

PARIS PURVEYORS OF PROV EIDER PROVE ITS PURITY
IN YOUR PRESENCE.

[Special Correspondence to The Advertiser.]

Paris, March 27.—"Water! Call the scientist!" This is the phrase that now pops out in Paris restaurants. And the scientists, because of the increased demand for them, are pulling in big fees, rejoicing.

It has come about with the establishment of municipal pure food laboratories. Today when the waiter brings a beefsteak which upon trial one suspects of equine origin, he merely orders up the municipal scientist from his laboratory annexed to the restaurant, and demands a pure food analysis right on the spot.

Napoleon Was Pictured
As Terrifying Monster

From Public Opinion.

Vital as the movement of the world's history has been during this winter, many must have reserved a peculiar interest for those paragraphs in the Times and the Observer containing extracts from their columns of a hundred years ago. It is true that the division of time by centuries is merely a device of human frailty for its own convenience. Neither earth nor stars know anything of these tiny cycles, and the "Immanent Will" proceeds regardless of their imaginary reversion. But the long habit of our ready reckoning has actually imposed a distinctive character upon the movement of the world, and we have lately seen instances in plenty of man's delight in celebrating centuries, tercentenaries, and even older fragments of the years.

All this winter we have been celebrating the centenary of the final act in the Napoleonic drama. Last October the enormous catastrophe of Leipzig was described in these columns. Through the following months the papers mentioned have contained brief notices of the movements of the allied armies gradually closing in upon France and the capital where Napoleon still defied the world. Last Sunday we read how Cas-tellion had started for foreign parts, probably with the intention of arranging peace. The Bourbons were also meditating departure from their British asylum to their ancestral throne. "Mon-sieur," brother of the gaudy Exile-in-Chief, and afterwards the Times shrieked at already gone. "The Bourbons are back," it cried, "we wish to have to fight with gentlemen and men of honor, not with rascals." After all, that not with rascals. "We wish to have to fight with gentlemen and men of honor, not with rascals." After all, that not with rascals.

"What we now want," it cried, "is to return not only to old limits and formal balances of power, but to old ways of thinking, to names and to things precluding to our ancestors, to the laws and customs by which Europe was civilized. . . . Our rallying cry should be 'Europe as it was in 1788.'"

The Times, however, was not at the moment supported in this extremity of opinion. The allies would have been content to have Napoleon supreme within the old boundaries of France. Even up to last Wednesday a century ago, they would have concluded peace if he had ceded only Belgium and Savoy. He almost complied. For the sake of Europe one regrets he did not comply, for then Europe might have escaped the "Holy Alliance," and France had been spared many humiliations. But on Thursday morning he was found sticking pins into a map. The joy of genius in its exercise had seized him again. "I'm going to beat Blucher," he cried, and next Tuesday, as it were, his magnificent campaign on the Rhine and Seine began. It was brief, lasting hardly more than a week, but many critics choose it as the finest example of the Napoleonic touch. Here is the opinion of his greatest opponent, when someone called the campaign unskillful, the Duke of Wellington replied:

"I have studied it very much. . . . In it Bonaparte beat the Austrians, Prussians and Russians—different armies—always with the same troops, and I have had experience enough to know how every exact a man must be in all his calculations, and how very skillful in his manoeuvres, to be able to do that."

And again, speaking of the same campaign, the duke said:

"Excellent—quite excellent. The study of it has given me a greater idea of his genius than any other. Had he continued that system a little while longer, it is my opinion that he would have saved Paris. But he wanted patience—he did not see the necessity of adhering to defensive warfare."

After that week's campaign, Napoleon might still have retained France within her old boundaries; but he refused concession. Ten days later the tide turned, and all his genius could not check it. From the northeast, Blucher kept hammering forward. The main body of allies converged to meet him from the south. Napoleon, with a force of barely 40,000 ill-fed and ill-supplied men in the cold of winter, could not strike at either with effect. Slowly they forced themselves between him and his capital. On March 30th, Paris surrendered. A Russian Tsar with his Cossack barbarians marched through the streets of the city that for twenty-six years had stood as the emblem of freedom and enlightenment. The abdication at Fontainebleau followed, and the face of Elba.

The Bourbon returned. The desire of the Times for the restoration of the good old days appeared to be fulfilled. Not only for old limit and formal balances of power, but for old ways of thinking, for names and things precious to our ancestors, the command, "As you were!" was dispatched to Europe. Fortunately for the world, it is a command that can never be obeyed.

