

Literature Music Art

(By N. DE BERTRAND LUGRIN)

A BOOK OF THE WEEK REVIEWED

"Grows from Uganda."—By Critolaus.

er give the same satisfaction a n. If one has not the heart to do beds are wanted for the summer ts, the bulbs should be carefully n. Power stalks cut off, and the bulbs n. closely in shallow trenches in a secluded place where they may their foliage and may rest until ay then be lifted and planted in aped colonies in the mixed flower y. They should remain permanent- s, crocuses and other bulbs do ey can remain in the beds when l, but if the beds are wanted for uring plants the bulbs may be same as tulips and hyacinths. All bulb catalogues designate the suitable for bedding, together with single or double, early or late- and quotations per dozen, per hun- ber thousand, and while the best of course, secure the best quality ch will produce rather the largest I do not ever remember to have variety of any of the fall bulbs.

FORCING BULBS

forcing bulb can be grown suc- cocanut fibre. The Paper White on narcissus, the Roman hyacinth finds of tulips will always do well. e decorations I flower the bulbs s; common earth-stained flower- ook well on the dinner table. But e recommend raising all the winter ts in cocanut fibre. It would be ve to buy the fibre and jardiniere, t fibre may be had in its natural s stripped from the cocanut, or it d ground. In either case, put it or other dish and thoroughly wet as been ground, press the surplus with the hands before putting it ulbs in the jardiniere. If the fibre s natural state, it must be torn e using. Use a jardiniere of a size which has been glazed in- e bottom put enough charcoal or tery to form an inch of drainage. ith the cocanut fibre, place the e fibre and finish filling the jardi- niere. See that the fibre is pressed and covered more than two p, so if the jardiniere be a deep material must be placed at the raise the bulbs up to the right posi-

otting set the jardiniere away in e, but it is not necessary that they e dark, a subdued light is suffi- ent for the growth appears above the g the jardiniere into the light and forcing.

best results a comparatively low e must be maintained, 65 degrees in me is high enough, and it may be rop to 45 degrees or so degrees e. After the flowers begin to open, y if you do not want the buds to y must not be kept in a warm

allow the fibre to become dry, ould there be a surplus of water in ere. Turn the jardiniere on the side e or two each day, after watering, e surplus water to run out.—Albert

INDOOR BULBS

ths, tulips, narcissi and crocus will orgeous display in April and May. n in October, in rich, sandy loam, hes apart, and six to three inches rding to size, and cover the ground r three inches of old manure, which taken off in the spring.

door forcing, plant the bulbs three e, a pot of a size to hold them. Put d manure in the bottom of the pot e soil about equal parts of leaf d and garden soil. Put the bulbs e surface and press the soil only. Water them and set them in a dark, r or place them on a bed of coal d floors and cover with a six-inch eshies. In two months or less form good roots. Bring them to the ally. When the foliage turns green in the sunlight. Water well when a bloom.

COMFORTING

claimed by the many admirers of a hor that his tongue is as ready and his pen. e conversation with a lady of un- e, she said, with a mock sigh:—"You are young, while I can already gray hairs."

dear lady," and the young man let his yn genial smile play over his fea- rily you know that as long as gray e counted, they do not count!"

JUST IN TIME

man shoemaker left the gas turned shop one night, and upon arriving in g struck a match to light it. There rific explosion, and the shoemaker n out through the door almost to the e street.

erby rushed to his assistance, and ng him to get up inquired if he was little German gazed at his place of e which was now burning quite and said:—"I ain't hurt. But I got out shust in h?"

Full of wholesome everyday philosophy, which is none the worse for having seen some wear, and interspersed with some paragraphs of charming description relative to his surroundings, is Critolaus' "Grows from Uganda," a little book that one can read through readily in a couple of hours and be none the worse for. "Critolaus" is rather an extremist, but he is not the ranting sort. He finds fault with most of the institutions of modern civilization, but we all have that privilege, and many of us use it whenever we feel in a pessimistic mood, so we cannot blame him for taking advantage of the same prerogative. In his little Baganda grass hut, alone except for his dog and one hen and his native servants, he would like to impress us that he is living the ideal life. He says he is never lonely, and envies no one in more comfortable circumstances. He looks at the world from such a great distance, that his vision is in some cases distorted, though again the very fact that he does observe events from afar, makes his judgment that much the more unbiased.

