

An Hour with the Editor

ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS

Edward III. had four sons, Edward, the Black Prince who predeceased him and left a son who came to the throne as Richard II.; Lionel, Duke of Clarence, whose daughter became the wife of Mortimer, Earl of March; John, Duke of Lancaster, whose son came to the throne as Henry IV.; and Edmund, Duke of York, whose grandson Richard asserted his right to the crown in the reign of Henry IV., claiming it by virtue of the descent from the Duke of Clarence, although to some extent relying upon his descent from Edmund, Duke of York. His son became King as Edward IV. The struggle between the descendants of York and Lancaster are known as the Wars of the Roses.

After the insurrection of Jack Cade the government of England was carried on practically by the Duke of Somerset, the mental equipment of Henry VI. being unequal to the task. He was very unpopular, and Richard, Duke of York, made every effort to ingratiate himself with the people. He looked upon himself and was popularly regarded as the heir to the crown, but in 1453 Queen Margaret gave birth to a son, which event destroyed Richard's hopes, and two years later civil war broke out, York being resolved to assert his claims by force of arms. At first he was unsuccessful, and Parliament declared him guilty of high treason, but in 1460 having gained a victory over the royal forces at Northampton, Parliament was prompt to rescind its condemnation, and it was agreed that he should be recognized as heir to the crown to the exclusion of the King's son. But Queen Margaret was made of too stern stuff to permit her boy's claims to be set aside in this way, and she endeavoured to crush the Duke of York. She administered a severe defeat to the Yorkist forces at Wakefield when the Duke was slain. The King thereupon joined the Queen and his son doing gave the Yorkist party a colorable right to say that the agreement was broken, and Edward, son of the Duke, thereupon reasserted his father's claim to the throne and declared his intention of winning it on the battlefield. The people of London were in full sympathy with him and a sort of popular election was held in that city at which he was chosen sovereign and formally crowned. He at once acted with vigor against the forces of Queen Margaret and gained a signal victory at Tewton. Thereupon Parliament passed an ordinance declaring that the Lancastrian house were usurpers. Margaret refused to submit and with help from Scotland and France was able to put an efficient force in the field, but it was not equal to that of Edward, and the battle of Hexham in 1464 put an end for the time being to all her hopes. The next year the deposed King was taken prisoner, and to all appearances the position of Edward was secure.

Edward, active as he was in the field, was not wise at all times. He had commissioned the Earl of Warwick, the celebrated kingmaker to whose influence and energy his position was largely due, to negotiate a marriage for him in France; and shortly afterwards married Elizabeth Grey, an English lady belonging to the influential Woodville family. Incensed at the King's lack of good faith and jealous of the Woodvilles, Warwick declared against Edward and, after six years of intrigue, confusion and civil war drove him out of the kingdom and replaced Henry IV. upon the throne. Thereupon Parliament repealed its previous ordinance and declared Henry king, and his son the lawful heir to the crown. In the following year Edward returned. At the battles of Barnet and Tewkesbury, the forces of Henry were overthrown. Warwick was slain in fight as also was Edward, the son of Henry, at this time a lad of eighteen. Shortly after Henry, who had fallen into Edward's hands, died, doubtless assassinated, and the male line of the Lancastrian house became extinct. John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, had two families, one of which was only legitimate by the grace of Parliament, which passed an act to that effect in his lifetime. From this family, which was extinct in the male line, Margaret, Countess of Richmond, was descended and it was upon her son, Harry Tudor, that the hopes of the Lancastrians were now centred. Edward IV. died in 1483 and the crown passed to his infant son Edward. Richard, Duke of Gloucester, was declared guardian to the lad, and he almost at once began to intrigue to obtain the sovereign power. The validity of the marriage of Edward IV. was questioned, and the claim was made that Edward himself was not in point of fact the son of Duke Richard of York. A gathering of the Estates of the Realm was held, and it was declared that Richard of Gloucester was the rightful heir to the throne, and he was crowned accordingly. The death of Edward and his younger brother Richard soon followed. The story of their assassination in the Tower is too well known to call for more than a passing reference.

