a flower, and quite filled the grave. Beautiful tribute to a beautiful life!

Malibran, the Great Singer
Touching Story of Her Kindness
(1808-1836: Spain)

I have now told you of great merchants, bankers, inventors and what not, and thinking that perhaps you might want a little change, I propose now to tell you of a great artist who was also a great woman. Her name perhaps some of you know it was Marie Felicita Garcia Malibran, and she was one of the greatest singers that ever lived. She was born March 24, 1808; according to some authorities at Paris, and to others at Turin. She was the daughter of Manuel Garcia, the celebrated Spanish tenor singer, by whom she was instructed so thoroughly that at the age of seventeen she made her public debut in London, March 25, 1826, in Rossini's opera "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," and achieved an instant triumph. She sang with success at public and private concerts in different English cities, and in the autumn of that year she came to New York as prima donna of an opera company, under the direction of her father.

The next year, on March 23rd, she was married to Eugene Malibran, an elderly French merchant of New York; but in little more than a year financial difficulties brought unhappiness, and the young wife left her old husband, and on September 27, 1827, she returned to Europe. On January 14, 1828, she made her first appearance in Paris, repeating her English and American

successes. In 1835 the French courts pronounced her marriage with M. Malibran to be void, and on March 29, 1836, she was married to Charles de Beriot, the celebrated violinist. This marriage was a very happy one, but, alas! of short duration. A month after the marriage she fell from her horse and was severely injured; but making light of the matter, she continued to perform in opera during the summer, and in September, contrary to the advice of her physician, she appeared in England, at the Manchester Musical Festival. A nervous fever set in which soon proved fatal, and she died on September 23, 1836. A few years ago a handsome monument was erected in the cemetery at Lacken, near Brussels, over her remains, which had been removed thither from their English resting place.

Madame Malibran's voice was a mezzo-soprano of great volume and purity, and had been brought to absolute perfection by the severe training of her father. Her private character was irreproachable.

Few women have been more beloved for their amiability, generosity and professional enthusiasm. Her intellect was of a high order, and the charms of her conversation fascinated all who were admitted into the circle of her intimate friends. Her benefactions amounted to such considerable sums that her friends were frequently obliged to interfere for the purpose of regulating her finances. The following is one of the many touching stories of her kindness:

In an humble room in one of the poorest streets of London, Pierre, a faithful French boy, sat humming by the bedside of his sick mother. There was no bread in the closet, and for the whole day he had not tasted food. Yet he sat humming to keep up his spirits. Still at times he thought of his loneliness and hunger, and he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes; for he knew that nothing would be so grateful to his poor invalid mother as a good, sweet orange, and yet he had not a penny in the world. The little song he was singing was his own one he had composed, both air and words for the child was a genius.

He went to the window, and looking out saw a man putting up a great bill with yellow letters, announcing that Madame Malibran would sing that night in public. "Oh, if I could only go!" thought little Pierre; and then, pausing a moment, he clasped his hands, his eyes lighted with a new hope. Running to the little stand, he smoothed his yellow curls, and, taking from a tiny box some old, stained paper, gave one eager glance at his mother, who slept; and ran speedily from the house.

"Who did you say was waiting for me?" said the madame to her servant; "I am already worn-out with company." "It's only a very pretty, little boy, with yellow curls, who said if he can just see you he is sure you will not be sorry, and he will not keep you a moment." "Oh, well, let him come!" said the beautiful singer, with a smile; "I

can never refuse children." Little Pierre went in, his hat under his arm, and in his hand a little roll of paper.

With manliness unusual for a child, he walked straight to the lady, and bowing, said, "I come to see you because my mother is very sick, and we are too poor to get food and medicine. I thought, perhaps, that if you would sing my little song at some of your grand concerts, maybe some publisher would buy it for a small sum, and so I could get food and medicine for my mother."

The beautiful woman arose from her seat. Very tall and stately she was. She took the little roll from his hand and lightly hummed the air. "Did you compose it?" she asked, "you, a child! And the words? Would you like to come to my concert?" she asked. "Oh, yes!" and the boy's eyes grew bright with happiness; "but I couldn't leave my mother." "I will send somebody to take care of your mother for the evening, and here is a crown with which you may go and get food and medicine. Here is also one of my tickets. Come tonight; that will admit you to a seat near me."

Almost beside himself with joy, Pierre bought some oranges, and many a little luxury besides, and carried them home to the poor invalid, telling her, not without tears, of his good fortune. When evening came, and Pierre was admitted to the concert hall, he felt that never in his life had he been in so great a place. The music, the myriad lights, the beauty, the flashing of diamonds and rustling of

silks, bewildered his eyes and brain. At last she came, and the child sat with his glance riveted on her glorious face. Could he believe that the grand lady, all blazing with jewels, and whom everybody seemed to worship, would really sing his little song?

Breathless, he waited; the band, the whole band struck up a plaintive little melody. He knew it, and clasped his hands for joy. And oh, how she sang it! It was so simple, so mournful. Many a bright eye dimmed with tears, and naught could be heard but the touching words of that little song oh, so touching! Pierre walked home as if he were moving on the air. What cared he for money now? The greatest singer in all Europe had sung his little song, and thousands had wept at his grief. The next day he was frightened by a visit from Madame Malibran. She laid her hand on his yellow curls, and turning to the sick woman, said, "Your little boy, Madame, has brought you a fortune. I was offered, this morning, by the best publisher in London, one thousand five hundred dollars for his little song; and after he has realized a certain amount from the sale, little Pierre here is to share the profits. Madame, thank God that your son has a gift from heaven."

The noble-hearted singer and the poor woman wept together. As to Pierre, always mindful of Him who watches over the tried and tempted, he knelt down by his mother's bedside and uttered a simple prayer, asking God's blessing on the kind lady who had deigned to notice their affliction. The memory of that prayer made the

singer more tender-hearted, and she who was the idol of England's nobility, went about doing good. And in her early, happy death, he who stood beside her bed and smoothed her pillow, and lightened her last moments by his undying affection, was little Pierre of former days, now rich, accomplished and the most talented composer of the day.

Edward Everett Hale
The Man Who Lent a Hand

(1802-1909: Massachusetts)

You like stories filled with wonderful adventures, do you not, of heroes brave in battle, of discoverers who have overcome great difficulties, of inventors who have mastered the elements?

Just now you shall hear of none of these. And yet this tale should be of deep interest because it is of a man who worked daily marvels through the simple yet magical power which he possessed of "lending a hand."

This man, Edward Everett Hale, was born in 1822, a few years before Mark Twain first opened his eyes. His early home was quite different, it may be said, from that of the Giver of Mirth. It was very comfortable and almost luxurious for those days, and was situated in the heart of "Good Old Boston Town," with the waves of the Atlantic Ocean pouring into many an inlet which is today filled in with earth and covered with rows of tall buildings.

The little Boston lad was named for his mother's uncle, the statesman and orator Edward Everett. As he grew up to better understanding he must have felt honored in having such a distinguished relative. But even when very tiny, he could understand why he should be proud of his father's being the namesake of the Revolutionary hero, Nathan Hale.

"How bravely he fought for the freedom of the United States!" Edward probably thought. "And when the British hung him as a spy, how grandly he died! Surely no one could have spoken nobler words than he when at the last moment he said, 'I regret that I have only one life to give for my country.'"

Without doubt the boy, while thinking of this great-uncle, felt a longing to become as true an American as he.

Little Edward began to go to school when he was two years old.

"What a remarkable child he must have been!" you say to yourself at once.

But he was not so remarkable as one would think. The fact was, his older brother, Nathan, and his two older sisters were already in school, and he cried at being separated from them and begged to join them.

"He shall have his wish. It will do him no harm to go to a dame school," decided his parents, after talking over the matter.

Accordingly they sent him for several hours each day to be under the care of a pleasant young girl after she had agreed to receive the little two-year-old in her school of small children. Of course, she couldn't expect to teach much to such a tiny tot. How could she? But Edward had spelling and reading lessons, though he never afterwards remembered just how or when he learned to read, and it

therefore seemed to him as if he had always been able to do so.

Of course, those early lessons occupied only a part of the hours spent at the dame school. So Edward sometimes amused himself by watching the sunbeams that made their way between the window shutters and danced upon the floor and walls of the schoolroom.

There was still other entertainment for him. As it happened, the floor of the schoolroom was kept strewn with sand, after a fashion quite common in those days. Nothing could have been more entertaining to a small boy obliged to keep quiet in his seat than to round the sand beneath him into little piles with his feet and then prick pretty patterns in the tops with a pin or broom corn.

There was still another joy for little Edward at the dame school. That was the receiving of a prize on Saturday if he had been good all the week. He was allowed to choose it for himself out of a collection of bows of colored ribbon which the teacher brought out of the closet at each weekend. It might be pink or red, or yellow, or blue, whichever color he asked for, and it was pinned on his clothing before he started for home in a place where every one would be sure to notice it.

But his teacher also kept black bows, the sight of which was enough to make the small boy shudder. One of these was placed on any child who had been naughty. He was then obliged to wear it home, no matter how unhappy he

might feel, or how hard he might cry. Once, so Edward heard, a boy had been so wicked, so daring, as to take off his black bow after leaving the schoolroom and actually trample it under his feet. But this was really too dreadful a story to believe, he was sure.

Once, as he afterwards remembered, he was punished, but in a different manner. He had to sit by himself in a big yellow chair in the middle of the schoolroom. It was quite dreadful, especially as he did not know what wrong he had done to make him deserve such a disgrace.

When he was five years old he was sent to a school kept by a man who was kind and good-natured, but who did not know much about teaching. Edward, consequently, did not learn much more than he had learned at the dame school. He enjoyed himself, at any rate, and sometimes got into mischief, after the manner of boys.

The teacher, whom his pupils spoke of as "Simple," sometimes came to school late. So, one day, when he did not appear on time, the small but daring Edward said to himself: "I'll have some fun. I'll show Simple what we think of him."

Accordingly, when the master at last walked into the schoolroom, he found that Edward, with all the airs of a teacher, had called the boys to order and was holding a mock recitation.

The lively little fellow continued to go to this same school for three years, at the end of which time he entered

the Boston Latin School, where he was expected to do hard, steady work in his studies.

He never enjoyed school. Yet he thought: "Children need to go there, so it is the right thing to do. I will therefore try to make the best of it."

And he did make the best of it, and learned so rapidly that he was quickly advanced far above other boys of his own age.

Little as he cared for the hours spent in a schoolroom, he dearly loved to read. What delight he had in "Grimm's Fairy Tales!" What wonderful sights he looked upon in his mind as he turned the pages! For the time being they were real to him and Boston was far away.

And then what fun he had devouring the stories written by people who had looked upon strange sights and dared the dangers of treacherous seas! The little boy in the comfortable New England home was lost sight of and in imagination Edward became the brave explorer, the knight in his castle, the wanderer in a tropical forest where serpents hissed, and monkeys grinned at him from the tree tops.

Though Edward did not love the hours spent in school, he always enjoyed getting there early because of the fun of playing tag and talking with his mates before the bell rang to come inside. One such morning some of the boys arrived with great news! An omnibus, drawn by four horses, had passed them. Such a big, long vehicle it was,

declared the boys. It was wonderful to look at. As his mates described it, the first one ever seen in the streets of Boston, Edward was filled with as much astonishment as if the very chariot which carried Cinderella to the ball had appeared.

In those days, you must bear in mind, people rode in chaises. Neither electric nor even horse cars had been heard of, nor did a single steam train enter or leave the town. Moreover, the principal streets were paved with cobblestones and were lighted by lamps. The houses were lighted in the same way. A very different Boston it was from the bustling, noisy city we know today.

Outside of school hours Edward was happily busy in many ways. He took lessons in gymnastics; he learned to ride horseback; and many a happy afternoon he spent on a handsome horse owned by his father, while his parents rode beside him in a chaise. You perhaps have seen the picture of one of those old-fashioned vehicles, with its two big wheels, and its deep hood almost hiding from sight the people on the seat beneath.

Then, too, there was the swimming school which Edward entered the summer he was nine years old. What sport it was for the slender little lad to plunge into the cool water on a hot day and, fastened to a rope for safety, swing out into the depths! He was not quick in learning to swim because his muscles were not strong. But he persevered

bravely for several months till the time came when he felt as much at home in the water as on the land.

As soon as spring opened Edward and his mates went often to the old historic Common to play marbles, fly kites and roll hoops.

There were cows feeding on the Common under the elms, but there were not many of them, and they did not bother the boys.

Sometimes the children fished for horned-pout in the Frog Pond; but the sport which Edward enjoyed best of all was playing "post-office." When he and his chums got ready for this game, they divided among themselves some tiny "newspapers" which they had made by cutting up full-sized newspapers supplied by Edward who, as the son of an editor, was always able to furnish them.

Then, each with a bundle of mail which he pretended was very precious, the boys started off, driving their hoops as they ran to deposit their papers in various hiding places which they had dug in the ground of near-by streets. These hiding places, of course, they called post-offices.

You can see from this that our small hero must have been interested in his father's business. In fact, he went so often to Mr. Hale's printing establishment and took such interest in the work of bringing out the Advertiser that he afterwards said he "was cradled in the sheets of the daily newspaper."

This was not far from true. At his father's offices he learned to set type soon after he was first able to read, and he began to write short articles which his father printed in the Advertiser when he was still a child. Why, he translated something he read in a French paper, which was published in the Advertiser before he reached his eleventh birthday.

But were the boy's pleasures all outside his own home? By no means. It was there, in fact, that he chose to spend most of his spare hours because his parents made it so attractive to him. Many a day when school was over, his mates would say: "Come. Let's go down to the wharves to see the shipping."

The proposal would sound quite tempting for the moment. But as soon as his home was reached, any longing to visit the wharves generally vanished, because there was so much better fun close at hand. At home he was free to do many interesting things, and have as many of his friends as he liked to share his pleasure with him.

To begin with, there were parallel bars in the yard, and a high cross-pole to climb on. And there was a chemical outfit in the house with which the boys could make all sorts of delightful experiments. And there, too, were tools and whalebone, and pulleys, and everything else needful with which to build all sorts of wonderful things. Perhaps a toy locomotive (in those days locomotives were rare objects in the United States) was attempted, or a machine which was to have perpetual motion. But there were no

store-made toys at hand to play with. Edward would have scorned them.

"It is a hundred times better sport," he would have told you, "to make things for oneself."

In that happy home where Edward's wise parents guided, instead of drove their children, the most glorious place of all was the garret. There it was that the boy and his brothers fought naval battles on floats which they made themselves. There it was that they shaped furniture for their sisters' doll houses; and set up Leyden jars and sent telegraphic messages to each other from one side of the garret to the other. And it was from the garret of one of the houses where the Hale family lived that Edward was able to climb up the stairs to the roof, where he could sit and look down upon the streets far below.

Little reading was done in the garret because the Hale children were allowed to go there only in the daytime. But in long evening hours Edward gathered with his brothers and sisters around the lamp-lighted table in the living room downstairs and devoured one fascinating book after another. Or perhaps he joined with the others in playing games,—"teetotum" was a favorite one—or in drawing pictures and making tiny magazines out of what he drew and wrote.

Sometimes Daniel Webster or Edward Everett, or some other wise and thoughtful person would join the family circle, and Edward would listen to what his elders

were talking about. Perhaps it was an interesting book, or some important need of the country, or a law which ought to be made. Boy as he was, he thought a good deal about what he heard, and often made up his own mind very positively in the matter talked about. At school he thought things out in the same way; and queer as it may seem, he couldn't understand why his opinions weren't just as important as those of his teachers.

From what you have now heard of Edward's boyhood days, you can see that he was getting an "all around" education. At school he had his studies; in the outdoor world his body was trained and kept healthy by plenty of physical exercise; and at home he read, played games, or busied his mind with inventions.

"You should always do whatever you are able to do," Edward's parents impressed upon him. At the same time they showed that they were more pleased by his behaving well than by securing high standing in his studies. We can see this when we think of what happened at the end of his first month at the Latin School. He had received a report showing that he stood only ninth in his class of fifteen.

"I dread to show this report to my mother," he said to himself. "She will not like my having such a low rank."

But when she had examined the report, he found, to his relief, that she did not seem troubled in the least.

She merely said, "Oh, that is no matter. Probably the other boys are brighter than you. God made them so, and

you cannot help that. But the report says that you are among the boys who behave well. That you can see to, and that is all I care about."

Every year Edward had a great pleasure in store for him when the summer vacation arrived. That was the time in which his whole family took a trip to his grandfather's home in Westfield, a hundred miles from Boston, to make a visit. A big traveling party it was, because there were seven children in all, as well as their parents. As there were no steam cars to carry them in those early years, several days were spent jogging along over country roads, some of the family in the chaise and the rest on horseback.

What fun it was to stop overnight at some tavern whose painted sign swung from a post in front of the building. And when at last the dear grandfather's house was reached, what sport awaited Edward and his brothers and sisters! Traps had to be made in which to catch woodchucks. Tramps over the hills were taken with lively cousins. Games—noisy ones, such as "hunt the slipper" and "blind man's buff"—could be played after nightfall, on Sundays as well as on other days. Do not be shocked at reading this, because in that long ago in New England, the "Sabbath" began at sunset on Saturday and ended with the next sunset. Oh, joyous weeks were those which the lad spent in his boyhood at Westfield, laying up a store of strength for mind and body.

When Edward was thirteen years old, at the age when most boys today are getting ready for the High School, he entered Harvard College. There was really no reason why he should not do so, because he had advanced so rapidly in school that he was prepared for college studies. Moreover, his brother Nathan, whom he dearly loved, was already in college and he was happiest when in his company.

"Nathan will be a helpful companion for Edward," his parents had considered.

So, bearing in mind that their Uncle Edward Everett was only thirteen when he entered college, and that his health was not injured by doing so, they decided that this young son should follow in his steps.

The boy did not enjoy his college life particularly. He was homesick from first to last, even though his loved Boston home was in the very next town and he could always spend his weekends there. He studied faithfully, however, and did so much good work in his classes that he won prizes. Moreover, there were many pleasant spare hours spent in the big college library where he read interesting novels and books of history. There were also rambles in the nearby country where he studied the wild flowers of which he was very fond. Sometimes, too, he played cricket and football with his fellow students. But when the time to graduate was at hand he was glad. He had done his best because he had believed he ought to do so,

and he had won honors. But now, to his joy, he was free to follow his own bent.

What was that bent? Was it writing? From early boyhood he had written articles which were printed in his father's newspaper, the Advertiser. At graduation he had been chosen as the class poet because of his ability. It was as natural and easy for him to write as to talk.

He had decided already, however, that the principal work of his life was to be along a different line. He would now study for the ministry. This was what his father expected of him, and it was also the strong wish of his mother.

"But I will do more than what people generally expect of a minister," he promised himself. "Preaching sermons is not so important as helping people when they suffer in body or in mind. I will try to be such a helper."

So it came about that when the youth of seventeen left college, he began to prepare for his life work. At the same time he was able to support himself by teaching in the Boston Latin School.

During those years of teaching and study Edward had taken many a pleasant trip about New England. He was as pleased as any small boy when the famous Bunker Hill Monument had been finished, and he climbed the spiral stairway inside for the first time, and looked from the top down upon his home city and the sea and country around

it. He wrote to an absent sister that it was the grandest sight he had ever looked upon.

He always had the same joy in climbing mountains. "My love of mountain climbing in my young days," he once said, "seems like a sixth sense. It is like my mother's love of flowers."

In one such excursion his life was saved almost by a hair's breadth. He had climbed to the top of Mount Katahdin in Maine when a heavy fog closed in around him. As he slowly struggled to make his way down, he stopped at one point just in time to escape falling over a precipice. If he had taken the next step he would have fallen far, far below and would have been crushed to death. But it was not meant for the world to lose him then.

In due time he finished his studies as a minister, after which he spent several years going about from one place to another to help struggling churches get on a firm footing. He had many interesting experiences while doing this, but there was one which gave him the deepest happiness and made his life richer ever afterwards.

It came about in this way: he happened to be spending a few days in the city of Albany in New York, and was having a rather discouraging time trying to do the work for which he had come. One day—he was feeling sad and lonely—he sought his dark, musty bedroom in the house where he was stopping and sat down to entertain himself by reading. After a while he laid the book down and leaned

back in thought. Suddenly he realized that he was not alone and that he could not be alone. But there was no person in the room except himself! Why did his sadness leave him and joy fill his heart? Because he felt that God was there with him and that God's love was wrapping him about.

All his cares had dropped away from him on the instant. "Yes," he said to himself, "God loves me and is closer to me than any human being sitting close beside me could possibly be."

From that moment the young man was sure that he could never be lonely again, and that wherever he might go he would have a companion. How many people, he considered, were unhappy because they were lonely. He promised himself that for the rest of his life he would try to help such unhappy folks discover what he had just discovered. When they once realized that they were God's children all would be well with them.

In the weeks and months that followed the visit to Albany, Mr. Hale was busy, but very happy. Among other work that he did, he preached many sermons. His very first sermon, you may like to know, was spoken to a gathering of children in a Boston chapel, and its subject was "Little Things." Its first words were, "There is nothing in the world then so small that God does not love it."

"Little things!" What a fitting subject for the young minister to choose! And why? Because the big work he

afterwards accomplished was based on just the little things that many people place no value upon simply because they are small. Such people forget what happens when a pebble is dropped in a pond. At first there is only a tiny ripple where the pebble falls. But that ripple causes another ripple beyond it and another beyond that, and so on, till the water of the whole pond has been affected.

The young minister showed the value he put on little things when at twenty-four he became settled as the pastor of a church in Worcester, Massachusetts. A smile for this person; a kind word for that; a dinner given to a poor beggar who came to his door; wise words of advice spoken to some one in doubt; loving sympathy shown to the suffering; seemingly little things like these filled every day of his life and made it a glorious one. Wherever Mr. Hale was to be found, whether at home or in a city street, those who drew near felt God's love shining through him and upon them.

One thought seemed ever to be in this good man's mind: "We are all God's children."

And so, realizing how much that is beautiful and noble is in the hearts of all, he had faith in every one he met and tried to bring out not selfishness, but kindness and love. Is it any wonder, then, that he strove in his own church to make the people feel like one big family and that each one had something important to do for others?

He did much work outside, as well as within, his church. He had come to feel as if all the people of the United States make up one big family. In it were red men and black men as well as white, and they were brothers. They should all have their rights.

But before this could come about there were many wrongs to be stopped. For instance, there was slavery in this "Land of the Free." Tens of thousands of Negroes who had been brought from their African home to work on the plantations in the South were being bought and sold like animals. Some of them were cruelly treated. Then there were the Indians, many of whom were dealt with unjustly by agents of the American Government. They, too, should be treated wisely and with kindness.

Besides such great questions, Mr. Hale was interested in the immigrants who sought a home in the United States. He wished that more could be done to help them. He also turned his eyes pityingly towards the prisons where the inmates were often abused by the jailors.

These and other sad conditions kept the good man thinking, studying, speaking, writing, and doing,—helping in every way possible to make his loved country a better place to live in.

During the ten busy years he spent in Worcester, Mr. Hale became acquainted with a young girl, Miss Emily Perkins of Hartford, Connecticut; and as she returned his love, the young man and maiden were married. But before

Mr. Hale went back to his work in Worcester, he and his bride took a wedding journey. Not in a big steamer bound for Europe, however, nor in a Pullman car to visit distant parts of the United States. No, they simply rode off in a chaise to explore in the most comfortable manner possible the lovely Berkshire Hills, not many miles away.

While Mr. Hale was still in Worcester, he was invited by the people of large churches in other cities to become their pastor. But his own flock loved him dearly and begged him not to leave them. He, for his part, felt that there was plenty of work for him to do in Worcester, so he refused the invitations to go elsewhere.

At last, however, he received a call which he felt he must not refuse. It was from a church in Boston, a few of whose people were wealthy. Most of them were young men and women who were struggling to make a living. And there were babies, oh, so many of them! Mr. Hale saw at once that here was a chance for him to do good work. Moreover, not far from this Boston church was a quarter of the city where there were a great many poor families who needed friends and help in sickness and trouble.

To Boston, therefore, he went and there, as the head of the church he had taken as his charge, he remained till almost the end of his life.

Now let us see what he did there besides preach from his pulpit and make visits among the people of his congregation.

He wrote helpful articles for magazines and newspapers. He lectured on important matters in Boston and elsewhere. He started a mission school for boys and girls who lived in the slums not far from the church. He formed societies in which the members helped each other in different ways. And then he worked, oh, so hard, for the poor of the city. He persuaded the people of his church, who were already interested in helping the poor and unfortunate before he came among them, to work harder than ever in that cause as one united body.

In those days, bear in mind, almost no work had been done for the needy save by individuals. Hull House, with Jane Addams at its head, had never been thought of. Jacob Riis had not come to New York to bring sunshine to wretched boys and girls. The Salvation Army had not been banded together. And so Edward Everett Hale was a pioneer in the noble work of making the lives of poor people in our cities happier and more comfortable.

He deeply enjoyed planning how his society was to give the needed help, and in sharing the work of the members. Many a time he himself trudged through the streets carrying a load of food to some hungry family, and on winter days bundles of warm clothing for shivering children and their parents. With the gifts went tender words of sympathy which fed and warmed the lonely hearts of those he visited as the food and clothing he brought warmed and nourished their bodies.

These people thought of him as a brother who loved them, not as the noted Boston minister. And indeed, as he went about on his errands of love, he often did not look like a minister. Because of this something really funny once happened.

It seems that his society had arranged with a certain grocer that Doctor Hale should go to his store at any time and get what he needed to carry to the poor, and that it was then to be charged to its account. Now, one day when the grocer was away, a boy was left in the store to attend to customers.

Pretty soon a man who was a stranger to him, but was no other than Doctor Hale, came in and asked for a peck of potatoes. This man wore a slouch hat; his hair was quite long, and he had bushy whiskers. To the boy's thinking he didn't look or act like a minister.

So when he said: "I preach at the church over yonder. We have things charged here, so you may add the potatoes to our account," the lad did not believe him, and answered: "I don't care what church you preach at. You can't have them potatoes unless you pay for 'em."

How the good minister must have smiled "in his sleeve" over the boy's words!

Two years after Mr. Hale began his work in Boston, he had a delightful three months' vacation in Europe. He wrote home glowing accounts of what he saw, in letters,

and afterwards he wrote an interesting book describing his travels, which he called "Ninety Days in Europe."

All the strength he gained in that vacation was useful when he reached home because his country was in sore need of helpers. There was bitter feeling between the North and South because of slavery. Could the United States hold together as one family? Or would the Southern States break away from the Union and still hold the Negroes as slaves?

As Mr. Hale asked himself such questions his heart was very sad. For many years he had spoken and written against slavery. He had worked hard for the cause of the slaves. But now he saw he must work harder than ever. And even then—ah, war was threatening between the people of our loved country! Yes, it was coming, coming fast.

When at last the Civil War broke out, Doctor Hale felt that his chief duty was not in his Boston church; it was in using his strength and will in doing everything possible towards saving his country. He was soon busy with one outside duty after another. He put much of his energy into the Sanitary Commission whose care was the feeding and sheltering of the soldiers. He also was a director of the Freedman's Aid Society. Every moment of the longest day was spent in doing something which he hoped might help. He never seemed tired.

"I have no time to feel tired," he might have told you.

Yet he never forgot his dear wife and little ones. When at home he filled it with sunshine, and when away he found time to write to his children about what would interest them.

In one such letter which he wrote from an army camp in Virginia he told his little daughter about a visitor that entered his tent in the night. It was a tiny toad which had jumped inside out of the wet grass.

"Then he did not like my light," Mr. Hale went on, "so he jumped all around the tent and up on the canvas to get out again. At last he came to the little open chink—and I shook the board and he hopped out."

The war raged on, and the sky became darker. There were many people who did not see the tremendous need of keeping the country united.

"They must be touched," Mr. Hale said to himself. "They must understand the value of having a country. Otherwise the United States may not be saved."

What could he say or do to help bring such people to their senses? The way suddenly became clear to him: he would write a story about a man who in a moment of passion turned against his country, and for the rest of his life was punished by being forced to keep sailing over the seas and never allowed to step upon or hear about his native land.

Thus it came about that "The Man Without a Country" was written; and though it wasn't a true story,

Mr. Hale made it seem true. So vividly was it told that the people who read it were filled with pity and horror for the wanderer. "It would be terrible," they now realized, "to live without a country." How much they were stirred through that story to make sacrifices that the Union might be saved, we will never know. But the good did not end there. "The Man Without a Country" has been read widely through all the years since then. And today its lesson is as strong as ever: We must stand by our Union.

After peace came to the land and the slaves had been freed, they still needed help. Mr. Hale worked hard for them in the Freedman's Aid Society.

He also started a magazine which he named Old and New, and in this he wrote many helpful articles.

At its start he said to himself, "I must write a story for my magazine which will lead people to do kind deeds for each other and free them from all hatred.

To keep doing kind deeds, no matter how small,—this was at the root of whatever Mr. Hale had himself done.

But what should the story be which would rouse others to follow his example? It did not take him long to decide. Its name should be "Ten Times One is Ten," and it should describe the adventures of a man whom everyone loved because of his good deeds. Mr. Hale had known such a man when he lived in Worcester. His name was Frederick Greenleaf, and in his short life—he died

when still young—he was always doing some kindness for others.

But why was the story to be called, "Ten Times One is Ten"? Let us see. At the beginning of the tale its hero, Harry Wadsworth, had just died and ten of his friends, meeting together, told of what he had done for them. He had risked his life to save one of them from an angry mob in a mining camp. By his kind and brotherly words he had guided another to choose a good life instead of an evil one. And so on. Always he had shown himself as tender as a woman, yet as brave as a lion.

What happened when each of the ten friends told something about Harry Wadsworth's goodness? This: It was proposed that they should form a club to carry on his work. But they lived far apart. They could write to each other, however, though they could not meet often together. They parted with the wish to give loving service and went their way with that wish fixed in their hearts.

Three years passed by. During that time the ten friends wrote to each other, telling of what they had done to make other people happy. Such interesting letters they were! You would enjoy reading every one of them. And what do you think! Altogether, they told of ten times ten loving deeds and one to spare,—one hundred and one in all.

Did the story end there? By no means. New Harry Wadsworth Clubs were formed among all sorts of people

till by the end of six years there were a thousand members in all. In three years more there were ten thousand, and so on. After that the Ten Times One clubs spread all over the world, leaping on by multitudes of ten, till at last in twenty-seven years from the start, a thousand million people—all the world, in fact—were living with this motto to guide them:

"Look up and not down,
Look forward and not back,
Look out and not in,
And lend a hand."

Do you realize what kind of a world it was now? Evil and cruelty and selfishness had been driven from the earth, and in their place love ruled.

It was a wonderful story, yet a very simple one. The best of it all was that it stirred its readers to follow the example of the ten friends, and to form Lend a Hand Clubs, Ten Times One Clubs, The King's Daughters, the Look Up Legion, the In His Name Club, and so on. The members of all of these bound themselves to work in some way for others. These clubs are today found in different parts of the world. They are busy in helping millions of people. The good they have done and are doing cannot be measured. And the start of this great and beautiful work came through Doctor Hale's story into which he had put his own beautiful spirit of helpfulness and his own desire to "Lend a hand."

Right now it is worth our while to take note of this: No other American has done so much to get young folks interested in service for others as Edward Everett Hale. He loved boys and girls. He saw what beauty there was in their hearts. He thought: "There is no need for them to wait till they are grown-up men and women before learning how to give others help. I will do my best to show them how to lend a hand, and what joy there is in doing it."

With this thought ever in mind he helped boys and girls, as well as older folks, in banding together for helpfulness so that their work was felt as it still is today, all over the world.

Among the many writings of Doctor Hale there are amusing stories, such as "My Double and How He Undid Me," which show that he saw the funny side of life as well as the serious. But there is one tale which surely must be mentioned as a companion of "Ten Times One is Ten." It is beautifully told and very helpful. Doctor Hale called it, "In His Name."

Though he led a most busy life helping others, he was always happy in his work and never seemed tired. He once said, "I take only two complete holidays in the year—Christmas and Independence Day."

As he became older he became deeply interested in what he called a "High Court." It was to be a council of nations to settle any troubles arising between them by wise discussion.

"If only such a council were formed," thought Doctor Hale, "war and standing armies could be done away with."

Alas! the good man's hope of a lasting peace has not yet come true, earnestly as he strove to have it brought about.

He continued to work for needed reforms till he was over eighty years old. Then, by no means willing to be idle because he was an old man, he accepted an invitation from Washington to become the Chaplain of the United States Senate. It made him happy to serve in such a position, as he felt that the members of the Senate loved him, and that his prayers inspired them to do better work in guiding the affairs of the country.

Moreover, Theodore Roosevelt, President at that time, loved and revered him. He said, "So long as I am President, Edward Everett Hale shall be chaplain of the Senate."

That was the last great service of Doctor Hale's long life. After nearly six years of service in Washington, he went back to his Massachusetts home to die quietly and peacefully a few days afterwards.

Today his statue stands close to one of the entrances of the Public Gardens in Boston. It reminds the passers-by of the man who was filled with love for God and his fellow men, the man who never refused help to those in need,—to whom the Negro and the Indian, the prisoner convicted of guilt, the ignorant and the wretched poor, were felt to

be his brothers as much as the people of wealth and learning and fame, because they, too, were God's children.

Why did Edward Everett Hale have so great an influence among his fellows? Why was his life a blessing to his country and to the world? Because he expressed the spirit that is in the hearts of all real Americans—the spirit of helpfulness and love of service.

Samuel Pierpont Langley
A Hero of Flight
(1834-1906: Massachusetts)

A boy was lying on his back in a clover-sweet pasture, looking up dreamily at the white clouds that were drifting about on the calm blue sea of the sky. The field sloped down to the beach, and the salt breath of the ocean came to him on the passing breeze. All at once his eye was caught by something that made him start up suddenly, all alert attention. It was a seagull rising into the air, its wings flashing white in the bright sunshine.

"How does he do it?" he said aloud. "How is it that he can float about like that without any effort? It is just when he begins to mount into the air that he flaps his wings; now he is hardly moving them at all. He seems to be held up by the air just as a kite is!"

This was not the first time that young Samuel Langley had watched the flight of the seagulls. And the sight of a hawk circling above the tree-tops could always set him a-staring.

"There must be something about the air that makes it easy," he pondered. "The birds know the secret, but I can't even guess it!"

That night at dinner the boy was more than usually thoughtful.

"Father," he said after a long silence, "don't you think it might be possible for people to make some sort of an airship thing to sail through the air, without any gas bag to carry it up?"

"Have you heard that there is such a thing as the law of gravity, son?" quizzed the father, banteringly. "What goes up must come down, you know."

"But, Father," the boy persisted, "the hawks and gulls are much heavier than the air. There is nothing of the balloon sort about them."

"But they have wings, my boy, and they know how to fly," returned Mr. Langley, looking at the lad's puckered brow with amused indulgence.

"Well, Father," retorted Sam, flushing under the teasing smiles that were directed at him, "I'm sure it's not such a joke after all. Why shouldn't people learn how to make wings and to fly?"

"Come down to earth, Samuel, and don't get too far from the ground in your wonderings," advised his father. "There are enough problems on the good old earth to keep you busy. Your idea has not even the merit of being new and original. The myths of Greece tell us that way back in the legendary past people envied the flight of birds. But all those who have tried to do the trick have, like Icarus who went too near the sun with his marvelous wax wings, come back to earth rather too abruptly for comfort."

As the days went by, Samuel Langley did indeed turn his attention to other questions, but the problem suggested by the bird's flight was not forgotten. Years afterward when he had become one of the most distinguished scientists of his time he used often to say: "Knowledge begins in wonder. Set a child to wondering and you have put him on the road to understanding."

He often liked to recall the days of his boyhood when he had first set his feet on the path that led to the great interests which made his life.

"There are two incidents—little chance happenings, you might call them, if you believe in chance—" he said, "which took root and grew with the years. One was my discovery of the fascinations of my father's telescope. I remember watching the workmen lay the stones of Bunker Hill Monument through that glass. It taught me the joy of bringing far-away things into intimate nearness. I learned that the man who knows how to use the magic glasses of science can say, 'Far or forgot to me is near!'"

The great scientist smiled musingly to himself; he seemed to have slipped away from his friend and the talk of the moment. Was he back in his boyhood when he first looked at the moon's face through his magic glass, or was he pondering over some new problem concerning sun spots which was puzzling learned astronomers the world over?

"What was the other incident you spoke of Professor?" reminded his companion timidly, for it was not easy to get Dr. Langley to speak about himself, and the spell of this rare hour might easily be broken.

"What is it?—oh, yes," he went on, picking up the thread, "the other epoch-making time of my young life was the lazy hour when I lay stretched out in an open field watching the flight of the hawks and gulls circling overhead. I noted that their wings were motionless except when they turned them at a different angle to meet a new current of wind. I began then dimly to suspect that the invisible ocean of the air was an unknown realm of marvelous possibilities. It may be that that idle holiday afternoon had more to do with the serious work of the after years than the plodding hours devoted to Latin grammar."

Samuel Langley had a mind of the wondering—not the wandering—sort. Everything that he saw set him to questioning, comparing, and reasoning. When he noticed the curious way in which nature has made many creatures so like the place in which they live that they can easily hide from their enemies, he said to himself: "It is strange that the insects which live in trees are green, while those that live on the ground are brown. It must be that the ones who were not so luckily colored were quickly picked off, and that only those that can hide in this clever way are able to hold their own." When he noticed that brightly colored flowers were not so fragrant as white ones, he said, "The

sweet blossoms don't need bright colors to attract their insect friends." When he saw early spring vegetables growing in a hotbed, he said: "How does that loose covering keep them warm? There must be something that makes heat under there." Years later he said, "I believe the questions that I kept putting to myself every time I went by a certain garden not far from our house marked the starting-point of my investigations into the work of the sun's rays in heating the earth. The day came when the idea flashed upon me that the air surrounding our planet acts just like a hotbed, conserving enough warmth to make possible the conditions of life we require." Everything in Samuel Langley's world—animals, plants, rocks, air, and water—had its wonder story and its challenge. There was always some question to be puzzled over. Science was not, however, the only passion of his early years. His delight in beauty was just as keen as his thirst for knowledge. He noted with loving appreciation the changing lights and shades of Nature's face. He had an eye for "the look of things," which means that he had something of a gift for drawing.

After completing the course of the Boston High School, he turned his attention to civil engineering and architecture. "I did not go to college because I had to think about paying my own way through life," he said, "and I argued that a chap who was fond of mathematics and drawing should be able to do some good work in the way of building even if he did not succeed in laying the

foundation of either fame or fortune. Besides, it seemed to me that while doing work that was not uninteresting, I should be near the things that were already part of my life; there would be chance and encouragement for further scientific study."

Going to Chicago when he was twenty-three years of age, Mr. Langley worked for seven years in his chosen profession, gaining in addition to a comfortable income, practical business experience and unusual skill in drafting. All this time his interest in scientific problems was pulling him away from the beaten path of practical achievement. His intellect was of the hardy, pioneer sort that longs to press on where man has never ventured—to make new paths, not to follow in the footsteps of others.

In 1864 the young scientist of thirty years determined upon a bold move. He definitely retired from his profession, returned to New England, and for three years devoted his time to building telescopes. He knew something of the magician's joy as he planned and developed the special features of his "magic glasses." The boy who had thrilled over the marvels of the starry heavens which his father's telescope had revealed was alive within him, exulting to find that he could construct instruments many times more powerful.

"I have never outgrown my love of fairy books," he said. "To one who spends his time with the wonders that science reveals, the immortal wonder tales of childhood

seem truer than any other stories. I delight in the adventures of the youth who had found the cap of invisibility; then I turn to my telescope which brings the invisible into the world that the eye knows. Children and men of science belong to the same realm; no one else has the proper appreciation of true magic."

After his close work with the telescopes, this lover of marvels spent a happy year in Europe, visiting observatories, museums, and art galleries. It was at this time that he decided that astronomy was to be the serious business of his days, and art the chief delight of his hours of recreation. He was offered the place of assistant in the Harvard Observatory by Professor Winlock, in spite of the fact that he had had no university training.

"This self-made astronomer has a seeing eye, a careful hand, and the instinct for observation," said Joseph Winlock approvingly. "Besides he has, if I am not mistaken, the imagination to use in a large and constructive way the facts that his experiments yield. He has the making of an original scientist."

His feet once planted on the first round of the ladder of expert knowledge, advancement was rapid. It might well seem to many passing strange that a man who had written nothing, discovered nothing, and who, moreover, had no brilliant university record behind him, should at once win recognition from the most learned specialists of the day.

"What was there about Langley that earned his rapid promotions?" it was asked.

"There was nothing that remotely hinted at influence or favoritism," said one who knew him well. "He was impersonal and retiring to a degree. But he had in rare combination an open, alert mind and a capacity for hard work."

After two years at the Harvard Observatory, he went to the Naval Academy at Annapolis as professor of mathematics and director of the observatory. A year later he accepted the professorship of astronomy and physics in the Western University at Pittsburgh. For twenty years he filled this position and also that of director of the Allegheny Observatory, which under his leadership became the center of very important work.

When he took charge at the new observatory, he found no apparatus for scientific observations beyond a telescope, and no funds available for the purchase of the absolutely necessary instruments. How was he to obtain the expensive tools which he required for his work?

"If I can show the practical importance of astronomical observations, the means will be forthcoming," he said.

At this moment a wonderful inspiration came to the professor. In traveling about the country he had been strongly impressed with the need of some standard system

of keeping time. He believed that science ought to be able to come to the rescue and bring order out of confusion.

"This is my chance," he now said, as he looked about his empty observatory." If I can prove to the managers of the Pennsylvania Railroad that I can furnish them with a time-keeping system that will do away with the inconvenience of changing time with every forty or fifty miles of travel and all the troublesome reckonings and adjustments which that entails, I feel assured that they will provide the equipment which I need."

It often happens that the learned masters of science are entirely removed in their interests and experience from the everyday world of business. They work in a sphere apart, and the offices of some practical middleman with an inventive turn of mind are required to make their discoveries of any immediate value. Professor Langley, on the contrary, had an appreciation of the demands of business, as well as the vital interests of science. He had lived in both worlds. Now, through his competent grasp of the needs of such a railroad center as Pittsburgh, where the East and the West meet, he succeeded in working out a plan that was so sane and practical that it immediately recommended itself to the busy men in control of transportation problems. His observatory was provided with the apparatus for which he longed, and twice a day it automatically flashed out through signals, the exact time to all the stations on the Pennsylvania Railroad, a system controlling some eight thousand miles of lines. To

Professor Langley, more than to any other person is due the effective regulation of standard time throughout the country.

During the years of hard work at Pittsburgh, Professor Langley was invited to join several important scientific expeditions. These were the holidays of his busy life. His efficient work as leader of a coast survey party to Kentucky in 1869 to observe an eclipse of the sun won for him the opportunity to join the government expedition to Spain to study the eclipse of 1870. In the summer of 1878, he took a party of scientists to Pike's Peak, and that winter he went to Mt. Etna for some further experiments on the heights. An article called "Wintering on Mount Etna," which appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly," proved that he could not only do important work in original research but that he could also write about it in a way calculated to appeal to the average reader.