Among other things, "Critolaus" does not believe in the present system of education. He says: "The School Board Act of 1870 wisely provided for the three R's at a rate of about a halfpenny, and we ought to have stuck to that, for it gave everyone a chance, instead of that, following blindly the lead of enthusiasts, dreamers, and faddists—the so-called 'progressives'—we are ruining the soap-payer in order to create a nation of clerks." Again, he thinks there ought to be some censorship in regard to the Press. Most of us will confess to a desire to see some of the yellow journals muzzled, but we are not going to agree with the author, when he strenuously attacks the growing habit of everybody to read the newspapers.

Like all true nature-lovers, "Critolaus" is a broad-minded religious enthusiast, caring nothing for creed, dogma or orthodoxy, but worshipping God in the beauty of His handiwork. "I have heard," he writes, "the voice of God equally in the howling of wolves at midnight in the vast pine forests of British Columbia, in the incomparably awful thunder of Corisco Bay in Spanish Guinea, in the sweet song of the pied wagtail at sunrise at my own door here, in the roar of the West Coast tornado approaching through the great Congo bush, and day and night in the countless voices of Nature all around."

The motor car comes in for a very fierce onslaught. "Critolaus" even views with disfavor the discovery of wireless telegraphy, and has all sorts of sarcastic things to say in regard to aerial navigation. "I feel far safer now among the savages and wild beasts in Central Africa," he says, "than in London. But where shall we turn for safety when the navigation of the air is an accomplished fact?" The real tyrants of society, he claims, are not the aristocrats, "but those 'Captains of Industry' afflicted with pachydermatous consciences, who have risen from the people to plunder the people; who have made money their god, and who in their pursuit of it care not whom they trample upon or what means they adopt so long as they can elude the grasp of the law."

However, we cannot all live in Baganda grass huts near the equator and shirk the responsibility that civilization brings. Most of us have families to support, and however much we may deplore some of the existing conditions of modern life, our place is in the front with the fighters, and we are not going to deny that we get a great deal of pleasure out of the society of, and the competition with, our fellow men. A state of nature is all very well, and we may think ourselves considerable atoms indeed, comparable to the mighty elements of the universe; we rise superior even to the stars themselves, however, when we realize that endowed makes the elements our slaves, and this fact we think is evidenced by the wonderful discoveries of modern inventors. To cut oneself off from one's fellow men and play the pessimist is not altruism, and to do "Critolaus" justice, we do not think he is a real pessimist, so we can take his "grows" good-naturally.

The last chapter in the book is devoted to the description of the author's prospecting trip in northern British Columbia.—London, Elliot Stock, 62 Paternoster Row, E. C.

WITH THE PHILOSOPHERS

IMMANUEL KANT.

It is a mistake of many people to think that only those who live amid the stress of events, can understand the pro and con of those events that only those who have come face to face with economic problems in the course of their own lives, can undertake to solve these problems; that only those who have lived in a community where great questions are at stake can have any conception of how to deal with such questions. We have all heard it said that the soldier on the battlefield knows less about the war in which he is participating than those who are following the news in the despatches at home; and to a very great extent this is true in regard to the crises which have been brought about by conditions in congested centres of population. Those who are directly affected by such crises, and are in the maelstrom of emotion produced by their out-

sense of justice, are not as capable of taking a calm, sane, unbiassed view of things, as is the unprejudiced onlooker, who has been watching the trend of events from a distance, and observing the questions from all sides with equal fairness.

Immanuel Kant, one of the greatest of modern philosophers, was a man who never travelled more than sixty miles beyond his native city. He was born in East Prussia in 1724. He lived through the stirring events of the French Revolution, but was not tempted to go near the field of action. While Voltaire and Rousseau and a score or more of philosophers of his time contributed their firebrands of thought to start the conflagration of the Revolution, Kant, quite unmoved and undismayed, in his own little limited world, was formulating and promulgating philosophical truths that were to affect countless generations of those who came after him.