A Fateful Crisis.

This week, then, we stand at the centenary of a fateful crisis—a turning point in the final act of the Napoleonic drama. As in Mr. Thomas Hardy's stupendous epic of the age, we seem to hear the spirit of the years and the recording angel recite the circumstances of unconscious doom. The shade of the earth inquires in vain what purpose or design may be intended by the "Immanent Will." The sinister and ironic spirits watch with bitter smiles as the embattled armies of mankind creep hither and thither over the hills and plains of Europe like a malaccal upon a mulberry leaf. The peoples, distressed by events they did not cause, are seen in the poet's words, writhing, crawling, leaping, and vibrating in their various cities and nationalities. The spirit of the pitiless befalls the destiny of suffering mankind, in vain.

At such a moment, a recently published book, "The Centenary: English View of Napoleon," by Mr. F. J. MacCunn, of Glasgow University (George Bell & Sons), is particularly welcome. It makes a fine addition to those newspaper extracts that have seemed to us so interesting. It gathers up the general opinions of English people about Napoleon at various stages of his career, together with military criticisms, and the conceptions of the poets, who at that time took so much more prominent part in public life than they do to-day.

Of what childish violence the cartoon is capable may still be seen in any old print shop where Gillray's drawings are displayed. As to the Times, it heaped abuse on him in his power, and contempt in his fall. A Corsican attorney's son, it is a display of its aristocratic scorn, and the survival of "attorney" for scornful use up to our own day is rather remarkable. When Napoleon's power was only just past its height (1809) the Times explains that "this man hates and blackens the high qualities of virtue and patriotism, because he feels he has nothing kindred to them in his own nature. He loves no country; he has none."

But, as was natural, the Times intensified its abuse as Napoleon's star declined. After Leipzig it denounced "the wicked and almost idiotic suggestion that Bonaparte is as good as other monarchs." After the Marne campaign, which we are now celebrating, it exclaims: "Are you or are you not, we would ask, convinced that Bonaparte is a bloodier villain than terms can give out? Immediately after the abdication at Fontainebleau (April 6, 1814), Mr. MacCunn tells us the newspaper reaches its high-water mark of abuse.

"It contrasts his meanness and cowardly whining in defeat with his vain, theatrical boasting in success; insists on his physical cowardice again and again, e.g., 'Jerry Sneak was a hero to him,' and 'The murderer of millions evinced an amiable sensibility when the object of alarm was himself.'"

When the main organ of English opinion at the time wrote in this strain, we need not feel surprise at the petulant violence of the common people. "The Corsican Ogre" is still a remembered phrase, and in the writer's childhood, more than forty years after Napoleon's death, nurse maids still terrified their charges into silence with threats of "Sneaky Boney."

In contemporary sermons he was commonly called "the monster," "the enemy of mankind," "the destroyer of the bottomless pit," "the Hebrew Abaddon," "the Greek Apollyon." No wonder that when Napoleon was on board the Bellerophon, and a midshipman landed at Torquay, a large party of young ladies kept asking him if the prisoner was really a man: "Were his hands and his clothes all over with blood when he came on board?" "Was his voice like thunder?" The violent abuse poured upon him by some of our poets, especially by Coleridge, Southey, and Scott, is at first sight less comprehensible. Wordsworth described his success in France as "the child of noble parents, Liberty and Philanthropic Love." "It is the fallen spirit triumphant in misdeeds," he said, "which was formerly a blessed angel."

Of great writers hostile to Napoleon, Wordsworth was far the wisest, as is seen in his pamphlet on the Convention of Cintra. But it is to Byron that we must go for a really just and discriminating estimate of a nature in many respects resembling his own.

The judgment of the great poets and statesmen upon Napoleon is, however, so large and interesting a subject, that we may return to it as the centenaries of the few remaining scenes in what astonishing career come round. For the moment we would only observe that while we are deriding the violence and distortion in the abuse we have just remembered to make allowance for a vanished element—the haggard element of fear. In studying history, most people forget the fear for time has fulfilled or allayed it, and it is gone. Except for an occasional "Volunteer" or "Dreadnought" scare, we in this country have not known fear since Napoleon's time, and we forget how difficult it is to appreciate aright the virtue or genius of an enemy who is watching close at hand to kill and devour you. It was no music hall panic or imaginary terror that for all those years maintained our ancestors' struggle with Napoleon. How difficult it was for them to judge him truly may to some extent be learned from the vilification expended by our public men, journalists, and populace upon a far distant, small, and, even if the worst had come, a comparatively harmless enemy during our latest war.