During these years Professor Langley devoted a great deal of time and thought to astro-physics. This science, which is sometimes called "the new astronomy," is concerned with special heat and light problems of the heavenly bodies—more especially, of course, with investigations and measurements of the radiant energy of the sun. To carry on his experiments he invented a wonderful electrical instrument called the bolometer, which is so delicately constructed for measuring heat that when one draws near to look at it the warmth of his face has a perceptible effect.

Professor Langley's tests proved that the lantern of the firefly gives a cheaper form of light than is to be found anywhere else. Here Nature has demonstrated the possibility of providing illumination with no waste of energy in heat or in any other way. All the force goes into the light, while man's devices for defeating darkness waste as much as ninety-nine percent of the energy consumed.

The Pittsburgh years were rich in the joy of work well done, but they gave little of the inspiration and stimulus that comes from congenial companionship. For the most part, he had to content himself with the society of his book friends. The number of his solitary hours may be to a certain extent measured by the astonishing range of his reading.

"Why, Mr. Langley, I do believe you have read every book that ever was written!" said an admiring young lady on one occasion.

"0h, no," he replied dryly, with the hint of a twinkle in his eyes, "there are six that I have not read—as yet."

In 1886, when he was offered the position of assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, he accepted without hesitation, because he felt that he would have a chance for association with his brother scientists.

The next year, when he had succeeded Professor Baird as head of the Institution, he at once inaugurated a change in the character of its publications. "If the Smithsonian is

to live up to the ideal of its founder in increasing knowledge among men, the written accounts of its work must be plain and interesting enough to appeal to people of ordinary education and intelligence," he said.

It was largely due to his efforts that the National Zoological Park was created. "We must have not only live books but live specimens," he said. "The stuffed and mounted creatures are well enough in their way, but they have monopolized too much attention."

For a while there was a small zoo housed in cages and kennels almost under the eaves of the Smithsonian offices, until sufficient interest could be aroused in Congress to secure a tract of land along Rock Creek for a national park. Here at last Professor Langley realized his dream of a pleasure-ground for the people, where there might be preserved in places like their natural haunts— on hillsides, in rocky caves, or along streams—specimens of the animal life of the world, which is in a large measure disappearing before the advance of man.

Remembering how his interest in scientific problems had begun in his childhood when he had stopped to wonder about the things that attracted his attention, Professor Langley fitted up a place in the Smithsonian especially for children. Opposite the front door, in a room bright with sunshine, singing birds, and aquariums of darting goldfish, he put the sort of things that all boys and girls would like to see. There you may see the largest and

smallest birds in the world, the largest and smallest eggs, and specimens of the birds that all children meet in their storybooks, such as the raven, rook, magpie, skylark, starling, and nightingale. There, too, are all sorts of curious nests; eggs of water birds that look like pebbles; insects that exactly mimic twigs or leaves, and so can hide in the most wonderful way; beautiful butterflies and hummingbirds; and shells, coral, and all kinds of curious creatures from the bottom of the sea.

It is said that once a lady who sat next to Professor Langley at a dinner-party and found him apparently uninterested in all her attempts at conversation, suddenly asked, "Is there anything at all, Mr. Wiseman, which you really care to talk about?"

The professor roused himself from his fit of abstraction with a start. Then he smiled and said, "Yes, two things—children and fairy tales."

It was the lady's turn to look surprised and smile.

"Now I understand how you were able to make that Children's Room so exactly what it should be," she said. "Only some one who understood wonder and loved the wonderful could have done it!"

While Professor Langley was working in this way to make the institution of which he was head a greater power for teaching and inspiration in the lives of the people, he was not relaxing any of his own efforts as a scientific investigator. An astrophysical observatory was founded

and there he went on with his special studies and experiments in regard to the properties of sunlight. When people wanted to know the practical value of his minute observations he used to say:

"All truth works for man if you give it time; the application is never far to seek. The expert knowledge of today becomes the inventor's tool tomorrow."

But while he was working over the problems of sunspots, and making drawings of the surface of the sun that bear witness to his patience no less than to his skill, he became vitally interested in the subject of mechanical flight. For at last he had made an opportunity to work on the problem that had fascinated him ever since he was a boy. "Nature has solved the problem of flight, why not, man?" he said.

He soon became convinced that the mathematical formulas given in the books concerning the increase of power with increase of velocity were all wrong. "At that rate, a swallow would have to have the strength of a man!" he exclaimed. He devised a sort of whirling table with surfaces like wings to test with exactness just how much horsepower was required to hold up a surface of a certain weight while moving rapidly through the air, and by this means discovered and demonstrated the fundamental law of flight, known as Langley's Law, which tells us that the faster a body travels through the air the less is the energy required to keep it afloat.

After proving that birds are held up like kites by pressure of the air against the under surface of their wings, he made experiments to show that their soaring flight is aided by "the internal work of the wind," that is, by shifts in the currents of air, particularly by rising trends, which the winged creatures utilize by instinct. Watch a hawk as it circles through the air, dipping its wings now at this angle, now at that, and you will realize that the wind is his true and tried ally. He trusts himself to the sweep and swirl of the air, just as a swimmer relies on the buoyancy of the water.

Having demonstrated so much through experiments with his whirling table, Dr. Langley determined to construct a real flying-machine, with wide-spreading planes to sustain it in the air while it was driven along by a steam-engine which furnished power to the propellers. This machine, which he called an "aerodrome" (air run), was put to the test on the sixth of May, 1896. Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, who was present at the trial and who took pictures of the machine in mid-air, declared, "No one who witnessed the extraordinary spectacle of a steam-engine flying with wings in the air, like a great soaring bird, could doubt for one moment the practicability of mechanical flight."

Now that he had succeeded in solving the problem from the scientific standpoint, Professor Langley wished to leave the task of developing the idea in a practical, commercial way to others. There was, however, a popular

demand for him to carry on his experiments with a model large enough to carry a man, and $50,000 was appropriated for the purpose by the Government on the recommendation of President McKinley and the Board of Ordnance and Fortification of the War Department.

Professor Langley constructed the giant bird- machine and selected a secluded spot near Quantico on the Potomac below Washington for the trial. The place was not remote enough, however, to escape the watchful enterprise of the newspaper reporters. A number of them flocked to the spot and actually camped out near the scene. When any one approached the great house-boat on which the aerodrome was perched ready for launching, they got into boats and gathered about to see everything that should take place.

And now there happened one of the most tragic things in all the history of scientific endeavor. After vainly waiting for a moment of comparative privacy for his tests, Dr. Langley decided that delay was no longer possible, and in the presence of a cloud of unfriendly witnesses— who had been irritated by the failure of the perverse scientists to furnish "scoops" for their papers— essayed the first flight.

A rocket shot up in the air as a signal to the inventor's assistants to stand by to give aid in case of mishap. There was a sound as of the whirring of many mighty wings when the huge launching-spring shot the aerodrome off from its

resting-place on the house-boat. For a moment the enormous bird-thing was in the air; then, instead of rising and soaring, it floundered helplessly and fell into the water. There had been a defect in the launching, and the machine did not have a chance to show what it could do. This so-called trial was really no test at all.

The reporters, however, had an opportunity to show what they could do. The next day all the newspapers of the country printed long articles describing the spectacular failure of the man of learning who had left the safe and sane ways of scientific investigation to attempt the impossible. "Langley's folly," they called the poor aerodrome. Men read the story at their breakfast tables and said with a laugh, "Langley's folly indeed! For the choicest sort of foolishness you have to go to these fellows with the three-decker brains!"

There was such a popular hue and cry that Congress refused to allow any more money to be used on the flying-machine venture. In vain did the men who were really in a position to know and judge, like Professor Bell and other scientists, say that the seeming failure had meant nothing at all but an unfortunate accident at the moment of launching. The ridicule of the crowd outweighed the words of the wise. Most people felt just as Dr. Langley's father had when his boy talked of making a machine that should sail through the air as a bird does.

Two years after the failure of his hopes, Dr. Langley died. It was said that his disappointment had helped to bring on the illness which caused his death. He never for a moment, however, lost faith in the future of his airship.

"I have done the best I could in a difficult task," he said, "with results which, it may be hoped, will be useful to others. The world must realize that a new possibility has come to it, and that the great universal highway overhead is soon to be opened."

While the crowd was still laughing at the absurdity of man's attempting to fly, there were those who were seriously at work on the problem. After success had crowned their efforts and their aeroplane was the marvel of the hour, the Wright brothers declared that it was the knowledge that the head of the most prominent scientific institution in America believed in the possibility of human flight which had led them to undertake their work. "He recommended to us, moreover, the books which enabled us to form sane ideas at the outset," they said. "It was a helping hand at a critical time, and we shall always be grateful."

So it was that the work of our hero of flight was carried on, as he had faith that it would be. Is it not strange to reflect today, when aeroplanes are used so generally in the Great War, that it is only a little more than a decade since people were laughing at "Langley's folly?"

For ten years the ill-fated aerodrome hung suspended among the curiosities in the National Museum. Then in May, 1914, Mr. Glenn H. Curtiss obtained permission from the Government to make some trial flights in the first of the heavier-than-air flying craft. After making a brief skimming flight above the water of Lake Keuka, New York, he declared that with a more powerful engine the pioneer aeroplane could sustain itself perfectly in the air.

Returned in triumph to the museum, it now shares honors with the models of Watt's steam-engine, the first steam-boat, and other epoch-making inventions. "Langley's folly" is completely vindicated, and Samuel Pierpont Langley is today numbered as chief among the many heroes of flight.

Giuseppe Garibaldi

(1807-1882: Italy)

Few men come to greatness. Most drift on with the current, having no special plan nor aim. They live where their fathers lived, taking no thought beyond their neighborhood or city, and die in their little round of social life.

Not so a boy born in Southern France, in 1807. Giuseppe Garibaldi was the son of humble parents. His father was a sailor, with a numerous family to support, seemingly unskilled in keeping what little property he had once acquired. His mother was a woman of ambition, energy, and nobility of character. If one looks for the cause of greatness in a man, he seldom has to go further than the mother. Hence the need of a highly educated, noble woman-hood all over the world. Such as Giuseppe Garibaldi are not born of frivolous, fashionable women.

Of his mother, the great soldier wrote in later years, "She was a model for mothers. Her tender affection for me has, perhaps, been excessive; but do I not owe to her love, to her angel-like character, the little good that belongs to mine? Often, amidst the most arduous scenes of my tumultuous life, when I have passed unharmed through the breakers of the ocean or the hail-storms of battle, she has seemed present with me. I have, in fancy, seen her on her knees before the Most High—my dear mother! imploring for the life of her son; and I have believed in the

efficacy of her prayers." No wonder that, "Give me the mothers of the nation to educate, and you may do what you like with the boys," was one of his favorite maxims.

Giuseppe was an ardent boy, fond of books, loving to climb the lonely mountains around his home, and eager for some part of the world's bustle. Sometimes he earned his living among the fishermen on the Riviera; sometimes he took sea-voyages with his father. He had unusual tenderness of heart, combined with fearlessness. One day he caught a grasshopper, took it to his house, and, in handling it, broke its leg. He was so grieved for the poor little creature, that he went to his room and wept bitterly for hours. Another time, standing by a deep ditch, he discovered that a woman had fallen from the bank as she was washing clothes. With no thought for his own life, he sprang in and rescued her.

His parents, seeing that he was quick in mathematics and the languages, desired him to study for the ministry; but he loved the sea and adventure too well for a sedentary life. Becoming tired of study, at twelve years of age, he and some companions procured a boat, put some provisions and fishing-tackle on board, and started to make their fortune in the East. These visions of greatness soon came to an inglorious end; for the paternal Garibaldi put to sea at once, and soon overtook and brought home the mortified and disappointed infantile crew.

At twenty-one, we find Garibaldi second in command on the brig "Cortese," bound for the Black Sea. Three times during the voyage they were plundered by Greek pirates, their sails, charts, and every article of clothing taken from them, the sailors being obliged to cover their bodies with some matting, left by chance in the hold of the ship. As a result of this destitution, the young commander became ill at Constantinople, and was cared for by some Italian exiles. Poor, as are most who are born to be leaders, he must work, now to pay the expenses incurred by this illness. Through the kindness of his physician, he found a place to teach, and when once more even with the world pecuniarily, went back to sea, and was made captain.

He was now twenty-seven years old. Since his father had taken him when a mere boy to Rome, he had longed for and prayed over his distracted Italy. He saw what the Eternal City must have been in her ancient splendor; he pictured her in the future, again the pride and glory of a united nation. He remembered how Italy had been the battleground of France, Spain, and Austria, when kings, as they have ever done, quarrelled for power. He saw the conqueror of Europe himself conquered by the dreadful Russian campaign: then the Congress of Vienna parcelling out a prostrate people among the nations. Austria took Lombardy and Venice; Parma and Lucca were given to Marie Louise, the second wife of Napoleon; and the Two Sicilies to Ferdinand II, who ruled them with a rod of iron. Citizens for small offences were lashed to

death in the public square. Filthy dungeons, excavated under the sea, without light or air, were filled with patriots, whose only crime was a desire for a free country. The people revolted in Naples and Sardinia, and asked for a constitution; but Austria soon helped to restore despotism. Kings had divine rights; the people had none. No man lessens his power willingly. The only national safety is the least possible power in the hands of any one person. The rule of the many is liberty; of the few, despotism.

Garibaldi was writing all these things on his heart. His blood boiled at the slavery of his race. Mazzini, a young lawyer of Genoa, had just started a society called "Young Italy," and was looking hopefully, in a hopeless age, toward a republic for his native country. Garibaldi was ready to help in any manner possible. The plan proposed was to seize the village of St. Julien, and begin the revolt; but, as usual, there was a traitor in the camp: they were detected; and Garibaldi, like the rest, was sentenced to death. This was an unexpected turn of events for the young sea-captain. Donning the garb of a peasant, he escaped by mountain routes to Nice, his only food being chestnuts, bade a hasty farewell to his precious mother, and started for South America. He had learned, alas, so soon, the result of working for freedom in Italy!

He arrived at Rio Janeiro, an exile and poor; but, finding several of his banished countrymen, they assisted him in buying a trading-vessel; and he engaged in

commerce. But his mind constantly dwelt on freedom. The Republic of Rio Grande had just organized and set up its authority against Brazil. Here was a chance to fight for liberty. A small cruiser was obtained, which he called "The Mazzini," and, with twenty companions, he set out to combat an empire. After capturing a boat loaded with copper, the second vessel they met gave battle, wounded Garibaldi in the neck, and made them all prisoners.

A little later, attempting to escape, he was brutally beaten with a club, and then his wrists tied together by a rope, which was flung over a beam. He was suspended in the air for two hours. His sufferings were indescribable. Fever parched his body, and the rope cut his flesh. He was rescued by a fearless lady, Senora Alemon, but for whom he would have died. After two months, finding that he would divulge nothing of the plans of his adopted republic, he was released without trial, and entered the war again at once.

After several successful battles, his vessel was shipwrecked, nearly all his friends were drowned, and he escaped as by a miracle. His heart now became desolate. He says in his diary, "I felt the want of some one to love me, and a desire that such a one might be very soon supplied, as my present state of mind seemed insupportable." After all, the brave young captain was human, and cried out for human affection. He had "always regarded woman as the most perfect of creatures;" but he

had never thought it possible to marry with his adventurous life.

About this time he met a dark-haired, dark-eyed, young woman, tall and commanding, and as brave and fearless as himself. Anita belonged to a wealthy family, and her father was incensed at the union, though years after, when Garibaldi became famous, he wrote them a letter of forgiveness. They idolized each other; and the soldier's heart knew desolation no longer, come now what would. She stood beside him in every battle, waving her sword over her head to encourage the men to their utmost. When a soldier fell dead at her feet, she seized his carbine, and kept up a constant fire. When urged by her husband to go below, because almost frantic with fear for her safety, she replied, "If I do, it will be but to drive out those cowards who have sought concealment there," and then return to the fight. In one of the land-battles she was surrounded by twenty or more of the enemy; but she put spurs to her horse, and dashed through their midst. At first they seemed dazed, us though she were something unearthly; then they fired, killing her animal, which fell heavily to the ground; and she was made a prisoner. Obtaining permission to search among the dead for her husband, and, not finding him, she determined to make her escape. That night, while they slept, she seized a horse, plunged into the forests, and for four days lived without food. On the last night,—a stormy one, closely pursued by several of the enemy, she urged her horse into a swollen

river, five hundred yards broad, and seizing fast hold of his tail, the noble creature swam across, dragging her with him. After eight days she reached her agonized husband, and their joy was complete.

After a year or more of battles and hardships, their first child, Menotti, was born, named for the great Italian Liberal. Garibaldi, fighting for a poor republic, destitute of everything for his wife and child, started across the marshes to purchase a few articles of clothing. In his absence, their little company was attacked by the Imperialists, and Anita mounted her saddle in a pitiless storm, and fled to the woods with her twelve-days-old infant. Three months later the child came near dying, the mother carrying him in a handkerchief tied round her neck, and keeping him warm with her breath, as they forded swamps and rivers.

After six years of faithful service for the South American Republic, Garibaldi determined to settle down to a more quiet life, with his little family, and sought a home at Montevideo, where he took up his former occupation of teaching. But he was soon drawn into war again, and his famous "Italian Legion," of about four hundred men, made for themselves a record throughout Europe and America for bravery and success against fearful odds. The grateful people made Garibaldi "General," and placed a large tract of land at the disposal of the Legion; but the leader said, "In obedience to the cause of liberty alone did the Italians of Montevideo take

up arms, and not with any views of gain or advancement," and the gift was declined. Yet so poor was the family of Garibaldi, that they used to go to bed at sunset because they had no candles; and his only shirt he had given to a companion in arms. When his destitution became known, the minister of war sent him one hundred dollars. He accepted half for Anita and her little ones, and begged that the other half might be given to a poor widow.

Fourteen years had gone by since he left Italy under sentence of death. He was now forty-one, in the prime of his life and vigor. Italy had become ripe for a revolution. Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, had declared himself ready to give constitutional liberty to his people, and to help throw off the Austrian yoke. Garibaldi believed that his hour had come, and saying good-bye to the Montevideans, who were loathe to part with him, he took fifty-six of his brave Italian Legion, and sailed for Nice, in the ship Esperanza. His beloved Anita improvised a Sardinian flag, made from a counter-pane, a red shirt, and a bit of old green uniform; and the little company gave themselves to earnest plans and hopes. They met a hearty reception on their arrival; Garibaldi's mother taking Anita and her three children, Menotti, Meresita, and Ricciotti, to her home. General Garibaldi at once presented himself before Charles Albert, and offered his services. He wore a striking costume, consisting of a cap of scarlet cloth, a red blouse, and a white cloak lined with red, with a dagger at his belt, besides his sword. The King, perhaps

remembering that the brave soldier was once a Republican in sentiment, made the great mistake of declining his aid. Nothing daunted, he hurried to Milan, only to find that the weak King had yielded it to Austria. Charles Albert soon abdicated in favor of his son Victor Emmanuel, and died from sorrow and defeat.

Meantime Rome had declared herself a Republic, and Pius IX had fled the city. Garibaldi was asked to defend her, and entered with his troops, April 28, in 1849. England and France were urged to remain neutral, while Rome fought for freedom.

But alas! Louis Napoleon, then President of the French Republic, desired to please the Papal party, and sent troops to reinstate the Pope! "When Rome found that this man at the head of a republic was willing to put a knife to her throat, her people fought like tigers. They swarmed out of the workshops armed with weapons of every kind, while women urged them on with applause. For nearly three months Rome held out against France and Austria, Garibaldi showing himself an almost superhuman leader, and then the end came. Pius IX re-entered the city, and the Republic was crushed by monarchies.

When all was lost, Garibaldi called his soldiers together, and, leaping on horseback, shouted, "Venice and Garibaldi do not surrender. Whoever will, let him follow me! Italy is not yet dead!" and he dashed off at full speed. By lonely mountain-paths, he, with Anita and about two

hundred of his troops, arrived on the shore of the Adriatic, where thirteen boats were waiting to carry them to Venice. Nine were soon taken by the Austrians, the rest escaping, though nearly all were finally captured and shot at once. The General and his wife escaped to a cornfield, where she lay very ill, her head resting on his knee. Some peasants, though fearful that they would be detected by the Austrians, brought a cart, and carried the dying wife to the nearest cottage, where, as soon as she was laid upon the bed, she breathed her last, leaning on Garibaldi's arm. Overwhelmed with the loss of his idol, he seemed benumbed, with no care whether he was made a prisoner or not. At last, urged for the sake of Italy to flee, he made the peasants promise to bury Anita under the shade of the pine grove near by, and, hunted like a robber from mountain to mountain, he found a hiding-place among the rocks of the Island of Caprera. There was nothing left now but to seek a refuge in the great American Republic.

Landing in New York, the noble General asked aid from no one, but believing, as all true-minded persons believe, that any labor is honorable, began to earn his living by making candles. What a contrast between an able general working in a tallow factory, and some proud young men and women who consent to be supported by friends, and thus live on charity! Woe to America if her citizens shall ever feel themselves too good to work!

For a year and a half he labored patiently, his children three thousand miles away with his mother. Then he

became captain of a merchant vessel between China and Peru. When told that he could bring some Chinese slaves to South America in his cargo, he refused, saying, "Never will I become a trafficker in human flesh." America might buy and sell four millions of human beings, but not so Garibaldi. After four years he decided to return to Italy. With the little money he had saved, he bought half the rocky island of Caprera, five miles long, off the coast of Sardinia, whose boulders had once sheltered him, built him a one-story plain house, and took his three children there to live, his mother having died.

Meantime Cavour, the great Italian statesman, had not been idle in diplomacy. The Crimean War had been fought, and Italy had helped England and France against Russia. When Napoleon III went to war with Austria in 1859, Cavour was glad to make Italy his ally. He called Garibaldi from Caprera, and made him Major-General of the Alps. At once the red blouse and white cloak seemed to inspire the people with confidence. Lombardy sprang to arms. Every house was open, and every table spread for the Liberators. And then began a series of battles, which, for bravery and dash and skill, made the name of Garibaldi the terror of Austria, and the hope and pride of Italy. Tuscany, Modena, Parma, and Lucca declared for King Victor Emmanuel. The battles of Magenta and Solferino made Austria bite the dust, and gladly give up Lombardy.

At last it seemed as if Italy were to be redeemed and reunited. Garibaldi started with his famous "Mille," or

thousand men, to release the two Sicilies from the hated rule of Francis, the son of Ferdinand II. The first battle was fought at Palermo, the Neapolitans who outnumbered the troops of Garibaldi four to one being defeated after four hours' hard fighting. Then the people dared to show their true feelings. Peasants flocked in from the mountains, and ladies wore red dresses and red feathers. When the cars carried the soldiers from one town to another, the people crowded the engine, and shouted themselves hoarse. Drums were beaten, and trumpets blown, and women pressed forward to kiss the hand or touch the cloak of the Lion of Italy. He was everywhere the bravest of the brave. Once when surrounded by four dragoons, who called upon him to surrender, he drew his sword, and said, "I am Garibaldi; you must surrender to me."

And yet amid all this honor and success in war, and supremacy in power, as he was the Dictator, he was so poor that he would wash his red shirt in a brook, and wait for it to dry while he ate his lunch of bread and water, with a little fruit. No wonder the Sicilians believed him to be a second Messiah, and the French that he could shake the bullets from his body into his loose red shirt, and empty them out at his leisure! The sailor boy had become the hero of all who loved liberty the world over. When the war was ended, he resigned his Dictatorship, handed the two Sicilies over to his sovereign, distributed medals to his devoted soldiers, and returned to his island home at Caprera, with barely three dollars in his pocket, having

borrowed one hundred to pay his debts. How rarely does any age produce such a man as Garibaldi!

But Rome was not yet the capital of Italy. The hero could not rest while the city was governed by a Pope. At last, tired of waiting for the king to take action, he started with three thousand men for Rome. Victor Emmanuel, fearing to offend France, if the Pope were molested, sent the royal troops against Garibaldi at Aspromonte, who badly wounded him, and carried him to a prison on the Gulf of Spezzia. The people, indignant at the Government, crowded around him, bearing gifts, and kissing the hem of his raiment. They even bored a hole in the door of the prison, that they might catch a glimpse of their idol, as he laid on his iron bedstead, a gift from an English friend.

After his release and return to Caprera, he visited England in 1864, the whole country doing him honor. Stations were decorated, streets arched with flowers, ladies dressed in red; the Duke of Sutherland entertained him; London gave him the freedom of the city; Tennyson made him his guest at the Isle of Wight; and crowds made it scarcely possible for him to appear on the public thoroughfares. He refused to receive a purse of money from his friends, and went back to Caprera, majestic in his unselfishness.

Again Italy called him to help her in her alliance with Prussia against Austria in 1866, and again he fought nobly.

The year following he attempted to take Rome, but was a second time arrested and imprisoned for fear of Napoleon III. When that monarch fell at Sedan, and the French troops were withdrawn from the Eternal City, Victor Emmanuel entered without a struggle, and Rome was free.

In 1874, after helping the French Republic, the brave Spartan was elected to Parliament. He was now sixty-seven. As he entered Rome, the streets were blocked with people, who several times attempted to remove the horses, and draw the carriage themselves. Ah! if Anita had only been there to have seen this homage of a grateful nation. He entered the Senate House on the arm of his son Menotti, and when he rose in his red shirt and gray cloak to take the oath, so infirm that he was obliged to be supported by two friends, men wept as they recalled his struggles, and shouted frantically as he took his seat.

Seven years longer the grand old man lived at Caprera, now beautified with gifts from all the world, the recipient of a thank-offering of $10,000 yearly from Italy. Around him were Francesca, whom he married late in life, and their two children whom he idolized,—Manlio and Clelia. He spent his time in writing several books, in tilling the soil, and in telling visitors the wonderful events of his life and of Anita.

On June 2, 1882, all day long he lay by the window, looking out upon the sea. As the sun was setting, a bird alighted on the sill, singing. The great man stammered,

"Quanti o allegro!" How joyful it is! and closed his eyes in death. He directed in his will that his body should be burned; but, at the request of the Government and many friends, it was buried at Caprera, to be transferred at some future time to Rome, now the capitol of united Italy. Not alone does Italy honor her great Liberator, whom she calls the "most blameless and most beloved of men." Wherever a heart loves liberty, there will Garibaldi's name be cherished and honored.

William M. Hunt

(1827-1910: England)

There is no royal road to art. The ascent of the glittering ladder is no whit easier than the exploration of the wilds of Africa, by a Stanley, or the accumulation of seven millions by a Johns Hopkins. The essentials of a success, persistent work and indomitable will, have never been other since the days of Adam. Certain, too, is it that the story of most artists is the old story of long poverty and long struggle, before victory.

Giotto, the "regenerator of Italian art," was the son of a herdsman, and he tended sheep near Florence, using his spare time in drawing pictures of his flock on flat pieces of slate with a pointed stone. One day the great painter, Cimabue, saw the unlettered boy of fourteen, intently at work, and he asked him if he would like to go home to learn his art with him. Giotto's father consented, and by and by the shepherd-boy surpassed his master. Pope Boniface VIII summoned him to Rome, and kings were eager to purchase his paintings. He created a new school of art, built the famous Cathedral Tower at Florence, which Longfellow calls "the builder's perfect and centennial flower," and of which Ruskin says, "Power and beauty in the highest degree exist, as far as I know, only in one building in the world—the campanile of Giotto. It is the model and mirror of perfect architecture."

Dannecker, the great German sculptor, was the son of an ignorant stable-keeper, but he had a refined and aspiring mother who fostered her boy's artistic tastes. He worked in the stable till he was thirteen, but whenever he could, he stole off to the yard of a stone-cutter and there he staid and covered the marble slabs with his designs, although he well knew he should be beaten by his rough father for what would be considered idleness. At last, he set forth into the world and walked to Paris, and there, always hungry and always meanly clad, he worked for two years in the Louvre. Thence he walked on to Rome; and though often discouraged and heartsick, he devoted himself untiringly to his art. At fifty years of age, he made his celebrated Ariadne, a beautiful woman reclining on the back of a panther, a masterpiece of sculpture, which draws thousands every year to Frankfort. Fortunes have been offered for it, but money cannot buy it from Germany. For eight long years too, Dannecker worked upon his famous statue of the Christ, which was purchased by the Empress of Russia for her son Alexander I. Goethe and Canova were proud to become the intimate friends of the man who was once a stable-boy.

Thorwaldsen, the great Dane, was the son of a poor wood-carver and a peasant mother, and he had the same bitter struggle with poverty. It is the old story: shy and melancholy, teaching drawing and working with his father; going to Rome on an academy pension of ten dollars a month; sending his work back to Copenhagen

for sale, which nobody wanted because he was not famous; carving his Jason with the Golden Fleece, and breaking the cast because people only admired and did not buy; at last, after nine weary years at Rome, selling his humble furniture to go back to obscure wood-carving in Denmark when, lo! the tide turns; a rich man from England sees his work, orders a Jason in marble, and Thorwaldsen is thenceforth famous. Now the academy at Copenhagen sends him five hundred dollars as an expression of pleasure in his work. How much more he had needed it when he lived, half-starved in his comfortless studio! But the world has few smiles for the struggling, but ah, how many smiles when the struggles are over. Many a poor fellow fails just at the border-land of success, when a little more self-reliance and faith in self, and persistent effort, would have won!

Hiram Powers, in our own country, is another remarkable instance of hard-earned success. His story, too, runs the old way: He was born on a bleak Vermont farm, the eighth among nine children, his family removing to Ohio where, by the death of the father, all the children were obliged to work for their own support; he himself was first a clerk in a hotel reading-room, then in a produce store; then he collected debts for a clock maker; afterward, for seven years, he took charge of wax figures in a Cincinnati museum; then he learned to model in plaster from a German working, trusting, hoping, in this fashion till he was thirty. Then the long path of toil turned, but it

turned as it usually does, only by his own determined effort, to tread a new way. He resolved to go to Washington, and try his hand at modelling busts of distinguished men. But for such bold venture, he might have spent his life among the wax figures. Two years later, with a little money laid by, and some aid from Mr. Nicholas Longworth of Cincinnati, he started for Florence. In one year his statue of Eve was finished, which Thorwaldsen said was a work any sculptor might be proud to claim as his masterpiece. Not long after, his Greek Slave made him famous. The first copy is in the gallery of the Duke of Cleveland; the second is in the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington; the third belongs to Earl Dudley, and a fourth was purchased by A. T. Stewart of New York for eleven hundred dollars. His bronze statue of Webster in the State House grounds, is familiar to all Boston boys. I went to his beautiful home in Florence, as to a shrine, but alas the great artist had gone out from its doors forever.

Without the struggle of poverty, to be sure, but amid the struggle of absorbing, tireless, enthusiastic work, another artist came to occupy the foremost position in American art, William M. Hunt. Boston knew he was a great artist while he lived; she will be constantly confirmed in this belief as the years go on, and the great world will finally acknowledge a master. We are so busy a people, making great fortunes and building elegant homes, we are so eager to discover a new oil well or a new coal or silver

mine, that we have little time to discover a genius, even though he live next door.

Fortunately, the boy, Hunt, had a mother of great, yes, remarkable talent; perhaps it would be difficult to find a great man whose mother was not a superior woman. Mrs. Hunt, it is believed, would have been a famous painter also, had not her father, like others in those days, thought it unwomanly for a girl to be an artist, and forbade her, absolutely forbade her, to touch the brush. She married early, and after four sons and a daughter were born, her husband died, leaving to her the education of the children. An Italian artist coming to the town, she took him into her home, and mother and children began to study art together and in earnest.

William, at twelve, carved small heads in marble, and later, in shell cameos. Fond of music, at fifteen he played on the piano and violin. His brown eyes were full of fun, and his sensitive, joyous nature, with his deep sympathy, won hosts of friends. At sixteen he entered Harvard College, but failing in health, yet not discouraged, at nineteen left the University and went to Italy. Here he made the determination to become a sculptor, and for two years, part of the time in Dusseldorf, he studied drawing and the anatomy of the human body. Later, in Paris, he became the pupil of Thomas Couture. There he worked long and patiently with the brush. He doubtless thought with Turner: "I know of no genius but the genius of hard work."

Years after, he said to his class in Boston: "You don't know what persistent effort is! Think of the violin student in the Paris Conservatoire, who was more than a year trying to bend his thumb as he had not been taught to do in the provinces!

"When I was a little boy I wanted to learn the violin, but a certain man discouraged me. 'Don't learn the violin! It's so hard!' I could kick that man now." So annoyed was he that anybody should shrink from hard work it seemed to him the most fatal of all weaknesses.

At another time, he said: "Be earnest, and don't worry, and you will learn twice as fast. If you could see me dig and groan, rub it out and start again, hate myself, and feel dreadfully! The people who do things easily, their things you look at easily, and give away easily!

"What if Michael Angelo had done his work in the Sistine Chapel easily! An artist one day called upon Grisi, found her upon a sofa, weary and forlorn. He expressed his surprise at her appearance, declaring that she was the one mortal whom he had envied, such was her strength, buoyancy and joyousness. He had not thought she could find life a burden. 'Ah,' said she, 'I save myself all day for that one bound upon the stage. Not for worlds would I leave this sofa, which I must keep all day that I may be ready for my work at night.'

"Inspiration is nothing without work. What we do best is done against difficulties. Work while your brain is full of

the picture before you. Work is a stimulus to work, and loafing a stimulus to laziness."

While in Paris, he became enthusiastically fond of Jean Francois Millet who was then struggling with poverty.

"For years," said Mr. Hunt, "Millet painted beautiful things and nobody looked at them. They fascinated me, and I would go to Barbison, his home, and spend all the money I could get in buying his pictures. I brought them to Boston. 'What is that horrid thing?' 'Oh, it is a sketch by a friend of mine.' Now, he is the greatest painter in Europe."

When Mr. Hunt was thirty-one, he came back to America to live. He had then painted his great painting of the Prodigal Son, leaning on the breast of his father, his exquisite Marguerite plucking leaves from a daisy, and several other works now well known. There was less art culture among our people then than now, but he had courage and hope. He opened a studio in Newport, and for seven years painted portraits mostly. His standard was high. He lived in his art; was wedded to it. He said, "You want a picture to seize you as forcibly as if a man had seized you by the shoulder! Strive for simplicity; not complexity! Don't talk of what you are going to do! Do it." There is a man for you who was building his fame upon the foundation of thorough work.

Once, when asked by a lady how long it had taken to draw a charcoal picture, he replied, "I think it took me an

hour or two; but I suppose I ought to say that it took me forty years, as I've been drawing about that length of time."

Witty and brilliant in conversation, kind to everybody, especially to young artists, he became the centre of a circle of charming and earnest people. He hated shams and affectations. Once when asked what he thought of a young painter of foppish appearance, he replied, "I don't know him. I know his clothes. I can have nothing to do with such a man when I meet him; I look right through, and beyond, and around him." But he criticized all work tenderly as all great masters do, saying, "Don't look too hard except for something agreeable. We can find all the disagreeable things in the world between our own hats and boots."

He was as genuinely simple, too, as he was genuinely great. One morning as he came out of his studio on Tremont Street, he met an old woman on the stairs carrying down a big box of ashes. He at once assisted, and together they placed it on the sidewalk, quite to the surprise of some of his kid-gloved admirers.

When our artist was forty-three, and fame and wealth had both been won, and time was precious, he gladly opened his best studio to teach a large class of women. How it broadened and beautified the lives of those learners! How small seemed the round of shopping and making calls, after studying with such a master! His presence was magnetic, raying out inspiration. One of his

ablest pupils (Miss Helen M. Knowlton) now a well-known artist, used to jot down on bits of paper in the classroom some of his brilliant words and suggestions; and so important were they that in book form they have been heartily welcomed both in Europe and America. Indeed the volume is used as an art textbook in some of the normal schools.

Five years after this, the great Boston fire swept away much of the tangible labor of his lifetime, but he met his loss bravely, and began work afresh, toiling harder than ever. He said, "Painting, for me, is the only work worth doing, and there is no other play." "Draw whatever fascinates you. Love something and paint it," was often his advice. Sometimes envious people spoke of him as the one-man-power in art in Boston. But in his modesty he has been heard to say, "I've been at painting all my life, and I don't feel today that I know anything. I'm not sure that I can go on with a single one of these portraits that I have begun."

He studied incessantly. Veronese, Michael Angelo, Titian and Velasquez were his teachers among the old masters, and Millet, Delacroix, Corot and Turner among the modern. Of the latter he said, "One hundred years from now, Turner will be counted the greatest painter who ever lived. His color is wonderful! His color is iridescent. The Venetians could get such color only by painting transparently, but Turner is solid, clear, throughout."

In 1878 he was asked to paint two large pictures upon the walls of the grand State House at Albany, NY. He accepted, though shrinking from it, and for five months, before beginning the work, wrought at his plans. One of these great mural paintings represents the Goddess of Night in her cloud chariot; before her three restive horses, and behind her a sleeping mother and child. In the other, is depicted Columbus, standing in a boat in mid-ocean, with Hope at the prow and Fortune at the helm. So careful was he in the execution of these paintings that thirty charcoal drawings were made, also twenty oil paintings, and the colors were tested on stone sent from Albany. Then for fifty-five days, Mr. Hunt and his assistants painted on the walls from early morning till late at night standing on scaffolding.

When completed, in coloring and finish, the pictures were a triumph of art, but the artist had broken down in health. He sought the Isles of Shoals, hoping to find renewal of strength from the bracing and restful ocean breezes, but it was too late. One September morning the country was shocked to hear that the great artist was found lying peacefully in a little pool back of the cottages, dead. It is supposed that he missed his footing, and no hand was near to help.

He died in the prime of life, at fifty-five; but his work lives on after him and is to live.

Whether he painted Niagara or Gloucester Harbor, the Street Musician or the Drummer Boy, the Bugle Call or the Bathers, each of the paintings was like himself, strong, refined, instinct with life and feeling. Over four hundred of his pictures, those owned by friends and therefore not burned, were exhibited after his death, yet these probably did not constitute one third of his work. Among his best known portraits are those of Chief Justice Shaw, Governor Andrew, Charles Sumner and James Freeman Clarke.

It is to be noted that Mr. Hunt always honored, never debased, his art. Being shown a picture, very fine in technique, by a Munich artist, of a drunken man holding a half-filled glass of wine, he said, "It's skilfully done, but what is the use of doing it? The subject isn't worthy of the painter." It is to be remembered, too, that he never wearied in his unselfish efforts to encourage and develop art. "An inclination to draw evinces talent," he often declared. "I saw a beautiful sunset last night, and I would have given worlds for the power to put it upon canvas, even in a modest manner. That desire indicates talent. Will you use your talent or smother it? . . . Children should be encouraged; not flattered. With no help and encouragement, the child gradually loses its desire to draw." He persistently taught artists to be individual in their thought, not copyists, not followers after the manner of any school.

More than other American teachers, more than any other American artist, he has left his impress upon the working art talent of the time. His name is spoken reverently by earnest young artists. His paintings are sought and studied by art students who never saw him. Pictures often are characterized as belonging "to the Hunt school of art," and his influence is most surely to survive in art.

Surely, his successful life emphasizes what Sidney Smith said of greatness: "There is but one method, and that is hard labor."

Joseph Marie Jacquard

(1752-1834: France)

The small world which lives in elegant houses knows little of the great world in dingy apartments with bare walls and empty cupboards. Those who walk or ride in the sunshine often forget the darkness of the mines, or the tiresome treadmill of the factories.

Over a century ago, in Lyons, France, lived a man who desired to make the lives of the toilers brighter and happier. Joseph Jacquard, the son of a silk-weaver who died early, began his young manhood, the owner of two looms and a comfortable little home. He had married Claudine Boichon, the daughter of a goldsmith who expected to give his daughter a marriage portion, but was unable from loss of property. Jacquard loved her just as devotedly, however, as though she had brought him money. A pretty boy was born into their home, and no family was happier in all France. But the young loom-owner saw the poor weavers working from four in the morning till nine at night, in crowded rooms, whole families often bending over a loom, their chests shrunken and their cheeks sallow from want of air and sunlight; and their faces dull and vacant from the monotony of unvaried toil. There were no holidays, no walks in the fields among the flowers, no reading of books, nothing but the constant routine which wore out body and mind together. There was no home-life; little children grew pinched and old;

and mothers went too early to their graves. If work stopped, they ate the bread of charity, and went to the almshouse. The rich people of Lyons were not hard-hearted, but they did not think; they were too busy with their parties and their marriages; too busy buying and selling that they might grow richer. But Jacquard was always thinking how he could lighten the labor of the silk-weavers by some invention.

The manufacture of silk had become a most important industry. Seventeen hundred years before Christ the Chinese had discovered the making of silk from silk-worms, and had cultivated mulberry-trees. They forbade anybody to export the eggs or to disclose the process of making the fabric, under penalty of death. The Roman Emperor Justinian determined to wrest this secret from China, and thus revive the resources of his empire. He sent two monks, who ostensibly preached Christianity, but in reality studied silk-worms, and, secreting some eggs in two hollow reeds, returned to Justinian, and breaking these canes, laid the eggs on the lap of the beautiful Empress Theodora. From this the art spread into Italy, and thence into France.

The more Jacquard thought how he could help the silk-weavers of France the more he became absorbed, and forgot that money was needed to support his family. Soon the looms had to be sold at auction, with his small home. The world ridiculed, and his relatives blamed him; but Claudine his wife encouraged him, and prophesied great

fame for him in the future. She sold her little treasures, and even her bed, to pay his debts. Finally, when there was no food in the house, with tears in his eyes, Jacquard left his wife and child, to become a laborer for a lime-burner in a neighboring town. Claudine went to work in a straw-bonnet factory; and for sixteen years they battled with poverty.

Then the French Revolution burst upon Lyons in 1795. Her crime before such murderers as Robespierre and Marat was that she was the friend of Louis XVI. Sixty thousand men were sent against her by the so-called Republicans, who were commanded to utterly destroy her, and write over the ruins, "Lyons made war upon liberty; Lyons is no more." Six thousand persons were put to death, their houses burned, and twelve thousand exiled; among them Jacquard.

His only child, a brave boy of sixteen, had joined the Republican ranks, that he might fight against the foreign armies of England, Austria, and Naples, who had determined, under Pitt, to crush out the new government. At the boy's earnest request his father enlisted with him and together they marched toward the Rhone. In one of the first battles a cannon-ball struck the idolized son, who fell expiring in Jacquard's arms. Covered with the blood of his only child, he dug a grave for him on the battlefield; and exhausted and heart-broken went to the hospital till his discharge was obtained.

He returned to Lyons and sought his poor wife. At last he found her in the outskirts of the city, living in a hay-loft, and earning the barest pittance by spreading out linen for the laundresses to dry. She divided her crusts with her husband, while they wept together over their irreparable loss. She soon died of grief, but, with her last words, bade Jacquard go forward in developing his genius, and have trust in God, who would yet show him the way of success. Blessed Claudine! A sweet, beautiful soul, shining like a star in the darkness of the French Revolution.