He was a little man, barely five feet tall, with deep eyes that looked out from under a massive brow. His shoulders were slightly deformed and he was thin to emaciation. His health was always delicate, but by rigid dieting, strict breathing exercises, and a powerful self-control he kept disease at a distance, and lived to be eighty years old. He did not distinguish himself particularly while he lived. To posterity belongs the honor of bringing his works into the light of fame. He made no effort at all to become a celebrity, and was earnestly devoted to his vocation of teaching. It was not until he was sixty years of age that he produced a work in any way remarkable. This was in 1787, when he published his "Critique of Pure Reason," one, if not the most famous, of the philosophical treatises of the two last centuries.

"The deepest and easiest means of quieting all pains is the thought that a reasonable man should be expected to have at his control—namely, the thought that life in general, so far as the enjoyment of it goes, has no genuine worth at all; for enjoyment depends upon fortune; but its worth consists alone in the use of life, in the purposes to which it is directed. And this aspect of life comes to man, not by fortune, but only through wisdom. This consequently is in man's power. Whoever is much troubled about losing life will never enjoy life."

"He who fears can form no judgment about the sublime in nature; just as he who is seduced by inclination and appetite can form no judgment about the beautiful. The former flies from the sight of an object which inspires him with awe; and it is impossible to find satisfaction in a terror that is seriously felt. Hence the pleasurelessness arising from the cessation of uneasiness is a state of joy. But this, on account of the deliverance from danger which is involved, is a state of joy more joined with the resolve that we shall no more be exposed to the dangers, much less seek the occasion for them again.

"Now, in the immensity of nature and in the insufficiency of our faculties to take in a standard proportionate to the aesthetic estimation of the magnitude of its realm, we find our own limitation; although at the same time in our rational faculty we find a different non-sensuous standard, which has that infinity itself under it as a unity, in comparison with which everything in nature is small, and thus in our mind we find a superiority to nature even in its immensity."

"War itself, if it is carried on with order and with a sacred respect for the rights of citizens, has something sublime in it, and makes the disposition of the people who carry it on thus, only the more sublime the more numerous the dangers to which they are exposed, and in respect of which they behave with courage."

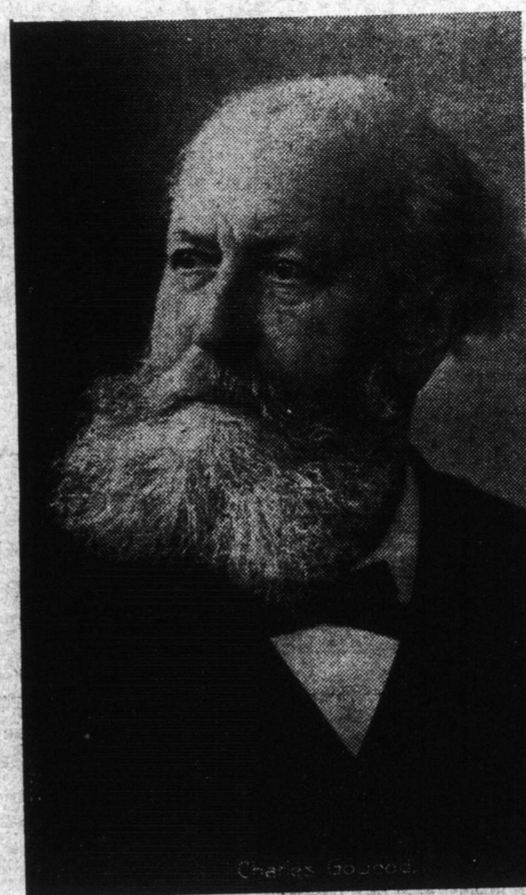
"The man who is actually afraid because he finds reasons for fear in himself, whilst conscious in his culpable disposition of offending against a Might whose will is irresistible and at the same time just, is not in a frame of mind for admiring the Divine greatness. For this a mood of calm contemplation and a quite free judgment are needed. Only if he is conscious of an upright disposition might God, do those operations of might (evidenced in the Universe), serve to awaken in him the idea of the sublimity of this Being, for then he recognizes in himself a sublimity of disposition conformable to his will; and thus he is raised above the fear of operations in nature, which he no longer regards as outbursts of His wrath."