Harry Tudor thereupon asserted his claims to the crown. In 1485 he landed in England, coming from Brittany to which he had been banished. The battle of Bosworth Field followed on August 22nd, when Richard was slain. Harry took the throne as Henry VII., and Parliament proceeded forthwith to ratify his title and to declare that the crown should thereafter belong to him and his direct heirs

and to no others. The civil war did not, however, end. Lambert Simnel claimed to be Edward, Earl of Warwick, and was crowned King in Ireland, only to be overthrown shortly after he landed in England. Then Perkin Warwick declared himself to be Richard, Duke of York and son of Edward IV. This was a somewhat formidable rebellion, but it was brought to an end by the submission of Warwick to the King in 1498. This ended the Wars of the Roses. Henry VII. had married Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., and therefore a representative of the House of York. Their son Henry was therefore possessed of such title to the crown as came by descent through both these branches of the family of Edward III., and when on his father's death in 1509, he came to the throne as Henry VIII., he reigned by undisputed right of hereditary succession as well as by parliamentary sanction. He was the only King of England in a hundred years whose title to the throne was undisputed.

The effect of the Wars of the Roses was two-fold. The baronage of England was almost exhausted by the long continued and fierce struggle. Much of the best blood in the kingdom was shed for either the White or the Red Rose. Whole families became extinct. Titles lapsed, estates changed hands and it may almost be said with truth that the old order of things quite passed away. The second result was largely in consequence of this. By the death of so many powerful barons, as well as by its vacillating course, Parliament became greatly weakened, and thus the way was prepared for a reassertion of absolutism which continued with more or less interruption until Charles I. was beheaded and the right of the people to self-government placed forever beyond question.

THE JEWS

After the destruction of Jerusalem by the Emperor Titus, the Jews began to scatter into the nearby parts of Asia, Europe and Africa. As a rule they were everywhere well received, and if it had not been that the remnant, which remained in Palestine, were very overt in their efforts to preserve the peculiar features of their nationality, they might have been permitted by their Roman conquerors to continue in peaceful occupation of the land. But the national spirit died hard, and as it was coupled with a revival of the strict observance of religious ceremonies, the emperors saw in the movement a menace to their supremacy. Severe repressive measures were adopted, and there was a general exodus of the people to Babylon, where the descendants of those, who had not returned to Palestine after the Captivity, were living in peace and prosperity. The movements of races which took place in the early part of the Christian Era and the beginning of Mohammedanism continued to drive the Jews even further afield, and about A.D. 700 they had become a people without a country, yet inhabiting all countries and everywhere setting an example of industry and thrift. As Christianity grew in power, and the Church became identified with political policies, the persecution of the Jews began, and it has continued, in some places, without interruption until the present day. A Jewish writer expresses the opinion that this prolonged period of persecution has very seriously affected the physical characteristics of his people, while it has in certain respects sharpened their intellectual activity. The modern Jew is the product of centuries of wrong, and no greater proof can be asked as to the splendid inherent qualities of the race than is afforded by the manner in which, given the slightest opportunity, its modern representatives are able to force themselves to the front in any line of human endeavor.

It was proposed to close this series of articles with some mention of the great Jews, who during the last two centuries have laid mankind under tribute to their great mental powers, but the task is too great to be undertaken here. A mere list of the names of the Jews, who have been very eminent in art, science, business, war, adventure, and politics would fill more than a column, and to recount their achievements would require many pages. Suffice it to say that distinguished as Jews have been in music, they have been equally distinguished in science; that their skill with the brush has been no greater than their prowess with the sword; that in the domain of physical science and in that of geographical exploration they have pushed their researches far and well; that they have enriched literature by their contributions and nations by their statesmanship. The unhappy Russian Jewish peasant, who lives hourly in dread of the loss of property and life, the haggling petty trader, the Jew of the so-called comic papers may not be very heroic figures, but they are representatives of the most heroic race of which we know anything. If their ancestors had been less heroic, less devoted to their faith, less inspired with racial pride, there would have been no Jews today, for they would have been merged in other nationalities. We read of the Visigoths, the Vandals, the Huns and other nations, who came down upon Europe a thousand and more years ago. They were wonderful peoples in many ways, and strong enough to sweep everything before them. But they were not strong enough to retain their racial individuality, and they became assimilated with each other and with the nations, whom they overthrew, to make the modern Europeans; but the Jews have remained distinct during the three thousand years of storm that swept over the lands around the Mediterranean, like some great rock, which the waves of