Jacquard with all earthly ties severed went back to the seclusion of inventing. After his day's work was done as a laborer, he studied on his machine for silk-weaving. Finally, after seven years,—a long time to patiently develop an idea, he had produced a loom which would decrease the number of workmen at each machine, by one person. The model was placed at the Paris Industrial Exposition in 1801; and the maker was awarded a bronze medal. In gratitude for this discovery he went to the image of the Virgin which stood on a high hill, and for nine days ascended daily the steps of the place. Then he returned to his work, placing himself before a Vaucanson loom, which contained the germ of his own, he consecrated himself anew to the perfecting of his invention.

Jacques de Vaucanson, who died when Jacquard was thirty years old, was one of the most celebrated mechanicians of France. His automatons were the wonder of the age. He exhibited a duck which, when moved, ate

and drank like a live one. The figure would stretch out its neck for food, and swallow it; walk, swim, dabble in the water, and quack most naturally. His musician, playing the flageolet with the left hand, and beating the tamborine with the right, executing many pieces of difficult music with great accuracy, was an astonishment to everybody. He had been appointed inspector of silk-factories at Lyons, and, because he made some improvements in machines, he was pelted with stones by the workmen, who feared that they would thereby lose their labor. He revenged himself by making a machine which wove, brocaded, and colored at the same time, and was worked by a donkey!

It remained for Jacquard to make the Vaucanson loom of the utmost practical use to Lyons and to the world. After a time he was not only able to dispense with one workman at each loom, but he made machinery do the work of three men and two women at each frame. The city authorities sent a model of this machine to Paris, that the Emperor Napoleon might examine it. So pleased was he that he at once sent for Jacquard to come to Paris. The latter had previously invented a machine for making fishing-nets, now used in producing Nottingham lace. When brought before Bonaparte, and Carnot the Minister of the Interior, the latter asked, "Is it you then, who pretend to do a thing which is impossible for man, to make a knot upon a tight thread?"

Jacquard answered the brusque inquiry by setting up a machine, and letting the incredulous minister see for himself.

The Emperor made Jacquard welcome to the Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers, where he could study books and machines to his heart's content, and gave him a pension of about twelve hundred dollars for his discovery. When he had, with his own hands, woven a magnificent brocaded silk dress for the Empress Josephine, he returned to Lyons to set up the Jacquard looms. His name began to be lauded everywhere. Claudine's prophecies had at last come true. She had given her life to help him; but she could not live to share his honors.

Soon, however, the tide of praise turned. Whole families found themselves forced into the street for lack of work, as the looms were doing what their hands had done. Bands of unemployed men were shouting, "Behold the traitor! Let him provide for our wives and children now driven as mendicants from door to door; or let him, the destroyer of the peoples' labor, share in the death which he has prepared for us!" The authorities seemed unable to quell the storm, and by their orders the new loom was broken in pieces on the public square. "The iron," says Jacquard, "was sold as old iron; the wood, for fuel." One day he was seized by a crowd of starving workmen, who knocked him down, and dragged him to the banks of the Rhone, where he would have been drowned at once, had not the police rescued him, bleeding and nearly dead. He

left the city overwhelmed with astonishment and sorrow. Soon Switzerland, Germany, Italy, and America were using the Jacquard looms, largely increasing the manufacture and sale of silk, and therefore the number of laborers. The poor men of Lyons awoke to the sad fact, that by breaking up Jacquard's machines, they had put the work of silk-weaving into other hands all over the world; and idleness was proving their ruin. They might have doubled and trebled the number of their factories, and benefitted labor a thousand-fold.

The inventor refused to take out a patent for himself, nor would he accept any offers made him by foreigners, because he thought all his services belonged to France. He loved the working people, who, for twenty years, were too blind to see it.

He removed to a little home and garden at Oullins, near Lyons, the use of which had been given him for life, where he could hear the sound of his precious looms on which he had worked for sixty years, and which his city had at last adopted. Here he attended his garden, and went every morning to early church, distributing each day some small pieces of money to poor children. As old age came on, Lyons realized the gratitude due her great inventor. A silver medal was awarded him, and then the grand distinction of the cross of the Legion of Honor.

People from the neighboring towns visited Oullins, and pointed out with pride the noble old man at eighty-

four, sitting by his garden-wall, dressed like a workman in his long black tunic, but wearing his broad red ribbon with his cross of honor. Illustrious travelers and statesmen visited him whose fame was now spread through Europe and America.

Toinette, a faithful servant who had known and loved Claudine, watched over the pure-hearted Jacquard till death came, Aug. 7, 1834. Six years after, Lyons, which once broke his machine and nearly killed him, raised a beautiful statue of him in the public square. The more than seventy thousand looms in the city, employing two hundred thousand workmen, are grander monuments even than the statue. The silk-weavers are better housed and fed than formerly. The struggling, self-sacrificing man, who might have been immensely rich as well as famous, was an untold blessing to labor and to the world.

Ezra Cornell

(1807-1874: New York)

In the winter of 1819 might have been seen travelling from New Jersey to De Ruyter in New York, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles, some covered emigrant wagons, containing a wife and six children in the first, and household goods and farming utensils in the others. Sometimes the occupants slept in a farmhouse, but usually in their vehicles by a campfire in the woods. For two weeks they journeyed, sometimes through an almost uninhabited wilderness and over wellnigh impassable roads. The mother, with a baby in her arms, her oldest child, Ezra, a boy of twelve, must have been worn with this toilsome journey; but patient and cheerful, no word of repining escaped her lips. Elijah Cornell, a frank, noble-hearted Quaker, was going West to make his living as a potter and farmer combined.

Like other pioneers, they made ready their little home among the sterile hills; and there, for twenty years, they struggled to rear a family that grew to eleven children, instead of six. The boys of the family were taught the simple mysteries of pottery-making early in life, and thus formed habits of industry, while their limited income necessarily made them economical.

The eldest boy, Ezra, now sixteen, was growing anxious to be something more than a potter. He was nearly six feet tall, thin, muscular, and full of energy. He

was studious, reading every book within his reach, and desirous of an education, which there was no money to procure. Determined, if possible, to go to the common school one more winter, he and his brother, fifteen years of age, chopped and cleared four acres of heavy beech and maple woodland, plowed, and planted it to corn, and thus made themselves able to finish their education. Soon after the father engaged a carpenter to build a large pottery. Ezra assisted, and began to think he should like the trade of a carpenter. When the structure was completed, taking his younger brother to the forest, they cut timber, and erected for their father's family a two-story dwelling, the best in the town. Without any supervision, Ezra had made the frame so that every part fitted in its exact place. This, for a boy of seventeen, became the wonder of the neighborhood. Master-builders prophesied a rare carpenter for posterity.

It was evident that the quiet town of De Ruyter could not satisfy such a lad, and at eighteen he started away from his affectionate mother to try the world. She could trust him because he used neither liquor nor tobacco; was truthful, honest, and willing to work hard. If a young man desires to get his living easily, or is very particular as to the kind of work he undertakes, his future success may well be doubted. Ezra found no carpentering, as he had hoped; but in the vicinity of Syracuse, then a small village, he engaged himself for two years, to get out timber for shipment to New York by canal. The following year he

worked in a shop making wool-carding machinery, and being now only twenty miles from De Ruyter, he walked home every Saturday evening and back Monday morning. Twenty miles before a day's work would have been too long for most boys. There was no danger that Ezra would grow tender, either of foot or hand, through luxury.

Hearing that there was a good outlook for business at Ithaca, he walked forty miles thither, with a spare suit of clothes, and a few dollars in his pocket. Who would have said then that this unknown lad, with no capital save courage and ambition, would make the name of Ithaca, joined with that of Cornell, known round the world?

He obtained work as a carpenter, and was soon offered the position of keeping a cotton-mill in repair. This he gladly accepted, using what knowledge he had gained in the machine-shop. A year later, Colonel Beebe, proprietor of a flouring and plaster mill, asked young Cornell to repair his works; and so pleased was he with the mechanic that he kept him for twelve years, making him his confidential agent and general manager. When a tunnel was needed to bring water from Fall Creek, Cornell was made engineer-in-chief of the enterprise; when labor-saving machinery was required, the head of the enterprising young man invented it.

Meantime he had married, at the age of twenty-four, an intelligent girl, Mary Ann Wood, four years his junior, the second in a family of eleven children. As the young

lady was not a Quaker, Cornell was formally excommunicated from his church for taking a person outside the fold. He was offered forgiveness and re-instatement if he would apologize and show proper regret, which he refused to do, feeling that the church had no right to decide upon the religious convictions of the person he loved.

He soon purchased a few acres of land near the mill, and erected a simple home for his bride. Here they lived for twenty years, and here their nine children were born, four of whom died early. It was happiness to go daily to his work, receive his comfortable salary, and see his children grow up around him with their needed wants supplied. But the comfortable salary came to an end. Colonel Beebe withdrew from active business, the mill was turned into a woollen factory, and Cornell was thrown out of work. Business depression was great all over the country. In vain for months he sought for employment. The helpless family must be supported; at the age of thirty-six matters began to look serious.

Finally, he went to Maine in the endeavor to sell the patent right of a new plow, recently invented. He visited the "Maine Farmer," and met the editor, Hon. F. O. J. Smith, a member of Congress, who became much interested. He tried also to sell the patent in the State of Georgia, walking usually forty miles a day, but with little success. Again he started for Maine, walking from Ithaca to Albany, one hundred and sixty miles in four days, then,

by rail to Boston, and once more on foot to Portland. He was fond of walking, and used to say, "Nature can in no way be so rationally enjoyed, as through the opportunities afforded the pedestrian."

Entering the office of the "Maine Farmer" again, he found "Mr. Smith on his knees in the middle of his office floor, with a piece of chalk in his hand, the mould-board of a plow lying by his side, and with various chalk-marks on the floor before him."

Mr. Smith arose and grasped him cordially by the hand, saying, "Cornell, you are the very man I want to see. I have been trying to explain to neighbor Robertson a machine that I want made, but I cannot make him understand it. I want a kind of scraper, or machine for digging a ditch for laying our telegraph pipe under ground. Congress has appropriated thirty thousand dollars to enable Professor Morse to test the practicability of his telegraph on a line between Washington and Baltimore. I have taken the contract to lay the pipe at one hundred dollars a mile."

Mr. Cornell's ready brain soon saw what kind of a machine was needed, and he sketched a rough diagram of it.

Without much hope of success, Smith said, "You make a machine, and I will pay the expense whether successful or not; if successful, I will pay you fifty dollars, or one hundred, or any price you may name."

Mr. Cornell at once went to a machine shop, made the patterns for the necessary castings, and then the woodwork for the frame. The trial of the new machine was made at Mr. Smith's homestead, four yoke of oxen being attached to the strange-looking plow, which cut a furrow two and one-half feet deep, and one and one-fourth inches wide, and laid the pipe in the bottom at the same time. It worked successfully, and Mr. Cornell was asked to take charge of the laying of the pipe between Baltimore and Washington. He accepted, for he believed the telegraph would become a vast instrument in civilization. The loss of a position at the Beebe mill proved the opening to a broader world; his energy had found a field as wide as the universe.

It was decided to put the first pipe between the double tracks of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. With an eight-mule team, horses being afraid of the engines, nearly a mile of pipe was laid each day. Soon Professor Morse came hurriedly, and calling Mr. Cornell aside, said, "Can you not contrive to stop this work for a few days in some manner, so the papers will not know that it has been purposely interrupted? I want to make some experiments before any more pipe is laid."

Cornell had been expecting this, for he knew that the pipes were defective, though other officials would not permit Morse to be told of it. Replying that he would do as requested, he stepped back to his plow, and said, "Hurrah, boys, whip up your mules; we must lay another

length of pipe before we quit tonight." Then he purposely let the machine catch against a point of rock, making it a perfect wreck.

Mr. Cornell began now, at Professor Morse's request, to experiment in the basement of the Patent Office at Washington, studying what books he could obtain on electrical science. It was soon found to be wise to put the wires upon poles, as Cooke and Wheatstone had done in England. The line between Baltimore and Washington proved successful despite its crudities; but what should be done with it? Government did not wish to buy it, and private capital was afraid to touch it.

How could the world be made interested? Mr. Cornell, who had now put his heart into the telegraph, built a line from Milk Street, Boston, to School Street, that the people might see for themselves this new agent which was to enable nations to talk with each other; but nobody cared to waste a moment in looking at it. They were more interested in selling a piece of cloth, or discovering the merits of a dead philosopher. Not delighted with the indifference of Boston, he moved his apparatus to New York in 1844, and constructed a line from opposite Trinity Church on Broadway, to near the site of the present Metropolitan Hotel; but New York was even more indifferent than Boston.

The "Tribune," "Express," and some other newspapers gave cordial notices of the new enterprise, but

the "Herald" said plainly that it was opposed to the telegraph, because now it could beat its rivals by special couriers; but if the telegraph came into use, then all would have an equal opportunity to obtain news! During the whole winter Mr. Cornell labored seemingly to no purpose, to introduce what Morse had so grandly discovered. A man of less will and less self-reliance would have become discouraged. He met the fate of all reformers or inventors. Nobody wants a thing till it is a great success, and then everybody wants it at the same moment.

Finally, by the hardest struggle, the Magnetic Telegraph Company was formed for erecting a line between New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and Mr. Cornell for superintending it was to receive one thousand dollars per annum. So earnest was he for the matter that he subscribed five hundred dollars to the stock of the company, paying for it out of his meager salary! Such men, willing to live on the merest pittance that a measure of great practical good may succeed, such men deserve to win.

The next line was between New York and Albany, and Mr. Cornell, being the contractor, received his first return for these years of labor six thousand dollars in profits. The tide had turned; and though afterward various obstacles had to be met and overcome, the poor mechanic had started on the high road to fame and fortune. He next organized the Erie and Michigan Telegraph Company, supposing that the Western cities thus benefitted would

subscribe to the stock; but even in Chicago, which now pays three thousand dollars daily for telegraphic service, it was impossible to raise a dollar.

A year later, the New York and Erie telegraph line was constructed through the southern part of New York State. Mr. Cornell, believing most heartily in the project, obligated himself heavily, and the result proved his far-sightedness. But now ruinous competition set in. Those who had been unwilling to help at first were anxious to share profits. To save all from bankrupt in the cutting of rates, Mr. Cornell and a few others consolidated the various interests in the Western Union Telegraph Company, now grown so large that it has nearly five hundred thousand miles of wire, employs twenty thousand persons, sends over forty-one million messages yearly, and makes over seven and one-half million dollars profits.

For more than fifteen years he was the largest stockholder in the company; it was not strange therefore, that middle life found Ezra Cornell a millionaire. This was better than making pottery in the little town of De Ruyter. It had taken work, however, to make this fortune. While others sauntered and enjoyed life at leisure, he was working early and late, away from his family most of the time for twelve years.

In 1857, when fifty years of age, he purchased three hundred acres near Ithaca, planted orchards, bought fine

cattle and horses, and moved his family thither. He was made president of the County Agricultural Society, and in 1862 was chosen to represent the State Agricultural Society at the International Exposition in London. Taking his wife with him, they traveled in Great Britain and on the Continent, enjoying a few months of recreation, for the first time since, when a youth, thirty years before, he had walked into Ithaca.

During the war he gave money and sympathy freely, being often at the front, in hospitals, and on battlefields, caring for the wounded and their families, and aiding those whom the war had left maimed or impoverished. For six years he served acceptably in the State Legislature. Self-reliant, calm, unselfish, simple in dress and manner, he was, alike the companion of distinguished scholars, and the advocate of the people.

The great question now before his mind was how to spend his fortune most wisely. He recalled the days when he cleared four acres of timber land, that he might have three months of schooling. He had regretted all his life his lack of a college education. He determined therefore to build "an institution where any person can find instruction in any study." Preparatory to this he built Cornell Library, costing sixty-one thousand dollars. A workman, losing one of his horses by accident in the construction of the edifice, was called upon by the philanthropist, who, after inquiring the value of the animal, drew a check and handed it to the man, remarking,

with a kind smile, "I presume I can better than you afford to lose the horse." A man with money enough to build libraries does not always remember a laborer!

Mr. Cornell's first gift toward his university was two hundred acres of his cherished farm, and five hundred thousand dollars in money. The institution was formally opened in 1868, Hon. Andrew D. White, a distinguished graduate of Yale and of the University of Berlin, being chosen president. Soon over four hundred students gathered from over twenty-seven States. Mr. Cornell's gifts afterward, including his saving the Land Grant Fund from depreciation, amounted to over three million dollars. A wonderful present from a self-made mechanic! Other men have followed his illustrious example. Henry W. Sage has given three hundred thousand dollars for the building of Sage College for women, and the extensive conservatories of the Botanical Department. Hiram Sibley, of Rochester, has given fifty thousand dollars for the College of Mechanic Arts, and John McGraw, one hundred thousand for the library and museum. Cornell University is now one of the most liberally endowed institutions in the country, and has already sent out over one thousand graduates.

Mr. Cornell did everything to enrich and develop his own town. He brought manufactories of glass and iron into her midst, held the presidency of the First National Bank for a dozen years, made her as far as possible a railroad center, and gave generously to her churches of

whatever denomination. The first question asked in any project was, "Have you seen Ezra Cornell? He will take hold of the work; and if he is for you, no one will be against you, and success is assured, if success be possible."

Dec. 9, 1874, at the age of sixty-seven, scarcely able to stand, he arose from his bed and was dressed that he might attend to some unfinished business. Shortly after noon, it was finished by an unseen hand. His body was carried to Library Hall, and there, the Cornell Cadets standing as guard of honor, thousands looked upon the renowned giver. The day of the funeral, public and private buildings were draped, shops were closed, and the streets filled by a saddened throng. The casket was borne into the cemetery between lines of students, who owed to his generosity their royal opportunities for scholarship. Various societies in various cities passed resolutions of respect and honor for the dead.

Froude, the English historian, well said of him, "There is something I admire even more than the university, and that is the quiet, unpretending man by whom the university was founded. We have had such men in old times, and there are men in England who make great fortunes and who make claim to great munificence, but who manifest their greatness in buying great estates and building castles for the founding of peerages to be handed down from father to son. Mr. Cornell has sought for immortality, and the perpetuity of his name among the people of a free nation. There stands his great university,

built upon a rock, built of stone, as solid as a rock, to endure while the American nation endures. When the herald's parchment shall have crumbled into dust, and the antiquarians are searching among the tombstones for the records of these departed families, Mr. Cornell's name will be still fresh and green through generation after generation."

Overlooking Ithaca and Cayuga Lake stands his home, a beautiful Gothic villa in stone, finished a year after his death. His motto, the motto of his life, is carved over the principal entrance, "TRUE AND FIRM."

Charles Goodyear

(1800-1860: Connecticut)

India-rubber had been known for more than a hundred years when Charles Goodyear undertook to make of it thousands of articles useful in common life. So long ago as 1735 a party of French astronomers discovered in Peru a curious tree that yielded the natives a peculiar gum or sap which they collected in clay vessels. This sap became hard when exposed to the sun, and was used by the natives, who made different articles of everyday use from it by dipping a clay mould again and again into the liquid. When the article was completed the clay mould was broken to pieces and shaken out. In this manner they made a kind of rough shoe and an equally rough bottle. In some parts of South America the natives presented their guests with these bottles, which served as syringes for squirting water. Articles thus made were liable to become stiff and unmanageable in cold weather and soft and sticky in warm. Upon getting back to France the travellers directed the attention of scientists to this remarkable gum, which was afterward found in various parts of South America, and the chief supplies of which still come from Brazil. About the beginning of the present century this substance, known variously as cachuchu, caoutchouc, gum-elastic, and india-rubber, was first commercially introduced into Europe. It was regarded merely as a curiosity, chiefly useful for erasing pencil-

marks. Ships from South America took it over as ballast. About the year 1820 it began to be used in France in the manufacture of suspenders and garters, india-rubber threads being mixed with the material used in weaving those articles. Some years later Mackintosh, an English manufacturer, used it in his famous water-proof coats, which were made by spreading a layer of the gum between two pieces of cloth.

About the same time a pair of india-rubber shoes were exhibited in Boston, where they were regarded as a curiosity; they were covered with gilt-foil to hide their natural ugliness. In 1823 a Boston merchant, engaged in the South American trade, imported five hundred pairs of these shoes, made by the natives of Para, and found no difficulty in selling them. In fact, this became a large business, although these shoes were terribly rough and clumsy and were not to be depended upon; in cold weather they became so hard that they could be used only after being thawed by the fire, and in summer they could be preserved only by keeping them on ice. If during the thawing process they were placed too near the fire, they would melt into a shapeless mass; and yet they cost from three to five dollars a pair.

In 1830 E. M. Chaffee, of Boston, the foreman of a patent leather factory in that city, attempted to replace patent leather by a compound of india-rubber. He dissolved a pound of the gum in spirits of turpentine, added to the mixture enough lamp-black to produce a

bright black color, and invented a machine for spreading this compound over cloth. When dried in the sun it produced a hard, smooth surface, flexible enough to be twisted into any shape without cracking. With the aid of a few capitalists, Chaffee organized, in 1833, a company called the Roxbury India-rubber Company, and manufactured an india-rubber cloth from which wagon-covers, piano-covers, caps, coats, shoes, and other articles were made. The product of the factory sold well, and the success of the Roxbury Company led to the establishment of a number of similar factories elsewhere. Apparently all who were engaged in the production of rubber goods were on the highway to wealth.

A day of disaster, however, came. Most of the goods produced in the winter of 1833-1834 became worthless during the following summer. The shoes melted to a soft mass and the caps, wagon-covers, and coats became sticky and useless. To make matters worse they emitted an odor so offensive that it was necessary to bury them in the ground. Twenty thousand dollars' worth of these goods were thrown back on the hands of the Roxbury Company alone, and the directors were appalled by the ruin that threatened them. It was useless to go on manufacturing goods that might prove worthless at any moment. India-rubber stock fell rapidly, and by the end of 1836 there was not a solvent rubber company in the Union, the stockholders losing—about $2,000,000. People came to detest the very name of india-rubber.

One day, in 1834, a Philadelphia hardware merchant, named Charles Goodyear, was led by curiosity to buy a rubber life-preserver. And thus began for this unfortunate genius nearly twenty-five years of struggle, misery, and disappointment. Charles Goodyear was born in New Haven, Conn., December 29, 1800. When a boy his father moved to Philadelphia, where he engaged in the hardware business, and upon becoming of age, Charles Goodyear joined him as a partner. In the panic of 1836-1837 the house went down. Goodyear's attention had been attracted for several years by the wonderful success of the india-rubber companies.

Upon examining his life-preserver he discovered a defect in the inflating valve and made an improved one. Going to New York with this device, he called on the agent of the Roxbury Company and, explaining it to him, offered to sell it to the company. The agent was impressed with the improvement, but instead of buying it, told the inventor the real state of the india-rubber business of the country, then on the verge of a collapse. He urged Goodyear to exert his inventive skill in discovering some means of imparting durability to india-rubber goods, and assured him that if he could find a process to effect that end, he could sell it at his own price. He explained the processes then in use and their imperfections.

Goodyear forgot all about his disappointment in failing to sell his valve, and went home intent upon experiments to make gum-elastic durable. From that time

until the close of his life he devoted himself solely to this work. He was thirty-five years old, feeble in health, bankrupt in business, and had a young family depending upon him. The industry in which he now engaged was one in which thousands of persons had found ruin. The firm of which he had been a member owed $30,000, and upon his return to Philadelphia he was arrested for debt and compelled to live within prison limits.

He began his experiments at once. The price of the gum had fallen to five cents per pound, so that he had no difficulty in getting sufficient of it to begin work. By melting and working it thoroughly and rolling it out upon a stone table, he succeeded in producing sheets of india-rubber that seemed to him to possess new properties. A friend loaned him enough money to manufacture a number of shoes which at first seemed to be all that could be desired. Fearful, however, of coming trouble, Goodyear put his shoes away until the following summer, when the warm weather reduced them to a mass of so offensive an odor that he was glad to throw them away. His friend was so thoroughly disheartened by this failure as to refuse to have anything more to do with Goodyear's scheme. The inventor, nevertheless, kept on.

It occurred to him that there must be some substance which, mixed with the gum, would render it durable, and he began to experiment with almost every substance that he could lay his hands on. All proved total failures with the exception of magnesia. By mixing half a pound of

magnesia with a pound of the gum he produced a substance whiter than the pure gum, which was at first as firm and flexible as leather, and out of which he made beautiful book-covers and piano-covers. It looked as if he had solved the problem; but in a month his pretty product was ruined. Heat caused it to soften; fermentation then set in, and finally it became as hard and brittle as thin glass.

His stock of money was now exhausted. He was forced to pawn all his own valuables and even the trinkets of his wife. But he felt sure that he was on the road to success and would eventually win both fame and fortune.

He removed his family to the country, and set out for New York, where he hoped to find someone willing to aid him in carrying his experiments further. Here he met two acquaintances, one of whom offered him the use of a room in Gold Street as a workshop, and the other, a druggist, agreed to let him have on credit such chemicals as he needed. He now boiled the gum, mixed with magnesia, in quick-lime and water, and as a result obtained firm, smooth sheets that won him a medal at the fair of the American Institute in 1835. He seemed on the point of success, and easily sold all the sheets he could manufacture, when, to his dismay he discovered that a drop of the weakest acid, such as the juice of an apple or diluted vinegar, would reduce his new compound to the old sticky substance that had baffled him so often.

His first important discovery on the road to real success was the result of accident. He liked pretty things, and it was a constant effort with him to make his productions as attractive to the eye as possible. Upon one occasion, while bronzing a piece of rubber cloth, he applied aqua fortis to it for the purpose of removing part of the bronze. It took away the bronze, but it also destroyed the cloth to such a degree that he supposed it ruined and threw it away. A day or two later, happening to pick it up, he was astonished to find that the rubber had undergone a remarkable change, and that the effect of the acid had been to harden it to such an extent that it would now stand a degree of heat which would have melted it before. Aqua fortis contained sulphuric acid. Goodyear was thus on the threshold of his great discovery of vulcanizing rubber. He called his new process the "curing" of india-rubber.

The "cured" india-rubber was subjected to many tests and passed through them successfully, thus demonstrating its adaptability to many important uses. Goodyear readily obtained a patent for his process, and a partner with a large capital was found ready to aid him. He hired the old india-rubber works on Staten Island and opened a salesroom in Broadway. He was thrown back for six weeks at this important time by an accident which happened to him while experimenting with his fabrics and which came near causing his death.

Just as he was recovering and preparing to begin the manufacture of his goods on a large scale the terrible commercial crisis of 1837 swept over the country, and by destroying his partner's fortune at one blow, reduced Goodyear to absolute beggar. His family had joined him in New York, and he was entirely without the means of supporting them. As the only resource at hand he decided to pawn an article of value—one of the few which he possessed—in order to raise money to procure one day's supply of provisions. At the very door of the pawnbroker's shop he met one of his creditors, who kindly asked if he could be of any further assistance to him. Weak with hunger and overcome by the generosity of his friend the poor man burst into tears and replied that, as his family was on the point of starvation, a loan of $15 would greatly oblige him. The money was given him on the spot and the necessity for visiting the pawnbroker averted for several days longer. Still he was a frequent visitor to that person during the year, and one by one the relics of his better days disappeared. Another friend loaned him $100, which enabled him to remove his family to Staten Island, in the neighborhood of the abandoned rubber works, which the owners gave him permission to use so far as he could. He contrived in this way to manufacture enough of his "cured" cloth, which sold readily, to enable him to keep his family from starvation.

He made repeated efforts to induce capitalists to come to the factory and see his samples and the process by

which they were made, but no one would venture near him. There had been money enough lost in such experiments, these acquaintances said, and they were determined to risk no more.

Indeed, in all the broad land there was but one man who had the slightest hope of accomplishing anything with india-rubber, and that one was Charles Goodyear. His friends regarded him as a monomaniac. He not only manufactured his cloth, but even dressed in clothes made of it, wearing it for the purpose of testing its durability, as well as of advertising it. He was certainly an odd figure, and in his appearance justified the remark of one of his friends, who, upon being asked how Mr. Goodyear could be recognized, replied: "If you see a man with an india-rubber coat on, india-rubber shoes, and india-rubber cap, and in his pocket an india-rubber purse with not a cent in it, that is Goodyear."

In September, 1837, a new gleam of hope lit up his pathway. A friend having loaned him a small sum of money, he went to Roxbury, taking with him some of his best specimens. Although the Roxbury Company had gone down with a fearful crash, Mr. Chaffee, the inventor of the first process of making rubber goods in this country, was still firm in his faith that india-rubber would at some future time justify the expectations of its earliest friends. He welcomed Goodyear cordially and allowed him to use the abandoned works of the company for his experiments. The result was that Goodyear succeeded in making shoes

and cloths of india-rubber of a quality so much better than any that had yet been seen in America that the hopes of the friends of india-rubber were raised to a high point. Offers to purchase rights for certain portions of the country came in rapidly, and by the sale of them Goodyear realized between four and five thousand dollars. He was now able to bring his family to Roxbury, and for the time fortune seemed to smile upon him.

His success was but temporary, however. He obtained an order from the general Government for one hundred and fifty india-rubber mail-bags, which he succeeded in producing, and as they came out smooth, highly polished, hard, well shaped, and entirely impervious to moisture, he was delighted and summoned his friends to inspect and admire them. All who saw them pronounced them a perfect success, but alas! in a single month they began to soften and ferment, and finally became useless. Poor Goodyear's hopes were dashed to the ground. It was found that the aqua fortis merely "cured" the surface of the material, and that only very thin cloth made in this way was durable. His other goods began to prove worthless and his promising business came to a sudden and disastrous end. All his possessions were seized and sold for debt, and once more he was reduced to poverty. His position was even worse than before, for his family had increased in size and his aged father also had become dependent upon him for support.

Friends, relatives, and even his wife, all demanded that he should abandon his empty dreams and turn his attention to something that would yield a support to his family. Four years of constant failure, added to the unfortunate experience of those who had preceded him, ought to convince him, they said, that he was hoping against hope. Hitherto his conduct, entirely had been absurd, though they admitted that he was to some extent excused for it by his partial success; but to persist in it would be criminal. The inventor was driven to despair, and being a man of tender feelings and ardently devoted to his family, might have yielded to them had he not felt that he was nearer than ever to the discovery of the secret that had eluded him so long.

Just before the failure of his mail-bags had brought ruin upon him, he had taken into his employ a man named Nathaniel Hayward, who had been the foreman of the old Roxbury works, and who was still in charge of them when Goodyear came to Roxbury, and was making a few rubber articles on his own account. He hardened his compound by mixing a little powdered sulphur with the gum, or by sprinkling sulphur over the rubber cloth and drying it in the sun. He declared that the process had been revealed to him in a dream, but could give no further account of it. Goodyear was astonished to find that the sulphur cured the india-rubber as thoroughly as the aqua fortis, the principal objection being that the sulphurous odor of the goods was frightful in hot weather. Hayward's process was

really the same as that employed by Goodyear, the "curing" of the india-rubber being due in each case to the agency of the sulphur, the principal difference between them being that Hayward's goods were dried by the sun and Goodyear's with nitric acid. Hayward set so small a value upon his discovery that he readily sold it to his new employer.

Goodyear felt that he had now all but conquered his difficulties. It was plain that sulphur was the great controller of india-rubber, for he had proved that when applied to thin cloth it would render it available for most purposes. The problem that now remained was how to mix sulphur and the gum in a mass, so that every part of the rubber should be subjected to the agency of the sulphur. He experimented for weeks and months with the most intense eagerness, but the mystery completely baffled him. His friends urged him to go to work to do something for his family, but he could not turn back. The goal was almost in sight, and he felt that he would be false to his mission were he to abandon his labors now. To the world he seemed a crack-brained dreamer, and some there were who, seeing the distress of his family, did not hesitate to apply still harsher names to him. Had it been merely wealth that he was working for, doubtless he would have turned back and sought some other means of obtaining it; but he sought more. He felt that he had a mission to fulfil, and that no one else could perform it.

He was right. A still greater success was about to crown his labors, but in a manner far different from his expectations. His experiments had developed nothing; chance was to make the revelation. It was in the spring of 1839, and in the following manner: Standing before a stove in a store at Woburn, Mass., he was explaining to some acquaintances the properties of a piece of sulphur-cured india-rubber which he held in his hand. They listened to him good-naturedly, but with evident incredulity, when suddenly he dropped the rubber on the stove, which was red hot. His old clothes would have melted instantly from contact with such heat; but, to his surprise, this piece underwent no such change. In amazement he examined it, and found that while it had charred or shrivelled like leather, it had not softened at all. The bystanders attached no importance to this phenomenon, but to him it was a revelation. He renewed his experiments with enthusiasm, and in a little while established the facts that india-rubber, when mixed with sulphur and exposed to a certain degree of heat for a specified time, would not melt or soften at any degree of heat; that it would only char at two hundred and eighty degrees, and that it would not stiffen from exposure to any extent of cold. The difficulty now consisted in finding out the exact degree of heat necessary for the perfecting of the rubber and the exact length of time required for the heating.

He made this discovery in his darkest days, when, in fact, he was in constant danger of arrest for debt, having already been a frequent inmate of the debtors' prison. He was in the depths of bitter poverty and in such feeble health that he was constantly haunted by the fear of dying before he had perfected his discovery—before he had fulfilled his mission. He needed an apparatus for producing a high and uniform heat for his experiments, and he was unable to obtain it. He used to bake his compound in his wife's bread-oven and steam it over the spout of her tea-kettle, and to press the kitchen fire into his service so far as it would go. When this failed, he would go down to the shops in the vicinity of Woburn and beg to be allowed to use the ovens and boilers after working hours were over. The workmen regarded him as a lunatic, but were too good-natured to deny him the request. Finally he induced a bricklayer to make him an oven, and paid him in masons' aprons of india-rubber. The oven was a failure. Sometimes it would turn out pieces of perfectly vulcanized cloth, and again the goods would be charred and ruined. Goodyear was in despair.

All this time he lived on the charity of his friends. His neighbors pretended to lend him money, but in reality gave him the means of keeping his family from starvation. He has declared that all the while he felt sure he would, before long, be able to pay them back, but they have declared with equal emphasis that, at that time, they never expected to witness his success. He was yellow and

shriveled in face, with a gaunt, lean figure, and his habit of wearing an india-rubber coat, which was charred and blackened from his frequent experiments with it, gave him a wild and singular appearance. People shook their heads solemnly when they saw him, and said that the mad-house was the proper place for him.

The winter of 1839-40 was long and severe. At the opening of the season Goodyear received a letter from a house in Paris, making him a handsome offer for the use of his process of curing india-rubber with aqua fortis. Here was a chance for him to rise out of his misery. A year before he would have closed with the offer, but since then he had discovered the effects of sulphur and heat on his compound, and had passed far beyond the aqua-fortis stage. Disappointment and want had not warped his conscience, and he at once declined to enter into any arrangements with the French house, informing them that although the process they desired to purchase was a valuable one, it was about to be entirely replaced by another which he was then on the point of perfecting, and which he would gladly sell them as soon as he had completed it. His friends declared that he was mad to refuse such an offer; but he replied that nothing would induce him to sell a process which he knew was about to be rendered worthless by still greater discoveries.

A few weeks later a terrible snow-storm passed over the land, one of the worst that New England had ever known, and in the midst of it Goodyear made the

appalling discovery that he had not a particle of fuel or a mouthful of food in the house. He was ill enough to be in bed himself, and his purse was entirely empty. It was a terrible position, made worse, too, by the fact that his friends who had formerly aided him had turned from him, vexed with his pertinacity, and abandoned him to his fate. In his despair he bethought him of a mere acquaintance named Coleridge, who lived several miles from his cottage, and who but a few days before had spoken to him with more of kindness than he had received of late. This gentleman, he thought, would aid him in his distress, if he could but reach his house, but in such a snow the journey seemed hopeless to a man in his feeble health. Still the effort must be made. Nerved by despair, he set out and pushed his way resolutely through the heavy drifts.

The way was long, and it seemed to him that he would never accomplish it. Often he fell prostrate on the snow, almost fainting with fatigue and hunger, and again he would sit down wearily in the road, feeling that he would gladly die if his discovery were but completed. At length, however, he reached the end of his journey, and fortunately found his acquaintance at home. To this gentleman he told the story of his discovery, his hopes, his struggles, and his present sufferings, and implored him to help him. Mr. Coleridge listened to him kindly, and after expressing the warmest sympathy for him, loaned him money enough to support his family during the severe weather and to enable him to continue his experiments.

Seeing no prospect of success in Massachusetts, he now resolved to make a desperate effort to get to New York, feeling confident that the specimens he could take with him would convince someone of the superiority of his new method. He was beginning to understand the cause of his many failures, but he saw clearly that his compound could not be worked with certainty without expensive apparatus. It was a very delicate operation, requiring exactness and promptitude. The conditions upon which success depended were many, and the failure of one spoiled all. It cost him thousands of failures to learn that a little acid in his sulphur caused the blistering; that his compound must be heated almost immediately after being mixed or it would never vulcanize; that a portion of white lead in the compound greatly facilitated the operation and improved the result; and when he had learned these facts, it still required costly and laborious experiments to devise the best methods of compounding his ingredients in the best proportions, the best mode of heating, the proper duration of the heating, and the various useful effects that could be produced by varying the proportions and the degree of heat. He tells us that many times when, by exhausting every resource, he had prepared a quantity of his compound for heating, it was spoiled because he could not, with his inadequate apparatus, apply the heat soon enough.

To New York, then, he directed his thoughts. Merely to get there cost him a severer and a longer effort than men

in general are capable of making. First he walked to Boston, ten miles distant, where he hoped to borrow from an old acquaintance $50, with which to provide for his family and pay his fare to New York. He not only failed in this, but he was arrested for debt and thrown into prison. Even in prison, while his old father was negotiating to procure his release, he labored to interest men of capital in his discovery, and made proposals for founding a factory in Boston. Having obtained his liberty, he went to a hotel and spent a week in vain efforts to effect a small loan. Saturday night came, and with it his hotel bill, which he had no means of discharging. In an agony of shame and anxiety, he went to a friend and entreated the sum of $5 to enable him to return home. He was met with a point-blank refusal. In the deepest dejection, he walked the streets till late in the night, and strayed at length, almost beside himself, to Cambridge, where he ventured to call upon a friend and ask shelter for the night. He was hospitably entertained, and the next morning walked wearily home, penniless and despairing. At the door of his house a member of his family met him with the news that his youngest child, two years old, whom he had left in perfect health, was dying. In a few hours he had in his house a dead child, but not the means of burying it, and five living dependents without a morsel of food to give them. A storekeeper near by had promised to supply the family, but, discouraged by the unforeseen length of the father's absence, he had that day refused to trust them further. In

these terrible circumstances he applied to a friend, upon whose generosity he knew he could rely, one who never failed him. He received in reply a letter of severe and cutting reproach, enclosing $7, which his friend explained was given only out of pity for his innocent and suffering family. A stranger who chanced to be present when this letter arrived sent them a barrel of flour, a timely and blessed relief. The next day the family followed on foot the remains of the little child to the grave.

This was about the darkest hour of poor Goodyear's life, but it was before the dawn. He managed to obtain $50, with which he went to New York, and succeeded in interesting two brothers, William and Emory Rider, in his discoveries. They agreed to advance to him a certain sum to complete his experiments. By means of this aid he was enabled to keep his family from want, and his experiments were pursued with greater ease and certainty. His brother-in-law, William De Forrest, a rich wool manufacturer, also came to his aid, now that success seemed in view. Nevertheless, the experiments of that and the following year cost nearly $50,000. Thanks to this timely aid, he was able in 1844, ten years after beginning his work, to produce perfect vulcanized india-rubber with economy and certainty. To the end of his life he was at work, however, endeavoring to improve the material and apply it to new uses. He took out more than sixty patents covering different processes of making rubber goods.

If Goodyear had been a man of business instincts and habits, the years following the completion of his great work might have brought him an immense fortune; but everywhere he seems to have been unfortunate in protecting his rights. In France and England he lost his patent rights by technical defects. In the latter country another man, who had received a copy of the American patent, actually applied and obtained the English rights in his own name. Goodyear, however, obtained the great council medal at the London Exhibition of 1851, a grand medal at Paris, in 1855, and later the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. In this country he was scarcely less unfortunate. His patents were infringed right and left, he was cheated by business associates and plundered of the profits of his invention. The United States Commissioner of Patents, in 1858, thus spoke of his losses:

"No inventor, probably, has ever been so harassed, so trampled upon, so plundered by that sordid and licentious class of infringers known in the parlance of the world as 'pirates.' The spoliation of their incessant guerilla warfare upon his defenceless rights has unquestionably amounted to millions."

Goodyear died in New York in July, 1860, worn out with work and disappointment. Neither Europe nor America seemed disposed to accord him any reward or credit for having made one of the greatest discoveries of the time. Notwithstanding his invention, which has made millions for those engaged in working it, he died insolvent,

and left his family heavily in debt. A few years after his death an effort was made to procure from Congress an extension of his patent for the benefit of his family and creditors. The opposition of the men who had grown rich and powerful by successfully infringing his rights prevented that august body from doing justice in the matter and the effort came to nothing.

Jacob Riis
A Pilgrim from Denmark

(1849-1914: Denmark)

Though Denmark is one of the smallest countries of Europe, many brave pilgrims have sailed from its shores to make their homes in distant lands. Such a pilgrim was Jacob Riis, who came to the United States to become one of its noblest friends and helpers.

Let us visit him in his childhood home in the little town of Ribe, on the northern coast of Denmark. It is a quaint old place, with narrow streets paved with cobblestones. Overhead, dingy lanterns hang on iron chains that creak as the wind comes blowing in from the sea. During the evening the whale oil burning in the lanterns gives a light so dim that those walking along the streets can barely see their way. Through the long dark night a town crier goes up and down, calling the hours in a loud voice. The houses are roofed with red tiles, while here and there among the chimney tops we can see the nests of long-legged storks.

It was in such a red-tiled home, with a stork's nest in the chimney top, that Jacob Riis was born on the third of May, 1849.

When Jacob first opened his eyes, he found two brothers ready to welcome him. In course of time his parents had eleven more children to care for, ten of them boys. As if the dear mother did not have cares enough, she

took into her home and heart the girl child of her dead sister, to be the playmate of her little daughter.

Jacob's father was headmaster of the Latin School. His salary was small, so it was a constant problem to provide enough food for the big family of children who were ever as hungry as young robins.

Little Jacob had a stout, sturdy body, and he loved play so dearly that when the time came for him to go to school, he did not like the idea. Nevertheless, his father and mother said, "To school you must go." And after he was ready, the housemaid took him by the hand and dragged him down the street to the place he dreaded.

If there had been a sweet-voiced young teacher ready to receive him with a smile and kind words, the little boy's fear might have vanished. But alas! the schoolmistress into whose charge he was given was old and cross. "This new pupil must be mastered at once," she thought. "When he knows that he must obey the rules of the school, there will be no more trouble."

With this belief, she seized the frightened, struggling child, and carrying him to an empty hogshead outside of the door, pushed him into it and put on the cover. Then, placing her mouth at the bunghole and showing her ugly yellow teeth, she called out to him, "This is the way that bad boys are treated here."

Poor little Jacob! his misery was not over yet, for when recess came, this same cruel teacher led the boy out to a

nearby pigpen and pointed to a pig with a slit in his ear. "Look," she said, "that slit came from being lazy."