DR. WULLNER'S ECCENTRICITIES

Dr. Ludwig Wullner, the celebrated lieder singer, is said to be a man of many eccentricities. Sombre, almost depressingly so in his garb, when living in public, he indulges, when visiting the watering places of the German ocean, in extravagantly shabby clothing. But most fantastic is his garb when he struts about his famous "Hiligelntel" estate in the neighborhood of Monte Ziretto, Sicily. Here in the mountain fastness are beautiful creeks and hidden spots, where he recites, sings, and rehearses without any one interfering with him or listening to him. He has been seen by visiting friends walking about dressed like a Roman Senator. At other times he has worn Arabian costumes he brought with him when five years ago he spent a winter in the north of Africa, and when Richard Strauss visited him last year he snatched the famous interpreter of his songs clad as a wandering Arab of the Abyssinian type.

GOUNOD

Charles Francis Gounod was born in Paris, June 17th, 1818, and received his education there. His musical studies were carried on at the Paris Conservatoire. In his twenty-first year he won the annual grand prix offered by the National School of Arts by his cantata Fernand, and this enabled him to go to Rome to study the Italian school of composition. For this purpose he entered a priests' seminary where he remained for four years, returning to Paris to become musical director of the Catholic Church of Foreign Missions. His desire at this time was to enter the church, for he was always of a very devout nature. His affection for his mother alone prevented him from carrying out this wish. For a time he retired from public observation, but in 1849 the celebrated singer Madame Viardot asked him to write an opera, and he composed Sappho, which, though not a popular success, greatly enhanced his reputation among musicians. Three years later he produced Ulysse, which met with a better reception, and secured him the position of superintendent of instruc-



tion in singing in the Paris communal schools. His next opera, La Nonne Sanglante, was not a success. In 1856 he composed Faust, which is the work upon which his fame chiefly rests, although French critics have always maintained that his Romeo et Juliette was a greater achievement. The production which was most popular in his lifetime was his comic opera Le Medicin Malgre Lui. The fact that this is forgotten, while Faust forms a part in the programme of every great musical season, and many singers have reached the summit of their fame in its three leading roles, shows how unreliable contemporary judgment may be in its estimates of artistic genius. Gounod's intense devotional spirit is shown in his two oratorios, The Redemption, and Mors et Vita. He died in Paris, April 17, 1893.

THE ZEIT-GEIST AND SUFFRAGETTICISM

The Zeit-Geist means literally the Time Spirit or the Spirit which controls the times. Mr. Andrew Lang in an ironically humorous article in the London Morning Post, tells us that he used to think that "the term was only a fashionable phrase for fashion itself; for the notions and practices and opinions, usually absurd, that men and women imitate from each other, or read about and pick up in newspapers and magazines. But, grown older and having seen more, I incline to believe that the Zeit-Geist is only a series of avatars or changeful manifestations of the Brethren, or the World; of the Accuser of the Devil!" He then speaks quite plainly of evidence as to why he proceeds to give his evidence as to why he considers suffrageticism a manifestation of the frenzied behaviour of those who think no means too extreme to gain their cause of "Votes for Women," are disposed to agree with him. In citing historical instances, Mr. Lang might have mentioned the first inhabitants of Britain, for one of whom Albion was so-called. They were daughters of the King of Egypt, who, jealous of their husbands, the sons of Danus, King of Greece, resolved to slay them and assume control of affairs. The plot was discovered, however, and the wicked wives sent adrift in a ship upon the sea. They eventually landed on the shores of "The White Island to the North of Gaul," and it may be that their spirit is living today in some of their "suffragetting" progeny.