a tumultuous ocean may overwhelm, but cannot destroy. Egypt, Babylon, Persia, Greece, Rome, Mohammedanism and Christendom have failed to extinguish this wonderful people, or to blend them with other branches of the human race so as to destroy their identity. Perhaps there is nothing in all history that can be compared with this. The story of the Jewish people is one of strange vicissitudes. It tells of great achievements and of almost infinite littleness, of wonderful progress and of almost indescribable retrogression, of phenomenal strength and of astounding weakness, of loyalty to tradition and yet at times an inexplicable abandonment of the principles lying at the base of national existence. It is a story of glory, and a story of shame; a story of triumph and a story of utter defeat; a story of sublime courage and a story of amazing cowardice. And yet through it all the Jew has remained the same, and, dismissing from consideration the fact that Jesus of Nazareth was a Jew, and therefore eliminating from the subject the effect of Christianity, it may be claimed that no race has done anything like as much for humanity as that wonderful people who look to Abraham as their father.

At present there are estimated to be about 10,000,000 Jews in the world, but in this number only the descendants of the tribe of Judah and Benjamin, and of such representatives of the other tribes as were dwelling in "the cities of Judah" at the time of the rupture between Judah and Israel. They are probably more numerous now than ever, and their numbers are steadily increasing. How many descendants there are of the Ten Tribes and what nations represent them today, are among the unsolved questions of the time. Israel was a much greater nation than Judah, and its future is not accounted for by any of the ordinarily received explanations. The people of Israel, who were carried away by Sargon II. into the mountains, which lie south of the Caspian Sea, vanished absolutely from sight.

THE TRUE OLD WORLD

Preconceived ideas are hard to overcome, and possibly in no line of research is this more difficult than in matters relating to the early history of mankind. Antiquarians have looked to Egypt, Babylon, China, India and elsewhere in the Eastern Hemisphere for the origin of civilization, and have rejected all suggestions that possibly it is to the Western Hemisphere we must look for the first evidence of human progress. Plato wrote that, when he was in Egypt, he was told by the priests that a long time previous to his visit an island existed beyond the Pillars of Hercules, whose people had attained a high stage of civilization. This statement was promptly labelled a myth, and even to this day the man, who avows his belief in the Lost Atlantis, does so with some little hesitancy. When some years ago Dr. Le Plongeon and his wife, after years spent in exploring the ruins of Yucatan, suggested that these might be found the source of Egyptian civilization, "the self-constituted authorities," as M. Comyn Beaumont calls them, received the suggestion with ridicule. And yet these explorers brought to light facts explainable on no other explainable hypothesis, as far as is now known, than that the Nile Valley derived its primary impetus from the people on the shore of the Caribbean Sea, if, indeed, the former country was not colonized by the latter. Lack of space makes it impossible to give here more than a mere outline of the facts, which Mme. Le Plongeon has collated in a recent article.

One of the interesting features of them is the remarkable similarity between the Egyptian and Mayan alphabets. So marked is this that Dr. de Plongeon, who was familiar with the former, found no difficulty in reading inscriptions in the latter. Another point of resemblance between the two races was found in the sacred character ascribed by the Mayans to the mastodon and by the Egyptians to the elephant. The association of the serpent with the royal families was also characteristic of both countries. Osiris was a great Egyptian deity, whose priests wore a leopard skin, and in his worship the skins of leopards played a prominent part. Osiris had two sisters, Mau or Isis and Nike. In very ancient days there was in the Mayan country a great prince, whose name was Coh, which means the leopard, and he had two sisters, Moo and Nike. On Coh's tomb there is a sphinx, or leopard with a human head. In Maya, as in Egypt, brothers married sisters in order that the royal blood might be preserved undefiled. The Mayan goddess Moo was worshipped in the form of a bird of beautiful plumage, and in Egypt Mau, or Isis, was frequently so represented. One of the titles of Osiris was "King of the West." The more ancient Egyptians burned the hearts of the dead and placed the charred remains in funeral urns; so did the ancient Mayans. Both races looked upon the crocodile as sacred. The Egyptians ascribed their civilization to Menes, and said that before his time twelve gods ruled the land. On a building in Yucatan of ancient Mayan origin, whereon the Creation is symbolized, there are the totems of twelve kings, and in the Mayan tongue "menes" stands for law-giving. Egyptian chronology had a period of four years; so had Mayan chronology. The Egyptians were accustomed to represent man as being formed from clay on a potter's wheel; so did the Mayans. Descent was reckoned in Egypt by the female line; so also was it in Maya. Many other points of resemblance can be mentioned.