As she spoke, she held up a big pair of shears before Jacob's eyes. "Boys are not any better than pigs," she continued, "and some are even worse. Then they can know what to expect," and she opened and shut the shears angrily. With such a start as that, it is not strange that Jacob hated school.

"I will never be a teacher," he said to himself, though one of his father's dearest wishes was that this son should grow up to be a master in the Latin School. Jacob, however, was fond of reading, and no stories were so dear to him as the fairy tales of Hans Christian Andersen, who was himself a Dane. One of these fairy tales, in particular, deeply touched the heart of little Jacob. It was about the Christmas Tree that was so tiny the hare jumped over it.

How Jacob loved Christmas! No other holiday seemed so beautiful and perfect. All his life he tried to bring as much of the Christmas joy as possible to children. In Denmark the Christmas festival lasts a whole week. No school, no hard tasks, from the eve of the greatest day in the whole year till after New Year's Day! For days and weeks beforehand the children looked forward to the coming of the "Holy Eve."

Then it was that Jacob's father gathered his family together and went with them to the cathedral, where tens of dozens of tall wax candles shed a soft light over all.

There the little boy joined with the crowd of people in singing Christmas songs about the infant Jesus and his birth in a manger on that far-off day which now seemed very, very near to the child.

Christmas day brought its gifts and frolics, as did the next day and the next, and so on till the festival week came to an end, with long sighs from Jacob because he must wait nearly a whole year before the glad time should come again.

When Jacob was only a little fellow, it troubled him to know that others were poor and needy and that children like himself were brought up in dirty and untidy places. He was about twelve years old when he took his first step towards helping such children. There was a certain tenement house on the outskirts of the town, which the boys named "Rag Hall." The people who lived there were poor and shiftless. Jacob did not like the idea of there being such a place as Rag Hall.

Christmas Eve came, and with it the gift of a silver coin worth about twenty-five cents in American money. Jacob decided at once how to use this sum which to him seemed large. He went to the poorest family in Rag Hall and gave his money to the father. "But this is on the condition that you clean up your tenement," he told the man. "Also you must tidy up the children." A queer look came into the man's face. Perhaps he felt ashamed. He took the money, though he afterwards went to Jacob's house to ask if it

were all right for him to receive it. This led the boy's mother to take an interest in the family; through her the place was put in order and the dirty children were made much cleaner.

Long flat meadows stretched for miles around Jacob's home. In the summer the wide pastures of green grass looked very beautiful to the little boy. It made him feel free and happy to look off, off, over the meadows to the blue sea beyond. At such times the world seemed vast and wonderful, and Jacob was filled with a longing to go out into it in search of adventures.

In whatever direction he turned his eyes, there was only one hill to be seen, and that was down near the shore. It was called Castle Hill because long years ago, when brave Vikings sailed away from Ribe in their high-prowed ships and the fighting kings of Denmark had their home in Ribe, a noble fortress stood on that height. When Jacob was born, there was nothing left of the fortress save only the moats at the foot of the hill. In the long-ago, ships sailed into the moats from the ocean outside. Now, however, the moats were filled with tall water reeds which swayed constantly as the ocean breezes swept over them.

Here Jacob and his boy friends spent many happy hours playing. Hiding from each other among the reeds, they pretended to hunt the creatures of the jungle. Again and again they pictured for themselves the dangers of sudden surprise from wild animals. Sometimes, when the

boys were tired of this sport, they would lie quietly among the tall grasses and tell each other stories of the old Vikings, or of the wonderful lands beyond their own country, where the people sent messages to each other by flashes across a wire, and traveled in boats and cars moved by the power of steam. What if the older people in Ribe shook their heads at the inventions of other lands! What if they were satisfied to light fires by striking the flint in their tinder boxes! And what if they wrote their letters with quills made from goose feathers! Jacob, for his part, and other young folks like him, were interested in the new ways that crept very slowly into little, old-fashioned Ribe.

As boys like excitement, Jacob must have been glad when the strong northwest winds began to blow. Then the sea came sweeping in over the land, covering the low meadows with water. There must be quick work now for both men and boys, as they hurried out to drive the cattle into safe shelter. At such times partridges and hares, usually shy, came hurrying from the lowlands to the roadways. Hundreds of field mice scampered after them. Foxes were driven in fright from their dens and appeared among the fleeing throng of wild creatures.

Sometimes the inrush of the sea came during the night. Then Jacob, lying in his snug bed, would be suddenly awakened by the watchman as he shouted the alarm through the streets. The boy's heart would leap at the sound.

More than once the flood came in so fast that sheep and cattle were drowned before they could be brought back to safety. At such times Jacob watched for the mailcoach making its way into Ribe. The driver managed to remain on the causeway by means of white posts on either side, but the road itself was deep in water, and the horses were scarcely able to keep on their feet as they plunged madly along.

Sometimes the tide rushed into the very streets of the town, where Jacob and his playmates could now fish to their hearts' content, though the strong wind brought many a tile flying down about their heads from the roofs above. The dodging of the tiles, however, only added to the sport.

When Jacob was fifteen, he did not like school much better than on that first day when the ugly teacher shut him up in the hogshead. It was now time to decide what should be his work in life.

"I want to learn the trade of a carpenter," he told his father. The good man was greatly disappointed to hear this because, as the headmaster of the Latin School, he belonged to the best society of Ribe.

And now Jacob wished to be only a carpenter, when he might just as well be a Latin teacher! It was too bad! "Still, if the boy's heart is set on learning a trade," thought his father, "it would be foolish to try to force him into what he would not enjoy. Moreover, there is a good carpenter

in town. My son shall be apprenticed to him for a year, and by that time the charm of the chisel and adze may wear off." Accordingly, the good man made a bargain with the carpenter, and the boy began to learn his trade.

While Jacob was still in school, he had not cared much for girls. There was one named Elizabeth whom the other boys liked very much. She had golden curls and long lashes over beautiful eyes, and a pretty little figure. She was so graceful that Jacob often heard his playmates offering marbles and brass buttons to each other for a promised dance with the lovely Elizabeth at the dancing school. He could not understand why boys could be so interested in one particular girl. "Pooh!" he thought, "girls are just girls, and not one of them is worth a brass button."

It happened that Elizabeth lived on the other side of the Nibs River, which ran through the town and out to the sea. She had been adopted by a rich aunt and uncle, and her home was so grand that people spoke of it as "The Castle."

Soon after Jacob began to learn his trade he was given work in the factory owned by Elizabeth's rich father. Then came a very important day in Jacob's life. At first it seemed like every other day. He went to work as usual, and at the usual time he shouldered his tools and started homeward over the bridge. But, as he set foot on the shaking boards, he saw at the other end a pretty little girl hurrying on her way to The Castle.

It was Elizabeth, with her golden curls tossing about her face, bronze shoes on her shapely feet, and a bundle of schoolbooks in one hand. She came nearer and nearer; the two passed, and the girl's merry eyes gave one roguish look upward. And then, then! Jacob's heart beat fast, and he understood why the other boys had been willing to trade marbles and brass buttons for one dance with Elizabeth. He had been whistling as he walked along; now he stood silent, watching for a last look. As Elizabeth reached the end of the bridge, she threw one laughing glance at the watcher and then passed onward.

After that meeting on the bridge, the thought of Elizabeth was mixed up in Jacob's mind with the ax and the adze. Why, one day he actually cut off one of his fingers when he was trying to work while Elizabeth was skipping about around the lumber.

The finger was put in place by a surgeon, but the joint was stiff for the rest of the young fellow's life. After that accident, the boy even fell off the roof of a house while he was trying to see the last of Elizabeth as she turned the corner of the street. In consequence, he had to carry his arm in a sling for a long time. But this pleased him.

Would not Elizabeth pity him and look upon him as a hero? With his arm still in the sling, he joined the dancing school to which she belonged and claimed the right to choose his partner before any one else because he was the biggest boy there.

He was awkward and clumsy, and Elizabeth seemed far from pleased at his choosing her. Besides, all the other boys and girls laughed at his boldness. What did he care? He had won Elizabeth, and that was enough.

By the time the dancing school came to an end, Jacob's father decided that the boy had better go to Copenhagen to learn more of his trade under a great builder in that city. An older brother was studying to be a physician in Copenhagen, and the third day after Jacob's arrival, he arranged to meet him at an art exhibition in the palace of Charlottenborg.

When the country lad arrived at the entrance of the grand building, he discovered that the stairs led up in two directions.

"Which is the one I should take?" he asked himself. As he stood there wondering, a handsome gentleman in a blue overcoat came towards him.

"Can I help you?" asked the gentleman.

Jacob told him his trouble.

"I will show you the way to the art collection," the stranger said kindly, and Jacob, pleased to have a companion, talked freely as the two made their way up the stairs together.

The stranger asked many questions about Jacob's home and school, and why he had left Ribe; after

answering them, Jacob praised the people of Copenhagen, saying they had been very kind to him since his arrival.

By this time the two had reached a door opening into the gallery. An attendant in red uniform standing there made a deep bow as Jacob and his noble-looking companion passed in. Jacob bowed in return, saying to his companion, "There, that is the way I have been treated everywhere."

The gentleman laughed heartily; at the same time he pointed to a door leading into the art gallery. "You will find your brother in there," he said. "Good-bye." A moment afterwards Jacob was so busy looking at the beautiful pictures in the gallery and talking of them to his brother, that the thought of the kind stranger passed out of his mind.

By and by, however, the two youths were tired and sat down to rest. Then Jacob spoke of his guide. At that very moment the gentleman appeared, looked toward Jacob, and smiled.

"There he is," said the boy, with an answering nod. But his brother jumped up and hurriedly made a deep bow. Then, as the gentleman moved away, he whispered: "You don't mean to say that he was your guide! Why, that was the King!"

Jacob could scarcely speak for astonishment. Up to this time kings had never seemed to him like real people. They belonged among fairies and other wonderful beings,

and now, this very day, the Good King, as he was justly called by the Danish people, had been his companion. He was a fortunate youth indeed.

Jacob spent four years in Copenhagen. Within that time Elizabeth made several visits to the city. During her first visit the boy called on her, but Elizabeth's father shortly afterwards made him understand that he was not to come again. The rich man thought, no doubt, that a poor carpenter was no fit company for a young girl who lived in a castle. Later on, Elizabeth came to Copenhagen to attend a fashionable school, and though Jacob was not allowed to visit her, he kept watch of her all the time.

Once she was ill. "I will send her flowers," thought the boy. As he had no spare money, he pawned his best trousers, and so got a dollar to spend for the flowers. Long afterwards he learned what happened to his gift: the young girl's friends teased her so much at receiving flowers from a carpenter that she threw them away.

The four years came to an end at last, and Jacob, after receiving a gold medal, and a certificate saying that he was a member of the guild of Copenhagen, hurried back to Ribe. When he had left the little town, every one knew that he loved Elizabeth and laughed at him. On his return, his mind had not changed; he was now determined to ask Elizabeth to marry him.

"Foolish fellow!" said the people, when they heard that Jacob had asked and had been refused. "Foolish

fellow!" they repeated. "As if a poor working-man could expect to win the hand of a beautiful princess!"

Elizabeth was sorry for Jacob. Her eyes filled with tears as she told him that he had no chance; she pitied him so deeply that she let him kiss her hand as he left her. But even now he did not give up hope, though he decided to go far away from Ribe and the girl he loved.

One spring morning Jacob mounted the stagecoach which he had watched thundering over the causeway so many times in his boyhood. He was bound for America. With a last good-bye to the dear mother who had come to see him off, he settled down for the long journey, carrying with him two things that were very precious, Elizabeth's picture and a lock of her hair. Her mother, in pity, had given these to him. Whenever he might be sad or homesick, he felt he would get courage and strength from the thought of these possessions.

On Whitsunday, 1870, Jacob Riis sailed into New York Harbor, after a long, rough voyage. Heavy storms had swept the deck nearly all the time, but now the sun shone brightly, the air was clear, and the new world looked very beautiful to the young pilgrim.

Jacob doubtless gasped as he looked ahead at the great city with its many buildings reaching far upwards towards the sky.

What was waiting for the Danish youth? Surely he would fall upon some good fortune in a land so vast and

wonderful as America! To tell the truth, he was already tired of his trade, and he hoped to find some new work which would enable him to climb the ladder of success more quickly.

In old Ribe, Jacob had read many stories of American Indians and buffaloes, and of white hunters with big revolvers and powerful horses. A wild country full of adventure, this was the picture in the youth's mind as he started on his first walk through New York's busy streets. To his surprise, these streets were paved, and long rows of buildings shut out the sunlight. There was not an Indian or a buffalo in sight!

"Nevertheless, I must buy a revolver," Jacob said to himself, for an old Western gold-digger who had visited Ribe told him that all Americans carried revolvers. Without delay, therefore, the newcomer purchased a big revolver, though it took half the money he possessed. Strapping it on his back, he walked up Broadway, feeling that he now looked like a real American. Alas! he was soon stopped by a policeman. Tapping the revolver with his club, he said to Jacob: "You may get robbed if you carry that weapon. Better leave it at home."

He spoke pleasantly, for he had doubtless discovered that the young man was a stranger, and ignorant of the ways of American cities. He went on to explain that it would be best to put the revolver away. After Jacob had followed the policeman's advice, he went in search of the

Danish consul, and another gentleman who had been wrecked on the coast of Denmark and saved by a friend of Jacob's father.

He had letters from home for these two men. "They will help me get a good position," Jacob thought hopefully. To his great disappointment, he found that both gentlemen were in Europe.

"I can get something to do by my own trying," he now said to himself. He started out, going from one place to another. Over and over again he heard the same words, "We have no use for you." Four days went by. The small sum in the youth's pocket was almost spent, while hope of work in the city was fast fading.

Jacob now went back to Castle Garden where he had landed. He found a missionary who was getting a band of men together to go out to Brady's Bend, on the Allegheny River. There were iron mines there, and men were needed. As the fare to Brady's Bend would be paid by the company of the iron works, Jacob agreed to go and was soon on his way with a group of other immigrants. In the company was a big German named Adler with whom the young Dane soon became friends.

When Jacob reached Brady's Bend, he was set to work building huts for the miners. During the day he had no time to be homesick; but when evening came, and he went to the cheerless boarding-house, pictures came into his

mind of the cheerful and cozy home in Ribe with the busy mother bustling about and serving her dear ones.

As the maid washed the dishes afterwards, she kept singing, "The letter that never came." This seemed the last straw, for up to this time Jacob had not heard from his family. Outdoors it was almost as bad; the homesick youth felt as though he were in prison when he looked off towards the hills that shut him in on all sides.

The thought of dear old Ribe with its wide-stretching meadows and long sunsets made the young fellow sadder than ever. At such times it seemed as though he could not stay in America.

After Jacob had worked for some time at his trade, he had a chance to try mining. So, one morning, Jacob and his friend Adler started forth with their pickaxes, and lamps fixed in their hats, to dig coal out of the mountain side. They made their way into a dark cavern in the earth. Water dripped down upon them from the walls overhead; their feet kept striking against jagged rocks which lay in their path.

At last they reached a coal chamber where they set to work, down on their knees, digging out the coal with their pickaxes. It was a damp, gloomy place, and the work itself was harder than they had dreamed. Time never seemed to pass so slowly. At last, when in the late afternoon a large stone fell from the roof and the two workers barely

escaped being killed by it, they decided that mining was not to their taste.

"Never again," thought young Riis, "will I try the life of a miner." Once more he went back to his carpentering and worked at his trade till midsummer. Then word came to the little mining town that France and Prussia were about to engage in war, and Denmark, who had a bitter grudge against Prussia, would probably take the part of France.

When Jacob heard the news, one thought seized him: he would go home to fight for his country. Perhaps he would win honor as a soldier, and then Elizabeth—who could tell what might happen? He rushed to the office of the mining company to give notice, then on to his boarding-house to pack his trunk.

With this on his back, he started for the railroad station from which a train would shortly leave for the East. Our pilgrim did not have money enough to pay his way farther than Buffalo, but he knew that there were many Frenchmen there. "No doubt," thought he, "they will speed me on my way." Jacob's hopes failed him in Buffalo, and he was obliged to pawn his trunk to get money for the rest of the journey. He reached New York with one cent.

"Ah, but here I will find the Danish consul and many French people," he thought. "Without doubt, the French in the city will be fitting out troops to cross the ocean."

Again Jacob's hopes had a sad fall. The Danish consul could only take his name as ready to go to Denmark if he

were needed, while no volunteer troops were being mustered by the French.

That night Jacob walked the streets, wondering what to do next. He was alone and penniless. In his hand he carried a bag containing all the clothing he now owned—a linen duster and a pair of socks. Before morning came, the young man had made up his mind what to do: he would seek work in the country.

Turning his back on the hateful city, he trudged mile after mile. When he was too tired to go farther, he crept into a milk-wagon standing on the roadside and was soon fast asleep. Before daybreak, however, the driver appeared; quickly discovering Jacob and thinking him a common tramp, he threw him out of the wagon.

Again the poor fellow tramped on. At noon he reached the beautiful grounds of Fordham College, which he entered, too tired and faint to think of a reason for doing so. A kind monk came towards him and said tenderly, "Are you not hungry?" Jacob, proud though he was, was too weak to say no, and a good meal was soon set before him.

He left the college grounds, filled with gratitude to the good monk who had given so freely and kindly to a stranger. That night he found work with a truck farmer who hired him to hoe cucumbers for the next three days. After this Jacob went from one place to another, earning scarcely enough money to buy food. At night he slept in

the fields. How different it was in the homeland across the water! If he were only there, how happy he would be!

"Perhaps," thought the homesick youth, "there may yet be a chance for volunteers to be sent from New York. I had better go back."

Once more, after a two days' tramp in the rain, Jacob arrived in the great city where he read in a paper, the New York Sun, that a French regiment was being fitted out. Without a thought of what a sorry-looking figure he was in his bedraggled clothes, he sought the noted editor of the paper, Mr. Charles A. Dana. When young Riis told his errand, that great man shook his head.

"Sometimes," he said smiling, "editors do not know all that is printed in their papers." Then, looking sharply at Jacob, he asked if he had had any breakfast. Offering him a dollar, he advised him to give up the war. Hungry and penniless as he was, Jacob proudly spurned the money.

"I came here to enlist, not to beg money for breakfast," he said, and dashed out of the office, though the very word breakfast had made him hungrier than ever. He knew that he must eat; so, making his way to a pawnshop, he gave the man his top-boots in return for a dollar, and this was soon exchanged for a good dinner and a ticket that would carry him some distance from the city.

Hard times continued to befall young Riis. He worked for a few days in a clay pit, where he was ill-treated and sent away without any pay. That night he slept on a stone

slab in a graveyard, which made a warmer and more comfortable bed, he thought, than the damp grass. Then came six weeks in a brickyard where the young man carted clay. It was an easy job, but the pay was so small that Jacob could not save much towards passage home, and he was too proud to write to his parents for help.

"Perhaps," he thought, "a regiment of French volunteers will yet leave this country." And when one evening he read that such a regiment was really about to start, he hurried again to New York, Alas! he was much too late, for when he reached the city, he found that the regiment had already sailed. He now tried to get a chance to work his passage, willing even to be a stoker if he might get to the other side of the great Atlantic.

But one failure followed another, so once more he sought work in the city. Day after day he walked the streets, trying to forget the hunger that gnawed at his stomach, and always looking for something, anything, to do. At night he slept in empty ash bins, or perhaps in some deep doorway. He made the acquaintance of other men who were wandering about the city like himself, without work, homeless, hungry, penniless.

There were bright spots even in those sad weeks, for Jacob's evening walks took him past the kitchen window of a big restaurant. There was a good-natured French cook in that kitchen, and when he saw Jacob's hungry face

looking longingly at the piles of good things inside, he would hand out rolls and meat bones to the waif.

Could Jacob, proud as he was, even though near starving, accept the food, you may wonder. Yes, and with good grace. "The French owe me a living," he thought. "At least, I have tried to help them." But winter was fast coming on, and such a life as this could not continue when the weather got much colder. Then came a night when the rain fell hard, and the cold clutched at the very heart of the poor young fellow. He sat upon a wall above the North River, listening to the roll of the water as it struck against the wharf. His clothes were drenched; he had had no supper; he was alone in a strange land. Why should he struggle any longer? How easy it would be to end it all! The thought made him move nearer the edge of the dark stream. Suppose—for an answer there came a soft whine. At the same time a live, loving something pushed itself against his side.

It was only a homeless little dog which had made friends with Jacob during one of his many lonesome nights, and had followed him ever since. Jacob took a long breath. His body was still cold and wet and hungry, but his heart was no longer frozen. Taking the little pup in his arms, he left the lonely river and went back to the streets and the crowds. A dog had saved his life that he might yet save the lives of thousands of human beings. But this is getting ahead of our story.

The rain fell hard and fast as young Riis, with his dog friend behind him, kept on his walk through the streets. Twelve o'clock struck. "I must get shelter of some kind," thought the wanderer. "I would perish if I stayed out in this storm all night."

But he could think of only one place where a man without money could get shelter. This was the police station, where even tramps were allowed to spend the night. Jacob sadly made his way to the station and asked if he might sleep in the free lodging room. "Yes," said the sergeant. But when he discovered the little dog stowed away under the young man's thin coat, he added, "You must leave that dog outside."

There was no help for it. Leaving his poor little friend on the stoop, Jacob entered the station house and was shown into the big bare lodging room already packed with a crowd of low, filthy tramps.

Stretching himself out among them on a plank, he fell asleep. Towards morning he waked up with a start, having a dim notion that he had lost something. He stretched his hand under his shirt to see if the gold locket containing a certain yellow curl was safe. It was gone! One of those wretched tramps must have stolen it while he was asleep. Springing up, he rushed to the sergeant and cried, "I have been robbed of my gold locket."

The sergeant only scowled. "H'm! how did you, a tramp boy, come by a gold locket?" he said scornfully.

Jacob answered hotly, and the sergeant, calling the doorman, ordered him to put the boy out. A moment afterwards Jacob was being kicked through the doorway outside which a shivering little dog had lain patiently waiting for his coming. It sprang up as he saw how its friend was being treated and leaped upon the doorman, biting him in the leg.

A moment afterwards, a dead dog was lying at Jacob's feet; the doorman had beaten its life out against the stone steps. The sight made Jacob lose all sense, and he acted like a madman. Rushing to the gutter, he picked up stones which he hurled at the windows of the station house. The sergeant, who now felt that he had gone too far, called two policemen.

"Take the fellow away," he ordered, and Jacob was led down the street to the ferry. "Only to get away from the hateful city!" thought the young man. Turning to the ferryman, he said: "I have no money, but if you will let me cross the river with you, I will give you this." He handed the man a silk handkerchief, the only thing he now owned that was worth offering.

When the short ride was over, Jacob had decided what to do next. He would make his way to Philadelphia where he had relatives. Up to this time he had been too proud to ask their help, but now he saw that he must swallow his pride.

After a four days' hard tramp, the wanderer found himself in the "City of Brotherly Love." And then came kind friends, good food, and rest for the worn-out body. As soon as Jacob was strong enough, his friends sent him to western New York, where he boarded with one of their old schoolmates and cut down trees for a living. It was a happy winter, for Jacob was young and brave.

"Everything will come out as I wish," he believed, and in his daydreams he pictured himself meeting with success after success, even to the winning of the young princess Elizabeth. Spring came, and though work gave out, the young man was still happy. The kind people with whom he had been living went away, but he was allowed to remain in the house.

Though he still found no place where he could get work, he managed to support himself by hunting the wild creatures in the country around him. He caught many a rabbit and squirrel; better still, he trapped a great number of muskrats, whose skins he sold for twenty cents apiece.

Jacob's housekeeping gave him a good deal of fun. His cooking must have been quite wonderful. Long afterwards he wrote a description of the first omelet he made; it was made of apple sauce, strawberry jam, raisins, bacon, and milk. Baking powder was added to this remarkable mixture to make the omelet light; but strange to say, the baking powder did not do the work expected of it. The omelet was as heavy as lead! Jacob soon got tired of his

lonely housekeeping, and the longing to seek adventure seized him once more.

Without knowing it young Riis had been a soldier ever since his arrival in the United States. He had had many battles already; and there were many more to come. After leaving Jamestown, he found work as the "hired man" of a physician. He learned how to milk a cow; he planted the garden; between times he helped the physician's son with his Greek lessons.

The doctor's quiet home soon became tiresome, and once more the young man sought city life. He went to Buffalo where he worked first in a lumber yard and then in the factory of a cabinet maker. Failing to get his pay, he got a job in a planing mill. Again he was treated badly. Then came work on a new railroad outside of Buffalo, but it was too hard; Jacob did not have strength to keep on. He went away, much discouraged. But there came a bit of a sunrise in Jacob's sky when, after a fifty-mile walk without stopping or eating, he got a steady job with a shipbuilder. During the winter at the shipyard, he decided on his life work.

"I will be a reporter," he said. "No one can do as much, and for so many people, as a writer for the newspapers. He has a chance to tell thousands of people about the wrong things that are taking place. Not only this, he can wake up his readers to the need of doing away with those wrongs."

After some months of shipbuilding, the young man got a position as salesman. He went about the country, selling first furniture, then flatirons. This work brought him so much money that he was able to start a bank account. Then came a bad turn in the business, after which young Riis was seized with a fever. While weak and suffering, the young fellow got news from home: Elizabeth was soon to marry a young lieutenant.

He had been lonely and sad before. Now he did not care to get well. The fever clutched him harder than ever, burning so fiercely that for weeks the sick man did not know what was going on about him. At last the fever left him, and his strength slowly returned; and after a while, he became strong enough to go once more "on the road" selling flatirons.

He gradually drifted back again to New York, where he decided to learn telegraphy. He could sell his goods during the morning and study in the afternoon. One day, as he glanced over the morning paper, he saw an advertisement which interested him. A city editor was wanted for a Long Island paper. Jacob had always enjoyed writing and had, as we know, dreamed of becoming a reporter.

He went at once in search of the position and secured it at a salary of eight dollars a week. He was soon hard at work writing newspaper articles and at the same time making discoveries. In the first place, it was a poor sort of

a paper; in the second, it always seemed in trouble. In fact, it was an everyday matter for the editor-in-chief to get a thrashing. Once it was given him by a coachman, whom he had angered by something he had printed in his paper. At another time, he was knocked down the stairs by his washwoman, because he failed to pay his bill.

"This is no place for me," thought Jacob, when he could not get his own pay at the end of two weeks, and he left the Long Island paper. He was a wanderer again. Ah! but he had a loving comrade, a big Newfoundland pup, Bob, whose tail was always ready to wag in sympathy. Jacob, with Bob for company, spent the next four days trying to sell books. It was hard to find any one who cared to buy, so the poor fellow often went hungry.

One evening he sat down on a doorstep, tired and hungry after a day in which there had not been a single sale. Night was coming on, and there was not a cent in his pocket. Discouraged and hopeless, he sat thinking of the three long years he had spent in America without success. What was the use of trying any longer?

And then a cheery voice asked, "What are you doing here?" It was the principal of the school where Jacob had studied telegraphy. And before he left, he told the young man of a place that was open for a reporter, the very thing Jacob would like above everything else in the world. More than this, he wrote a note for his friend to carry to the editor, asking him to hire Mr. Riis.

That night Jacob prayed earnestly. He was grateful to God for His love and care, and asked that he might be strong in the work for which he had longed, and which he believed was now ahead of him. Things had taken a turn for the better at last.

Early the next morning found Jacob Riis standing before an editor of the New York News Association. After a few questions and the reading of the note, the editor gave the young man a desk at which he was to do his writing. Then came an order: "Go to the Astor House to the lunch of the Old Guard going on there, and write a report of the lunch."

Jacob must have done good work with that report; half-starved as he was, the sight and smell of the food probably stirred him to the utmost. At any rate, the editor was so well pleased that he offered young Riis a steady position with good pay, and the world began to look very bright. The road of the young reporter was not altogether smooth, but he managed to make his way over the bumps safely, and in the month of May, 1874, he obtained a still better position than that on Newspaper Row. He became editor of a paper in South Brooklyn at fifteen dollars a week.

The year afterwards he was not only the editor, but the owner of the newspaper. He had to pay the former owners six hundred and fifty dollars, and it required the hardest work to raise even so small a sum. But the young man was

determined to succeed because there was new hope in his heart. Elizabeth's lover, so he heard, had died, and perhaps perhaps, he might win her yet.

He wrote every word in the paper himself; he did all the reporting, all the editing and publishing; he worked day and night. Sometimes he slept on the printing-house counter to be sure of waking early enough in the morning to collect boys to sell the newspapers. And when at last the day came that the paper was entirely paid for and had a big sale, what do you think Jacob Riis did? He sat down and wrote a letter to Elizabeth. He told her the story of his life in America, and of his unchanging love for her.

Many months went by without an answer. And then, when Mr. Riis was least expecting it, he found the longed-for letter on his desk. It showed him that Elizabeth was lonely as well as he, and that—well, if he would come for her some day, she would return to America with him as his wife. As Jacob read the letter, he was so happy that he laughed aloud. He had spent six long, hard years in America, but little did the young man care, now that the present was full of joy. Not long afterwards a telegram sped across the ocean to the little town of Ribe. It told that Jacob Riis was coming back to claim the girl he had always loved.

What a joyous homecoming that was! Jacob's mother wept for very happiness, and when his father read from the Holy Book, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto

Thy name give glory for Thy mercy," the good man himself broke down. As for the two lovers, it is not needful to tell of their happiness. The next few days were busy ones, for preparations had to be made for the wedding. It took place in the dear old cathedral, where both Elizabeth and Jacob had been baptized when babies. It was packed with the people of Ribe, for old and young wanted to see the young couple made man and wife.

Every one loved Elizabeth and wished to do something for her. Indeed, on the morning of the great day, many feeble old women, who had been made richer by the young girl's smiles, made their way to "The Castle" to carry flowers from the plants grown in their windows during the cold, dark winter. Such flowers the Danish people say have been "loved up." The fair bride wore some of them as she went to the altar that March day in old-fashioned Ribe.

When Jacob Riis landed in America for the second time, the new world seemed quite a different place from that day when he expected to find Indians and buffaloes close at hand. He knew what to expect and that busy days were ahead, for he was still a poor man. But now there was Elizabeth to cheer him, and Elizabeth to work for.

The two set up housekeeping in a modest little home and began to make experiments together in cooking. "I am not going to be left out here," thought the young husband. In fact, he took as much interest in his wife's cake-making

as in his newspaper work. Wonderful cake it was sometimes, when it refused to rise and came out of the oven as solid as when it went in. And their first chicken! The longer it cooked, the tougher it became. What did it matter, after all, when Elizabeth looked only more rosy and beautiful for her vain efforts? Chicken was of little value beside the smiles of the charming young housekeeper.

Soon after Mr. Riis brought his young wife to America, he became a reporter on one of the leading New York papers. It was hard work, and the pay was small. The young man had to "keep eyes and ears open," as we say. He must be on the watch day and night for important news. He soon proved that he was equal to his position. The most terrible storm did not keep him from his duty; he told the truth; he was quick and keen, and he could see the funny, as well as the serious side of things. So it happened that one day the editor called him to his desk. "I am going to send you to Police Headquarters," he said. "Our man there has left. The one who takes his place must be able to tell the truth and stick to it. You will find plenty of fighting before you."

To become a reporter at Police Headquarters was a big step for a young man. Mr. Riis knew this and he also knew that he had to fill the hardest place on the newspaper. It meant danger, for his work lay largely among the lowest people in the city. But there would also be the greatest possible chance to do good.

Not long before, Mr. Riis had felt a desire to become a minister, but a good friend of his, himself a minister, said: "No, no, Jacob, not that. We have preachers enough. What the world needs is consecrated pens." The chance had now come to consecrate his pen to the help of the worst and most unhappy people in New York City.

"I will do my best," thought the young man. But before he set to work he thought of his young wife in the little home across the river. "I must let her know," he said to himself, "for the news of my advancement will make her glad." Accordingly he sent off this telegram: "Got staff appointment, Police Headquarters. $25. a week. Hurrah!"

There was little rest for Mr. Riis now. In the first place, he had to get acquainted with that part of the city where the Police Headquarters was. There was a network of crooked, dirty streets filled with tenement houses, many of which were unfit to live in. Out from and behind these were crooked and narrow alleys where the tenements were worse and still more unhealthy to live in.

In these tenements two millions of people were packed together, ten, twenty, and even more sometimes sleeping together in a single room. Little children, thousands of them, grew up in these dark, filthy homes; countless babies were born there, many of them to die for lack of fresh air and sunshine.

Bottle Alley, Hell's Kitchen, Bandits' Roost—such were the names of the by-ways through which Mr. Riis

made his way on many a dark night. Why, you may ask. Because something was always happening in such places. Perhaps it was a fight; perhaps it was a fire; perhaps it was a robbery. At any rate, as a police reporter, it was his business to find out about all the trouble in the city. And most of this trouble was to be found in that terrible quarter.

The pitiful discoveries the young man made in those days kept his kind heart aching. For instance, a chance story of need brought him, in the midst of a bitter storm, to a bare attic room into which the rain was beating heavily. On a rough bed he found a man lying ill and close to death, with no one to care for him or speak a kindly word. The reporter found that this lonely sufferer was a French nobleman and the last of an old, old family.

Words idly picked up in the street might lead Mr. Riis to a mother caring for her brood of little ones in a room high up in some tumble-down tenement where the sunlight never came to cheer them, and where the mother's hands could not work fast enough sewing for some "sweat shop" to keep the gaunt wolf, Hunger, from the door. In one such place Mr. Riis found the mother doing her best to make the dark little tenement somewhat like a home.

A small boy stood at the window, looking out into the narrow space between the walls of two tall buildings. His eyes were filled with longing. If only the sun might strike

his window for a few minutes, just a few minutes each day! Beyond him was a tenement where the sunlight did fall; but alas, it cost more than his parents could afford.

Among people such as these, as well as among the drunken and wicked, Mr. Riis found his work. "The tenements must be made better," he thought. "Every one has a right to sunlight and fresh air, and children should have playgrounds. If people have a chance to live differently, they will not only be stronger, but better."

"They will not try," Mr. Riis went on thinking, "till the places where they live are made clean, and the sunlight and fresh air can enter freely. Many of the tenements should be torn down; others should be improved; fewer people should be allowed to live in one tenement. The children moreover, should have playgrounds and schools."

The kind-hearted, earnest man wrote articles for the newspapers, telling of the bad conditions he had discovered. He tried to put his own heartache for the people of the slums into these articles, so that his readers might be roused to make reforms. He worked so hard that he could not have stood the strain, had it not been for his own happy home where a cheery wife and little children with bright faces and merry laughter were ever ready to welcome him.

When Mr. Riis was with these dear ones, he couldn't be sad even if he wished. But, bless you, he didn't wish. He

was only too glad to forget for a little while that there were other children over on the East Side of New York who didn't know what flowers and sunshine, plenty of good food, loving smiles, and kind words might mean.

By and by, after scarlet fever had made a disagreeable visit to the Riis household, its master decided that his children must have the real country to grow up in. He had found the very place among the hills of Long Island, where there were trees, and room enough for a big garden. A happy family soon moved to Richmond Hill as the new home was called. There were wide fields near the house, where daisies grew in the summer. The Riis children took great delight in picking large bunches of these and bringing them to their father when he was ready to go to his day's work in the city.

"Give the posies to the poors," they would say, with pitying love for the children who were not as blest as they. And when night came and Mr. Riis returned, he would have an interesting story to tell of the children who crowded about him as soon as he landed in the city and begged for a few flowers. Some of them even cried when the last of the flowers had been given away, and they had received none.

Mr. Riis now wrote an article for the newspapers, asking other people who had gardens to remember the sad little folks of the slums. He was quickly answered. Boxes, barrels, yes, wagonloads of flowers came pouring into the

reporter's office. The happiness these brought to the poor couldn't be measured. Among them were immigrants from sunny Italy who had never had a flower since they landed in New York. The faces of these Italians shone with delight at the good sight. "May the Lord bless you," they cried, now one and now another, as Mr. Riis handed out bunches of beautiful blossoms.

Giving flowers was a light and pleasant task. But the great work to which Mr. Riis had set himself was one that required years of steady will and thought. To clean the streets of the slums, to let in the sunlight, to tear down unhealthy tenements and have playgrounds for the children in their places, to make good schools, to get the meanest quarter of all, the Mulberry Street Bend, changed into a beautiful park,—these were some of the things which the pilgrim from Denmark, himself a poor and little known man, determined should be done.

For a long time Mr. Riis made small headway. Though he wrote story after story about the slums for the newspapers, he failed to get much done to change the terrible conditions. He wondered how sensible, kind-hearted people could read about "The Other Half," and then forget how that "Other Half" lived and suffered.

"I must find a way to touch the hearts of my readers," he thought, and at last he succeeded. One morning, while he was eating breakfast, he glanced over a newspaper. All of a sudden he cried out. What news could have so startled

her husband, his wife wondered. It was simply this: over in Germany a discovery had been made by which pictures could be taken by flashlight even in the darkest places.

"I have it. I have it," thought Mr. Riis.

Have what, you may wonder. Just this: if pictures could be taken by flashlight, Mr. Riis, with the help of the police, could make his way into the worst of the tenements and carry away terrible and fearful pictures. When his readers should see these, they would understand what was going on in the slums better than words could tell them.

Within two weeks from the day when Mr. Riis read of the flashlight pictures, he had made his plans. With a member of the health department, two photographers, and a policeman or two, he began his work. He found small, unaired rooms, where the lodgers lay packed close together on the floor, almost as close, in fact, as layers of figs. "Five cents a spot" these people paid for one night's rest in such places. Far worse things even than this the flashlight revealed, and pictures were taken that could not be blotted out from the minds of those who saw them afterwards.

Were not the people in the tenements angry at being surprised in the middle of the night? They had no time to get angry. They were filled with terror at the sudden light flashed upon them, the loud report as the picture was taken, and the sight of strangers armed with revolvers. At that early time, it must be explained, flashlights were

loaded in cartridges which were fired off as each picture was taken.

Well, to make a long story short, the flashlight had a large share in making the dreams of the good Dane "come true." When men and women saw for themselves how the children of the slums were growing up; when they looked at the pictures of the damp cellars and filthy garrets in which old and young were herded together like so many cattle; when these pictures brought them face to face with sickness, suffering, and wickedness, they said, "The people in the slums shall be helped." Then, at last, the heart of Jacob Riis leaped with gladness.

After Mr. Riis began to add pictures to his writings, he tried to get some of his articles printed in the magazines, but each time he was refused. He would not give up however; that wasn't his way. And at last the chance came through a lecture he had given with stereopticon views at a church meeting. One of the editors of Scribner's Magazine, who heard Mr. Riis, thought: "That lecture could be made into a good article for my magazine."

He went to Mr. Riis and talked the matter over with him. Not long afterwards the story "How the Other Half Lives" was given him by Mr. Riis and was published at Christmas time, when people's hearts are more open to the sorrows of others. The story interested thousands of people and filled them with pity for those who were not as

fortunate as themselves. It led to the writing of a book about the poor, also called "How the Other Half Lives."

It happened in this way. Miss Jeannette Gilder, herself a well-known writer, proposed the idea to Mr. Riis and told him of a publisher who she felt sure would print it. When he received her letter, he was so happy that he could not speak. With his dear wife beside him, he sat thinking of what the book might mean, the making real of his dreams for the unhappy poor.

When the first book, "How the Other Half Lives", was published, it caused more excitement than Mr. Riis had dared to hope. "Can it be," said thoughtful readers, "that there is really so great misery in New York City? We must see what can be done." Moreover, when Theodore Roosevelt, a Civil Service Commissioner at that time, had finished reading the book, he hastened to the newspaper office where Mr. Riis worked. Not finding him there, he left a note saying, "I have come to help."

When the young Dane returned and found the note, his heart beat with new courage. No longer did he have to fight his battles with the slums alone because a good fighter had joined hands with him. Many a dark night after this, when other people were sleeping peacefully, these two men made their way through dark and dangerous places where they were least expected. They discovered police officers, who should have been on duty, absent from their posts, and they found that the laws for health

and order were not carried out. They saw together, as Mr. Riis had seen alone, why so many children of the slums grow up into bad men and women. When the little folks lived in places that were not homes; when they had no playgrounds, no fit schools; when their parents were often cruel and drunken, how could they grow up into good and happy American citizens?

The two men talked over these matters. Then came deeds. And lo! the quarter of the city where Mr. Riis began his work as a reporter now came to "blossom as a rose." Good schools were built, where kind teachers did their best to interest and teach the children. Playgrounds took the place of tumble-down tenements. Landlords were forced to treat their tenants honestly. And in the worst place of all, the Mulberry Street Bend, a park with trees and grass and shady walks took the place of back alleys and filthy homes.

Among other things, men and women who were unwilling to work were no longer allowed to lodge in the police stations as on that terrible night years before, when the young immigrant's locket was stolen and the life beaten out of his faithful dog friend. Moreover, the day came when the people of New York said: "It is truly wonderful what reforms have been made in our city by a poor Danish immigrant. He has worked a miracle. "

After Mr. Riis had written his first book, he found he had still more to say in regard to the people of the

tenements, and that he could help them best by telling their stories in books rather than in the newspapers. Accordingly, he had a little den built on his place at Richmond Hill, and there he worked busily, writing one book after another. He told the story of his own life in "The Making of an American"; he also wrote much about the children of the slums. Thus among his books are "Is there a Santa Claus", "The Children of the Poor", and "The Children of the Tenements".

Some of these stories are sad enough to bring tears to the eyes of the readers, who learn from them that the hearts of hungry, ill-treated little waifs hold love as deep as that of children in palaces. Even those who were called "toughs" surprised Mr. Riis by the sacrifices they would make for those they held dear.

Why, there was one little girl of whom her teacher said, "I can't do anything with her." Yet when a Thanksgiving dinner was served to the children of the school, this same unruly child did not eat her piece of pie, much as she longed for it, but put it in her pocket to take home to her mother.

Mr. Riis, who had now become a noted man, was asked to lecture about the poor, not only in New York but in distant cities. Halls were packed with eager crowds whenever the news spread that Jacob Riis was to be the speaker.

Thus the good work spread through the country, and the reformer's heart was glad. Sometimes his cares were so heavy that his body would cry out, "I want a rest." Then perhaps Mr. Riis would take a short vacation with his dear wife, visiting friends in Boston, or perhaps going to the White House in Washington, where Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt were always glad to have their company.

At last there came a time when the busy worker felt he must have a longer rest. Then his heart cried out for the old home across the water and the dear mother who had not seen her son for so many years. So it came about that a merry family party steamed away one day from New York Harbor, to find itself not long afterwards in the old-fashioned town in Denmark. The cathedral with its tower was still unchanged; storks still flew over the house tops and built their nests on the ridgepoles; the long meadow grass waved in the salt breeze as in the summers of long ago; and in the little town of Ribe a proud and happy mother sat eagerly listening to the story of her son's life in distant America.

This mother was gray-haired and wrinkled now, but they were the same tender eyes that looked upon him, the same loving voice that spoke to his ears. As for the citizens of Ribe, fully half the town turned out to meet the old friend who had left them to become a savior of two millions of unfortunate people. It was a happy home-coming indeed!