It is easy to see, writes Mr. Lang, how any tendency of opinion expands among grown-ups. Take suffrageticism. Every student of popular mental epidemics knows that the sex is subject to collective and imitative infatuations. Thus the worship of Dionysus, with horrible rites, took hold of the

women of prehistoric Greece. They rushed about wildly, playing on the tempestuous tambourine; they tore Orpheus to pieces, nobody knows exactly why, and threw his tuneless head into the Hebrus. The women generally opened to rage any animals which they happened to meet in the secret rites of their sex. Precisely why they did this I leave M. Solomon Reinach to explain in his recent work on Orpheus.

The real truth may be simply that "it was pretty Fanny's way," her blood being up about a "cause," the introduction of the worship of the Wine God. The esoteric motto, or public slogan, of the sex may have been "Drinks for Women." The men, having found out for the first time the pleasing properties of the juice of the vine, may have wished to keep the sacred liquor to themselves. The most respectable ladies of Thebes headed the new "woman-movement," and destroyed the fawns and kids in their processions as a proof of earnestness. The unfortunate King Pentheus observed them in the most unobtrusive way; but he was detected, and the Queen, his mother, the Princess, his sister, "nagged" King Pentheus with fatal results. Theocritus reports the affair, which manifestly puzzled him. The same results in the way of female frenzy form a dark and mysterious chapter in the history of Republican Rome. Writing at a distance from books, I do not remember much about this Roman woman's movement. I have no authority but Dr. Emil Reich's "Woman Through the Ages," and he dismisses the topic in two sentences. To this learned author I shall return; for the movement in favor of listening to his lectures was a quaint illustration of the vagaries of the Time Spirit.

Under Louis XIV. we observe the same phenomenon. For no particular reason, but under the suggestion of the Zeit-Geist, the women of Paris, in all ranks, took to poisoning their husbands. Multitudes of the most respected females were in the movement, for they were pious and devout. Priest after priest found that his fair penitents were in the same tale: they had all poisoned their husbands. Somehow the priests discovered means of apprising the police that the high rate of mortality among married men was a theme that called for inquiry. Monsieur de Montespan was not at Court, and was not in danger, but Louis XIV. began to think that from Madame de Montespan his Royal life was not safe, he standing, as it were, in loco mariti. There was a great deal of trying, torturing and executing, and finally the movement died out, and arsenic became a drug on a falling market. The affair had been a temporary infatuation of the sex. Nobody ever heard of a collective movement of men towards poisoning their wives. To men the Time Spirit at various periods has suggested a frenzy for burning witches, usually female; but this, it is only fair to say, was done openly by forms of law, and with the approval of the clergy of all denominations. It is a singular fact that the male infatuation for crusading appears to have left the women untouched. I never heard that there was a Woman's Crusade. They did not want to fight, but stayed at home, and were usually on the point of marrying another when the crusading and despaired-of husband returned, like Ulysses or the noble Morriinger in the ballad.

MUSICAL NOTES

Two English artists of far more than ordinary interest are features of London Charlton's list this season. Mme. Kirkby-Lunn, the great operatic contralto, will arrive early in February to remain until April 15; while Dalton Baker, a baritone who is considered one of the best oratorio singers in Great Britain, will be here from February 1 to the close of the season.

Mme. Kirkby-Lunn has already become well known to American music-lovers through several previous tours, both in opera and concert. Her Kundry in the Henry W. Savage production of "Parsifal" was considered a splendid achievement, one recently surpassed by the way, by her Delilah, looked upon as quite the sensation of the recent Covent Garden season. Mme. Lunn has been identified with the Metropolitan Opera House, and on the Continent she is a pronounced favorite. Her work in concert and oratorio is no less delightful than in opera. As her visit is a comparatively short one, owing to important English engagements in the early Spring, her tour under Mr. Charlton's management will be limited.

You are probably acquainted with one of the latest popular hits in the song line, the refrain of which is "Where Has My Lima Bean?" The New York Telegraph makes it out to be an Englishman who heard the song at the Murray Hill Theatre and who was much perplexed by the refrain. Seeking out the house manager, who was a friend, he thus voiced his objections, according to the Telegraph:—"Beastly bad grammar that song—what? How on earth, dear chap, can you make sense or meaning out of such foolishness? Why, such a meaningless babble! 'Where Has My Lima Bean?' It ought to be either 'Where Is My Lima Bean' or 'Who Has My Lima Bean,' and it's idiotic to sing it in the way they are doing—what?"