William Jennings Bryan

And Other Public Officials Join In Unstinted Praise of
The Advertiser's Great Book

"Panama and the Canal in Picture and Prose"

Such Indorsements Should Convince You That YOU Need This Book. Get It NOW. Don't Delay

FROM THE SECRETARY
OF STATE.

August 15, 1913.

Mr. Willis J. Abbot, New York:

My Dear Mr. Abbot—I have just had an opportunity to examine your book, "Panama and the Canal." It is an admirable volume—the story is most interesting, the illustrations are profuse and illuminating and the workmanship is excellent. The book is worthy of your reputation and of the gigantic engineering enterprise which has put Panama on the World-Map.

Thanking you for the pleasure and instruction which the book has given me, I am, very truly yours,

W. J. BRYAN.

FROM THE MAJORITY LEADER
IN THE SENATE.

August 18, 1913.

My Dear Mr. Abbot—Your new book, "Panama and the Canal in Picture and Prose," is a thing of beauty and joy forever. The mechanical execution is unsurpassed, and you have made a great contribution to Panama literature. It should be in the hands of everybody, and especially those who are not able to visit the Isthmus in person. After reading your splendid descriptions and looking at the illustrations no one can fail to have a complete and accurate knowledge of every subject concerning the Isthmus and the Canal of any possible interest.

Yours very truly,

JOHN W. KERN.

FROM A WELL-KNOWN OHIO SENATOR.

August 18, 1913.

My Dear Mr. Abbot—"Panama and the Canal in Picture and Prose" is a very valuable contribution to the bibliography of a country, which is bound to be an object of increasing interest to the people of both continents. Yours very truly,

T. E. BURTON.

FROM THE CHAIRMAN OF INTERSTATE COMMERCE
HOUSE COMMITTEE.

August 15, 1913.

My Dear Mr. Abbot—I have examined with great pleasure and admiration your exquisite book on Panama. Of all the works relating to that matchless enterprise with which I am acquainted this product of your genius is most excellent and satisfactory. As a contribution to history, geography, literature, artistic arrangement and illustration it is a triumph of art. Yours truly,

W. C. ADAMSON.

FROM AN ILLINOIS CONGRESSMAN.

August 21, 1913.

My Dear Mr. Abbot—I am delighted with your book, "Panama and the Canal in Picture and Prose." It is the most valuable publication on Panama yet issued. You have thoroughly popularized the matter. I think I have read everything published on the subject of Panama and the Canal, and in my study of the subjects connected with the Canal I have spent many days on the Isthmus of Panama. Your book appears at a most opportune time. I know of no information of real value on the subject which is not contained in your book. You have rendered a great public service. The book is written in a charming manner, and you present the intensely interesting history connected with that part of the world as no one else has yet been able to do. I know of no other book of travel appearing in recent years so interesting and valuable as this. Very truly yours,

HENRY T. RAINEY.

FROM A LOUISIANA SENATOR.

August 25, 1913.

Dear Mr. Abbot—"Panama and the Canal in Picture and Prose" is one of the most thorough works of its kind that has come before me, and on its face it shows the result of untiring efforts on your part. It appears to be an exhaustive fund of information. Very sincerely yours,

JOS. E. RANDELL.

FROM A PROMINENT REPUBLICAN SENATOR.

August 22, 1913.

My Dear Mr. Abbot—My wife and I spent a most delightful Sunday in going over your magnificent book on Panama. We had visited the Isthmus last Christmas and were familiar with the different places, which lent an additional charm to the work. It is about the most "readable" book I have had hold of for a long while. Sincerely yours,

WM. S. KENYON.

What It Is

This beautiful big volume is written by Willis J. Abbot, a writer of international renown, and is the acknowledged standard reference work of the great Canal Zone. It is printed from new type, large and clear, on special paper; bound in tropical red vellum cloth; title stamped in gold, with inlaid color panel; contains more than 600 magnificent illustrations, including beautiful pages reproduced from water color studies in colorings that far surpass any work of a similar character.

Call and See It

THE VICE-PRESIDENT'S CHAMBER.