While Mr. Riis was in Denmark, he fell ill with fever. One day, after the fever had left him, he still lay weak and helpless. From his bed he could look out to sea; over the waters sparkling in the sunshine ships of many nations were passing. It was a beautiful scene, but the sick man was too weak to care. Suddenly a new ship came into view. From its top-mast a flag was flying, the flag of "the free and the brave." At the sight, the sick man, forgetting sickness and weariness, sat up in bed; laughing and crying and shouting in his joy, he waved his handkerchief in greeting to the flag. He loved his childhood home and the friends there, but he knew at last that the United States was his country and that he was an American. The flag had laid bare his heart.

With new courage Mr. Riis came back to the United States to go on with the work he loved. His children grew up, and there were no more babies to frolic with in his own household, but the day came when he became a proud grandfather. Not long after this a shadow fell on the happy little home; the loving Elizabeth, who had shared her husband's cares for nearly thirty years and filled his home with music, was taken away.

No one could ever fill the place of this beautiful woman. Nevertheless, Mr. Riis had depended on his wife so greatly for advice and sympathy that two years afterwards he married again. His work was nearing an end however, and after seven more years he himself died on the twenty-sixth of May, 1914.

The whole country mourned the loss of the pilgrim from Denmark, who had worked so long and faithfully for the poor and unfortunate, and who had succeeded in bringing about many wonderful reforms.

Cornelia's Jewels

(190-100 B.C.: Rome)

The many wars of the Roman people resulted in greatly changing their mode of living. The simple life of the old days of Horatius and Cincinnatus had passed away. The wars had made some very rich and others very poor. The rich absorbed the little farms of the poor and extended their estates over vast tracts; they built fine houses and laid out beautiful gardens and had broad pasture and hunting lands.

If the rich landowners had employed the poor on their great estates, conditions would not have been so bad; but they did not. They had all their work done by slaves, chiefly men captured in the wars. There were hundreds, sometimes thousands, of slaves on a single estate. During the day they worked in the fields, chained in gangs and driven by a taskmaster. At night they were locked in a dungeon. But after all, the slave had a place to stay and enough to eat. Not so with the poor farmers. They had lost their homes, often through fighting for their country, and they had no place to go and no way of making a living. Many of them flocked to the city and became paupers. There were no large factories, as in modern cities, to furnish employment for laborers. Others wandered about the country with their wives and children and obtained a living as best they could.

The greedy landowners who had taken their farms cared nothing about their sufferings. Now we come to the story of Cornelia and her jewels.

Cornelia was the daughter of Scipio, the great general who had defeated Hannibal at Zama. She was of a noble family, but she married a man of the common people whose name was Gracchus. He was a person of high character and honor. But it was not many years before Gracchus died and Cornelia was left a widow with two little boys.

She was still young and beautiful and several prominent men, one of whom was a king, sought her hand in marriage. But she decided that she would not marry again and that she would devote her time to training her two boys. The name of the elder was Tiberius, and the younger, Caius. Later they were called the Gracchi, as the word Gracchi is the plural of Gracchus.

One day some rich matrons of Rome were visiting Cornelia and were displaying their jewels—golden ornaments and precious stones. "Where are your jewels?" asked one of the women. The proud mother pointed to her two little boys and answered, "These are my jewels."

The brothers grew to manhood and were known for their nobleness of character. Tiberius, the elder brother, served in the wars of Africa and Spain. As he passed through the districts outside of Rome his heart was moved with pity at the great numbers of poor farmers wandering

aimlessly, having been driven from their homes by the rich landowners.

Tiberius was so stirred by these conditions, that when he returned from the war he began an attack against the Roman land system. "The poor have fought to maintain the luxury of the rich," he said, "while they do not possess a clod of earth that they may call their own." He told the people that the wild beasts had their dens and caves, but the men who had offered their lives for their country had to wander about homeless with their wives and little ones.

There was an ancient law, two hundred years old, which forbade anyone to own a large estate; but this law was disregarded by the rich and it was not enforced. Tiberius set about to revive this law. Cornelia urged her sons to do something great for their country. "I am known," she said, "as the daughter of Scipio, but I wish to be remembered as the mother of the Gracchi."

The opportunity soon came. Tiberius was elected Tribune of the people, and he declared that the old law in regard to the division of the land should be revived or a new one passed. But the senators, most of whom were holders of large estates, objected. Tiberius made a noble fight and won a victory. The law was passed and three commissioners appointed to carry it into effect. Tiberius, however, made many bitter enemies among the rich, and a little later, on election day, when he was a candidate for a second term, a great riot occurred. The streets of Rome

flowed with blood. About three hundred people were killed and among the dead was the noble reformer Tiberius.

When he was slain the people were without a leader. His brother Caius was in Spain. On his return he saw that the laws of his dead brother were not properly carried out; the people were wandering about like sheep without a shepherd, and he became their leader.

Caius was the most eloquent man in Rome. Great crowds gathered to hear him speak in the Forum and thousands were won by his voice as he pleaded the cause of the downtrodden poor. Like his brother he was elected Tribune (123 B.C.) and he brought about some good laws, such as the law to sell corn to the poor from the public stores at a very low price. He restored the land laws of Tiberius and sought to build colonies of the poor outside the city.

But he was hated by the rich, as his brother had been. At length his enemies made an attack and three thousand people were slain. Caius fled across the Tiber and there, rather than fall into the hands of his enemies alive, he ordered a faithful slave to kill him with the sword. The slave did as he was commanded and then he slew himself. Thus perished the second of the noble sons of a noble mother.

Some of the laws of the Gracchi continued in force; but for the most part Rome was governed by the rich and

the poor were severely oppressed. As long as she lived the mother of Tiberius and Caius mourned the death of her brave sons; and while she was still living a statue of her was set up in Rome and on it was this inscription: "Cornelia, the Mother of the Gracchi."

Confucius

(551-479 B.C.:China)

In the year 551 B.C., during the reign of the Emperor Ling Wang, a boy was born at Yin-chow, in the province of Shan-tung. His father, named Kung, was a judge; he died when the child was three years old. The boy's mother brought him up, and took care that he was well taught. This shows how civilized the Chinese were at the time when kings were ruling in Rome, and long before the foundation of the Roman Empire.

The boy, who was named Chong-ni, grew up and showed a taste for old writings. He was steady and quiet, and thereby gained the respect of his neighbors. When he was seventeen years old he received an appointment in the revenue office. A few years later he was promoted to an office somewhat like that of surveyor. When he was twenty-four years old, his mother died. There was an old custom or law (law and custom have almost the same meaning in China), that an officer, upon the death of a parent, must resign his position, and live in retirement for three years. This custom had gone out of use, but Chong-ni acted upon it. He resigned, and withdrew into retirement.

During these three years Chong-ni devoted his entire time to the study of the old writers. It was his intention to teach their doctrine to the people, and hoped to induce them in this manner to return to the customs of former

times. After the period of his mourning was over, he spent several years in traveling, and at the age of thirty he returned to Yin-chow.

From this time the boy Chong-ni became known as Kung Fu-tsz, or Kung the Teacher, which many years afterwards was turned into the Latin form of Confucius by the Jesuit priests in China. He settled down in Yin-chow as a teacher, and the number of his pupils grew rapidly, until he was asked to come to the court of the Prince of Tsi (tsee). He accepted; but when he came there he did not like court life, and so, with those students who had followed him, he continued his travels, teaching all the time.

One day as he was passing through a field, he noticed a man engaged in snaring birds, and placing them in different cages. Kung Fu-tsz looked on for a time, while his students were wondering why their teacher took such an interest in such a simple thing. He finally went up to the man, and said:

"I do not see any old birds here; where have you put them?"

"The old birds," replied the man, "are too wary to be caught. They are on the lookout, and if they see a net or cage, far from falling into the snare, they fly away and never return. The young ones, which keep with them, also escape. I can catch only such as fly out by themselves, or

go in company with other young birds. If I do sometimes catch an old bird, it is because it follows the young ones."

"Did you hear that?" asked Confucius, turning to his students. "The young birds escape only when they keep with the old ones. It is always so with us. Our young people are led astray by boldness, want of forethought, inattention, and by thinking that they know more than older people. And when the old ones are caught, it is because they are foolishly attached to the young, and allow themselves to be led astray by them."

Confucius was sixty-eight years old before he returned to Yin-chow. Here he continued to teach a very large number of students, at the same time collecting the ancient writings. When he had completed this work, he invited his students to go with him to one of the neighboring hills where for many years sacrifices had been offered. Here he had an altar built; put his books upon it, and, turning his face toward the north, he fell upon his knees and thanked Heaven that life and strength had been given to him to finish the difficult task, and prayed that the Chinese might benefit largely by his work.

There are several Chinese pictures of Confucius kneeling as in prayer, with a beam of light shining upon his books, while his students stand around filled with wonder and admiration.

A few days before his death he said:

Tai shan, ki tui hu! *(Pron.)Tie shan, kee twee hoo!*

Liang muh, ki hwai hu! *Leeang moo, kee hwie hoo!*
Chi jin, ki wei hu! *Chee jin, kee way hoo!*

TRANSLATION:

The great mountain is broken!
The strong beam is thrown down!
The wise man is decayed!

He died in 479 B.C., leaving one grandson called Tsz sze. His descendants are hereditary dukes of the empire. Many temples have been erected in China in his honor, and he is considered as little less than a god by the Chinese. Confucius' life was devoted to the study and examination of the ancient writings, which he resolved to teach to his countrymen. This proves how old the civilization of China is, when at such a remote period, 2,450 years ago, it was possible to collect writings which were old at that time. It is remarkable that the teachings of Confucius contained nothing new or startling, but aimed at a return to former habits and customs. China must have been, indeed, a country far advanced in civilization, when a thoughtful man like Confucius could devote his life to urging the Chinese to return to the customs of bygone years. But what is most remarkable of all, is that his life should have had such an influence upon hundreds of millions of men.

Confucius says of himself: "The wise man and the man of virtue—how dare I rank myself with them! It may simply be said of me that I ever strive to improve, and that

I never grow weary of teaching others. I may be equal to other men in knowledge of literature; but I have failed to reach the character of a superior man, one who carries out in his conduct what he teaches. These are the things which cause me fear: that I do not properly cultivate virtue; that I do not discuss thoroughly what I learn; that I am unable to act with righteousness when I know it; and that I am not able to change that which is not good. I am not one who was born wise. I am one who is fond of olden times, and who is seeking knowledge there. I am not a maker, but only one who transmits; but I am one who believes in and loves the wise men of old."

Confucius collected the Wu-King or Five Classics, and the S'shu or Four Books. The Five Classics, of which the Shu-King is one, contains Spring and Autumn, a work written by Confucius himself.

Confucius was not one of the wise men, like those who flourished in Rome and Greece, who taught of a future life. When one of his students once asked him what death meant, he answered sadly: "How can I tell you about death, when I am not perfectly acquainted with life?" His teachings embraced only the relations of life and its duties. The great principle taught by him, which can be perceived throughout every institution of China, is the relation of the child toward the parent, or, as it is called, filial piety. There is no greater duty with the Chinese, nor is there a disgrace more dreaded than that of being thought Puh-hiao (poo-heeahoh), viz., undutiful. At the very earliest

age, children are taught to be respectful and dutiful; such a thing as familiarity between child and parent is absolutely unknown. As the children grow up their old parents are entitled to be reverenced and cherished; all their wants must be anticipated, and everything must be done to please them. When the parents are dead, they must be worshiped by their children and sacrifices must be offered to them. The highest honor that can befall a man is to bring honor upon his ancestors.

The punishments for undutiful behavior to parents are horrible in their cruelty. But it is this principle of filial piety which renders the Chinese submissive to the authorities. For the Emperor is the father of all, and, since his authority is transferred to officers, disobedience to them would equal undutiful conduct.

The relation between husband and wife is simple. The wife's duty is to honor and obey, while the husband appears to have no duties at all toward her. When it was known in Peking that the wife of Prince Kung was dead, a gentleman of the United States Legation asked a high Chinese official if Prince Kung would retire for a while, or go into mourning. "Oh, no!" he replied, smiling, "the death of a wife is nothing at all. Why should the Prince go into mourning for her? He can get as many more wives as he wishes." But if very little is said of the duties between husband and wife, much is said as to the attitude of the elder brother to the younger. The rule is: Hiung ai, ti kin

(heeoong ie, tee kin), that is: The elder must love, and the younger must respect.

This relationship of elder brother and younger was shown in China's conduct toward Korea, which country was thought to be tributary to China. Korea never paid any tribute, but sent presents to the Emperor of China on New Year's Day, and received in return presents of far greater value.

Confucius mentions five great virtues, and among these Jen, or charity, ranks first. When one of his students asked him if there was anything which might serve as a rule of practice for all one's life, he replied: "What you do not want done to yourself do not do to others." This rule is very similar to our Golden Rule, and comes nearer the teaching of the New Testament than any other saying of the old philosophers.

The motive of Confucius' teaching was his earnest desire to return to the ancient or patriarchal form of government. He had not the least idea that he was preparing a set of laws, but he wished men to be governed by moral influences only. He believed that if the emperors would set an example of virtue, the people would respect, obey and imitate them. For more than two thousand years his teaching has been the real law of the people. The Chinese still cling to the law of filial piety, which is good, and to that of ancestral worship, which is bad. They refuse

to admit that their condition might be improved, and would sooner die than permit changes to be made.

The following is an extract from General Wilson's book on China, describing his visit to the tomb of Confucius: "The grave of Confucius is within a separate enclosure, the entrance to which is covered by a large pavilion of the usual type, where the descendants of the sage come twice a year to offer sacrifices and worship him. A paved, sunken road, which runs between low retaining-walls on each side, leads to the tomb, which is a simple mound of earth about twenty feet high, overgrown by bushes and forest trees, including an oak. A stone tablet, nearly as high as the mound, a stone table, and an urn or incense-burner, stand in front of it. It is flanked by the burial-mounds of the mother, son, and grandson of Confucius, and the whole inclosure is heaped into mounds covering the remains of the successive heads and dignitaries of the family."

Prince Siddartha

(Around 600-400 BC: India)

Far away in the land of India, the great snow-capped Himalayas lift their summits into a sky of deepest blue. The plains and valleys are strewn with blossoming gardens. In this far-away land, once upon a time, lay a little kingdom crossed by a silver-flowing river.

Over it ruled King Suddhodana and Queen Maya, and on a beautiful summer's day the people of the chief city were told to keep holiday. A little prince had been born in the palace, a baby king for the people to love and reverence, and his father and mother named him Siddartha.

The streets were strewn with rose leaves, and the people sang and danced and went wild with joy. Sword-players and jugglers did their wonderful tricks, tiger tamers with their dangerous beasts displayed them on the streets, drums beat, and music filled the air.

From other kingdoms came merchants bearing rich presents to the little helpless sleeping baby, lying in his soft silken nest up in the palace, and knowing nothing of all the joy his birth had caused.

Many of the visitors who came to the palace asked to see the baby prince, and among them was Asita, a holy man in a long gray robe. He came from a cave far up in the hills, where he sat alone and thought of God. When the

king and the queen saw him, they tried to prevent him from kneeling to the babe as all others had done. The queen said gently that it would be more fitting to lay the babe at the holy man's feet. Asita would not have it so. Bowing before the child eight times with his face on the earth, the holy man read his future. He said, "This child is Buddha. He is sent of God from Heaven to the people to bless them and show God's perfect law to them." Hearing these words King Suddhodana was afraid, but little Siddartha, all unconscious, slumbered peacefully.

Queen Maya had not long to love her pretty baby, for seven days after he was born she died, and the little prince had a foster mother to bring him up. When he reached eight years, his father thought that Siddartha was now old enough to have teachers, and be instructed in all the deep and wonderful Indian learning.

Calling his council of wise men together one day, they selected the wisest man in the kingdom, Viswamitra, to teach the prince.

Viswamitra was an aged man, whose beard of snow flowed down to his waist, and his dark eyes glowed with the deep and strange learning he had acquired through many weary years. Sitting in a great chair beside a cooling fountain, he waited for little Siddartha. Presently the prince came, a tall, straight boy, clothed in soft blue linen, with a broad belt of silver around his slender waist. Locks of curling silken hair fell about a face so beautiful and

simple and childlike in its expression, that he seemed like a baby standing at the knee of Viswamitra and awaiting his commands.

Little Siddartha was to write upon a slate of ox-red sandalwood, made smooth as satin with emery dust and framed in precious stones. The old man gave him the slate, and began gently and slowly to dictate a sentence such as a child might understand and learn to write, when to his surprise Siddartha took the slate and wrote upon it all that Viswamitra gave and much more, writing better and clearer than the wise man could himself. When Viswamitra saw this, he caught the slate from Siddartha's hand, saying, "I cannot teach thee writing. Let us to number."

So the slate was laid aside, and Viswamitra commanded the boy to count slowly after him. They began together, but by and by Siddartha, noting a pause in Viswamitra's voice, went on alone, showing such knowledge of number that the wise man listened with bent head. At length, as the prince continued, he rose and flung himself upon his face as Asita had done, crying, "Prince, thou knowest all that it is given mankind to know; thou art a teacher of thy teachers, but thou art besides an obedient, reverent boy."

Siddartha was always that, a soft-mannered, tender-hearted boy, yet in all his father's court there was no more fearless horseman, no bolder chariot driver than Siddartha

became. In many a chase, however, so pitiful was the boy, that when he overtook the deer and the shy gazelle, rather than shed their blood, he let them go, and his companions looked on and wondered. His chief companion and playmate was his cousin Devadetta.

One day the two lads strolled together in the palace garden. It was early spring, and soft and tender new life lay spread about them. Siddartha now was grown to be a tall, strong lad, and he wore upon this day a tunic of snowy linen belted with a crimson sash. Devadetta, wearing scarlet silk, strolled beside him, his quiver at his side and over his back his bow. In his hand he held a long arrow. Devadetta' s face was dark and strong, his eye flashing like the eagle's, and his restless hand carrying the arrow, slashed off the flower heads as he passed, while the soft and slender hand of Siddartha caressed them.

The earth was white with blossoms, the sky a sun-swept blue, and as the boys lifted their eyes toward it, they saw a flock of snow-white swans, voyaging north to their nests upon the Himalaya slopes. A broad-winged, noble bird was leading the way. Swift as the thought Devadetta's arrow was fitted to the bow, the cord twanged, and through the scented air the long shaft cut its way, reaching with cruel art the soft breast of the pilot bird. The broad wings drooped, and down into the garden dropped the wounded creature, the bitter arrow in its bleeding breast, the scarlet of its blood staining its snowy plumes.

Devadetta, seeing the bird fall, turned from it with a shrug of his shoulders; hitting it was all he had cared for; his pride being satisfied, the swan might die unheeded.

Not so Siddartha. Seeing the swan fall, he ran and gathered it upon his lap, sitting with crossed knees, and soothed its wild fright with his tender, loving hands. The arrow still remained in the bird's breast. Gently the boy smoothed the ruffled feathers, then by degrees drew forth the cruel steel barb and laid cool leaves and healing honey on the wound. When the kind hands had put the bird to rest, Siddartha, who had never himself felt pain, picked up the arrow and pressed it closely to his wrist, and winced when he felt its sting. Tears dimmed his soft eyes with this new knowledge of the creature's pain, and he bent tenderly over the swan with doubled pity for its past and present suffering.

Meanwhile Devadetta had returned to the palace, when thinking suddenly how well the swan's feathers would serve to trim his arrows, he sent a servant to the gardens to bring it to him.

The servant found Siddartha still tending the wounded bird, and gave Devadetta's message. Siddartha raised his great eyes, and with his hand caressing the swan's neck, said, "Tell my Lord Devadetta this from the Prince Siddartha, 'To send a dead bird to its slayer would be well. He meant to bring the bird to death by his arrow. I have restored the bird to life. The swan is mine.'"

When this answer was brought to Devadetta he ran angrily down the garden terraces and came to Siddartha. "The bird is mine!" he cried. "Up there in the blue he belonged to no one, but my arrow brought him to thy feet. Living or dead, the bird belongs to me."

Siddartha arose and laying the bird's soft feathers against his cheek said, "Nay, Devadetta, the bird is mine. If thou dispute it, let us submit it to the council."

The question was submitted to the council of wise and learned Indian priests who argued it a long time, until at length up rose an unknown priest clothed in snowy white, who said, "Prince Devadetta sent the bird to death; the Prince Siddartha gave him life; who saves a life is greater than he who destroys one. Give Siddartha the bird." This judgment was declared just, but when King Suddhodana sent to the hall to do honor to the priest, he was gone, and some one saw a white-hooded snake crawling off among the rose-bushes. Then they believed the priest to have been a god; for sometimes the gods thus visited the earth.

One day in later springtime the king called Siddartha to him and said, "Son, thou hast never left the palace gardens nor its gates. Today I shall take thee to see the land where thou shalt reign when I am gone, and thou art become king in my place. 'Tis a beautiful land. Feed the people well; but keep thy gold chests full."

Then they rode abroad, and Siddartha saw the red-coated oxen straining their strong shoulders in the heavy

yokes, as they dragged the plow across the fields. He saw the sowers in the furrowed fields, flinging their seeds. He saw sunbirds and purple butterflies, striped squirrels and broad-tailed peacocks, and all the air was sweet with the scent of flowers and with the cooing love-songs of blue doves.

But Siddartha's eyes saw more; he saw, behind the oxen, the poor man toiling under the hot sun, with drops of sweat pouring down his weary face. He watched the oxen as the great ox goad cut their straining velvet flanks. Then he marked how the lizard ate the ant, the snake ate the lizard, and the kite fed on both. The fish-hawk, dashing through the air, robbed the fish tiger of the prey in its mouth. The shrike chased the nightingale. The nightingale chased the purple butterflies.

Prince Siddartha was filled with sadness at seeing the bright world one long struggle of life and death, and pity stirred his heart. The king, riding by his side, noted nothing of all this. "What think you of your kingdom?" he cried. "Is it not wondrous fair?"

Siddartha answered, "Father, I am weary. Let me rest and think awhile beneath this lemon tree." The boy seated himself with ankles crossed, as silent as a statue; and there they sought him at eventide with the shadows falling over him. And a shadow had fallen on his heart. He had seen the sorrow of the world and longed to find a way of comfort for all who suffered. After this he was pale and sad,

and brooded night and day on how to make the world better.

He was now eighteen, and his father, seeing him so sad, called a council of wise men to know what to do with Siddartha, and they said, "He is lonely; find him a wife." Then they made a great feast, and all the maidens of the kingdom were invited to come to it, and Siddartha was to give them each a gift.

The day came, and in an open place Siddartha sat upon a throne, the gifts beside him. So silent was he that each maiden, as she passed, feared to lift her eyes to him, but seizing her gift, fled shyly to her companions.

At last came a royal maiden with deep, soft, glowing eyes. She was the fair Yasodhara. Looking full upon the prince, she said, "Is there a gift for me?" And he looked full at her as he replied, "The gifts are gone; yet here," and unclasping a chain of emerald from his neck he put it about Yasodhara's slim silken waist.

The king Suddhodana then asked Yasodhara's father to give her in marriage to his son. But before a prince of India could win a bride, he must show himself stronger and fleeter than all his fellows. Devadetta also had seen Yasodhara, and wished very much to wed her. He was glad of the law of the games, for he thought in his proud heart that it would not be hard to overcome the gentle Siddartha.

Upon the day set for the games came Siddartha, riding his snow-white horse, Kantaka, and looking out over the throngs of people with strange, wondering eyes. Then he saw Yasodhara, and leaping from his horse smiled up at her and cried, "He is not worthy of this pearl who is not worthiest; let my rivals prove if I have dared too much in seeking her."

Prince Nanda challenged for the arrow test. He set a brazen drum a long distance off across the plain, Arjuna had his drum placed beside Prince Nanda's, and Devadetta's was placed a quarter of the distance farther beyond, for Devadetta was a famous archer.

The Prince Siddartha bade them place his drum so far beyond the others that it shone in the sunlight as small as a glistening penny. Nanda drew an arrow and pierced his target, and Prince Arjuna followed. Then Devadetta, striding forward, strung his bow and placed an arrow on both edges of his far-distant drum so skillfully that the crowds shouted, and Yasodhara dropped her eyes, fearful lest she should see Siddartha fail. Prince Siddartha picked up his bow carelessly and pulled it so that it bent together and touched at the ends. It was a bow of cane made strong with copper wire, and only great strength could bend it. Siddartha flung it from him as if it had been a toy. "That is for play," he said, laughing softly; "bring me the weapon of a man!"

"There is none stronger in the kingdom except the bow of thy great-grandfather which hangs upon the wall of the temple," they told him.

"Fetch it to me," said Siddartha. They brought him the bow, wrought of black steel, and Siddartha tried it twice across his knee. Handing it to Devadetta, he said, "My cousin, shoot with this."

Devadetta took it, but could not bend it an inch. Then Siddartha, bending slightly forward, fitted the arrow to its notch and twanged the cord, which sent forth a long, vibrating, musical tone. With another movement he sent the arrow singing across the plain. It struck the center of his brazen drum, passed through it, and continued in its flight till it was gone from sight.

Devadetta challenged with the sword and clove a palm tree six inches thick. Prince Nanda cut through one of seven inches. Prince Arjuna struck through one of nine.

Siddartha, swinging his sword three times about his head, suddenly smote a trunk of eighteen inches' thickness. His blade flashed through it like the lightning's stroke and left the palm tree standing. "Ha!" cried Prince Nanda, "the edge of his sword was turned upon the tree!" and Yasodhara, seeing the tree still standing, trembled with fear. But suddenly a little puff of wind crossing the plain swayed the broad palm leaves, and the tree, cut clean in two, toppled its branches over on the ground.

Prince Siddartha had a snow-white horse, Kantaka, born on the same day as he, and on this horse he, with the other princes, raced three times around the plain, and Kantaka easily passed the other horses. Then Nanda cried, "Bring an un-broken horse into the field and see who best can back him!"

They brought in a wild black horse, led by three chains, unshod and unsaddled, with fierce, fiery eyes and tossing mane, whom no man yet had ridden. Devadetta and Nanda tried to mount him, but were flung down into the dust, and they crept away in shame. Up came the bold Arjuna, who grasped the steed's mane and flung himself upon his back. With all his fierce young strength he succeeded in keeping himself upon the horse once around the plain. Then the beast flung back his head, seized Arjuna by the naked foot, dragged him from his back, and would have killed him had not the grooms interfered and cast the chains upon the horse.

When Siddartha stepped forth a cry rose up across the plain, "Do not let the prince ride! The horse is a demon! He will kill him!" But Siddartha went softly to the head of the maddened beast, laid his tender hand across his eyes, and drew it down his face. "Take off his chains," he commanded; "give me his forelock only." As the prince stroked the horse and soothed his fright, he suddenly bowed his tossing head and stood there quietly. Nor did he stir when Siddartha mounted him, but went obediently to rein, and touch of knee, three times around the field, till

all with one acclaim cried, "Siddartha is best!" And so he won his wife Yasodhara.

King Suddhodana knew that old Asita's prophecy must come true; that Siddartha was Buddha, or the great god they worshiped in India, born into human life again to teach men greater wisdom, and to share and pity their sorrows. The king knew all this; but he did not want to lose his beloved son. So he thought he would shut him in a palace amidst gardens where all was so beautiful that he could never hear of nor see sorrow and sin. In this palace Siddartha lived with Yasodhara, and all the gardens were inclosed by a high wall, whose only entrance was barred by triple gates of brass.

One day Siddartha and Yasodhara sat together in the palace, listening to a singing girl called Chitra. Her song was all about the world and the strange peoples who dwell in it. The prince grew restless after this tale, and sent word to the king that he must see the city. Then the king was afraid. He sent an order throughout the city that it should be decked with flowers, that every one should wear his holiday clothes and dance and be merry, and that no sick nor lame nor blind should upon any account be seen upon the streets, for the prince would ride forth to visit his people.

Everything went well at first, and Siddartha rode through throngs of happy, smiling people, who cried, "Hail, hail!" to him as he passed, and he wondered much

at the pleasure and happiness which sprang from so many humble homes. Suddenly, out in front of his car, tottered an old and trembling man, so thin that the bones showed through his flesh, and so old that he staggered, as he leaned upon his staff and cried out, lifting up his dim, bleared eyes, "Alms, alms! Tomorrow I die!"

The runners with staves tried to beat him back to his hovel, but Siddartha called to Channa, his charioteer, "Stop, Channa! Such a man as this I never saw before. What ails this man? Are there others like him? Why is he thus, so terrible to behold!"

Channa replied, "My prince, this man is simply grown old. Once he was a laughing child; then a youth as thou art; but now the years have stolen away his life, and he is as you see."

Siddartha repeated, "Are there others like him?"

"Yes," said Channa, "all that live grow to be like him."

"And shall I?" asked Siddartha, "and Yasodhara?"

"Yes," said Channa, "all the world becomes like this."

"Turn home," commanded Siddartha, "I have seen that I had not thought to see."

That night he could neither eat nor sleep for thinking of old age. Over and over again the thought repeated itself, "Every one must grow old and suffer pain." He rose and sent to King Suddhodana, and said, "My visit to the world yesterday was a festival. Today, in merchant's dress,

Channa and I will go forth alone and see things as they are."

The king sorrowfully gave consent, and Channa and Siddartha set forth together early in the morning, and wandered abroad all day. Then was unfolded to the prince's sorrowing eyes the sin, disease, and sufferings of the poor; the many, many thousands who thus suffered; and at last he saw a body upon its funeral pile beside the river, and learned the mystery of death.

Seeing all this, the god-soul in Siddartha awoke, and he was no longer the gentle prince, but the Lord Buddha, ready to perform his mission in the world; to wander forth among the people, sharing their sorrows and burdens, and teaching the lesson that no one should ever willfully destroy life of any sort. When he returned to the palace that night, so strange a look was on his face that King Suddhodana ordered a triple guard of men to be placed beside the great brass gates.

At midnight Siddartha arose, and taking leave of the sleeping Yasodhara, softly ordered Channa to bring to him, all saddled and bridled, his horse Kantaka. Siddartha drew the horse's proud head down and whispered in his ear, "Kantaka, tonight thou must bear me the farthest journey ever steed bore rider; for this night I shall mount thee to go in search of truth, and where that is found, no man yet knows."

He sprang to Kantaka's back, and Channa mounted his own horse behind him, and together they rode in silence to the gateway of triple brass. When they reached it, the gates whose opening by daytime made a noise like heavy thunder, now rolled back in magic silence, and both riders passed between the sleeping men, unseen and unheard. Thus they passed through the inner and outer city, and far out into the country. Then Siddartha, dismounting, took Kantaka's head in his hands, and kissed the horse between the eyes. "Farewell to thee, sweet horse," he said; "and to thee, my faithful Channa. Lead Kantaka back to my father, and say it is better for him, for those I love, and for all the world, that I go forth tonight. Tell him I go in search of hope, therewith to succor all mankind."

So Siddartha, the mighty prince, became Lord Buddha. He wore a simple yellow robe, begged his food from door to door, and always he prayed in silence from night till morning, and from morning till night again, for help against the sorrow of the world. He lived among the lowliest and most despised of the people of India.

One day as he wandered along a road, he saw a flock of little mountain sheep and black goats driven through the dusty ways by the shouting herdsmen. The poor little animals, hungry for the wayside grass, tried, as they were driven on, to nibble at its tufts. Among the flock was a mother-sheep with two young lambs, her twins. One lamb had hurt its foot which it dragged bleeding through the

dust; the other, gay and merry, skipped away among the rest of the herd in constant danger of getting lost. The troubled mother ran this way and that, not willing to leave the little suffering lamb, nor to lose her sprightly baby. Lord Buddha, standing by the roadside, noted the mother's trouble, and with tender pity shining in his eyes, lifted the wounded lamb into his arms, saying, "Poor woolly mother, be at peace, for I will bear and share thy care." Then he asked the herdsmen why they were driving their flocks down from the mountains at noon. They answered that they led them to the temple of the city to be slaughtered at a sacrifice which the king of that city had ordered. Lord Buddha said, "I will go with you"; and he paced along in the dust and the heat of noonday, bearing the sick lamb in his arms, while its poor mother trotted trustfully at his side.

When they came to the city all stood aside in reverence, beholding the goodness and the greatness of Lord Buddha's face; and at last they entered the temple, within which the king stood, offering sacrifice. Lord Buddha looked toward the great altars where the fires burned, with rills of warm red blood flowing round their bases. On an altar lay a black-horned goat, its head tied back, a priest's knife at its throat. This goat's death was supposed to wash away the sin of the king. Lord Buddha, standing beside him, said softly, "Let the priest withhold his hand, let him not strike, king!" Then when the king, awed by the glory shining in Lord Buddha's face, had

given the command, Buddha himself went and lifted the goat from the altar, untying its bonds. Standing thus among the priests, he taught them to reverence life and let each creature live out its own, so that in that temple no more sacrifices were held, but all believed in and worshiped Lord Buddha.

Thus he went from land to land, preaching love and pity and reverence for life. And at last he came back into Kapilavistu, his own city, and met again his father and Yasodhara with his son. And they were content to let him go throughout the world, blessing, with his teaching and his pity, all living creatures.

Robert Bruce

(1274-1329: Scotland)

"Ah! Freedom is a noble thing
Freedom makes man to have liking;
Freedom all solace to man gives;
He lives at ease that freely lives.
A noble heart may have none ease,
Nor aught besides that may him please,
If Freedom faileth."

With these words John Barbour, the old Scotch chronicler, begins his life of Robert Bruce, hero of the cause of freedom. In quaint verse he tells stories of the patriot's adventures for the sake of freedom, and it is because of these stories that Robert Bruce's name has lived and will live through the ages. His memory is not cherished for the battles which he fought, though he was a brave and skillful general, nor even for the political cause to which he gave his life, for he fought to keep Scotland separate from England, and the centuries have proved that it is for the good of both nations to be united. His memory is cherished because of these old stories, which show that to the minds of his countrymen the spirit of liberty and of patriotism was made perfect in Robert Bruce. Therefore we need not concern ourselves with all the history of England and Scotland at this time, although some day you must read the whole thrilling story in the works of Sir Walter Scott, but we can find out what we care to know

about the patriot Robert Bruce by reading his story as it is told in the quaint old Scotch books.

By the death of the rightful heir the Scottish throne became vacant at about the time when the Swiss, far away in the center of Europe, were making their struggle for freedom, and Edward I of England tried to seize it. He even took the ancient Coronation Stone of Scotland and carried it off to England. But the Scottish people wanted independence and a king of their own, and a little group of them met in all haste and crowned Robert Bruce, who was the next claimant, King Robert of Scotland. It was a hasty ceremony, performed in the year 1306. The ancient crown was gone, but a slight circlet of gold was used in its place. The Coronation Stone was gone, and the robes of office, but robes were provided, and a patriotic churchman came forward with the banner of Scotland, which he had kept hidden these many years. Duncan Macduff, whose right it was as Earl of Fife to put the crown on the king's head, was over in England serving the English king, but his patriotic sister came riding across Scotland in all haste to put the crown on Robert's head. She was a bit late, and every one was very much surprised to see her, but it was a great joy to them all to have her lay the circlet on Robert's head, for it carried on the old custom. When the coronation ceremony was over, Sir James Douglas came forward and cast down some earth that he had brought from his own estates, in token that he gave his possessions as well as his body to the service of

the new king, and others did the same, till there was a tiny mound of earth in front of King Robert.

There were a great many Scottish estates that were not represented in this little mound of earth, and King Robert must go about at once to strengthen his cause and try, by persuasion or by force, to win over more men to his side. For a time he met with many misfortunes. An English army was sent over the border to take him, and many Scots sided with them. All his expeditions and attempts met with misfortune, his friends were captured by the English, and the autumn of 1306 found the king of the Scots and his companions outlaws and fugitives in the mountains. Life in the barren Highlands was full of hardship, even if one were not in fear of his life, but when one was pursued from every side and must move hither and thither at every new alarm, it took on added trials. Yet Bruce's wife and several faithful ladies followed their lords into the hills, and there they lived through the autumn months. For food they ate roots and herbs and such venison as the men could get by hunting. By day they wandered through the moor, and at night they lay down on the bare ground and in the heather; and all this hardship they endured cheerily and bravely, for, as the old writer says, "it was not the Crown only, but their Liberty also that they suffered for; and not their own Liberty alone, but the Freedom of their Country and all Patriots."

But winter was coming on. The nights were too cold for them to sleep safely on the bare ground. Their clothes

were tattered and torn; they had no shoes but such as they had made of deerskin. Besides, the English had heard of King Robert's hiding place, and he was no longer safe. The ladies could not endure the hardships that were before their husbands, and so they went sadly back to the towns, and Bruce and his followers turned toward the Western Isles.

On their way westward they came to Loch Lomond and wished to go across; but from the hills they could see no boats, till at last Sir James Douglas, hunting along the banks, found an old sunken boat. They pulled it out of the water and tried to stop up the leaks, and got it so that it would carry them with some safety. But it would only take three men at a time, and there were two hundred. To row them all across took a night and half a day, and all through those hours of waiting in the cold Bruce sat on the shore and told the men stories from an old French romance which he had read.

"The good king in this manner
Comforted them that were him near.
And made them games and solace
Till that all his folk were passed."

This, then, is our first picture of the patriot king, out on the lonely moors, an outlaw, hunted almost to death, in tattered rags, cheering his followers by his storytelling and never losing heart.

They came over Loch Lomond to a richer country than that which they had left, and the men went out to kill deer for food. Then word came to the Earl of Lennox, the lord of that manor, as he was riding abroad, that there were poachers on his estate, and he went to find them, and behold! it was his king. Then was the earl glad and welcomed him and his men joyfully and took them to his castle and gave them such food and shelter as he might, and they made merry. But it was not safe for Bruce to remain there. Vessels were got for him, and he and his men went over to the isle of Rachrin, which lies off the coast of Ireland, and there they spent the winter.

It was a long, weary time. Often the hearts of the men failed them, but their king cheered them and spoke to them often of the sorrows of their land under the tyrant, and told them tales of brave men of old who had been in great hardship but had come through safely. In the spring they could abide quietly no longer. News had come to them of the way their friends were being persecuted. Once more the party went over to the moors of Scotland, and here again King Robert was found out by the English, and parties were sent to take him. They closed in round his hiding place (he and his band were not at that time strong enough to meet them in open battle), and he divided his men into four companies, who should go out in different directions and meet the English as they were searching in small parties. This was the time when King Robert was in the greatest danger, for he was by some mischance left

alone, and he was set upon by three men. By his great strength and bravery he escaped safely from them, and was wandering alone on the hills on the eastern shore of Loch Dee, when he saw before him a solitary cabin. This was the hill where, when they separated, he and his four bands of followers had agreed to meet again, and he went,—for he was sore weary and had been long without food,—to the door of the cabin to ask if he might enter and rest awhile. He found an old housewife sitting on the bench, and she asked him what he was and whence he came and whither he went. "A wayfarer, dame," said he. "All wayfarers are welcome here," said she, "for the sake of one."

"Good dame, prithee, who may that one be?" "Sir," quoth the good wife, "that shall I you say. Robert Bruce is he, who is rightful lord of all this land. His foes are now pressing him hard, but the day is coming, and not far off, when he shall be lord and king of all the land."

"Dame, do you love him so well?" "Yes sir," said she, "so God me see." "Dame, lo! it is he by you here," said the king, "for I am he."

"Ha!" said the dame, as she curtsied before him, "where are your men gone, and why are you thus alone?" for even while she rejoiced at his presence, she was angered that he should be there alone and unprotected in her cabin.

"At this moment, dame, I have no men." "That may not be," she said, "for I have two sons, strong and hardy. They shall become your men."

While he was eating the homely fare which the good dame set before him, her two sons came in, and they knelt gladly before him and served him from that time forth.

This is the second picture which the old writers give us of Robert Bruce, showing the love his people bore him. Legend has yet a third tale that is even more well known than these two, so that every one, whether he knows anything else about him or not, knows the story of Robert Bruce and the spider.

This tells us that even to this brave king there came moments of discouragement. During the winter of his misfortune, word reached him that three of his four brothers had been killed by the English, that his wife was imprisoned, and that many more were suffering for his sake. He wondered if it was all worth while. Would it not be better if he went away to Palestine on the crusades and ceased to trouble Scotland by his presence? These thoughts came to him one day as he was lying in hiding in a tiny, forsaken hut in the mountains. As he pondered on this wise, he lay idly watching a spider that was working over his head. Six times it tried to throw its thread across to a beam, and six times it failed. Then the thought came to Bruce: "Six times I have fought with the English, and six times I have been defeated. Now we shall see what will

happen the seventh time. If the spider succeeds, it shall be a sign to me that I shall succeed. If not—"

But he never had time to decide what he would do "if not," for the seventh time the thread went safely across, and King Robert rose with new courage and went forth to fight the battle of liberty for the Scotch; and legend says that from this time on King Robert never lost a battle.

After this winter of exile Bruce's fortunes changed. He fought many successful battles, and won over all Scotland to his side, save only the castle of Stirling. That he gained at last by the famous battle of Bannockburn. You will read about that, and about the peace with England, in your English histories. Before many years he was acknowledged by all Scotland to be king, and his Parliament sent communications to other powers, urging them to recognize the independence of Scotland. This is the way they ended one of these proclamations, "As long as one hundred of us remain alive, we will never consent to subject ourselves to the English. For it is not glory, it is not riches, neither is it honor, but it is liberty alone that we contend for, which no honest man will lose but with his life,"—which shows that the spirit of Robert Bruce had entered into the whole Scottish nation.

Saint Elizabeth of Hungary

(1207-1231: Hungary)

More than seven hundred years ago there was born at Presburg in Hungary, a royal princess, who became one of the most pious women that the world has ever seen and whose good deeds have lived until the present day. This woman was christened Elizabeth. She was the daughter of King Andrew the Second of Hungary and of Gertrude, formerly a princess in Dalmatia; and soothsayers and prophets at the time of her birth foretold her coming greatness.

Elizabeth was born in 1207—a century when religion was more simple than it is to-day and when people believed that miracles were still being performed. It was a time too, when a fiery passion for religion ruled the world. Soldiers were intent on crusades into the Holy Land to capture the city of Jerusalem and to rescue the tomb of the Savior from the hands of the heathen, and fanatical bands called "flagellants" were soon to appear throughout Europe—men and women who scourged each other with whips in public places until they fell down fainting from pain and exhaustion, believing that this practice was welcome in the eyes of the Lord and would assure them a place in Paradise.

It was a time when unquestioning faith held the minds and beliefs of men. Nothing seemed too marvelous to be accomplished through Divine means. When a great poet

of whom we shall tell you later, wrote about Hell, Heaven and Purgatory, his neighbors all believed that he had really visited those places and seen all the wonders that he described. So when soothsayers and astrologers foretold that the infant Elizabeth was to become one of the Saints of Heaven, as the legends tell us they predicted, people marveled, but believed, for it did not seem strange for Angels and Saints to appear to the eyes of mortal men.

It was customary in those days for children of high rank to be betrothed almost before they had quitted the cradle, and when Elizabeth was four years old she was engaged to be married to the eldest son of the Landgrave of Thuringia—a boy named Herman who was about ten years older than herself. And it was also customary at that time for the future bride to be brought up in the house of her intended husband, so a number of lords and ladies came from Thuringia to fetch the Princess Elizabeth away.