It may be asked why the claim should be made that Egypt derived its civilization from Maya, and not Maya from Egypt. In this the answer seems to be that Egyptian records suggest the former, but in Mayan records there is no hint of the latter.

A Century of Fiction

XXVIII
(N. de Berquin Lagin)

Washington Irving

There is no one who holds quite the same place in American letters as Washington Irving. Indeed he has been aptly styled the "Founder of American Literature"; and not only has his name become familiar to his own countrymen, English-speaking people the world over have learned to know and to love him if for no other reason than that of his being the author of that enchanting story "Rip Van Winkle."

Irving's was a delightful personality, and one can read his best qualities in his strong, mobile face. There are geniality there and sympathy, kindness and courage; a whimsical little twist of the mouth that betrays his love of fun; an alertness in his eyes that speaks his ready wit, while his whole broad-benevolent countenance expresses the gentle, optimistic philosopher.

Washington Irving was born in New York, in 1783, while the British troops were still in possession of that city, and he died just before Lincoln was made president. His parents had lived in New York for twenty years prior to his birth. His father, William Irving, was a Scotsman, a native of the Orkney Islands, who first met his wife, a very beautiful and accomplished girl, when he was serving as a petty officer on board a packet. Washington was the youngest of a family of eight sons, and from his earliest years showed a roving, romantic disposition. He was delicate until he reached maturity, suffering from pulmonary affection which necessitated his living, as far as possible, out-of-doors. This sort of existence exactly suited the tastes of the young lad, who cared little for hard study but who loved to wander about the environments of his town, especially on the wharves where he could watch the ships come and go, and dream of the lands from whence they came. He loved to read books of adventure and to go to the play house. He lived in a world of his own imaginings nearly all through his boyhood. As he grew to manhood he made endless friends. He loved his fellow-kind, and he was the jolliest sort of a companion. His disposition he inherited from his mother for whom he felt an affection little short of worship. He judged all women by the high standard she set him; and his reverence for the opposite sex is very evident in all his writings. His love story was a sad, but sweet one. He fell in love while quite a young man with a charming girl who returned his affection. She lived, however, but a few months after their engagement and her premature death nearly broke her lover's heart. She was the one love of his life. He never married, but remained faithful to her memory until his death.

Irving's first occupation was studying for the law, but he had no taste for such a vocation, and soon gave it up. He could not, and would not attend college; but, being a voracious reader of the best in literature, he trained his mind instinctively by the books with which he was familiar. This education was further advanced by his travels to England and the continent, where he went in search of the health which he had failed to find at home. Amid scenes of historical romance and tragedies he revelled in vast delight, making friends among the artists of the day wherever he went. He returned home after two years, his health entirely restored, and with a deep fund of information from which to draw for the construction of his own romances and sketches. His first work of note was the Knickerbocker "History of New York," which immediately made him something of a celebrity. After this he devoted most of his time to literature and produced many of his interesting works. He travelled abroad again several times, and was once connected with the diplomatic service in Spain for several years. While there he wrote one of his best stories, dealing with the Moorish invasion and occupation of that country. An extended trip in the Northwest of America gave him an insight into the life of the explorers, fur-traders, Indians, trappers and hunters of the mountains and the prairies, and some delightful volumes from his pen was the result.

His last works were in the form of biographies. "The Life of Goldsmith," "The Life of Washington" and "Mahomet and his Successors." The Life of Washington is an immense work, a little too full of detail to make popular reading, and of the three "The Life of Goldsmith" is by far the most entertaining and charmingly written.

We quote from Mr. Morse's criticism of this gifted author: Irving was the first American man of letters whose writings contain the vital spark. No one would venture to say that he possessed a creative imagination of the highest order, such as Hawthorne for example was gifted with. The tragedies of life, the more strenuous problems that arise to torment mankind had no attractions for him. But he had nevertheless imagination of a rare sort, and the creative faculty was his also. Were this not so his books would have been forgotten long ago. Neither his play of fancy nor his delicious sense of humour, nor the singular felicity of his style, could have saved his writings from oblivion if he had not possessed in addition to these qualities, a profound knowledge of the

romance and comedy of life, and the power, which is vouchsafed to few, to surround his characters and his scenes with some of the mellow glow of his own sweet and gentle spirit.