Washington, August 21, 1913.

Willis J. Abbot: My Dear Friend Abbot—I was delightfully surprised the other evening to receive a copy of your work upon Panama. Typographically it is a thing of beauty, and as for its accuracy, I know you so well, as to believe it all. If it appeals as it should you will have scored a great success. Sincerely yours,

THOMAS R. MARSHALL.

FROM THE SECRETARY OF
THE NAVY.

August 13, 1913.

Willis J. Abbot, Esq., care Lotos Club, New York City:

My Dear Sir—"Panama and the Canal in Picture and Prose" whets my anticipation of visiting the Canal this winter after the water has been turned in and when the fleet is to go through. I have never seen a finer piece of work, for its style, its illustrations and its typography. I am delighted with it. Yours sincerely,

JOSEPHUS DANIELS.

FROM THE MAJORITY LEADER
IN THE HOUSE.

My Dear Mr. Abbot—The book is a graphic presentation of the facts concerning this greatest of all modern contributions to the world's progress and the unity of nations. Your style of treatment makes it as interesting as it is informative, and it will be prized both by those who have visited the Canal Zone and those who have that great pleasure yet in view. Sincerely yours,

O. W. UNDERWOOD.

FROM A WELL-KNOWN DEMOCRATIC
SENATOR.

August 21, 1913.

My Dear Mr. Abbot—Your book upon Panama is splendidly illustrated and written, and I have enjoyed it very much, besides getting from it a great deal of most valuable information. Very truly yours,

JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS.

FROM CHAIRMAN OF SENATE COMMITTEE ON INDIAN AFFAIRS.

August 19, 1913.

Mr. Abbot's work on "Panama and the Canal" is the most interesting and valuable publication relative to the Isthmian Canal that has ever come to my notice. Its careful preparation is especially evidenced by its completeness of detail, involving infinite pains in research. The story is an inspiring one, and the narrative is related in a most pleasing style. Both as a literary and historical production of great value, and as a model of typographical art, its place in any library ought to be assured.

WILLIAM J. STONE.

Universal Indorsements

FROM THE WELL-KNOWN WISCONSIN SENATOR.

August 20, 1913.

My Dear Abbot—I have had opportunity only to glance through "Panama and the Canal" and to observe how profoundly and beautifully it is illustrated. It is pleasing and attractive in appearance, and when I have opportunity to read the text I am confident that I shall find it like other productions of your pen, both entertaining and informing. Cordially yours,

ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE.

FROM MEMBER OF SENATE COMMITTEE ON INTER-
OCEANIC CANALS.

August 13, 1913.

My Dear Mr. Abbot—I shall read "Panama and the Canal in Picture and Prose" with a great deal of pleasure, but the pleasure will be largely enhanced by the fact that as a member of the Committee on Inter-oceanic Canals I visited the Canal in October, 1911, and the half-tone cuts in the volume recall more vividly than anything else the scenes I visited.

G. S. PAGE.

CONGRESSMEN

FROM AN INDIANA CONGRESSMAN.

August 21, 1913.

My Dear Willis—With a great deal of pleasure I have read your new book on Panama. Its artistic finish and fascinating literary style combine to make this story of Panama the most attractive and comprehensive. I heartily congratulate you on this picture and prose history of the Isthmus, for the eyes of the world are now centered on this our greatest national endeavor, and as everybody interested wants comprehensive information on this world-famous enterprise, you have surely given to students and the reading public generally a new beacon light of history with a fascinating descriptive thrill in every page. Your friend,

HENRY A. BARNHART.

FROM A NEW YORK CONGRESSMAN.

August 20, 1913.

My Dear Mr. Abbot—I desire to congratulate you most heartily on your latest book, "Panama and the Canal in Picture and Prose."

A book of this kind is usually regarded as a picture book, and surely this one is most beautifully illustrated. But your book could be regarded as a picture book if one were to regard it from its letter press alone. I found it packed with information about the world's most wonderful canal, about the people there and the tropical conditions and about the ruins and the history that tell of Aztec and Toltec days, and the later amazing adventures of Balboa, Cortez and their handful of Spanish companions, who mixed their private business of buccaneering with an authorized business of exploring. I wish the style in which you have written is most clear and flowing, and altogether this book is by far the best presentation of this much-talked-of subject that I have seen my good fortune to find. Sincerely yours,

HENRY GEORGE JUN.