She returned with them in great splendor, and many wagons and strong horses were needed to carry back to Thuringia all the costly things that went with her, for she was provided with every comfort and luxury then known. We are told that her dresses were all of the most costly silks adorned with precious stones, that her cradle, which was of silver, accompanied her to the house of the future bridegroom, that even her bath was of silver and so heavy that it was all that her handmaidens could do to carry it, and a large sum of money was allotted as her bridal portion or dowry.

Elizabeth was too young to remain homesick for any length of time after she left her parents, and she was kindly received in her new family. The Landgrave himself, Herman the First, was a kindhearted man as well as a noble and distinguished ruler, and his second son, Ludwig, had qualities of greatness that gave every promise for the country if it should ever come under his direction. But the other children of the Landgrave, the princes named Conrad and Heinrich, were of different calibre from their brother Ludwig, and so was the girl, Agnes, who was about Elizabeth's own age. Herman, the eldest son, soon died, and Elizabeth was then betrothed to Ludwig.

When she was little more than a baby Elizabeth began to show signs of the religious fervor that was to shape her entire life. She prayed frequently and always tried to bring the forms of religious worship into the games that she played with her companions. She spent long hours at prayer and frequently arose to pray at night, and whenever she had the opportunity she practiced self-denial that was believed to be acceptable in the eyes of Heaven by withdrawing herself from some pleasure that she was taking part in, or abstaining when at table from some dainty that she loved.

Three years after Elizabeth had gone to live in Thuringia something happened that deepened her spiritual ardor, for her mother, Gertrude, was murdered in the absence of the King, and Andrew himself had to engage in war to put down the rebellion that had arisen in

his country. This was a great sorrow to the little girl, although she remembered her mother only dimly, and it resulted in her saying more frequent prayers and giving more thought to her religion than before.

Many stories are told us of Elizabeth's piety. On one occasion, when she was dressed in her finest garments she beheld a crucifix supporting a life-size image of the Savior, and with an outburst of tears she threw herself on the ground at the foot of the crucifix, declaring that she could not bear to wear fine raiment and jewels, while her Lord was crowned with thorns. She did many other things of the same sort, and at last reaped the displeasure of the Landgrave's wife, Sophia, and of the courtiers and menials of the royal castle,—for Elizabeth's gentleness and piety were a constant reproach to the more worldly persons that surrounded her.

When Elizabeth was ten years old there took place another of the crusades in which knights, nobles and common peasants set forth for the Holy Land to make war against the heathen; and Elizabeth's father, the King of Hungary, left his dominions to engage in the holy war. There was grave doubt if he would ever return, and it seemed too as if his throne might be wrested from him by rebellion in his absence; so many of the noblemen and statesmen of Thuringia believed that the marriage of Ludwig with Elizabeth would be unwise, since there might be no benefit to be reaped from it on behalf of the State. The Landgravine Sophia, we are told, was inclined to

agree with them—all the more so because the kind ruler, Herman, had lately died and Ludwig was now on the throne of Thuringia, and could marry some great princess whose country was not in the danger of civil war.

It is not known if the stories of the ill-treatment that was then visited on the helpless little Elizabeth are true or not, but many writers have told us that Sophia was determined by harshness and unkindness to force Elizabeth to enter a convent so that her son would be free to marry elsewhere. At all events, Ludwig heard of the plans to break off his engagement, and angrily refused to listen to them, declaring that he loved Elizabeth dearly and would marry her in spite of every person and relative in his dominions. And when Elizabeth was fourteen years old, she was married with great magnificence to Ludwig, who was as handsome as he was honorable, and made a fitting husband for the beautiful young girl who had already become famous for her great piety and her charitable deeds. The marriage was ideally happy, for the young couple was passionately attached, and Ludwig encouraged his wife in her pious and kindly undertakings. He understood her so well and gave her such hearty support in her dealings with the poor and her gifts of food, money and clothing, that after his death he was often referred to as Saint Ludwig, just as his wife was called Saint Elizabeth.

Ludwig, however, did not like to see his wife go poorly dressed, and she wore splendid raiment to please him.

Moreover, he disapproved of her giving so much time and effort to her charity and her prayers that she taxed her strength. She had to desist from many of her undertakings, or perform them without his knowledge, when he feared that her severe fasts and her long prayers were wearing out her health; and Elizabeth would steal from her chamber to pray when she thought him asleep, and would wear a coarse sackcloth skirt beneath the silks that pleased him.

One time, when Ludwig was climbing the steep path to the castle of the Wartburg where he held his court, he met Elizabeth, who was carrying in her dress loaves of bread for the poor people in the nearby village of Marburg. Elizabeth always tried to perform her charity secretly, for she believed that it would lose its value if it were widely known—and moreover she feared that her husband would not approve of her taking a heavy burden down the steep path into the village. When he stopped her and gaily asked her what she had in her apron, she opened it shyly, expecting him to blame her when he saw its contents—but how great was her amazement as well as his when there tumbled forth upon the ground a profusion of the sweetest smelling roses of all colors, which had miraculously taken the place of the provisions that Elizabeth had carried!

That was only the first of a series of miracles that those who worshipped her memory have accredited to her lifetime, and Ludwig, astonished and awed by what had

taken place, is said to have erected a monument at the spot where the beautiful roses appeared.

Elizabeth pitied the sick and tended them with the utmost kindness—and she was particularly kind to the wretched sufferers from the dreadful disease of leprosy. From earliest times the leper was an outcast from his fellow men. They fled at his approach, and he was obliged to warn them of his coming by outcry, or by use of a clapper or bell. But Elizabeth went to the lepers without fear and fed and comforted them, and even bathed their sores and bandaged them with her own hands.

At last her father, King Andrew, returned from the crusade, and on his way back to his own dominions stopped in Thuringia to see his daughter. By this time Elizabeth had refused to wear her splendid garments any longer and had parted with all except her simplest dresses; and Ludwig feared that her father the King might blame him for not maintaining Elizabeth in the state that was her due as a royal princess, so he inquired of Elizabeth if she had any fine dress to wear when greeting her father. She replied that she had none, but that by grace of God some way would be found out of the difficulty; and when she put on the only dress that was left to her it suddenly changed by a miracle into a gown so beautiful and lustrous that its like had never been seen before, and King Andrew rejoiced in the appearance of his daughter when she came before him.

By this time Elizabeth had two children, and the Landgrave was rejoiced. He was a powerful and a wise ruler, and while he was perfectly just, he punished evil-doers with a hand of iron. On one occasion he was called away from home to give aid to the Emperor Frederick the Second in putting down a revolt in his dominions; and Elizabeth ruled over Thuringia until his return.

Famine and pestilence wasted the country, and the gentle lady was sorely beset to give aid to her suffering people. She spent so much on charity that she nearly emptied the treasury, and even sold the robes of state and the official ornaments to feed the poor. When Ludwig returned he found his coffers nearly empty—but the money had been wisely used, for Elizabeth had saved the lives of many of his subjects.

Then another crusade took place and the brave Ludwig planned to join it and do his share in driving the heathen Saracens away from the tomb of Christ. With bitterness and sorrow he said farewell to his wife whom he loved above all things, and kissed his children for the last time. For when he was waiting at Otranto to embark for the far east, a terrible pestilence broke out among the crusaders and Ludwig sickened and died.

Word of his death was brought to Elizabeth, who had just given birth to her third child. And when she heard of it she wept bitterly, crying out that now the world was

dead to her indeed, and she never could know joy again, since her dear lord was taken from her.

For a time she ruled over Thuringia, but she was hated in the court on account of her piety, and according to many stories of her life, the dead Landgrave's brothers, Conrad and Heinrich, conspired against her. At all events, her life was most unhappy, and in the dead of winter she quitted the court and went to live in the village, earning her daily bread by spinning for her living, and eating barely enough to keep alive. And all the villagers whom she had treated kindly, now that they found her alone and poor and out of favor at court, would do nothing for her, and she was laughed at and insulted on the streets.

But in this time she was sustained by divine means, for she began to have visions of Heavenly things and beheld angels, and once, so she declares, she saw the face of the Savior himself, who looked down on her and comforted her.

At last Elizabeth went to live with her uncle, the Bishop of Bamberg, who treated her with the utmost kindness. She had been obliged to send her children away in the bitter winter that she had been through, and soon she was obliged to leave the Bishop's protection, for he desired her to marry again, and this she refused to do. She went to live in a cottage and took with her two of her former waiting women who accompanied her all through the hardships she had suffered, and she busied herself with

caring for the sick and giving alms from the small amount of money that was allowed for her support.

At this time Elizabeth came under the influence of a priest and a religious enthusiast called Master Conrad, previously known to her, who was an ardent, though a narrow-minded believer in the Catholic faith; and Conrad encouraged her in the severe rites of self-denial that she practised. At times he punished her with the lash and at last he brought her completely under the domination of his will. But she yielded so readily to all penances and voluntary inflictions of sufferings that even this fanatical zealot was compelled to restrain her, for Elizabeth desired constantly to do more than he suggested or wished. At last, with her two waiting women, Elizabeth became a member of the Third Order of Saint Francis, renounced her family and children, and spent all her time in caring for the sick and visiting the afflicted.

She ate almost nothing, and her strength soon gave way under the privations that she endured. Although she was only twenty-four years old, she had suffered so greatly that her vitality was sapped and she had not long to live. She died on November 19, 1231, and Master Conrad himself soon followed her to the grave.

Elizabeth had not wasted herself in vain, in spite of the fanatical zeal of her belief and the needless sufferings that she inflicted upon herself. For years she had cared for nine hundred poor folk every day, and she had founded a

hospital of twenty-eight beds that she visited daily. She had encouraged her husband in kindness and generous government, and she saved countless lives in the winter when she herself sat on the throne of Thuringia.

After her death the zealous Conrad set about collecting proofs of the miracles that had happened in connection with her, to submit them to the Pope, who might declare her to be a Saint. Further proofs were forthcoming even after she had died, for when pilgrims visited her tomb many of them were marvelously cured of the sicknesses from which they had been suffering. Her brother-in-law, Conrad, repenting of his former treatment of her, built a splendid church in her honor, and her bones were laid in their last resting-place a few years after her death. In the meantime the Pope examined all the proofs of her piety and holiness, as well as of the cures that had been effected at her tomb, and at last Elizabeth was made a Saint, and became known as Saint Elizabeth of Hungary. For centuries pilgrims have worshipped at her shrine, and the church that was built in her memory still stands as a monument of the wonderful life of this holy woman who lived and died the better part of a thousand years ago.

Dante

(1265-1321: Italy)

In the year 1265 there was born in the city of Florence in Italy a man who was destined to become one of the four greatest poets that the world has ever produced. This man was Dante, the son of Alighiero, a Florentine who was popular and well known as a man of affairs.

When Dante was born Italy was very different from what it is today, for instead of being formed of a single nation, or even of a number of smaller ones, the cities themselves were nations and made their own laws. These cities, moreover, were constantly at war with one another, and fighting was the order of the day. Even within the cities there were often bloody frays and brawls between the supporters of one or another noble family. These brawls sometimes became so extensive that they grew into civil war, and penetrated beyond the limits of the cities in which they were hatched. Such was the state of affairs in Dante's time, and it is important to remember this, because the quarrels of these different factions had a great effect upon his life.

Particularly long and bloody in Florence and other cities had been the strife between two families and factions who called themselves respectively the Guelfs and the Ghibellines. Dante's father belonged to the Guelf party and the boy was brought up with the idea that he must always serve the Guelfs, and support them in all their

quarrels. The Guelfs, moreover, were high in the affairs of Florence and had overcome their opponents there. And for this reason those who belonged to the Guelf cause had the chance to rise in the affairs of the city.

So Dante's boyhood was not spent like that of some other poets, in the midst of books alone, or in the quiet seclusion of school and college. He was thrown neck and heels into the midst of the fiery Italian politics of an age when one could poniard his enemy on the streets and go unpunished, providing he had power or influence. And it is probable that he saw many wild doings. He was, however, of studious habits and loved reading more than the air he breathed. And while little is known of his boyhood years, it is certain that he mastered then and in his early manhood many of the best books that had been written since the beginning of the world. Moreover, as Dante later said, he had taught himself "the art of bringing words into verse"—an art that he mastered so thoroughly that his name was to live forever.

When Dante was still a young boy there befel something that proved to be the most wonderful happening in his entire life. This was nothing else than meeting a little girl named Beatrice Portinari. Although Beatrice was only a child, and Dante himself hardly ten years old, he felt a love for her that lasted from that minute until the day of his death and that inspired him to write the great poem that made his name famous throughout the world.

A festival was given by the family of the Portinari which was a noble one and possessed such wealth that its members afterward became bankers for King Edward the Third of England. Among the guests was the boy, Dante, and he beheld Beatrice there as a beautiful little girl. How strangely he was affected by the sight of her he told in later years, and his words have been translated and quoted as follows: "Her dress, on that day," said Dante, "was of a most noble color,—a subdued and goodly crimson, girdled and adorned in such sort as best suited her very tender age. At that moment, I say most truly, that the spirit of life, which hath its dwelling in the secretest chamber of the heart, began to tremble so violently that the least pulses of my body shook therewith. From that time Love ruled my soul."

Dante did not speak to Beatrice on that occasion,—in fact, he saw her, or addressed her, only two or three times in his entire life. But from the day when she first appeared to him in her crimson dress, he sought to perform some deed that would make him worthy of her love, and the result was the great poem in which he placed her name beside his own.

In spite of his love, Dante did not become an idle dreamer, but developed into an active and studious young man, ready to take up the sword to defend his city whenever it might call on him to do so. And when he was twenty-four years old he put on his armor and went forth to battle against the citizens of Arezzo, a town where the

Ghibellines were powerful and had been acting in a hostile manner toward the Guelfs, who controlled Florence.

War was not so serious an affair then as it is now, and everyone engaged in it. Moreover, the towns that warred against each other were so near that it was sometimes an easy matter to go forth and fight on one day and be back in your own home on the day following. Everyone was expected to bear arms for his city, and going to war was held to be a matter of course; but in spite of these things Dante gained great praise for the way in which he conducted himself in the war with Arezzo, perhaps because he was braver than the rest, or perhaps because a poet is not generally considered to be as warlike as other men.

After the fighting had ended, Dante returned to Florence and prepared to take his part in city politics. Before he could accomplish anything it was necessary for him to go on record that he belonged to one of the great guilds into which all the citizens at that time were divided, and which controlled all the different branches of business and manufacturing, and all the sciences. So Dante entered the guild of the Doctors and Apothecaries—not because he knew anything about their professions—that was not necessary—but to give himself an apparent vocation when he came to assume some one of the city offices.

By this time Dante's great intellect and scholarly attainments had made him well known in Florence,

although he was only a young man. He was high in the esteem of many learned men and had a great many poets and artists for his friends. Among them were the artist named Giotto and the poet called Guido Cavalcante. So well did he appear in their eyes and to the men of the city of Florence who ran its affairs that in the year 1300 Dante was made one of the Priors of Florence, that is, one of the chief rulers of the city.

It was not to be thought that a man could gain such a position in those turbulent times without making many enemies, and as Dante belonged to the controlling faction, others who were not in power planned his overthrow and that of his fellow rulers. Dante himself, however, disliked this civil strife and did all in his power to bring the opposing factions together. But his enemies got the upper hand, and he was finally driven from the city in exile.

Another sorrow had befallen him. Beatrice, whom he still continued to love ardently (although he had married a good woman named Gemma Donati and had three children) had died some years before, leaving him nothing but her memory. But Dante's love for Beatrice had not interfered in his relations with his wife. It was not an earthly love. He had not wanted Beatrice as his wife, but rather as an ideal that he could worship. And after her death he became both gloomy and unhappy.

His exile, moreover, was a bitter blow to Dante, for he had loved Florence dearly and could not imagine making

his home elsewhere. With bitterness in his heart he wandered from city to city, and then he set out in earnest to write the great poem which is called the Divine Comedy. Dante had already written a number of beautiful poems, but they were more in the style of other Italian and Latin poetry. What he now planned was entirely new and so daring that it had never been thought of since the beginning of the world.

He planned in this poem to describe a journey into the nethermost regions of Hell, then into Purgatory and finally into Heaven, where Beatrice should be his guide and conduct him to the throne of God Himself.

Such a poem, as we have said, had never been written or even wildly imagined, but Dante's imagination was so vivid that it seemed as if he really had beheld the scenes that he described. And he told the story of the poem as though the adventures in it were real and had happened directly to himself.

Hell, according to Dante's belief, and that of the religion of his day, was a gigantic funnel-shaped gulf directly beneath the city of Jerusalem, shaped into nine vast circles or pits with a common center that reached down to the center of the earth like a circular flight of stairs. In the lowest pit of all Satan himself was to be found, ruling his kingdom. On the other side of the earth was a wide sea, from which arose a mighty mountain called the Mount of Purgatory—the place where the souls of human

beings did penance for their sins until they were fit to enter Heaven. Heaven itself was composed of nine transparent and revolving spheres that enclosed the earth, and in which were fastened the sun, the moon and the stars. The motion of these heavenly bodies as they rose and set above the earth's horizon was believed by Dante to be due to the turning of the spheres, which were moved by the hand of God.

It was in accordance with this idea of Heaven and Hell that Dante began his poem.

One day, he said, when he was lonely and sad in spirit, he found himself standing in the midst of a deep forest that was so gloomy, wild and savage that no mortal eyes had ever seen its equal—and even to think of it afterward caused him a bitterness not far from that of death itself.

As he stood there he was aware of a presence close by, the stately figure of a man, who proved to be the great Roman poet, Vergil,—and Vergil told him that Divine Will had ordered him to guide Dante through Hell and as far as the gates of Paradise.

He made clear to Dante that this journey was the part of a Heavenly order and had been decreed by Heaven itself, and Dante, in great fear at what he was about to see, was led by Vergil through the forest until he came to the mouth of a black cavern. Carven on the rock above it was a verse that told Dante that here was the entrance to the lower world,—the gateway to Hell. And the verse

concluded with the grim words —*"All Hope Abandon, Ye Who Enter Here!"*

Sighs, groans, lamentations and terrible voices were heard from the depths below as they passed through this evil doorway, and now they were in a region of murky gloom, where no ray of sunlight ever had entered. All around them were the spirits of the dead. They came flocking to the Acheron or River of Death, where the ferryman named Charon, with eyes like flaming wheels, bore them across. When Charon saw a living man among the dead he sternly ordered Dante to return whence he had come. Vergil interceded for him, and they passed on.

After they had crossed the River of Death they entered the first circle of Hell, where those who had the misfortune to die without being baptized, or who had believed in some other religion than Christianity, must spend the rest of time. Here were a number of noble spirits from the days of Rome and Greece, including many of the poets, mathematicians and astronomers of olden days. Dante would gladly have remained with them, for they were not unhappy and spent their time in learned discourse and scholarly friendship, but Vergil urged him onward.

Deeper and deeper they descended. They passed through great spaces where mighty winds swept before them the souls of the dead, whirling them around forever without rest; through regions of chill rain and sleet, where

the spirits of those who had been gluttonous in their lifetime were perpetually torn into pieces by a three-headed dog called Cerberus. And after many awful scenes that Dante could hardly bear to witness, he saw in front of him the towers of the dreadful city of Dis, or Satan, in which the spirits of the damned underwent punishments that were worse than any he had witnessed thus far.

Guarding the walls were the three Furies of the Greek legends. When they beheld Dante they howled for the Gorgon, Medusa, with the snaky locks to come quickly and turn him into stone—a fate that must befall all men that gazed upon her face. But Vergil bade Dante hide his eyes, and to be sure that he might be saved he covered them with his own hand.

They entered the city—and there and from that time on the punishments became so fearful that we shall not describe them here.

In their journey they had constantly to be on their guard against the monsters of Hell that strove to arrest their progress. And in passing by a lake of burning pitch, in which tortured souls were burning, the demons that guarded them rushed at Dante and pursued him, eager to hurl him into the lake to lose his life and the hope of Heaven at one and the same time.

Lower and lower they descended, passing from one horror to another still more terrible, until they came to the nethermost pit of all, where Vergil told Dante that now he

would need all his courage to sustain him, for he had come at last to the abode of Satan. This was a region of eternal ice and a bitter wind blew on them, so cold and dreadful that Dante was half dead from it and it seemed that his numbed senses could not support life any longer. The wind, he saw, was caused by the bat-like wings of Satan himself—a gigantic and hairy monster, with only the upper half of his body protruding from the icy pit in which he stood. He had three heads, one red, one green and one white and yellow; and in his three mouths he munched the three greatest traitors of all time—Judas Iscariot, Brutus and Cassius.

When Dante was about to swoon from the terrible sight, Vergil watched his opportunity, and as the great wings of Satan rose he sprang beneath them, with Dante following him. Grasping the hairy side of the monster, they commenced to descend still lower. And soon, to Dante's amazement, their downward path became an upward one, for Satan's waist was at the center of the earth and after they had passed it they must climb instead of descend.

Up and up they went, toiling with the greatest difficulty, passing through a chimney-like passageway that led for an incredible distance to the open air above; and when they arrived beneath the blue sky they were at the base of the Mountain of Purgatory, where men's spirits that were not doomed to Hell must purify themselves

before they could hope to enter the Heaven that lay above them.

After the soot of Hell was washed from Dante's countenance he began with Vergil to ascend the mountain. They passed countless spirits all engaged in severe tasks, to cleanse themselves of sin before they could hope to attain the wonderful regions above; but these spirits were almost happy, although many of them were undergoing pain and suffering, for their trouble was not endless as was the case with the spirits of Hell, and they would certainly find happiness at last.

When they came to the summit of the mountain a wall of fire lay between them and Paradise. Through this they passed, and once on the other side Dante lost sight of Vergil, who could accompany him no further.

Dante was then greeted by his long lost Beatrice, now a radiant spirit, who had been chosen by divine will to show him the glories of Heaven. And with Beatrice guiding him, Dante passed upward through the crystal spheres, once getting a glimpse of the earth in his heavenly progress as it lay beneath him shining in the light of the sun. At last Dante had ascended to so great a height in Heaven that he beheld God Himself—but what he saw was so wonderful that it was impossible for him to write about it, and in this way his wonderful poem came to an end.

After completing the Inferno Dante went to Paris, where he met a great many scholars and wise men, who treated him with the utmost respect, but all the time he desired to be in his native city of Florence. When Henry of Luxembourg planned to lay siege to it, Dante encouraged him, hoping that he might enter with the conquerors and that his enemies might be overthrown. The siege took place, but it was unsuccessful, and the poet was compelled to wander far and wide among strangers for the rest of his life. As he lacked money, he had to take many humble offices to earn his bread, and more than once had to undergo the indignity of sitting among the jesters and buffoons at some great house that had honored him with its favor.

At last, weary of life and sick at heart, Dante went to Ravenna, where his genius was honored more worthily. His name had now penetrated throughout the greater part of the civilized world and he was known as one of the greatest geniuses that had ever lived. Many people believed that Dante had actually beheld the scenes that he described. When they met him on the streets they would draw aside to let him pass, thinking him a man whose destiny was different from their own, and they would whisper to each other that he was the man who had descended into Hell and come forth again alive and had looked with his own eyes at the horrors of the Infernal Regions.

No doubt the fame and the almost frightened homage that he received were pleasing to the sad soul of Dante, but he always remembered that he was still an outcast from his native city. Florence stubbornly refused to remove her ban and when Dante died he was buried at Ravenna. There his body still lies, with a Latin inscription on his tombstone that tells the world of the ingratitude of the city of Florence to her greatest son, who is also the greatest poet that Italy has ever seen.

Florence Nightingale

(1820-1910: England)

The Red Cross Nurse has become a heroic figure in the world to-day and has saved lives by hundreds of thousands in every quarter of the globe; she has labored under fire on the battlefield and in the reek of pestilence in the rear; her form is as familiar in war as that of the soldier, and her name betokens every charity and kindness—but of all the heroic women who ever bore their healing art into the dark places and black hours of history, no name stands out with the luster of Florence Nightingale.

She was born in 1822 in the city of Florence in Italy, and was named after the place where she first drew breath. Her father was William Nightingale, an English gentleman, and her elder sister, Parthenope, also took her name from the place where she was born, for Parthenope is the ancient term for Naples.

The Nightingale family did not remain long in Italy, and soon after the birth of his youngest child William Nightingale, with his wife and two little daughters, returned to England where the two girls spent their childhood in a rambling old house in Derbyshire with many traditions and stories attached to it. Here Florence conceived a love for nursing and used to tend sick animals in the neighborhood and when she grew older, to sit up with and cheer the sick among the cottagers. There were

not many people, even among those who were far older than herself, who could minister to the sick with her kindness and skill, and her fame soon was general through the neighborhood. Poor men used to come hat in hand to the old house requesting that Miss Florence spend a few hours with a sick wife or a young mother, and the Nightingales were kind enough and sensible enough to allow their daughter to do the work for which she had so evident an inclination.

There were no trained nurses in those days, and the general business of nursing as a profession was considered almost disreputable. Sick people were expected to be cared for by their relatives; hospitals were inefficient and badly run, and the comforts of the modern sickroom were unknown. As Florence grew older she thought a great deal about these things, and finally decided that she would do something which at that time was regarded almost as strange as if she had declared her intention of visiting the North Pole—she said she was going to become a professional trained nurse, and went abroad to study nursing on the Continent which was far ahead of England in such matters.

In a European hospital that was more in accord with the standards we know to-day and where comfort, skill and cleanliness went hand in hand, Florence Nightingale nursed the sick and acquired a mastery of the profession as it was then understood. It was so unusual for a woman of refinement to enter such a calling that she had become

known in many places simply because she had decided to become a nurse; and after she returned to England she was at once offered the position of Superintendent at a Home for Sick Governesses in London.

This home, like many another benevolent institution in those times, was badly administered. As it constantly showed a deficit, its friends had become discouraged in supporting it, and the subscriptions on which it lived had been falling off. The ladies who were compelled to remain there did not receive the care that they should have had, and were unhappy and dispirited. This was the state of affairs when Florence Nightingale became the Superintendent of the Home.

In a very short time the Home was completely changed. Miss Nightingale had personally visited the former subscribers, and secured once more their help and patronage. She had changed the system on which the Home had been run to such an extent that it served as a model for institutions of its kind, and where the unfortunate women that lived there had been on the verge of actual physical suffering, they were now well cared for and contented.

Then war broke out between England, France and Turkey on the one side and Russia on the other,—a war that was brought about among other reasons by the desire of the Russian Czar to seize and hold the port of Constantinople. Great Britain and France supported the

Turks and active fighting commenced. The theater of war soon shifted to the Crimean Peninsula where the British and French laid siege to the town of Sebastopol which was Russia's most important fortress and chief base of supplies. Before the walls of Sebastopol there took place severe fighting, which continued until bitter winter rendered further campaigning impossible.

While the war was going on thousands of sick and wounded British soldiers were pouring into the base hospitals at Scutari, where no provision for their care had been made. With the constant flood of wounded men, and men who were dying of dysentery and cholera, with no medical supplies and little food, with no nurses and only a few doctors, the condition of the British wounded soon became terrible beyond description. As there were no field dressing stations they had to be carried for days with their wounds undressed before they reached the hospital, and when they arrived it was often some time before the harassed doctors could care for them. They were brought in with their uniforms covered with filth and blood, and were laid in long rows on the floors of the hospital where few cots were to be found. Vermin crawled over the floors, over the walls and over the bodies of the helpless men. Rats gnawed the fingers of the wounded who were too weak to drive them away. There were no conveniences of any kind and many men died of exhaustion because no food adequate for the sick could be prepared. All the food, we are told, consisted of beef and vegetables boiled

together in one huge caldron into which new supplies were thrown indiscriminately as fast as they were delivered. The bread was moldy and the beef too tough even for well men to eat.

Owing to the efforts of a war correspondent of the London Times, the people at home were soon informed of the state of affairs in the Crimea, and gifts and supplies poured in profusely. But owing to the inefficiency and red tape of the War Department, the supplies were not delivered, but lay rotting in warehouses and in the holds of vessels while men died for the want of them. On one occasion, we are told, a consignment of shoes for the soldiers turned out to be in women's sizes. Improper inspections resulted in high profits, for the army contractors made uniforms out of shoddy and leather accouterments from paper, filled the cores of hay bales with kale stocks and cheated the Government right and left without forbearance or conscience.

Then the newspapers began calling for English women to go to the Crimea and care for the sick, and Florence Nightingale heard the call. She wrote a letter to Sydney Herbert who was Minister of War, volunteering to organize a body of nurses and go out to the Crimea to care for the wounded.

Right then a curious thing happened. The War Department had already decided that Miss Nightingale was the one person who could take charge of the

reorganization of the hospitals in the Crimea, and had written a letter requesting her services. Offer and request crossed each other in the mails. On the following day her appointment was officially announced, and she was overwhelmed with proffers of assistance from all sides.

A large number of patriotic women volunteered to aid her, but only a very few possessed the necessary qualifications for such a task. Of all that offered to go Miss Nightingale was only able to accept thirty that she considered would be capable of performing the severe tasks that lay ahead, for she knew only too well the grim welcome she would receive at the Crimea.

Without farewells, quietly and at night, seen off only by a few intimate relatives, the little group of nurses started on their mission—the first one where women were to care for the soldiers who had fallen in war.

They crossed the English Channel and arrived at Boulogne in France on the following morning, where they were given a rousing greeting by the voluble French fish-wives, who had heard of their mission and who crowded around them to get a sight of the angels of mercy. From there they made their way to the seat of the war, and Miss Nightingale looked for the first time on the hospital where she was so soon to acquire immortal fame.

It may well be thought that her heart sank when she saw the enormity of the task that lay before her, for she had been sent to bring order from chaos, plenty from want,

comfort from torture and cleanliness from wholesale filth. She had to contend not only with these awful conditions, but with the dislike and distrust of the medical officers with whom she was to work, who resented the fact that a woman had been sent out to reorganize what they considered a part of their department, and who doubted, because she was a woman, that she would be capable of doing so efficiently.

And when she arrived there was no time to spend in preliminary planning, for active fighting had been going on at the front and the wounded from recent battles were pouring in, adding to the confusion that already existed. They were laid groaning in hallways and on the bare ground until such time as the doctors could look after them.

Then Florence Nightingale, hardly taking breath, plunged into the task that awaited her and sent her nurses to the quarters where they were most needed. With their own hands these brave Englishwomen scrubbed the reeking floors and supervised the work of the orderlies. They visited the quartermasters and obtained the supplies that had been tied up through faulty administration and through army red tape, and in a short time they had established a diet kitchen where several hundred sick and wounded men could have the food they required, food that would save their lives.

The death rate, we are told, before this woman nurse and her little company arrived at the hospital was sixty percent of all the cases that were treated there—and after she had effected the changes that she saw were necessary, the death rate was only one percent—a fact in itself that speaks more loudly than any words for her efficiency and her bravery.

At times this indomitable woman was on her feet for twenty hours out of the twenty-four, supervising, directing, taking the last message of some dying soldier for his family, feeding another who was too weak to feed himself. The doctors who had been her opponents soon looked up to her and became her devoted friends, and the men who had been through such terrible sufferings thought she was indeed an angel from heaven, and, as she passed down the long wards would furtively kiss her shadow as it fell across their blankets. Many a time she took charge of cases that had been given up by the doctors, who turned their attention always to those whom they believed had a fighting chance for life, and she nursed them back to life with a patience and a tenderness that the doctors could not spare.

From the ships and warehouses there commenced to appear the comforts that sick men demanded—sheets and nightgowns, socks and pillows; in the place of the nauseous beef stew, the wounded began to get broths and jellies. Should they die they were sure of a woman's hand and a kindly ministration at the last, for Florence

Nightingale had resolved that no man should die unattended in her hospital. And the wonders she performed were heard of back in England, where her name became national.

She had gone to Scutari in 1854. In May, 1855, she visited other hospitals that were nearer the seat of war and went into the trenches themselves before Sebastopol. One of her biographers tells us that when she entered the trenches she was warned by a sentinel to go no further, because the enemy had the place under close watch and would certainly open fire when they beheld a group of people at that particular point.

"My good young man," replied Miss Nightingale, "more dead and wounded have passed through my hands than I hope you will ever see on the battlefield during the whole of your military career; believe me, I have no fear of death."

Then she fell ill with Crimean fever, and through the army the news was received with more consternation than a severe defeat. Men broke down and cried like children when they heard that Miss Nightingale lay at the point of death, and the Commander in Chief, Lord Raglan, rode through sleet and mud for hours to visit her personally. She did not die, however, but recovered to take up again her duties as chief nurse and organizer.

When the war was ended Miss Nightingale remained at the Crimea until the last soldiers were sent home, and

then, and not till then, she followed them. After most of the men had left and only a few remained she still worked faithfully to serve them, establishing "reading huts" and places of recreation such as the Red Cross and the Y.M.C.A. established in France and Belgium in the course of the World War some sixty years later.

As a matter of fact the work performed by Miss Nightingale was indirectly responsible for the birth of the Red Cross which was organized in Switzerland some four years after she had finished her work at the Crimea, and certainly no name in the Red Cross, in spite of the host of noble men and women who have served there, has ever equaled the glory of her own.

She returned to England quietly as she had left, although a British Government placed a battleship at her service—and she lived in England engaged in useful and philanthropic work for a great many years. With a fund of about $250,000 she founded the Nightingale Home for the proper training of nurses, a fund that she could have doubled or trebled had she so desired, or if the needs of the home had required it. In the following years she was frequently consulted on hospital organization in the armies not only of Great Britain but of Continental nations as well. She died in 1910, one of the great figures among the heroines of history.

Catherine Breshkovsky

(1844-1934: Russia)

In the year 1844 in Russia was born one of the most remarkable women of modern times. Her full name is Ekaterina Constantinovna Breshko-Breshkovskaya, but in America she is called Catherine Breshkovsky, and as such she will be known in these pages. Both her father and her mother were of noble birth, and when she was a little girl her father had a large estate on which hundreds of serfs were held in bondage.

While the negroes in the United States were kept in slavery, the peasants in Russia were in almost as bad a plight. They lived on the estates of the great nobles and formed a part of the nobles' property. Toiling from dawn until far into the night with frequent floggings and brow-beatings from their masters they bore the burdens of the Russian government that gave them nothing in return. While the noblemen feasted on the fruits of the peasants' toll, the peasants themselves starved to death. When war came it was the peasants who furnished the armies while the nobles themselves seldom went to the front but remained behind the lines in safety.

When Catherine was a little girl she saw many instances of injustice and oppression, although the serfs on her father's estate were treated far better than many others. She did not know why she herself had fine clothes and delicate food, when the children of her father's

servants were ragged and dirty, and often had just enough to eat to keep them from starving. She used to ask her parents what was the reason that they had no work to perform, while others had to get up when the stars were still shining and labor until long after the sun had set at night. And why the ones who did not work were so much better off than the others who did. And before she was eight years old, she had formed the habit of giving away her own possessions to the children of the serfs, who never had the pretty things with which she was surfeited.

Before she was nine, Catherine, we are told, had read a long history of Russia in nine large volumes, and when she was a girl of sixteen she had made an especial study of the French Revolution and the causes that led up to it.

The Crimean war came, and soldiers went to the front in large numbers. They were all taken from the families of the serfs, and while a certain number of the noblemen went to the war as officers of the Russian army, many others stayed at home safely, not being compelled to fight for their country as the peasants were. And the injustice of the system was very evident to the young girl, who even then was forming the idea of devoting her life to aiding the suffering and oppressed people who surrounded her.

About the time that the Civil War began in the United States a great change came over the peasantry in Russia, but it was a change that seemed to do them little good. The Russian Czar issued a proclamation in 1861 in which

he declared that all serfs in his dominions were at liberty, and if they chose could leave the estates of their former masters and seek work where they wished.

But the serfs were worse off than ever before, because in the proclamation nothing was said about the land on which they had been living and which belonged to the nobles. They knew no trade except that of tilling the soil, and now that they were no longer the property of the nobles, their land was taken away from them and they had no means by which they could earn a living. Then terrible scenes commenced to be enacted. The serfs were ruthlessly driven from their homes and when they sought to remain were beaten in great numbers, being flogged so severely with the knout that many of them died as a result. Most of them were densely ignorant, and reading and writing were far beyond their knowledge. They could not understand why the land on which they had always lived and worked was taken from them, and why they were now denied even the bitter bread that they had formerly been able to earn.

Among the Russian nobility, however, were many high minded young men and women, who like Catherine felt the injustice of the serfs' hard lot and desired to help them. These young people formed into philanthropic bands, and went into the villages to teach the serfs, help them with their labor, minister to them in sickness and to make their condition better in every way possible. Thousands of boys and girls of gentle birth flocked to the

Russian Universities and from there went to befriend the serfs. Throughout the younger generation a different feeling existed toward the common people than ever before in Russian history.

Catherine's father himself was liberal in his views and had already done what he could to alleviate the sufferings of his former bondsmen. When Catherine came to him and told him that she did not think that she could endure living in idleness any longer, but desired to support herself, he consented, and the girl who all her life had been used to the greatest luxuries went away to become a governess in the house of a nobleman, where she could live honestly by the fruits of her own labor.

Her father did not long consent to this, however, and helped her to open a boarding house for girls, where she taught school until she was twenty-five years old when she was married. Her husband was a young nobleman who sympathized with her liberal ideas, and himself had done a great deal to better the condition of the Russian people. He helped his wife work for the peasants and began a cooperative banking scheme by which they might benefit.

But Catherine grew more and more discontented with the terrible conditions that surrounded her on every side. She happened to go to the city of Kiev to visit her sister and she took her meals at a student's boarding house. She heard a great deal of discussion of the condition of Russia there and saw a great many young students who were

interested in public affairs. And one day she held a secret meeting of students in her room to talk over what more could be done to make Russia a better place to live in.

While the younger generation had been striving in every way possible to help the serfs, the Russian Government did all in its power to hinder them. This government was then an absolute autocracy, which means that it was under the complete control of one ruler and a few advisors. The Czar of Russia knew that when his people grew better educated and more enlightened his own power would grow less, so he did all that he could to keep them in the state of darkness and ignorance in which they had languished for centuries. When young noblemen and girls sought to teach or help the peasants, they met with obstacles on every side, and many of them were treated with great severity by the officers of the Czar. This naturally angered them, and they began to form plans to overthrow the Czar's power, since they saw that any real progress would be impossible so long as the regime that then existed remained in force. In short they became revolutionists; and Catherine herself was well on the road to becoming one.

When Catherine came home from Kiev she and her husband conducted a series of meetings in which they made speeches to the peasants and labored harder than ever to improve their condition, but this soon brought them under the eye of the Czar's spies, and they were warned that they had better discontinue their efforts and

let the peasants take care of themselves. And this was the final event that determined Catherine to become a revolutionist and bend all her energies to overthrowing the Czar's government.

She talked it over with her husband and asked him if he were ready to throw in his lot with those who sought to change the government, saying that she herself had resolved to do so. It meant suffering, poverty, hardships and very probably prison or death. Her husband was unwilling to take the risk and they parted forever. Soon after this Catherine had a son, and on account of the life that she had chosen was obliged to leave him with friends. It was a bitter moment for her when she gave him up, but it only strengthened her in her purpose.

Many revolutionists were at work in Russia at that time, and were scattered all through the country in various disguises. They were sent from various revolutionary centers to preach revolution to the peasants and to kindle the flames of revolt against the Czar. Others did social work, and sought to educate the peasants to the point where they would have sufficient knowledge to understand the revolutionary doctrines when they heard them—and it was in this form of work that Catherine first engaged.

At last, however, she entered into the more active work of the revolutionists, and in person commenced to spread revolutionary ideas among the common people.

With two companions disguised as peasants, and in peasant garb herself, carrying a pack crammed with revolutionary pamphlets and literature, Catherine made her way to a little village, where she took a small hut and pretended to be a woman who dyed clothes. As soon as she grew to know the peasants she commenced to preach to them and to incite them to revolution. She told them that the Czar was an evil ruler, and that he and his nobles had always fattened themselves at the peasants' expense; that the Russian people would always be poor and miserable so long as the Czar remained in power; that they had a right to the land that was taken from them, and were no better than slaves who dared not call their souls their own—and furthermore that their only salvation lay in rising throughout Russia, overthrowing the Czar and establishing a government where all men should be free and equal, and where every man would have a right to earn his daily bread.

When the peasants in one village failed to respond Catherine and her comrades moved on to another town, and little by little they brought the doctrines of revolution to the mass of ignorant people, who were looking for some means to better themselves and realize a little of the happiness of life.

The life of a traveling preacher of this sort was filled with hardship. Catherine, who had been used to every luxury, was forced to eat the coarsest food and often to go hungry. She had to sleep in houses that were filled with

dirt and vermin. Her audiences were stupid in the extreme, and were often as afraid of the revolutionists as they were of the Cossacks and the Czar's officials. Moreover there was always the danger of arrest and imprisonment, followed by exile to Siberia, or death on the gallows.

One day in the town of Zlatopol, where Catherine was carrying on her revolutionary work, a police officer stopped her and demanded her passport. This passport was forged and when she showed it he suspected her. Then, when he commenced to treat her with the indignities to which the peasants were accustomed she resented it, disclosing the fact that she was from the upper classes. Her pack was torn open and the revolutionary pamphlets were found. The case against her was complete.

She was hurried to prison and thrown into a foul dungeon, where the filth and suffering forced on her were indescribable. And here she was kept for long, weary months until her case should come to trial.

It was in this prison that she first learned the secret code that prisoners in Russia used to communicate with one another. One day, as she lay on the bundle of rags that formed her couch, she heard a faint tapping on an iron pipe that ran through her cell. She responded, and on the pipe tapped out the alphabet, one tap standing for "a" two for "b" and so on. From this laborous method she learned

another code which was the one generally in use among the imprisoned revolutionists; and she spent long hours communicating with friends in different parts of the prison who were in solitary confinement like herself, and whom she had never seen.

At last Catherine was brought up for trial and was sentenced to exile in Siberia. Because she told her judges that she refused to acknowledge the authority of the Czar she was given an extra sentence of five years at hard labor in the mines. She had already been in prison several years awaiting trial—and out of three hundred who had been imprisoned in the same jail more than one hundred had died or become insane.

Catherine then commenced a weary two months journey into Siberia, where she was first to go to prison and later remain as an exile. The prisoners traveled in covered wagons, that jolted and bumped endlessly over the rough roads, and at night they were thrown into roadside jails, filthy beyond description. For eight long weeks this journey continued until Catherine reached the prison at Kara.

Here she was not compelled to work after all, but was forced to eat the vilest food and wear out her soul in idleness, with no occupation except to witness the sufferings of her companions. When her prison term was ended she was taken to a little town called Barguzon near the Arctic Circle, where the thermometer often dropped

to fifty below zero, and here she was kept under close guard for many years.

Words cannot describe the misery of the Siberian exiles as Catherine saw them—men, women and children, sick and forlorn, compelled to march for miles over the bleak countryside, surrounded by brutal guards who prodded them on with their bayonets. After she had been for some time at Barguzon she tried to escape with three men who were also political exiles, and sought to gain the Pacific coast a thousand miles away, where she hoped she might take ship for America. She was pursued and recaptured, and given another term in the prison at Kara on account of her attempt to escape.