Tales of a Traveller

This is a collection of sketches, some merry, some tragic, some pathetic, and all narrated in Irving's delightful manner. The author himself declares them to be "moral tales, with the moral disguised as much as possible by sweets and spices." The collection is divided into four parts. The first part relates some of the family ghost stories and traditions of a group of genial friends who have gathered as guests, underneath the baronial and haunted roof-tree of one of their number. Part II. relates the interesting story of the rise to fortune of one Buckthorne. Part III deals with the adventures of a band of Italian banditti, who capture a lonely young Venetian bride, who is in turn rescued by a seemingly timorous Englishman. Captain Kidd is the hero of the fourth and last part of the volume.

NOT THAT TIME

Thackeray, anxious to enter parliament, stood for Oxford, thinking he might win the seat from Lord Monck, who then represented it. Meeting his opponent in the street one day, Thackeray shook hands with him, had a little talk over the situation and took leave of him with the quotation, "May the best man win!" "I hope not," said Lord Monck, very cordially, with a pleasant little bow.—The Argonaut.

A "SHADY" PLACE

An hotel-keeper near New York city is a Frenchman, and his family know little more about English than he does. His suburban hotel stands in the centre of a square field with large trees. When the proprietor wanted to call attention to this advantage he put on his cards, "The most shady hotel around New York." The reputation of the place is beyond reproach and the proprietor does not know yet why so many persons smile when they read the line quoted.

WOULDN'T TRUST HER

One warm February morning in Florida a visitor was motoring with a young lady, and by a stream they got out to gather flowers. After a while a boy came up and said: "Hey, mister, is that your girl over there?" "Yes, I suppose so," said the man. "Well, tell her to go home," said he. "Us fellers want to go in swimmin'." He told the young lady of this odd request, but she had not yet finished her bouquet, and she said, with a laugh, he must tell the boys she wouldn't look. She'd shut her eyes. This they were duly told. And they consulted gravely on it. Then the spokesman returned and said: "The fellers says they dassent trust her."—The Argonaut.

OATHS DIDN'T COUNT

"There were many army chaplains," says General Josiah Pickett, of Worcester, "who adapted themselves to conditions, and were none the less religious in consequence. Our regimental chaplain—'Fighting Tim,' we called him—would sometimes grasp a rifle and get into the thick of the fight. He was up in front one day, during a brisk skirmish, peppering away with my company. Stopping for a moment at his side, I noticed that the men about him were 'swearing like troopers.' It was a habit some men had when under fire; and men were never known to use profane language in their calmer moments. Out of respect to the cloth, I reprimanded the men, reminding them that the chaplain was among them. "Never your mind that, captain," broke forth 'Fighting Tim,' as he bit off a paper cartridge, 'any man who dies here will go to heaven so quick that the devil will never know he's dead.'—Denver Republican.

A WOMAN'S LETTER

Here is a letter contributed by "A Woman" to the Chicago Tribune. It speaks for itself, and it may be said that the defendant upon hearing the charge read pleaded guilty and threw himself upon the mercy of the court:

"In your column devoted to miscellaneous contributions from correspondents is one in today's paper signed Eugene F. O'Riordan, scolding at women who, he says, love dogs and do not love babies. A few such women doubtless exist, but not enough to get worked up about. Is Mr. O'Riordan aware that for every childless woman who does not love or wish children there are ten who long for them and are denied them? Let him do his railing at the men who are directly responsible for this condition of affairs. Any physician can tell him that in the majority of childless marriages the reason is that the habits of the husband have made it impossible for children to be born to him. Let him read the articles on the black plague now appearing in one of the leading magazines. If he knew more about the subject he would write in a different way. If some of the women who bear a lifelong headache because of the children that are denied them do at times act foolishly over a pet animal, it is a condition that should strike a man with its pathos. Reform your own sex, sir, and then you will not be troubled so much with the sights that so offend you."—Chicago Tribune.

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