FROM A FLORIDA CONGRESSMAN.

August 22, 1913.

Dear Mr. Abbot—I have looked over your book on Panama and the Panama Canal very carefully, and I consider it the best book on the subject that I have ever seen. The descriptions and illustrations are excellent. I am greatly pleased to be able to add it to my library. Yours most truly,

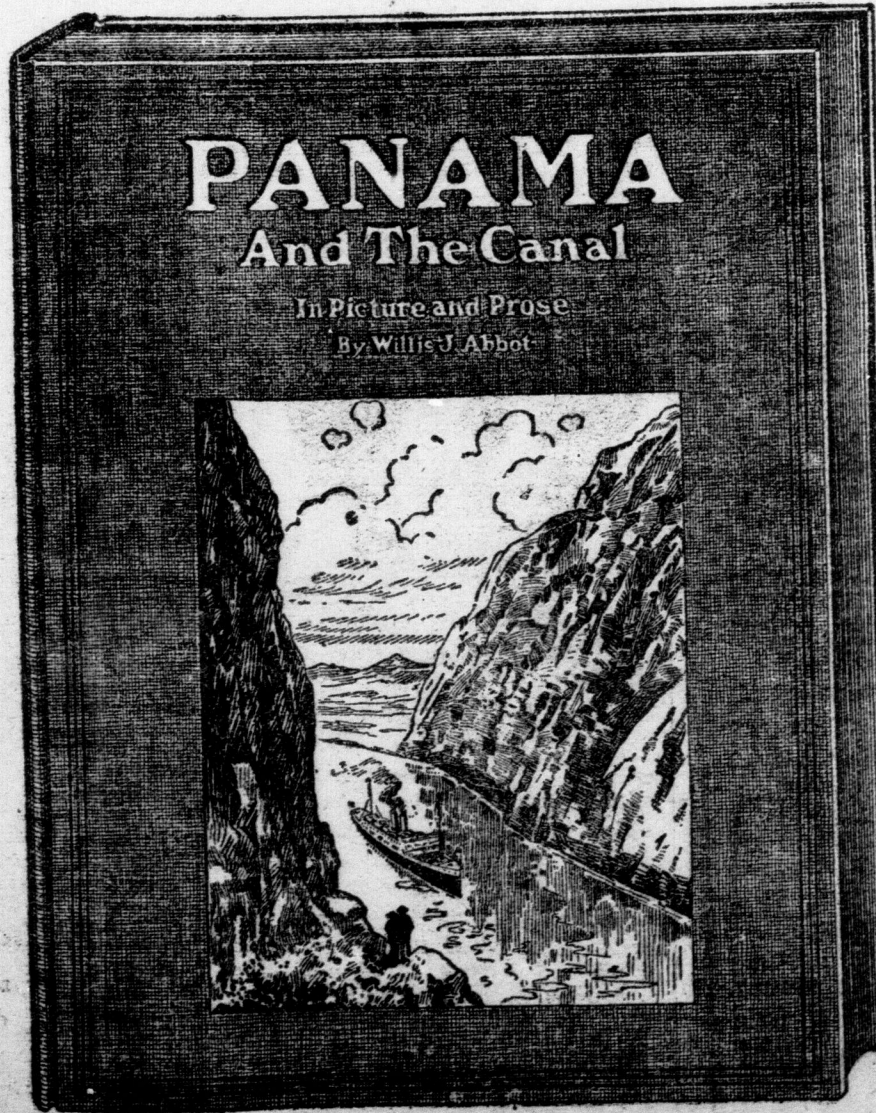
FRANK CLARK.

FROM AN ALABAMA CONGRESSMAN.

August 21, 1913.

My Dear Mr. Abbot—I have just examined your excellent book entitled "Panama and the Canal in Picture and Prose," and I assure you that I am delighted with it from cover to cover. The style and diction are entertaining, the illustrations are beautiful, and the subject-matter is full of instruction and replete with information. This contribution entitles you more than ever to the grateful appreciation of your admirers. With best wishes, I am your friend.

JOHN L. BURNETT.



How To Get It

Cut out and present six Panama certificates (printed daily) with the expense amount of \$1.18 for the \$4 volume, or 48 cents for the \$2 volume (which covers the items of the cost of packing express from the factory, checking, clerk hire and other necessary EXPENSE items), and receive your choice of the books from

The Advertiser