Catherine was a young woman when she went into exile; she remained until she was old and her hairs were gray before her term of punishment ended. She had been in exile more than twenty years and in all that time she had not seen one of her relatives or heard the voice of a friend. At last she was set free.

When she arrived at her former home she spent several months in making visits to relatives, and once again entered the work of the revolutionists. She was now famous in their circles and known to great numbers of peasants who loved her dearly and called her "Grandmother." She had many narrow escapes from the police, but her friends always succeeded in concealing her.

On one occasion she was hiding in a house, while the police officers searched for her. It was the cook's day off, and Catherine, in the cook's dress, was stirring the soup at the stove while the police officers ranged the house to discover her.

In 1904 she came to the United States to do what she could to spread the work of the revolution by gaining money from Russians in America. She received a cordial reception and made many friends among the Americans, some of them being the most prominent men and women in the country. The Russians themselves received her most enthusiastically wherever she went, and she returned with $10,000 for the Cause.

Through the double dealing of one of her supposed friends, Catherine was arrested again in 1908 and sent once more to Siberia. She remained there until after the outbreak of the World War, while the Germans overran Belgium and Russia in turn. She remained, in fact, until the revolution for which she had labored for so many years at last took place, and the Czar was overthrown. Then she was invited to return by the Government of Kerensky, who came into power when the Czar fell.

Her return from Siberia with the other political exiles was like a triumphal ovation. At every stop the train made crowds thronged about her carriage, cheering and shouting for "the little grandmother of the Russian Revolution," as she was called on account of her many

years of labor for the cause. On her arrival in Moscow she was placed in the Czar's former coach of state, and was driven in triumph through the city to the assembly of the people called the Douma, which was then sitting. At Petrograd she was given a sumptuous apartment in the Czar's former palace. Everywhere her name was on the lips of thousands, and everywhere she received cheers, kisses and handclasps. It may almost have been worth the suffering she went through to receive a triumph so generous as that afforded her by the Russian people, who realized that she had been one of the chief leaders of the revolutionary movement and that her heart was bound up in its ultimate triumph.

But the revolution did not succeed, and it was not long before Russia was once more in the grip of a force even more deadly than that of the former Czar. The Bolshevists soon organized and drove Kerensky from power, and anarchy ruled throughout Russia. Catherine Breshkovsky was declared a public enemy by the Government of Lenine and Trotsky. She was in danger of her life if captured, as the Bolshevists were talking of putting her to death. After an unsuccessful attempt to organize resistance to the new government, Catherine was hidden by friends while the Bolshevists sought her, and after traveling for six hundred miles on horseback reached Vladivostok, where she found a steamer ready to take her to America. Here she was again welcomed cordially and made much of on every side, and here too she made many

speeches against the Bolshevist government. Although she is over seventy-five years old she declares that she will still aid Russia to gain the freedom and peace it craves and if given an opportunity she will no doubt take part in the future development of her country.

Edith Cavell

(1865-1915: England)

As the name of Florence Nightingale became world famous at the close of the Crimean War more than sixty years ago, the name of another English nurse who suffered martyrdom in the World War will go down into history with the lustre of glory and self-sacrifice surrounding it. That name is Edith Cavell.

Edith Cavell was born at Swardeston in Norwich, England, in 1873. Her father was an English minister of the old school who was rector of a single parish in Norwich for more than half a century. Edith and her sister were brought up in strict conformance with church ideas and were taught the value of leading useful lives and the glory of self-sacrifice. As was customary at the time when she was a young girl she received her education on the continent, attending school in the city of Brussels in Belgium. She then returned to her home and remained there until, when twenty-one years old and resolved to give her life to some useful and benevolent occupation, she decided to become a trained nurse and went to London to study that calling.

She studied at the London Hospital—a place, we are told, where the hardest and most difficult conditions prevailed, and where the nurses were worked to the limit of their strength. She also held the position of a nurse in two other hospitals—the Shoreditch Infirmary in

Hoxton, and the St. Pancras Infirmary; and she gained a reputation both for hard work and efficiency, while her patients often spoke of her gentleness and her kindness. Not content with forgetting a patient when discharged from the hospital, Edith Cavell often followed him to his home and continued there the lighter nursing that would assure his convalescence. Her regular duties were severe enough but she used a large part of her scanty leisure for such purposes as these.

In 1906 Edith Cavell left the English hospitals, where she had made a reputation for herself, and went back to Brussels, where she took a position as matron in a Medical and Surgical Home. Nursing in Brussels had been conducted hitherto by Roman Catholic Sisters of Mercy, and at first they were inclined to look upon Miss Cavell as an untrained outsider, but her tact, efficiency and skill soon won the hearts of these good women, who afforded her every courtesy and entered into cordial cooperation with her.

Her home succeeded so well that three years after its commencement, Miss Cavell started also a training school for nurses. She was popular everywhere in the Belgian capital, and although Protestant, she gained the praise of the Roman Catholic priests for the generous and unselfish work that she performed.

When the war broke out Miss Cavell was on a vacation with her mother. Every year she returned twice to England

to visit her family. Her father had died by this time, but her mother was close to her heart and she saw her as often as she could.

"I may be looked on as an old maid," she is reported as saying, "but with my work and my mother I am a very happy one, and desire nothing more as long as I have these two."

When war was declared Miss Cavell lost no time in hurrying back to Brussels, believing that her duty called her there. She wrote a letter commenting on the German army when it swept through Belgium—and in it she voiced her pity for the tired, footsore German soldiers,—who were later to slay her. Brussels became a part of the German Empire and a tyrannical governor came there to establish his headquarters, issuing proclamations threatening the Belgians with death for minor offenses, and filling Brussels with spies and intrigue. Miss Cavell desired to continue her hospital work and went to the Governor, Von Bissing, to get permission to do so. He granted it, for the quiet English nurse made an impression upon him. We are told that the arrogant German formed a high opinion of her—so much so that he secretly determined to keep her under the strictest supervision!

From that time on spies dogged her tracks. She cared for the wounded German soldiers and nursed a number of German officers, as well as the Belgians who were in her care, but this made no difference to the authorities. They

were determined to detect her in some crime and punish her. It was not fitting, they thought, that an enemy should be engaged in works of mercy, even though they themselves might benefit thereby. And soon spies began to come to the Governor with tales and fabrications of the crimes that she had been committing in their eyes. They bore witness that she had given an overcoat to a Frenchman who was cold and hungry—and the Frenchman later escaped over the Dutch frontier. Once she gave a glass of water to a Belgian soldier. She had given money to poor people, perhaps to soldiers. But the main reason that the Germans hated her was because she was held in great affection by the people of Brussels.

On the night of August fifth, 1915, we are told, Miss Cavell was tying up the wounds of a wounded German soldier, when a group of armed men entered the room and their leader told her roughly that she was under arrest. A blow was the only response when she tried to expostulate. She was taken to prison and placed in solitary confinement. Her arrest was shrouded with the most careful secrecy, for the Germans did not want to have the representatives of neutral governments, such as the United States, know of the affair or of what they proposed to do.

But word of her plight did reach England through a traveler, and at once the British Government requested the American Ambassador, Dr. Page, to get what information he could from Brand Whitlock, the American

Minister in Belgium. He went at once to the German authorities, but they evaded his questions and waited ten days before giving him a reply. Then the Germans sent him a statement declaring that Edith Cavell herself had admitted giving money to English and Belgian soldiers and furnishing them with guides to help them to the Dutch frontier, whence they might escape into Holland and return to England.

This was the German statement. If what they said were true, there was still no cause for killing the unfortunate woman in their power, for she was not accused at any time of having been a spy. But they had planned to try her for her life, and Mr. Whitlock soon guessed this, in spite of the fact that the Germans kept their preparations from him so far as possible.

An American lawyer, Mr. de Leval, was requested by Mr. Whitlock to take Miss Cavell's case and do whatever was possible in her behalf. He was not allowed to see the prisoner—and was not even allowed to look at the documents in the case until the trial began. Another lawyer, who was a Belgian, suddenly appeared and told the Americans that there was not the least cause for them to worry as Miss Cavell was sure to receive only just treatment. He also promised to let them know when the trial was to take place, and that he would keep them informed of all the developments in the case. All these promises were broken. It is true that he sent a note a few days before the trial telling Mr. Whitlock that the case was

about to come to court, but that is all that he told them. He never informed them that the death sentence had been imposed. He never came to see them afterward. And when they sought him for an explanation and for assistance, he had disappeared.

Miss Cavell was kept in solitary confinement for two months and then was tried with a number of other persons who were accused of crimes against the German Government. It was only from a private source that Mr. de Leval learned that the trial was under way, and that the death sentence had been given. Miss Cavell herself, we are told, was calm, dignified and brave at the trial and faced her accusers heroically. She was dressed in her nurse's uniform and wore the badge of the Red Cross.

When Mr. Whitlock learned that she had been tried and sentenced to death he did everything possible to secure her pardon, or at least a moderation of the punishment. He wrote to Baron Von der Lancken, pointing out in a clear and decisive manner that Miss Cavell had served the Germans by caring for their wounded, and that the death sentence had never before been inflicted for the crime of which she was accused. He also wrote a note to the Baron which is as follows:

"My dear Baron:

"I am too ill to present my request to you in person, but I appeal to your generosity of heart to support it and save this unfortunate woman from death. Have pity on her.

"Brand Whitlock."

All through the day the American Legation sent message after message to the German authorities asking for information. They received none. At 6:20 in the evening they were told by a subordinate that the sentence had not been given—only to learn later that it had indeed been declared, and that Miss Cavell would face a firing squad at two o'clock the following morning. Mr. Whitlock then urged Baron Von der Lancken to appeal to Gen. Von Bissing to mitigate the sentence, and at eleven in the evening he was told that Von Bissing refused to do anything to save Miss Cavell's life.

At the same time that the Governor denied this appeal, Edith Cavell was allowed to see a British chaplain. She told him that she was not in the least afraid of death and willingly gave her life for her country. Her words resembled those of Florence Nightingale that have been quoted elsewhere in this book. Death, she said, was well known to her, and she had seen it so often that it was not strange or fearful to her.

Early in the morning with her eyes bandaged Miss Cavell was led out to face the rifles of the Huns. She wore an English flag over her bosom. Only Germans were witnesses of the execution, but the German chaplain who attended said that she died like a heroine.

When her death became known, the entire civilized world was shocked and horrified. In England this murder

did more to stimulate recruiting than anything else up to that time. All day long lines of men waited to sign the papers of enlistment, and in Miss Cavell's home town every eligible man was sworn into the army.

A bitter denunciation of the German act was made by Sir Edward Grey. The Germans themselves had only a poor excuse for what they had done. In brief the case against the German authorities is as follows: they had not previously inflicted the death penalty for the offense of which Miss Cavell was accused; they had kept her in solitary confinement and prevented her from consulting an advocate up to the time of her trial; she was tried with great haste and with great secrecy, and after the trial the sentence was carried out far more speedily than usual. Moreover they had deceived Mr. Whitlock and the other members of the American Legation, and had done so deliberately. After the execution they refused to return the body.

But the name of Edith Cavell has become one of the world's great names and her fame grows brighter as time passes. In the hospital where she was in training for her high calling a fitting memorial to her is being prepared—it is the Edith Cavell Home to be a permanent part of the London Hospital where she served her difficult apprenticeship. But her chief memorial is in the hearts and minds of the British nation.

Prophet and Pioneer

(1797-1849: Massachusetts)

"What is my little Mistress Mary trying to do?" The whir of the spinning-wheel was stilled for a moment as Mrs. Lyon glanced in surprise at the child who had climbed up on a chair to look more closely at the hour-glass on the chimney-piece.

"I am just trying to see if I can find the way to make more time," replied Mary.

"That's not the way, daughter," laughed the busy mother, as she started her wheel again. "When you stop to watch time, you lose it. Let your work slip from your fingers faster than the sand slips—that's the way to make time!"

If busy hands can indeed make time, we know why the days were so full of happy work in that little farm-house among the hills of western Massachusetts. It takes courage and ceaseless toil to run a farm that must provide food and clothing for seven growing children, but Mrs. Lyon was never too busy or too tired to help a neighbor or to speak a word of cheer.

"How is it that the widow can do more for me than any one else?" asked a neighbor who had found her a friend in need. "She reminds me of what the Bible says, 'having nothing yet possessing all things.' There she is left without a husband to fend for her and the children, so that it's

work, work, work for them all from morning till night, and yet they're always happy. You would think the children liked nothing better than doing chores."

"How is it that the harder a thing is the more you seem to like it, Mary?" asked her seat-mate in the district school, looking wonderingly at the girl whose eyes always brightened and snapped when the arithmetic problems were long and hard.

"Oh, it's lots more fun climbing than just going along on the level," replied Mary. "You feel so much more alive. I'll tell you what to do when a thing seems hard, like a steep, steep hill, you know. Say to yourself: 'Some people may call you Difficulty, old hill; but I know that your name is Opportunity. You're here just to prove that I can do something worth while.' Then the climbing is the best fun—really!"

It is a happy thing to be born among the hills. Wherever one looks there is something to whisper: "There is no joy like climbing. Besides, the sun stays longer on the summit, and beyond the hill-tops is a larger, brighter world." Perhaps it was the fresh breath of the hills that gave Mary Lyon her glowing cheeks, as the joy of climbing brought the dancing lights into her clear blue eyes.

The changing seasons march over the hills in a glorious pageant of color, from the tender veiling green of young April to the purple mists and red-and-gold splendor

of Indian summer. Every day had the thrill of new adventure to Mary Lyon, but perhaps she loved the mellow October days best. "They have all the glowing memory of the past summer and the promise of the spring to come," she used to say.

How could one who had, through the weeks of growing things, worked together with rain and sunshine and generous earth for the harvest but feel the happy possession of all the year at the time when she saw bins overflowing with brown potatoes, yellow corn, and other gifts of fields and orchard? She could never doubt that, given the waiting earth and faithful labor, the harvest was sure. Duties and difficulties were always opportunities for higher endeavor and happier achievement.

There was no play in Mary Lyon's childhood except the play that a healthy, active child may find in varied, healthful work done with a light heart. There was joy in rising before the sun was up, to pick weeds in the dewy garden, to feed the patient creatures in the barn, and to make butter in the cool springhouse. Sometimes one could meet the sunrise on the hill-top, when it happened to be one's turn to bring wood to the dwindling pile by the kitchen door. Then there was the baking—golden-brown loaves of bread and tempting apple pies. When the morning mists had quite disappeared from the face of the hills, the blue smoke had ceased to rise from the chimney of the little farm-house. Then was the time to sit beside Mother and knit or weave, sew or mend, the garments that

were homemade, beginning with the moment when the wool, sheared from their own sheep, was carded and spun into thread. For holidays, there were the exciting mornings when they made soap and candles, or the afternoons when they gathered together in the barn for a husking-bee.

Beauty walked with Toil, however, about that farm in the hills. Mary had time to lift up her eyes to the glory of the changing sky and to tend the pinks and peonies that throve nowhere so happily as in her mother's old-fashioned garden.

"May I plant this bush in the corner with your roses?" asked a neighbor one day. "It is a rare plant of rare virtue, and I know that in your garden it cannot die."

As the labor of her hands prospered, as her garden posies blossomed, so the wings of Mary Lyon's spirit grew. No matter how shut in the present seemed, no hope nor dream for the future died in her heart as the days went by.

Her plans only took deeper and deeper root as she worked and waited patiently for the time of flowers and fruit. There were few books to be had, but these yielded her of their best. There was opportunity for but few scattered terms in distant district schools, but she learned there more than the teachers taught.

"Anything is interesting when you realize that it is important," she used to say. And to Mary everything was important that was real. She learned not only from books,

but from work, from people, from Nature, and from every bit of stray circumstance that came her way. It is said that when the first brick house was built in the village she made a point of learning how to make bricks, turning them up, piling them on the wheelbarrow, and putting them in the kiln. She was always hungry to know and to do, and the harder a thing was the more she seemed to like it. Climbing was ever more fun than trudging along on the level.

The years brought changes to the home farm. The older sisters married and went to homes of their own. When Mary was thirteen her mother married again and went away with the younger children, leaving her to keep house for the only brother, who had from early childhood been her best comrade. The dollar a week given her for her work was saved to pay for a term in the neighboring academy. She also taught in a district school for a while, receiving seventy-five cents a week and board.

The nineteen-year-old girl who appeared one day at the Ashfield Academy somehow drew all eyes to her. Her blue homespun dress, with running-strings at neck and waist, was queer and shapeless, even judged by village standards in the New England of 1817. Her movements were impulsive and ungainly and her gait awkward. But it was not the crudity, but the power, of the new-comer that impressed people. Squire White's gentle daughter, the slender, graceful Amanda, gave the loyalty of her best

friendship to this interesting and enthusiastic schoolmate from the hill farm.

"She is more alive than any one I know, Father," said the girl, in explanation of her preference. "You never see her odd dress and sudden ways when once you have looked into her face and talked to her. Her face seems lighted from within—it isn't just her bright color and red-gold curls; it isn't even her merry laugh. I can't explain what I mean, but it seems as if her life touches mine—and it's such a big, warm, beautiful life!"

The traditions of this New England village long kept the memory of her first recitation. On Friday she had been given the first lesson of Adams's Latin Grammar to commit to memory. When she was called up early Monday afternoon, she began to recite fluently declensions and conjugations without pause, until, as the daylight waned, the whole of the Latin grammar passed in review before the speechless teacher and dazzled, admiring pupils.

"How did you ever do it? How could your head hold it all!" demanded Amanda, with a gasp, as they walked home together.

"Well, really, I'll have to own up," said Mary, with some reluctance, "I studied all day Sunday! It wasn't so very hard, though. I soon saw where the changes in the conjugations came in, and the rules of syntax are very much like English grammar."

Studying was never hard work to Mary, because she could at a moment's notice put all her attention on the thing at hand. Her busy childhood had taught her to attack a task at once, while others were frequently spending their time thinking and talking about doing it.

"No one could study like Mary Lyon, and no one could clean the school-room with such despatch," said one of her classmates.

It seemed as if she never knew what it was to be tired. She appeared to have a boundless store of strength and enthusiasm, as if, through all her growing years, she had made over into the very fiber of her being the energy of the life-giving sunshine and the patience of the enduring hills. Time must be used wisely when all one's little hoard of savings will only pay for the tuition of one precious term. Her board was paid with two coverlets, spun, dyed, and woven by her own hands.

"They should prove satisfactory covers," she said merrily, "for they have covered all my needs."

On the day when she thought she must bid farewell to Ashfield Academy the trustees voted her free tuition, a gift which, as pupil-teacher, she did her best to repay. The hospitable doors of Squire White's dignified residence were thrown open to his daughter's chosen friend, and in this second home she readily absorbed the ways of gracious living—the niceties and refinements of dress and

manners for which there had been no time in the busy farm-house.

When the course at the academy was completed, the power of her eager spirit and evident gifts led Squire White to offer her the means to go with his daughter to Byfield Seminary near Boston, the school conducted by Mr. Joseph Emerson, who believed that young women, no less than their brothers, should have an opportunity for higher instruction. In those days before colleges for women or normal schools, he dreamed of doing something towards giving worthy preparation to future teachers. It was through the teaching and inspiration of this cultured Harvard scholar and large-hearted man that Mary Lyon learned to know the meaning of life, and to understand aright the longings of her own soul. Years afterward she said: "In my youth I had much vigor—was always aspiring after something. I called it longing to study, but had few to direct me. One teacher I shall always remember. He taught me that education was to fit one to do good.'

On leaving Byfield Seminary, Miss Lyon began her life-work of teaching. But with all her preparation for doing and her intense desire to do, she did not at first succeed. The matter of control was not easy to one who would not stoop to rigid mechanical means and who said, "One has not governed a child until she makes the child smile under her government." Besides, her sense of

humor—later one of her chief assets—seemed at first to get in the way of her gaining a steady hold on the reins.

When she was tempted to give up in discouragement, she said to herself: "I know that good teachers are needed, and that I ought to teach. 'All that ought to be done can be done.'"

To one who worked earnestly in that spirit, success was sure. Five years later, two towns were vying with each other to secure her as a teacher in their academies for young ladies. For some time she taught at Derry, New Hampshire, during the warm months, going to her beloved Ashfield for the winter term. Wherever she was she drew pupils from the surrounding towns and even from beyond the borders of the State. Teachers left their schools to gather about her. She had the power to communicate something of her own enthusiasm and vitality. Bright eyes and alert faces testified to her power to quicken thought and to create an appetite for knowledge.

"Her memory has been to me continually an inspiration to overcome difficulties," said one of her pupils.

"You were the first friend who ever pointed out to me defects of character with the expectation that they would be removed," another pupil wrote in a letter of heartfelt gratitude.

At this time all the schools for girls, like the Ashfield Academy and Mr. Emerson's seminary at Byfield, were entirely dependent upon the enterprise and ideals of individuals. There were no colleges with buildings and equipment, such as furnished dormitories, libraries, and laboratories, belonging to the work and the future. In the case of the most successful schools there was no guarantee that they would endure beyond the lifetime of those whose interest had called them into being.

Miss Lyon taught happily for several years, often buying books of reference and material for practical illustration out of her salary of five or six dollars a week. The chance for personal influence seemed the one essential. "Never mind the brick and mortar!" she cried. "Only let us have the living minds to work upon!"

As experience came with the years, however, as she saw schools where a hundred young women were crowded into one room without black-boards, globes, maps, and other necessaries of instruction—she realized that something must be done to secure higher schools for girls, that would have the requisite material equipment for the present and security for the future. "We must provide a college for young women on the same conditions as those for men, with publicly owned buildings and fixed standards of work," she said.

This idea could appeal to most people of that day only as a strange, extravagant, and dangerous notion. Harvard

and Yale existed to prepare men to be ministers, doctors, and lawyers. Did women expect to thrust themselves into the professions? Why should they want the learning of men? It could do nothing but make them unfit for their proper life in the home. Who had ever heard of a college for girls! What is unheard of is to most people manifestly absurd.

To Mary Lyon, however, difficulties were opportunities for truer effort and greater service. She had, besides, a faith in a higher power—in a Divine Builder of "houses not made with hands"—which led her to say with unshaken confidence, "'All that ought to be done can be done!'"

It was as if she were able to look into the future and see the way time would sift the works of the present. Those who looked into her earnest blue eyes, bright with courage, deep with understanding, could not but feel that she had the prophet's vision. It was as if she had power to divine the difference between the difficult and the impossible, and, knowing that, her faith in the happy outcome of her work was founded on a rock.

It took this faith and hope, together with an unfailing charity for the lack of vision in others and an ever-present sense of humor, to carry Mary Lyon through the task to which she now set herself. She was determined to open people's eyes to the need of giving girls a chance for a training that would fit them for more useful living by

making them better teachers, wiser home-makers, and, in their own right, happier human beings. She must not only convince the conservative men and women of her day that education could do these things, but she must make that conviction so strong that they would be willing to give of their hard-earned substance to help along the good work.

Those were not the days of large fortunes. Miss Lyon could not depend upon winning the interest of a few powerful benefactors. She must enlist the support of the many who would be willing to share their little. She must perforce have the hardihood of the pioneer, no less than the vision of the seer, to enable her to meet the problems, trials, and rebuffs of the next few years.

"I learned twenty years ago not to get out of patience," she once said to some one who marveled at the unwearied good-humor with which she met the most exasperating circumstances.

First enlisting the assistance of a few earnest men to serve as trustees and promoters of the cause, she, herself, traveled from town to town, from village to village, and from house to house, telling over and over again the story of the Mount Holyoke to be, and what it was to mean to the daughters of New England. For the site in South Hadley, Massachusetts, had been early selected, and the name of the neighboring height, overlooking the Connecticut River, chosen by the girl who was born in the hills and who believed that it was good to climb.

"I wander about without a home," she wrote to her mother, "and scarcely know one week where I shall be the next."

All of her journeying was by stage, for at that time the only railroad in New England was the one, not yet completed, connecting Boston with Worcester and Lowell. To those who feared that even her robust health and radiant spirit could not long endure the strain of such a life, she said: "Our personal comforts are delightful, but not essential. Mount Holyoke means more than meat and sleep. Had I a thousand lives, I would sacrifice them all in suffering and hardship for its sake."

During these years Miss Lyon abundantly proved that the pioneer does not live by bread alone. Only by the vision of what his struggles will mean to those who come after to profit by his labors is his zeal fed. It seemed at the time when Mount Holyoke was only a dream of what might be, and in the anxious days of breaking ground which followed, that Miss Lyon's faith that difficulties are only opportunities in disguise was tried to the utmost. Just when her enthusiasm was arousing in the frugal, thrifty New Englanders a desire to give, out of their slender savings, a great financial panic swept over the country.

Miss Lyon's friends shook their heads. "You will have to wait for better times," they said. "It is impossible to go on with the undertaking now."

"When a thing ought to be done, it cannot be impossible," replied Miss Lyon. "Now is the only word that belongs to us; with the afterwhile we have nothing to do."

In that spirit she went on, and in that spirit girls who had been her pupils gave of their little stipends earned by teaching, and the mothers of girls gave of the money earned by selling eggs and braiding palm-leaf hats.

"Don't think any gift too small," said Miss Lyon. "I want the twenties and the fifties, but the dollars and the half-dollars, with prayer, go a long way."

So Mount Holyoke was built on faith and prayer and the gifts of the many who believed that the time cried out for a means of educating girls who longed for a better training. One hard-working farmer with five sons to educate gave a hundred dollars. "I have no daughters of my own," he said, "but I want to help give the daughters of America the chance they should have along with the boys." Two delicate gentlewomen who had lost their little property in the panic, earned with their own hands the money they had pledged to the college.

Even Miss Lyon's splendid optimism had, however, some chill encounters with small-mindedness in people who were not seldom those of large opportunities. Once when she had journeyed a considerable distance to lay her plans before a family of wealth and influence in the community, she returned to her friends with a shade of

thought on her cheerful brow. "Yes, it is all true, just as I was told," she said as if to herself. "They live in a costly house, it is full of costly things, they wear costly clothes—but oh, they're *little bits of folks*!"

Miss Lyon, herself, gave to the work not only her entire capital of physical strength and her gifts of heart and mind, but also her small savings, which had been somewhat increased by Mr. White's prudent investments. And for the future she offered her services on the same conditions as those of the missionary—the means of simple livelihood and the joy of the work.

"Mount Holyoke is designed to cultivate the missionary spirit among its pupils," declared an early circular, "that they may live for God *and do something*."

Always Miss Lyon emphasized the ideal of an education that should be a training for service. To this end she decided upon the expedient of cooperative housework to reduce running expenses, to develop responsibility, and to provide healthful physical exercise. Long before the day of gymnasiums and active sports, this educator recognized the need of balanced development of physical as well as mental habits.

"We need to introduce wise and healthy ideals not only into our minds, but into our muscles," she said. "Besides, there is no discipline so valuable as that which comes from fitting our labors into the work of others for a common good."

One difficulty after another was met and vanquished. When the digging for the foundation of the first building was actually under way, quicksand was discovered and another location had to be chosen. Then it appeared that the bricks were faulty, which led to another delay. After the work was resumed and all was apparently going well, the walls suddenly collapsed. "Then," said the man in charge, "I did dread to see Miss Lyon. Now, thought I, she will be discouraged."

As he hurried towards the ruins, however, whom should he meet but Miss Lyon herself, smiling radiantly! "How fortunate it is that it happened while the men were at breakfast!" she exclaimed. "I understand that no one has been injured!"

The corner-stone was laid on a bright October day that seemed to have turned all the gray chill of the dying year into a golden promise of budding life after the time of frost.

"The stones and brick and mortar speak a language which vibrates through my soul," said Miss Lyon. "I have indeed lived to see the time when a body of gentlemen have ventured to lay the corner-stone of an edifice which will cost about fifteen thousand dollars—and for an institution for women! Surely the Lord hath remembered our low estate. The work will not stop with this foundation. Our enterprise may have to struggle through embarrassments for years, but its influence will be felt."

How lovingly she watched the work go on! When the interior was under way, how carefully she considered each detail of closets, shelves, and general arrangements for comfort and convenience! When the question of equipment became urgent, how she worked to create an interest that should express itself in gifts of bedroom furnishings, curtains, crockery, and kitchen-ware, as well as books, desks, chairs, and laboratory material! All sorts and conditions of contributions and donations were welcomed. One was reminded of the way pioneer Harvard was at first supported by gifts of "a cow or a sheep, corn or salt, a piece of cloth or of silver plate." Four months before the day set for the opening, not a third of the necessary furnishing had come in.

"Everything that is done for us now," cried Miss Lyon, "seems like giving bread to the hungry and cold water to the thirsty!"

On the eighth of November, 1837, the day that Mount Holyoke opened its door, all was excitement in South Hadley. Stages and private carriages had for two days been arriving with road-weary, but eager, young women. The sound of hammers greeted their ears. It appeared that all the men, young and old, of the countryside had been pressed into service. Some were tacking down carpet or matting, others were carrying trunks, unloading furniture, and putting up beds. Miss Lyon seemed to be everywhere, greeting each new-comer with a word that showed that she already knew her as an individual, putting the shy and

homesick girls to work, taking a cup of tea to one who was overtired from her journey, and directing the placing of furniture and the unpacking of supplies.

It might well have seemed to those first arrivals that they must live through a period of preparation before a reluctant beginning of regular work could be achieved, but in the midst of all the noise of house-settling and the fever of uncompleted entrance examinations the opening bell sounded on schedule time and classes began at once. What seemed, at first glance, hopeless confusion became ordered and stimulating activity through the generalship and inspiration of one woman whose watchword was: "Do the best you can *now*. Do not lose one golden opportunity for doing by merely getting ready to do something. Always remember that what ought to be done can be done."

This spirit of assured power—the will to do—became the spirit of those who worked with her, and was in time recognized as "the Mount Holyoke spirit."

"I can see Miss Lyon now as vividly as if it were only yesterday that I arrived, tired, hungry, and fearful, into the strange new world of the seminary," said a white-haired grandmother, her spectacles growing misty as she looked back across the sixty-odd years that separated her from the experiences that she was recalling.

"Tell me what you remember most about her," urged her vivacious granddaughter, a Mount Holyoke freshman,

home for her Christmas vacation. "Was she really such a wonder as they all say?"

"Many pictures come to me of Miss Lyon that are much more vivid than those of people I saw yesterday," pondered the grandmother. "But it was, I think, in morning exercises in seminary hall that she impressed us most. Those who listened to her earnest words and looked into her face alight with feeling could not but remember. Her large blue eyes looked down upon us as if she held us all in her heart. What was the secret of her power? My dear, she was power. All that she taught, she was. And so while her words awakened, her example—the life-giving touch of her life—gave power to do and to endure."

The young girl's bright face was turned thoughtfully towards the fire, but the light that shone in her eyes was more than the reflected glow from the cheerful logs. "It is good to think that a woman can live like that in her work," she ventured softly.

The grandmother's face showed an answering glow. "There are some things that cannot grow old and die," she said. "One of them is a spirit like Mary Lyon's. When they told us that she had died, we knew that only her bodily presence had been removed. She still lived in our midst—we heard the ring of her voice in the words we read, in the words our hearts told us she would say; we even heard the ring of her laugh! And to-day you may be sure that the woman-pioneer who had the faith to plant the first college

for women in America, lives by that faith, not only in her own Mount Holyoke, but in the larger lives of all the women who have profited by her labors."

A Champion of "The Cause"

(1847-1919: Born England)

A young girl was standing on a stump in the woods, waving her arms and talking very earnestly. There was no one there to listen except a robin a-tilt on a branch where the afternoon sun could turn his rusty brown breast to red, and a chattering, inquisitive bluejay. All the other little wood folk were in hiding. That strange creature was in the woods but not of them. She belonged to the world of people.

The girl knew that she belonged to a different world. She was not trying to play that she was a little American Saint Francis preaching to the birds in the forests of northern Michigan. She was looking past the great trees and all the busy life that lurked there to the faraway haunts of men. Somehow she felt that she would have something to say to them some day.

She raised her clasped hands high above her head and lifted her face to the patch of sky that gleamed deep blue between the golden-green branches of the trees. "There is much that I can say," she declared fervently. "I am only a girl, but I feel in my heart that some day people will listen to me."

A gray squirrel scampered noisily across the dry brown leaves and frisked up a tree trunk, where he clung for a moment regarding the girl on the stump with shining, curious eyes.

"Saucy nutcracker!" cried the child, tossing an acorn at the alert little creature. "Do you too think it strange for a girl to want to do things? What would you say if I should tell you that a young girl once led a great army to victory?—a poor girl who had to work hard all day just as I do? She did not know how to read or write, but she knew how to answer all the puzzling questions that the learned and powerful men of the day (who tried with all their might to trip her up) could think to ask. They called her a witch then. 'Of a truth this girl Joan must be possessed of an evil spirit,' they said. 'Who ever heard of a maid speaking as she speaks?' Years afterward they called her a saint. She was the leader of her people even though she was a girl— Now I don't mean, fellow birds and squirrels, that I expect to be another Joan of Arc, but I know that I shall be something!"

Anna Shaw's bright dark eyes glowed with intense feeling. Like the maid of whom she had been reading, she had her vision—a vision of a large, happy life waiting for her—little, untaught backwoods girl though she was. Her book led the way down a charmed path into the world of dreams. For the time she forgot the drudgery of the days—the plowing and planting and hoeing about the stumps of their little clearing, the cutting of wood, the carrying of water. She walked back to the cabin that was home, with her head held high and her lips parted in a smile. But all at once she was brought back to real things with a rude bump.

"What have you been doing, Anna?" demanded her father, who stood waiting for her in the doorway.

"Reading, sir," the girl faltered.

"So you have been *idling* away precious hours at a time your mother has needed your help?" the stern voice went on accusingly. "What do you suppose the future will bring to one who has not proved 'faithful in little'?"

The girl looked at her father without speaking. She knew that her share in the work of the household was not "little." Her young hands hardened from rough toil twitched nervously; the injustice cut her to the quick. Couldn't her father imagine what holding down that claim in the woods had meant for the little family during the eighteen months that he and the two older boys had remained behind in the East? In his joy at securing the grant of land from the Government, he already pictured the well-conditioned farm that would one day be his and his children's. "The acorn was not an acorn, but a forest of young oaks."

In a flash she saw as if it were yesterday the afternoon when their pathetic little caravan had at last reached the home that awaited them. She saw the frail, tired mother give one glance at the rude log hut in the stump-filled clearing, and then sink in a despairing heap on the dirt floor. It was but the hollow shell of a cabin—walls and roof, with square holes for door and windows gaping forlornly at the home-seekers. She heard the wolves and

wildcats as she had on that first night when they had huddled together—helpless creatures from another world—not knowing if their watch-fires would keep the hungry beasts at bay. She saw parties of Indians stalk by in war-paint and feathers. She saw herself, a child of twelve, trudging wearily to the distant creek for water until the time when, with her brother's help, she dug a well. There was, too, the work of laying a floor and putting in doors and windows. Like Robinson Crusoe, she had served a turn at every trade; to-day that of carpenter or builder, to-morrow that of farmer, fisherman, or woodcutter.

As these pictures flashed before the eye of memory she looked at her father quietly, without a word of defense or self-pity. All she said was, "Father, some day I am going to college."

The little smile that curled his lips as he looked his astonishment drove her to another boast. The dreams of the free calm woods and the heroic Maid of Orleans had faded away. Somehow she longed to put forth her claim in a way to impress any one, even a man who felt that a girl ought not to want anything but drudging. "And before I die I shall be worth $10,000," she prophesied boldly.

However, the months that succeeded gave no sign of any change of fortune. A sudden storm turned a day of toil now and then into a red-letter day when one had chance to read the books that father had brought with him into the wilderness. Sometimes one could stretch at ease on

the floor and dreamily scan the pages of the "Weekly" that papered the walls. There was always abundant opportunity in the busy hours that followed to reflect on what one had read—to compare, to contrast, and to apply, and so to annex for good and all the ideas that the books had to give.

It was clear, too, that there were many interesting things to be seen and enjoyed even in the most humdrum work-a-day round, if one were able to read real life as well as print. Could anything be more delightful than the way father would drop his hoe and run into the house to work out a problem concerning the yield of a certain number of kernels of corn? The days would go by while he calculated and speculated energetically over this problem and that, leaving such trivial tasks as planting and plowing to others. Then there were the weekend visitors. Often as many as ten or a dozen of the neighboring settlers—big lumbermen and farmers—would come on Saturday, to spend the night and Sunday listening to her father read. When it was delicately hinted that this was a tax on the family store of tallow dips, each man dutifully brought a candle to light the way to learning. It never seemed to occur, either to them or to the impractical father, who liked nothing better than reading and expounding, that the entertainment of so many guests was a severe tax on the strength and patience of the working members of the household.

But life was not all labor. There was now and then a wonderful ball at Big Rapids, then a booming lumber town. When it was impossible to get any sort of a team to make the journey, they went down the river on a raft, taking their party dresses in trunks. As balls, like other good things in pioneer experience, were all too rare, it was the custom to make the most of each occasion by changing one's costume at midnight, and thus starting off with fresh enthusiasm to dance the "money musk" and the "Virginia reel" in the small hours.

"Our costumes in those days had at least the spice of originality," said Miss Shaw with a reminiscent smile. "I well remember a certain gay ball gown of my own, made of bedroom chintz; and the home-tailored trousers of my gallant swain, whose economical mother had employed flour sacks, on which the local firm-name and the guarantee, '96 pounds,' appeared indelibly imprinted. A blue flannel shirt and a festive yellow sash completed his interesting outfit."

When Anna Shaw was fifteen she began to teach in the little log schoolhouse of the settlement for two dollars a week and "board round." The day's work often meant a walk of from three to six miles, a trip to the woods for fuel, the making of the wood fire and the partial drying of rain-soaked clothes, before instruction began. Then imagine the child of fifteen teaching fifteen children of assorted ages and dispositions out of fifteen different "reading books," most of which she had herself supplied. "I

remember that one little girl read from a hymn-book, while another had an almanac," she said.

As there was no money for such luxuries as education until the dog-tax had been collected, the young teacher received one bright spring day the dazzling sum of twenty-six dollars for the entire term of thirteen weeks. In the spending of this wealth, spring and youth carried the day. Joan of Arc and the preaching in the woods were for the time forgotten; she longed above everything else to have some of the pretty things that all girls love. Making a pilgrimage to a real shop, she bought her first real party dress—a splendid creation of rich magenta color, elaborately decorated with black braid.

Perhaps she regretted all too soon the rashness of this expenditure, for the next year brought hard times. War had been declared, and Lincoln's call for troops had taken all the able-bodied men of the community. "When news came that Fort Sumter had been fired on," said Miss Shaw, "our men were threshing. I remember seeing a man ride up on horseback, shouting out Lincoln's demand for troops and explaining that a regiment was being formed at Big Rapids. Before he had finished speaking the men on the machine had leaped to the ground and rushed off to enlist, my brother Jack, who had recently joined us, among them."

Anna Shaw was now the chief support of the little home in the wilderness, and the pitiful sum earned by

teaching had to be eked out by boarding the workers from the lumber-camps and taking in sewing, in order to pay the taxes and meet the bare necessities of life. With calico selling for fifty cents a yard, coffee for a dollar a pound, and everything else in proportion, one cannot but marvel how the women and children managed to exist. They struggled along, with hearts heavy with anxiety for loved ones on the battlefields, to do as best they could the work of the men—gathering in the crops, grinding the corn, and caring for the cattle—in addition to the homekeeping tasks of the daily round. It takes, perhaps, more courage and endurance to be a faithful member of the home army than it does to march into battle with bands playing and colors flying.

When, at the end of the war, the return of the father and brothers freed her from the responsibility for the upkeep of the home, Anna Shaw determined upon a bold step. Realizing that years must pass before she could save enough from her earnings as country schoolteacher to go to college, she went to live with a married sister in Big Rapids and entered as a pupil in the high school there. The preceptress, Miss Lucy Foot, who was a college graduate and a woman of unusual strength of character, took a lively interest in the new student and encouraged her ambition to preach by putting her in the classes in public speaking and debating.

"I vividly remember my first recitation in public," said Miss Shaw. "I was so overcome by the impressiveness of

the audience and the occasion, and so appalled at my own boldness in standing there, that I sank in a faint on the platform. Sympathetic classmates carried me out and revived me, after which they naturally assumed that the entertainment I furnished was over for the evening. I, however, felt that if I let that failure stand against me I could never afterward speak in public; and within ten minutes, notwithstanding the protests of my friends, I was back in the hall and beginning my recitation a second time. The audience gave me its eager attention. Possibly it hoped to see me topple off the platform again, but nothing of the sort occurred. I went through the recitation with self-possession and received some friendly applause at the end."

After this maiden speech, the young girl appeared frequently in public, now in school debates, now in amateur theatricals. It was as if the Fates had her case particularly in hand at this time, for everything seemed to further the secret longing that had possessed her ever since the days when she had preached to the trees in the forest.

There was a growing sentiment in favor of licensing women to preach in the Methodist Church, and Dr. Peck, the presiding elder of the Big Rapids district, who was chief among the advocates of the movement, was anxious to present the first woman candidate for the ministry. Meeting the alert, ardent young student at the home of her teacher, Dr. Peck took pains to draw her into

conversation. Soon she was talking freely, with eager animation, and her questioner was listening with interest, nodding approval now and then. Then an amazing thing happened. Dr. Peck looked at her smilingly and asked in an off-hand manner:

"Would you like to preach the quarterly sermon at Ashton?"

The young woman gasped; she stared at the good man in astonishment. Then she realized that he was speaking in entire seriousness.

"Why," she stammered, "I can't preach a sermon!"

"Have you ever tried?" he asked.

"Never!" she began, and then as the picture of her childish self standing on the stump in the sunlit woods flashed upon her, "Never to human beings!" she amended.

Dr. Peck was smiling again. "Well," he said, "the door is open. Enter or not, as you wish."

After much serious counsel with Miss Foot and with her own soul, Anna Shaw determined to go in at the open door. For six weeks the preparation of the first sermon engaged most of her waking thoughts, and even in her dreams the text she had chosen sounded in her ears. It was, moreover, a time of no little anguish of spirit because of the consternation with which her family regarded her unusual "call." One might as well be guilty of crime, it appeared, as to be so forward and unwomanly. Finding it

impossible to bring her to reason in any other way, they tried a bribe. After a solemn gathering of the clans, it was agreed that if she would give up this insane ambition to preach, they would send her to college—to Ann Arbor—and defray all her expenses. The thought of Ann Arbor was a sore temptation; but she realized that she could no more be faithless to the vision that had been with her from childhood than she could cease being herself.

The momentous first sermon was the forerunner of many others in different places, and when at the conference the members were asked to vote whether she should be licensed as a local preacher, the majority of the ministers raised both hands!

She was, however, still regarded as the black sheep of the family, and it was with a heavy spirit that she plodded on day by day with her studies. Surely nobody was ever more in need of a friendly word than was Anna Shaw at the time that Mary A. Livermore came to lecture in Big Rapids. At the close of the meeting she was among those gathered in a circle about the distinguished speaker, when some one pointed her out, remarking that "there was a young person who wanted to preach in spite of the opposition and entreaties of all her friends."