When Jean Lassalle, the noted French

baritone, was breathing his last at his home in Paris three weeks ago, his son, who is a promising young tenor, was walking out on the stage of the Kursaal at Ostende to face his first audience and sip the sweets of a debut success. Le Figaro tells a little story of striking coincidences.

About two weeks before the end came the elder Lassalle, who had been ill for many months, called his son to him and told him of a presentiment that possessed him: "The morning after I sang 'Hamlet' at the opera for the first time I received a telegram informing me of the death of my father the previous evening. They tell me that you are going to make your debut. You will see that it will be for you as it was for me—the day after your debut you will hear that I died the evening before, and, as in my father's case, almost at the same time that you were singing."

M. Lassalle fills made light of this superstitious fancy, and thought nothing more about it. A fortnight later he received a telegram from Ostende asking him to sing two days later at the Kursaal. He accepted the engagement, and when the evening came he sang airs from "Werther," "Tosca," "Rigoletto" and a Berlioz excerpt, to the manifest delight of the audience, which demanded repetitions of all the programme numbers. The congratulations of his friends fed the debut delirium. Next morning, at the "appointed hour," he received the news of his father's death, which had coincided with his first entrance the night before.

Reports of the success of Mme. Melba's tour in Australia and New Zealand are couched in superlatives. Word has been sent to us that in some places visited, the demand for the seats at seven and five dollars has been so greatly in excess of the available accommodation that the cheaper tickets had to be withdrawn.

"A NECESSITY OF LIFE"

The schools are doing a great deal at present to create real interest in the highest forms of literature, though it may be doubted if the methods employed are the best methods. The end to be aimed at is the creation of a nation of adults to whom the best literature is a "necessity" of life. As soon as it becomes necessary half our social problems will solve themselves. A man or woman to whom Scott or Stevenson, Wordsworth or Tennyson, Ruskin or Carlyle, Darwin or Emerson, Dickens or Thackeray or George Eliot or Hawthorne are household gods will not easily find pleasure in the patter of the pot-house or in the philosophy of the gutter. And they may as easily be household gods to a man with thirty shillings a week as to a man with a thousand pounds a year.

The working man today, if he could only be taught to realize it, has advantages that many a man with a substantial income longed for in vain thirty years ago. All the best literature is at his door, and all the best ephemeral writings lie on his public library table. For these things he pays nothing, and his hours in the case of thousands give more opportunities of what one might call leisure than belong to myriads of those who do the black coat of servitude. The clerk class has one advantage, and one only, over the artisan class. It has, in some sort of measure, a tradition of culture, while in England (as opposed to Scotland) the artisan class has not got this tradition. In one case there is a certain disgrace attached to ignorance of the English classics, and the vantage of knowledge is assumed if not possessed. In the other class there is no need even to pretend. But in fact the long forbidden fruit of the tree of literature, devours it with a voracity almost unknown to the clerk. It is the natural supplement of his daily work.

If once the tradition begins, if once the necessity of literature forces itself into the sub-consciousness of the people, then the New Age will have begun. Mean streets will vanish, for the people will no longer tolerate them, and (a more important fact) mean souls will grow into something higher. Literature for the people, literature that reveals new worlds of nature, of beauty, of humanity, should be the central point of modern education. No money should be spared in securing the best teachers, the best methods of teaching. Today we have to start the literary tradition, and must not count the cost. The reward will be beyond all price, for it will be nothing less than a national renaissance.—J. E. G. de Montmorency in The Contemporary Review.

Oliver Wendell Holmes' motto, which is applied to himself in conversation—and he was a famous talker—he applied also to the writing of his books. Would that other talkers and writers would learn and practice it—"Talk about those subjects you have had long in your mind, and listen to what others say about subjects you have studied but recently. Knowledge and timber should not be much used till they seasoned."

"Are you sure this milk is free from germs?" inquired the cautious young house-keeper. "Yes, lady," replied the milkman, unguardedly; "we boil every drop of water that goes into it."