Mrs. Livermore looked into Anna Shaw's glowing eyes with sudden interest; then she put her arm about her and said quietly, "My dear, if you want to preach, go on and

preach. No matter what people say, don't let them stop you!"

Before Miss Shaw could choke back her emotion sufficiently to reply, one of her good friends exclaimed: "Oh, Mrs. Livermore, don't say that to her! We're all trying to stop her. Her people are wretched over the whole thing. And don't you see how ill she is? She has one foot in the grave and the other almost there!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Livermore, looking thoughtfully at the white face that was turned appealingly toward her, "I see she has. But it is better that she should die doing the thing she wants to do than that she should die because she can't do it."

"So they think I'm going to die!" cried Miss Shaw. "Well, I'm not! I'm going to live and preach!"

With renewed zeal and courage she turned again to her books, and, in the autumn of 1873, entered Albion College. "With only eighteen dollars as my entire capital," she said, "and not the least idea how I might add to it, I was approaching the campus when I picked up a copper cent bearing the date of my birth, 1848. It seemed to me a good omen, and I was sure of it when within the week I found two more pennies exactly like it. Though I have more than once been tempted to spend those pennies, I have them still—to my great comfort!"

At college she was distinguished for her independence of thought and for her alert, vigorous mind. When, on

being invited to join the literary society that boasted both men and women members instead of the exclusively feminine group, she was assured that "women need to be associated with men because they don't know how to manage meetings," she replied with spirit:

"If they don't, it's high time they learned. I shall join the women, and we'll master the art."

Her gift as a public speaker not only earned her a place of prominence in her class through her able debates and orations, but it also helped pay her way through college, since she received now and then five dollars for a temperance talk in one of the near-by country schoolhouses. But such sums came at uncertain intervals, and her board bills came due with discouraging regularity. A gift of ninety-two dollars, sent at Christmas by her friends in Big Rapids, alone made it possible for her to get through the term.

Though the second year at Albion was comparatively smooth sailing because her reputation had brought enough "calls" to preach and lecture to defray her modest expenses, she decided to go to Boston University for her theological course. She was able to make her way in the West; why was it not possible to do the same in the place where she could get the needed equipment for her life work?

But she soon found what it means to be alone and penniless in a large city. Opportunities were few and

hungry students were many. For the first time in her life she was tempted to give up and own herself beaten, when a sudden rift came in the clouds of discouragement. She was invited to assist in holding a "revival week" in one of the Boston churches.

It was soon evident that one could live on milk and crackers if only hope were added. The week's campaign was a great success. If she herself had not been able to feel the fervor and enthusiasm that the meetings had aroused, she could have no doubt when the minister assured her that her help had proved invaluable—that he greatly wished he were able to give her the fifty dollars, which at the very lowest estimate she deserved—but alas! he had nothing to offer but his heartfelt thanks!

When Miss Shaw passed out of the church her heart was indeed heavy. She had failed! "I was friendless, penniless, and starving," she said, "but it was not of these conditions that I thought then. The one overwhelming fact was that I had been weighed and found wanting. I was not worthy."

All at once she felt a touch on her arm. An old woman who had evidently been waiting for her to come out put a five-dollar bill in her hand. "I am a poor woman, Miss Shaw," she said, "but I have all I need, and I want to make you a little present, for I know how hard life must be for you young students. I'm the happiest woman in the world to-night, and I owe my happiness to you. You have

converted my grandson, who is all I have left, and he is going to lead a different life."

"This is the biggest gift I have ever had," cried Miss Shaw. "This little bill is big enough to carry my future on its back!"

This was indeed the turning point. Here was enough for food and shoes, but it was much more than that. It was a sign that she had her place in the great world. There was need of what she could do, and there could be no more doubt that *her* needs would be met. Even though she could not see the path ahead she would never lose heart again.

The succeeding months brought not only the means to live but also the spirit to make the most of each day's living. "I graduated in a new black silk gown," she said, "with five dollars in my pocket, which I kept there during the graduation exercises. I felt special satisfaction in the possession of that money, for, notwithstanding the handicap of being a woman, I was said to be the only member of my class who had worked during the entire course, graduated free from debt, and had a new outfit as well as a few dollars in cash."

Miss Shaw's influence as a preacher may be illustrated by a single anecdote. In the months following her graduation she went on a trip to Europe, a friend having left her a bequest for that express purpose. While in Genoa she was asked to preach to the sailors in a gospel-ship in

the harbor; but when she appeared it was evident that the missionary in charge had not understood that the minister he had invited was a woman. He was unhappy and apologetic in his introduction, and the weather-beaten tars, in their turn, looked both resentful and mocking. It was certainly a trying moment when Miss Shaw began to speak. She had never in her life felt more forlorn or more homesick, when all at once the thought flashed through her that back of those unfriendly faces that confronted her there were lonely souls just as hungry for home as she was. Impulsively stepping down from the pulpit so that she stood on a level with her hearers, she said:

"My friends, I hope you will forget everything that Dr. Blank has just said. It is true that I am a minister and that I came here to preach. But now I do not intend to preach—only to have a friendly talk, on a text that is not in the Bible. I am very far from home, and I feel as homesick as some of you men look. So my text is, 'Blessed are the homesick, for they shall go home.'"

Then out of the knowledge of sea-faring people which she had gained during summer vacations when she had "filled in" for the absent pastor of a little church on Cape Cod, she talked in a way that went straight to the hearts of the rough men gathered there. When she saw that the unpleasant grin had vanished from the face of the hardest old pirate of them all, she said: "When I came here I intended to preach a sermon on 'The Heavenly Vision.'

Now I want to give you a glimpse of that in addition to the vision we have had of home."

After her return to America, Miss Shaw was called as pastor to a church at East Dennis, Cape Cod, and a few months later she was asked to hold services at another church about three miles distant. These two charges she held for seven happy years, rich in the opportunity for real service.

Feeling the need of knowing how to minister to the bodily needs of those she labored among, Miss Shaw took a course at the Boston Medical School, going to the city for a part of each week and graduating with the degree of M.D. in 1885. When some one who knew about her untiring work as leader and helper of the people to whom she preached, asked her how it had been possible for her to endure so great a strain, she replied cheerfully, "Congenial work, no matter how much there is of it, has never yet killed any one."

During the time of her medical studies when Miss Shaw was serving as volunteer doctor and nurse to the poor in the Boston slums, she became interested in the cause of woman suffrage—"The Cause" it was to her always in the years that succeeded. A new day had come with new needs. She saw that everywhere there were changed conditions and grave problems brought about by the entrance of women into the world of wage-earners; and she became convinced that only through an

understanding and sharing of the responsibilities of citizenship by both men and women could the best interests of each community be served. She, therefore, gave up her church work on Cape Cod to become a lecturer in a larger field.

For a while she devoted part of her time to the temperance crusade until that great leader of the woman's movement, Susan B. Anthony—"Aunt Susan," as she was affectionately called—persuaded her to give all her strength to the Cause.

Without an iron constitution and steady nerves, as well as an unfailing sense of humor, she could never have met the hardships and strange chances that were her portion in the years that succeeded. In order to meet the appointments of her lecture tours she was constantly traveling, often under the most untoward circumstances—now finding herself snowbound in a small prairie town; now compelled to cross a swollen river on an uncertain trestle; now stricken with an attack of ptomaine poisoning while "on the road," with no one within call except a switchman in his signal-tower.

Perhaps more appalling than any or all of these tests was the occasion when she arrived in a town to find that the lecture committee had advertised her as "the lady who whistled before Queen Victoria," and announced that she would speak on "The Missing Link." When she ventured

to protest, the manager remarked amiably that they had "mixed her up with a Shaw lady that whistles."

"But I don't know anything about the 'missing link'!" continued Miss Shaw.

"Well, you see we chose that subject because they have been talking about it in the Debating Society, and we knew it would arouse interest," she was assured. "Just bring in a reference to it every now and then, and it'll be all right."

"Open the meeting with a song so that I can think for a minute and then I'll see what can be done," said Miss Shaw pluckily. As the expectant audience, led by the chairman, sang with patriotic fervor "The Star Spangled Banner" and "America," the shipwrecked lecturer managed to seize a straw of inspiration that turned in her grasp magically into a veritable life-preserver. "It is easy," she said to herself. "Woman is the missing link in our government. I'll give them a suffrage speech along that line."

Miss Shaw has labored many years for the Cause. She worked with courage, dignity, and unfailing common sense and good humor, in the day of small things when the suffrage pioneers were ridiculed by both men and women as a band of unwomanly "freaks" and fanatics. She has lived to see the Cause steadily grow in following and influence, and State after State (particularly those of the growing, progressive West) call upon women to share

equally with men many of the duties of citizenship and social service. She has seen that in such States there is no disposition to go back to the old order of things, and that open-minded people freely admit that it is only a question of time until the more conservative parts of the country will fall into line and equal suffrage become nation wide.

Her days have been rich in happy work, large usefulness, and inspiring friendships. Many honors have been showered upon her both in her own country and abroad; but she has always looked upon the work which she has been privileged to do as making the best—and the most honorable—part of her life.

Once, while attending a general conference of women in Berlin, she won the interest and real friendship of a certain Italian princess, who invited her to visit at her castle in Italy and also to go with her to her mother's castle in Austria. As Miss Shaw was firm in declining these distinguished honors, the princess begged an explanation.

"Because, my dear princess," Miss Shaw explained, "I am a working-woman."

"Nobody need *know* that," murmured the princess, calmly.

"On the contrary, it is the first thing I should explain," was the reply.

"But why?" demanded the princess.

"You are proud of your family, are you not?" asked Miss Shaw. "You are proud of your great line?"

"Assuredly," replied the princess.

"Very well," continued Miss Shaw. "I am proud, too. What I have done I have done unaided, and, to be frank with you, I rather approve of it. My work is my patent of nobility, and I am not willing to associate with those from whom it would have to be concealed or with those who would look down upon it."

Anna Howard Shaw's autobiography, which she calls "The Story of a Pioneer," is an absorbingly interesting and inspiring narrative. It gives with refreshing directness and wholesome appreciation the story of her struggles and her work, together with revealing glimpses of some of her comrades in the Cause; it is at once her own story and the story of the pioneer days of the movement to which she gave her rich gifts of mind and character. In conclusion she quotes a speech of a certain small niece, who was overheard trying to rouse her still smaller sister to noble indifference in the face of the ridicule of their playmates, who had laughed when they had bravely announced that they were suffragettes.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself," she demanded, "to stop just because you are laughed at once? Look at Aunt Anna! *She* has been laughed at for hundreds of years!"

"I sometimes feel," added the Champion of the Cause, "that it has indeed been hundreds of years since my work

began; and then again it seems so brief a time that, by listening for a moment, I fancy I can hear the echo of my childish voice preaching to the trees in the Michigan woods. But, long or short, the one sure thing is that, taking it all in all, the fight has been worth while. Nothing bigger can come to a human being than to love a great Cause more than life itself, and to have the privilege throughout life of working for that Cause."

The Making of a Patriot
(Russia)

You know the story of "The Man without a Country"—the man who lost his country through his own fault. Can you imagine what it would mean to be a child without a country—to have no flag, no heroes, no true native land to which you belong as you belong to your family, and which in turn belongs to you? How would it seem to grow up without the feeling that you have a big country, a true fatherland to protect your home and your friends; to build schools for you; to give you parks and playgrounds, and clean, beautiful streets; to fight disease and many dangers on land and water for you? This is the story of a little girl who was born in a land where she had no chance for "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Far from being a true fatherland, her country was like the cruel stepmother of the old tales.

It was strange that one could be born in a country and yet have no right to live there! Little Maryashe (or Mashke, as she was called, because she was too tiny a girl for a big-sounding name) soon learned that the Russia where she was born was not her own country. It seemed that the Russians did not love her people, or want them to live in their big land. And yet there they were! Truly it was a strange world.

"Why is Father afraid of the police?" asked little Mashke. "He has done nothing wrong."

"My child, the trouble is that we can do nothing right!" cried her mother, wringing her hands. "Everything is wrong with us. We have no rights, nothing that we dare to call our own."

It seemed that Mashke's people had to live in a special part of the country called the "Pale of Settlement." It was against the law to go outside the Pale no matter how hard it was to make a living where many people of the same manner of life were herded together, no matter how much you longed to try your fortune in a new place. It was not a free land, this Polotzk where she had been born. It was a prison with iron laws that shut people away from any chance for happy living.

It is hard to live in a cage, be it large or small. Like a wild bird, the free human spirit beats its wings against any bars.

"Why, Mother, why is it that we must not go outside the Pale?" asked Mashke.

"Because the Czar and those others who have the power to make the laws do not love our people; they hate us and all our ways," was the reply.

"But why do they hate us, Mother?" persisted the child with big, earnest eyes.

"Because we are different; because we can never think like them and be like them. Their big Russia is not yet big enough to give people of another sort a chance to live and be happy in their own way."

Even in crowded Polotzk, though, with police spying on every side, there were happy days. There were the beautiful Friday afternoons when Mashke's father and mother came home early from the store to put off every sign of the work-a-day world and make ready for the Sabbath. The children were allowed to wear their holiday clothes and new shoes. They stepped about happily while their mother hid the great store keys and the money bag under her featherbed, and the grandmother sealed the oven and cleared every trace of work from the kitchen.

How Mashke loved the time of candle prayer! As she looked at the pure flame of her candle the light shone in her face and in her heart. Then she looked at the work-worn faces of her mother and grandmother. All the lines of care and trouble were smoothed away in the soft light. They had escaped from the prison of this unfriendly land with its hard laws and its hateful Pale. They were living in the dim but glorious Past, when their father's fathers had been a free nation in a land of their own.

But Mashke could not escape from the prison in that way. She was young and glad to be alive. Her candle shone for light and life today and to-morrow and to-morrow! There were no bars that could shut away her free spirit from the light.

How glad she was for life and sunlight on the peaceful Sabbath afternoons when, holding to her father's hand, she walked beyond the city streets along the riverside to

the place whore in blossoming orchards birds sang of the joyful life of the air, and where in newly plowed fields peasants sang the song of planting-time and the fruitful earth. Her heart leaped as she felt herself a part of the life that flowed through all things—river, air, earth, trees, birds, and happy, toiling people.

It seemed to Mashke that most of her days were passed in wandering—wondering about the strange world in which she found herself, and its strange ways. Of course she played as the children about her did, with her rag doll and her "jacks" made of the knuckle bones of sheep; and she learned to dance to the most spirited tune that could be coaxed from the teeth of a comb covered with a bit of paper. In winter she loved to climb in the bare sledge, which when not actively engaged in hauling wood could give a wonderful joy-ride to a party of happy youngsters, who cared nothing that their sleigh boasted only straw and burlap in place of cushions and fur robes, and a knotted rope in place of reins with jingling bells.

But always, winter and summer, in season and out of season, Mashke found herself wondering about the meaning of all the things that she saw and heard. She wondered about her hens who gave her eggs and broth, and feathers for her bed, all in exchange for her careless largess of grain. Did they ever feel that the barnyard was a prison? She wondered about the treadmill horse who went round and round to pump water for the public baths. Did he know that he was cheated out of the true life of a

horse—work-time in cheerful partnership with man and play-time in the pasture with the fresh turf under his road-weary hoofs? Did the women, who toiled over the selfsame tasks in such a weary round that they looked forward to the change of wash-day at the river where they stood knee-deep in the water to rub and scrub their poor rags, know that they, too, were in a treadmill?— Sometimes she could not sleep for wondering, and would steal from her bed before daybreak to walk through the dewy grass of the yard and watch the blackness turn to soft, dreamy gray. Then the houses seemed like breathing creatures, and all the world was hushed and very sweet. Was there ever such a wonder as the coming of a new day?— As she watched it seemed, that her spirit flew beyond the town, beyond the river and the glowing sky itself—touching, knowing, and loving all things. Her spirit was free!

Sometimes it seemed that the wings of her spirit could all but carry her little body up and away. She was indeed such a wee mite that they sometimes called her Mouse and Crumb and Poppy Seed. All of her eager, flaming life was in her questioning eyes and her dark, wayward curls. Because she was small and frail she was spared the hard work that early fell to the lot of her older, stronger sister. So it happened that she had time for her wonderings—time for her spirit to grow and try its wings.

Mashke was still a very little child when she learned a very big truth. She discovered that there were many

prisons besides those made by Russian laws; she saw that her people often shut themselves up in prisons of their own making. There were hundreds of laws and observances—ways to wash, to eat, to dress, to work—which seemed to many as sacred as their faith in God. Doubtless the rules which were now only empty forms had once had meaning, such as the law forbidding her people to touch fire on the Sabbath, which came down from a time before matches or tinder-boxes when making a fire was hard work. But all good people observed the letter of the law, and, no matter what the need of mending a fire or a light, would wait for a Gentile helper to come to the rescue.

One memorable evening, however, Mashke saw her father, when he thought himself unobserved, quietly steal over to the table and turn down a troublesome lamp. The gleam of a new light came to the mind of the watching, wondering child at that moment. She began to understand that even her father, who was the wisest man in Polotzk, did many things because he feared to offend the prejudices of their people, just as he did many other things because of fear of the Russian police. There was more than one kind of a prison.

When Mashke was about ten years old a great change came to her life. Her father decided to go on a long journey to a place far from Polotzk and its rules of life, far from Russia and its laws of persecution and death, to a true Promised Land where all people, it was said, no matter

what their nation and belief, were free to live and be happy in their own way. The name of this Promised Land was America. Some friendly people—the "emigration society," her father called them—made it possible for him to go try his fortune in the new country. Soon he would make a home there for them all.

At last the wonderful letter came—a long letter, and yet it could not tell the half of his joy in the Promised Land. He had not found riches—no, he had been obliged to borrow the money for the third-class tickets he was sending them but he had found freedom. Best of all, his children might have the chance to go to school and learn the things that make a free life possible and worth while.

Mashke found that they had suddenly become the most important people in Polotzk. All the neighbors gathered about to see the marvelous tickets that could take a family across the sea. Cousins who had not thought of them for months came with gifts and pleadings for letters from the new world. "Do not forget us when you are so happy and grand," they said.

"You will see my boy, my Möshele," cried a poor mother again and again. "Ask him why he does not write to us these many months. If you do not find him in Boston maybe he will be in Balti-moreh. It is all America."

The day came at last when every stool and feather-bed was sold, and their clothes and all the poor treasures they could carry were wrapped in queer-looking bundles ready

to be taken in their arms to the new home. All of Polotzk went to the station to wave gay handkerchiefs and bits of calico and wish them well. They soon found, however, that the way of the emigrant is hard. In order to reach the sea they had to go through Germany to Hamburg, and a fearful journey it proved to be. It was soon evident that the Russians were not the only cruel people in the world; the Germans were just as cruel in strange and unusual ways, and in a strange language.

They put the travelers in prison, for which they had a queer name, of course—"Quarantine," they called it. They drove them like cattle into a most unpleasant place, where their clothes were snatched off, their bodies rubbed with an evil, slippery substance, and their breath taken away by an unexpected shower that suddenly descended on their helpless heads. Their precious bundles, too, were tossed about ruddy and steamed and smoked. As the poor victims sat wrapped in clouds of steam waiting for the final agony, their clothes were brought back, steaming like everything else, and somebody cried, "Quick! Quick! or you will lose your train!" It seemed that they were not to be murdered after all, but that this was just the German way of treating people whom they thought capable of carrying diseases about with them.

Then came the sixteen days on the big ship, when Mashke was too ill part of the time even to think about America. But there were better days, when the coming of morning found her near the rail gazing at the path of light

that led across the shimmering waves into the heart of the golden sky. That way seemed like her own road ahead into the new life that awaited her.

The golden path really began at a Boston public school. Here Mashke stood in her new American dress of stiff calico and gave a new American name to the friendly teacher of the primer class. Mary Antin she was called from that day, all superfluous foreign letters being dropped off forever. As her father tried in his broken English to tell the teacher something of his hopes for his children, Mary knew by the look in his eyes that he, too, had a vision of the path of light. The teacher also saw that glowing, consecrated look and in a flash of insight comprehended something of his starved past and the future for which he longed. In his effort to make himself understood he talked with his hands, with his shoulders, with his eyes; beads of perspiration stood out on his earnest brow, and now he dropped back helplessly into Yiddish, now into Russian. "I cannot now learn what the world knows; I must work. But I bring my children—they go to school for me. I am American citizen; I want my children be American citizens."

The first thing was, of course, to make a beginning with the new language. Afterward when Mary Antin was asked to describe the way the teacher had worked with her foreign class she replied with a smile, "I can't vouch for the method, but the six children in my own particular group (ranging in age from six to fifteen—I was then twelve)

attacked the see-the-cat and look-at-the-hen pages of our primers with the keenest zest, eager to find how the common world looked, smelled, and tasted in the strange speech, and we learned!" There was a dreadful time over learning to say *the* without making a buzzing sound; even mastering the v's and w's was not so hard as that. It was indeed a proud day for Mary Antin when she could say "We went to the village after water," to her teacher's satisfaction.

How Mary Antin loved the American speech! She had a native gift for language, and gathered the phrases eagerly, lovingly, as one gathers flowers, ever reaching for more and still more. She said the words over and over to herself with shining eyes as the miser counts his gold. Soon she found that she was thinking in the beautiful English way. When she had been only four months at school she wrote a composition on *Snow* that her teacher had printed in a school journal to show this foreign child's wonderful progress in the use of the new tongue. Here is a bit *of that composition:*

Now the trees are bare, and no flowers are to see in the fields and gardens (we all know why), and the whole world seems like a-sleep without the happy bird songs which left us till spring. But the snow which drove away all these pretty and happy things, try (as I think) not to make us at all unhappy; they covered up the branches of the trees, the fields, the gardens and houses, and the whole world looks like dressed in a

beautiful white—instead of green—dress, with the sky looking down on it with a pale face…

At the middle of the year the child who had entered the primer class in September without a word of English was promoted to the fifth grade. She was indeed a proud girl when she went home with her big geography book making a broad foundation for all the rest of the pile, which she loved to carry back and forth just because it made her happy and proud to be seen in company with books.

"Look at that pale, hollow-chested girl with that load of books," said a kindly passer-by one day. "It is a shame the way children are overworked in school these days."

The child in question, however, would have had no basis for understanding the chance sympathy had she overheard the words. Her books were her dearest joy. They were indeed in a very real sense her only tangible possessions. All else was as yet "the stuff that dreams are made of." As she walked through the dingy, sordid streets her glorified eyes looked past the glimpses of unlovely life about her into a beautiful world of her own. If she felt any weight from the books she carried it was just a comfortable reminder that this new Mary Antin and the new life of glorious opportunity were real.

When she climbed the two flights of stairs to her wretched tenement her soul was not soiled by the dirt and squalor through which she passed. As she eagerly read, not

only her school history but also every book she could find in the public library about the heroes of America, she did not see the moldy paper hanging in shreds from the walls or the grimy bricks of the neighboring factory that shut out the sunlight. Her look was for the things beyond the moment—the things that really mattered. How could the child feel poor and deprived when she knew that the city of Boston was hers!

As she walked every afternoon past the fine, dignified buildings and churches that flanked Copley Square to the imposing granite structure that held all her hero books, she walked as a princess into her palace. Could she not read for herself the inscription at the entrance: Public Library—Built by the People—Free to All—? Now she stood and looked about her and said, "This is real. This all belongs to these wide-awake children, these fine women, these learned men and to *me*."

Every nook of the library that was open to the public became familiar to her; her eyes studied lovingly every painting and bit of mosaic. She spent hours pondering the vivid pictures by Abbey that tell in color the mystic story of Sir Galahad and the quest of the Holy Grail, and it seemed as if the spirit of all romance was hers. She lingered in the gallery before Sargent's pictures of the "Prophets," and it seemed as if the spirit of all the beautiful Sabbaths of her childhood stirred within her, as echoes of the Hebrew psalms awoke in her memory.

When she went into the vast reading-room she always chose a place at the end where, looking up from her books, she could get the effect of the whole vista of splendid arches and earnest readers. It was in the courtyard, however, that she felt the keenest joy. Here the child born in the prison of the Pale realized to the full the glorious freedom that was hers.

"The courtyard was my sky-roofed chamber of dreams," she said. "Slowly strolling past the endless pillars of the colonnade, the fountain murmured in my ear of all the beautiful things in all the beautiful world. Here I liked to remind myself of Polotzk, the better to bring out the wonder of my life. That I who was brought up to my teens almost without a book should be set down in the midst of all the books that ever were written was a miracle as great as any on record. That an outcast should become a privileged citizen, that a beggar should dwell in a palace—this was a romance more thrilling than poet ever sung. Surely I was rocked in an enchanted cradle."

As Mary Antin's afternoons were made glorious by these visits to the public library, so her nights were lightened by rare half-hours on the South Boston Bridge where it crosses the Old Colony Railroad. As she looked down at the maze of tracks and the winking red and green signal lights, her soul leaped at the thought of the complex world in which she lived and the wonderful way in which it was ordered and controlled by the mind of man. Years

afterward in telling about her dreams on the bridge she said:

"Then the blackness below me was split by the fiery eye of a monster engine, his breath enveloped me in blinding clouds, his long body shot by, rattling a hundred claws of steel, and he was gone. So would I be, swift on my rightful business, picking out my proper track from the million that cross it, pausing for no obstacles, sure of my goal."

Can you imagine how the child from Polotzk loved the land that had taken her to itself? As she stood up in school with the other children and saluted the Stars and Stripes, the words she said seemed to come from the depths of her soul: "I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the Republic for which it stands—one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all." Those were not words, they were heart throbs. The red of the flag was not just a bright color, it was the courage of heroes; the white was the symbol of truth clear as the sunlight; the blue was the symbol of the wide, free heavens—her spirit's fatherland. The child who had been born in prison, who had repeated at every Passover, "Next year, may we be in Jerusalem," had found all at once her true country, her flag, and her heroes. When the children rose to sing "America," she sang with all the pent-up feeling of starved years of exile:

I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills.

As the teacher looked into the glorified face of this little alien-citizen she said to herself, "There is the truest patriot of them all!"

Only once as they were singing "Land where my fathers died," the child's voice had faltered and died away. Her cheek paled when at the close of school she came to her teacher with her trouble.

"Oh, teacher," she mourned, "our country's song can't to mean me—*my* fathers didn't die here!"

The friendly teacher, whose understanding and sympathy were never failing, understood now:

"Mary Antin," she said earnestly, looking through the child's great, dark eyes into the depths of her troubled soul, "you have as much right to those words as I or anybody else in America. The Pilgrim Fathers didn't all come here before the Revolution. Isn't your father just like them? Think of it, dear, how he left his home and came to a strange land where he couldn't even speak the language. And didn't he come looking for the same things? He wanted freedom for himself and his family, and a chance for his children to grow up wise and brave. It's the same story over again. Every ship that brings people from Russia and other countries where they are ill-treated is a *Mayflower*!"

These words took root in Mary Antin's heart and grew with her growth. The consciousness that she was in very truth an American glorified her days; it meant freedom

from every prison. Seven years after her first appearance in the Boston primer class she entered Barnard College. After two years there and two more at Teachers College, she entered the school of life as a homemaker; her name is now Mary Antin Grabau. Besides caring for her home and her little daughter, she has devoted her gifts as a writer and a lecturer to the service of her country.

In her book, "The Promised Land," she has told the story of her life from the earliest memories of her childhood in Russia to the time when she entered college. It is an absorbing human story, but it is much more than that. It is the story of one who looks upon her American citizenship as a great "spiritual adventure," and who strives to quicken in others a sense of their opportunities and responsibilities as heirs of the new freedom. She pleads for a generous treatment of all those whom oppression and privation send to make their homes in our land. It is only by being faithful to the ideal of human brotherhood expressed in the Declaration of Independence that our nation can realize its true destiny, she warns us.

Mary Antin was recently urged to write a history of the United States for children, that would give the inner meaning of the facts as well as a clear account of the really significant events.

"I have long had such a work in mind," she wrote, "and I suppose I shall have to do it some day. In the meantime I talk

history to my children—my little daughter of eight and the Russian cousin who goes to school in the kitchen. Only yesterday at luncheon I told them about our system of representative government, and our potatoes grew cold on our plates, we were all so absorbed."

In all that Mary Antin writes and in all that she says her faith in her country and her zeal for its honor shine out above all else. To the new pilgrims who lived and suffered in other lands before they sought refuge in America, as well as to those who can say quite literally, "Land where my fathers died," she brings this message:

"We must strive to be worthy of our great heritage as American citizens so that we may use wisely and well its wonderful privileges. To be alive in America is to ride on the central current of the river of modern life; and to have a conscious purpose is to hold the rudder that steers the ship of fate."

A *Campfire Interpreter*

(1838-1923: Washington DC)

A great poet once tried to look into the future and picture the kind of people who might some day live upon the earth—people wiser and happier than we are because they shall have learned through our mistakes and carried to success our beginnings, and so have come to understand fully many things that we see dimly as through a mist. These people Tennyson calls the "crowning race":

Of those that eye to eye shall look
On knowledge; under whose command
Is Earth and Earth's, and in their hand
Is Nature like an open book.

You see he believed that the way to gain command of Earth is through learning to read the open book of Nature. That book is closed to most of us to-day, but we are just beginning to spell out something of its message, and as we begin to understand we feel that it is not a strange speech but our own true mother tongue, which ears, deafened by the noise of the busy world, have almost ceased to hear and understand. There comes a time, however, when we feel "the call of the wild." We long to get away from the hoarse cries of engines, and the grinding roar of turning wheels, to a quiet that is unbroken even by a passing motor horn.

Have you ever found yourself for a happy half-hour alone among the great trees of the friendly woods? You

must have felt that in getting near to Nature you were finding yourself. Did not the life of the trees, of the winged creatures of the branches, of the cool mossy ground itself, seem a part of your life?

Have you ever climbed a hill when it seemed that the wind was blowing something of its own strength and freshness into your soul? Did you not feel as if you were mounting higher and higher into the air and lifting the sky with you? Have you ever found yourself at evening in a great clear open place where the tent of the starry heavens over your head seemed nearer than the shadowy earth and all the things of the day?

This is the story of a girl who loved to listen to the deep chant of the ocean, to the whisper of the wind in the trees, and to the silence in the heart of the hills. She came to feel that there was a joy and a power in the open—in the big, free, unspoiled haunts of furtive beasts and darting birds—that all the man-made wonders of the world could not give.

"If I am so much happier and more alive," she said to herself, "in the days that I spend under the open sky, what must it be like always to live this freer life? Did not the people who lived as Nature's own children in these very woods that I come to as the guest of an hour or a summer, have a wisdom and a strength that our life to-day cannot win?"

Again and again the thought came knocking at her heart: "The men whom we call savages, whom we have crowded out of the land they once roamed over freely, must have learned very much in all the hundreds of years that they lived close to Nature. They could teach us a great deal that cannot be found in books."

Alice C. Fletcher grew up in a cultured New England home. She had the freedom of a generous library and early learned to feel that great books and wise men were familiar friends. They talked to her kindly and never frightened her by their big words and learned looks. She looked through the veil of words to the living meaning.

She was, too, very fond of music. Playing the piano was more than practising an elegant accomplishment—just as reading her books was more than learning lessons. As the books stirred her mind to thinking and wondering, so the music stirred her heart to feeling and dreaming.

It often seemed, however, that much that her books and music struggled in vain to bring to her within walls was quite clear when she found herself in the large freedom of Nature's house. The sunshine, the blue sky, and the good, wholesome smell of the brown earth seemed to give a taste of the

> *Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,*
> *Truth breathed by cheerfulness.*

Once in her reading she came upon the story of the scholar who left Oxford and the paths of learning to follow

the ways of the wandering gypsies in order that he might learn the natural wisdom they had won. "Ah," she said to herself, "some day when I am free to live my life in my own way I shall leave my books and go out among the Indians. Our country should know what its first children saw and thought and felt. I shall try to see with their eyes and hear with their ears for a while and I shall discover, in that way, perhaps, a new world—one that will be lost forever when the Red Men are made to adopt all the tricks and manners of civilized life."

The time came when she found herself free to realize this dream.

"You don't mean to say you are really going to live with the Indians?" her friends exclaimed.

"How else can I know them?" she replied quietly.

"But to give up every necessary comfort!"

"There is something perhaps better than just making sure that we are always quite comfortable," said Miss Fletcher. "Of course, I shall miss easy chairs and cozy chats, and all the lectures, concerts, latest books, and daily papers, but I'm glad to find out that all these nice things are not really so *necessary* that they can keep me from doing a bit of work that is really worth while, and which, perhaps, needs just what I can bring to it."

At this time Miss Fletcher's earnest, thoughtful studies of what books and museums could teach about the early history of America and the interesting time before history,

had given her a recognized place among the foremost scholars of archeology—the science that reads the story of the forgotten past through the relics that time has spared.

"Many people can be found to study the things about the Indians which can be collected and put in museums," said Miss Fletcher, "but there is need of a patient, sympathetic study of the people themselves."

In order to make this study, she spent not only months but years among the Dakota and Omaha Indians. From a wigwam made of buffalo skins she watched the play of the children and the life of the people and listened to their songs and stories.

"The Indian is not the stern, unbending wooden Indian that shows neither interest nor feeling of any sort, as many people have come to think of him," said Miss Fletcher. "Those who picture him so have never really known him. They have only seen the side he turns toward strangers. In the home and among their friends the Indians show fun, happy give-and-take, and warm, alert interest in the life about them."

The cultivated New England woman and distinguished scholar won their confidence because of her sincerity, tact, and warm human sympathy. She not only learned their speech and manners but also the language of their hearts. Her love of Nature helped her to a ready understanding of these children of Nature or Wakonda—as they called the spirit of life that breathes through earth

and sky, rocks, streams, plants, all living creatures, and the tribes of men. The beautiful ceremony by which, soon after his birth, each Omaha child was presented to the powers of Nature showed this sense of kinship between the people and their world. A priest of the tribe stood outside the wigwam to which the new life had been sent, and with right hand outstretched to the heavens chanted these words in a loud voice:

Ho, ye Sun, Moon, Stars, all ye that move in the heavens,
I bid ye hear me!
Into your midst has come a new life;
Consent ye, I implore!
Make its path smooth, that it may reach
The brow of the first hill.

Next the forces of the air—winds, clouds, mist, and rain—were called upon to receive the young child and smooth the path to the second hill. Then hills, valleys, rivers, lakes, trees, and all growing things were invoked, after which the spirits of birds, animals, and all moving creatures were summoned to make the path smooth to the third and fourth hills. As the priest intoned the noble appeal to all the powers of the earth and air and bending heavens, even those who could not understand the words would know that the four hills meant childhood, youth, manhood, and age, and that a new life was being presented to the forces of the universe of which it was a part. So it was that each child was thought of as belonging to Wakonda—to the spirit of all life—before he belonged to

the tribe. For it was not until he was four or five years old that he gave up his "baby name," such as Bright Eyes, Little Bird, or Baby Squirrel, and was given a real name and received into the life of the people.

Miss Fletcher soon became interested in the music of the Indians. Her trained ear told her that here was something new. The haunting bits of melody and strange turns of rhythm were quite different from any old-world tunes.

"At first it was very hard to hear them," said Miss Fletcher. "The Indians never sang to be heard by others. Their singing was a spontaneous expression of their feeling—for the most part, religious feeling. In their religious ceremonies the noise of the dancing and of the drums and rattles often made it very hard to really catch the sound of the voice."

Day after day she strove to hear and write down bits of the music, but it was almost like trying to imprison the sound of the wind in the tree-tops.

"Do you remember," said Miss Fletcher, "how the old Saxon poet tried to explain the mystery of life by saying it was like a bird flying through the windows of a lighted hall out of the darkness to darkness again? An Indian melody is like that. It has no preparations, no beginning. It flashes upon you and is gone, leaving only a teasing memory behind."

While this lover of music was vainly trying to catch these strangely beautiful strains of melody, the unaccustomed hardships of her life brought upon her a long illness. There was compensation, however, for when she could no longer go after the thing she sought it came to her. Her Indian friends who had found out that she was interested in their songs gathered about her couch to sing them for her.

"So my illness was after all like many of our so-called trials, a blessing in disguise," said Miss Fletcher. "I was left with this lameness, but I had the music. The sigh had become a song!"

You have, perhaps, heard of the great interest that many learned people have in the songs and stories of simple folk—the folk-songs and folk-tales of different lands. Did you know that Sir Walter Scott's first work in literature was the gathering of the simple ballads of the Scottish peasants which they had long repeated just as you repeat the words of "ring games" learned from other children?

Did you know that most of the fairy stories and hero tales that you love were told by people who had never held a book in their hands, and were repeated ages and ages ago before the time of books? Just as it is true that broad, flowing rivers have their source in streams that well up out of the ground, so it is true that the literature of every nation has its source in the fancies that have welled up out

of the hearts and imaginations of the simple people. The same thing is true of music. Great composers like Brahms and Liszt took the wild airs of the Hungarian gypsies and made them into splendid compositions that all the world applauds. Chopin has done this with the songs of the simple Polish folk. Dvorák, the great Bohemian composer, has made his "New World Symphony" of negro melodies, and Cadman and others are using the native Indian music in the same way.

Just as the Grimm brothers went about among the German peasants to learn their interesting stories, just as Sir George Dasent worked to get the tales of the Norse, so Alice Cunningham Fletcher worked to preserve the songs and stories of the Indians. Others have come after her and have gone on with the work she began, following the trail she blazed. All musicians agree that this native song with its fascinating and original rhythms may prove the source of inspiration for American composers of genius and give rise to our truest new-world music.

Much of Miss Fletcher's work is preserved in great learned volumes, such as "The Omaha Tribe," published by the National Government, for she wrote as a scientist for those who will carry on the torch of science into the future. But realizing that the music would mean much to many who cannot enter upon the problems with which the wise men concern themselves, she has presented many of the songs in a little book called "Indian Story and Song." We find there, for instance, the "Song of the Laugh" sung

when the brave young warrior recounts the story of the way he has slain his enemy with his own club and so helped to fill with fear the foes of his tribe.

We find, too, the story of the youth who begins his life as a man by a lonely vigil when by fasting he proves his powers of endurance.

The Omaha tribal prayer is the solemn melody that sounded through the forests of America long before the white man came to this country—a cry of the yearning human spirit to Wakonda, the spirit of all life.

Try to picture Miss Fletcher surrounded by her Indian friends, explaining to them carefully all about the strange machine before which she wants them to sing. For the graphophone was a field worker with her—for a time her chief assistant in catching the elusive Indian songs. Perhaps there could have been no greater proof of their entire confidence in her than their willingness to sing for her again and again, and even to give into the keeping of her queer little black cylinders the strains that voiced their deepest and most sacred feelings. For Indian music is, for the most part, an expression of the bond between the human spirit and the unseen powers of Nature. It must have been that they felt from the first that here was some one who understood them because she, too, loved the Nature they knew and loved.

While Miss Fletcher was thus happily at work she became aware, however, that there was keen distress

among these friends to whom she had become warmly attached. Some of their neighbors, the Ponca Indians, had been removed from their lands to the dreaded "hot country"—Indian Territory—and the Omaha people feared that the same thing might happen to them, for it was very easy for unprincipled white men to take advantage of the Indians who held their lands as a tribe, not as individuals.

Always on the frontier of settlement there were bold adventurers who coveted any promising tracts of land that the Indians possessed. They said to themselves, "We could use this country to much better advantage than these savages, therefore it should be ours." They then would encroach more and more on the holdings of the Indians, defying them by every act which said plainly, "A Redskin has no rights!" Sometimes when endurance could go no further the Indians would rise up in active revolt. Then what more easy than to cry out, "An Indian uprising! There will be a massacre! Send troops to protect us from the mad fury of the savages!" The Government would then send a detachment of cavalry to quell the outbreak, after which it would seem wiser to move the Indians a little farther away from contact with the white men, who now had just what they had been working toward from the first—the possession of the good land.

Miss Fletcher realized that the only remedy for this condition was for each Indian to secure from the Government a legal title to a portion of the tribal grant

which he might hold as an individual. She left her happy work with the music and went to Washington to explain to the President and to Congress the situation as she knew it. The cause was, at this time, greatly furthered by the appearance of a book by Helen Hunt Jackson, called "A Century of Dishonor," an eloquent presentation of the Indians' wrongs and a burning plea for justice.

There was need, however, of some practical worker, who knew the Indians and Indian affairs intimately, to point to a solution of the problem. The conscience of the people was aroused, but they did not know how it was possible to prevent in the future the same sort of wrongs that had made the past hundred years indeed "a century of dishonor." Then the resolute figure of Miss Alice Fletcher appeared on the scene. She was well known to the government authorities for her valuable scientific work. Here was some one they knew, who really could explain the exact state of affairs and who could also interpret fairly the mind of the Indian. She could be depended on as one who would not be swayed by mere sentimental considerations. She would know the practical course to pursue.

"Let the Indians hold their land as the white men hold theirs," she said. "That is the only way to protect them from wrong and to protect the Government from being a helpless partner to the injustice that is done them."

Now, it is one thing to influence people who are informed and interested and quite another to awaken the interest of those who are vitally concerned with totally different things. Miss Fletcher realized that if anything was to be actually accomplished she must leave no stone unturned to bring the matter to the attention of those who had not heretofore given a thought to the Indian question and the responsibility of the Government. She presented a petition to Congress and worked early and late to drive home to the people the urgent need of legislation in behalf of the Indians. She spoke in clubs, in churches, in private houses, and before committees in Congress. And actually the busy congressmen who always feel that there is not half time enough to consider measures by which their own States and districts will profit, gave right of way to the Indian Land Act, and in 1882 it became a law.

There was the need of the services of some disinterested person to manage the difficult matter of dividing the tribal tracts and allotting to each Indian his own acres, and Miss Fletcher was asked by the President to undertake this work.

"Why do you trust Miss Fletcher above any one else?" asked President Cleveland on one occasion when he was receiving a delegation of Omahas at the White House.

"We have seen her in our homes; we have seen her in her home. We find her always the same," was the reply.

The work which Miss Fletcher did in allotting the land to the Omahas was so successfully handled that she was appealed to by the Government to serve in the same capacity for the Winnebago and Nez Percé Indians. The law whose passage was secured by her zeal was the forerunner of the Severalty Act of 1885 which marked a change in policy of the Government and ushered in a better era for all the Indian tribes.

"What led you to undertake this important work?" Miss Fletcher was asked.

"The most natural desire in the world—the impulse to help my friends where I saw the need," she replied. "I did not set out resolved to have a career—to form and to reform. There is no story in my life. It has always been just one step at a time one thing which I have tried to do as well as I could and which has led on to something else. It has all been in the day's work."

Miss Fletcher has been much interested in the work of the Boy and Girl Scouts and in the Campfire Societies, because she feels that in this way many children are brought to an appreciation of the great out-of-doors and win health, power, and joy which the life of cities cannot give. For them she has made a collection of Indian games and dances.

"Just as the spirit of Sir Walter Scott guides us through the Scottish lake country and as Dickens leads us about old London, so the spirit of the Indians should make us

more at home in the forests of America," said Miss Fletcher. "In sharing the happy fancies of these first children of America we may win a new freedom in our possession of the playground of the great out-of-doors."