

Literature Music Art

WITH THE PHILOSOPHERS

Voltaire on War

At this time, when the burning questions of the day are on the one hand the building of battleships and the increasing of army forces, and on the other hand universal disarmament, and a distribution of accumulated wealth among the poor, it may prove interesting to some of us to read what Voltaire, that clever and much-maligned philosopher, had to say on the subject of warfare. The following extracts from his "Philosophical Dictionary":

All animals wage perpetual war; every species is born to devour another. Not one, not even sheep or doves, that does not swallow a prodigious number of invisible creatures. Males make war for the females, like Menelaus and Paris. Air, earth, water are fields of carnage. God having given reason to men, this reason might teach them not to emulate the brutes, particularly when nature has provided them neither with arms to kill their fellows nor a desire for their blood.

Yet murderous war is so much the dreadful lot of man, that with two or three exceptions all ancient histories represent them full-armed against one another. Among the Canadian Indians man and warrior are synonymous; and we have seen in our hemisphere that thief and soldier are the same thing. Manichaeans, behold your excuse. From the little that he may have seen in army hospitals, or in the few villages memorable for some glorious victory, its warmest apologist will admit that war always brings pestilence and famine in its train.

Truly that is a noble art which desolates countries, destroys habitations, and causes the death of from forty to a hundred thousand men a year. In historic times this invention was first cultivated by nations who convened assemblies for their common good. For instance, the Diet of the Greeks declared to the Diet of Phrygia and neighboring nations their intention to depart on a thousand fishers' barks for the extermination of their rivals. The assembled Roman peoples thought it to their interest to destroy the people of Veii or the Volscians. And afterwards all the Romans, becoming exasperated against all the Carthaginians, fought them interminably on land and sea.

It is a little different at present. A generalist proves to a prince that he descends in a right line from a count, whose parent three or four hundred years ago made a family compact with a house, the recollection of which even is lost. This house had distant pretensions to a province whose ruler died suddenly. Both the prince and his council at once perceive his legal right. In vain does this province, hundreds of leagues distant, protest that it knows him not and has no desire to know him; that to govern it, he must at least have its consent—these objections reach only so far as the ears of this ruler by divine right. He assembles a host of needy adventurers . . . and marches them to glory. Other princes hearing of this adventure, come to take part in it. People at a distance hear that fighting is going on, and that by joining the ranks they may earn five or six sous a day. They divide themselves into bands like reapers. . . . These hordes fall upon one another, not only without having the least interest in the fray, but without knowing the reason for it. . . . all agreed on a single point only, that of doing as much harm as possible.

The most amazing part of this murderous enterprise is that each murderous chief causes his colors to be blessed, and solemnly invokes God, before he goes out to exterminate his neighbors. If it is his luck to kill only two or three thousand men, he does not return thanks for it; but when he has destroyed, say, ten thousand by fire and sword, and to make a good job, levelled some town to the ground, then they sing a hosanna in four parts. . . . The same paei serves for marriages and births as well as for murders, which is unpardonable, particularly in a nation famous for song-writing. National religion has a thousand times prevented men from committing crime. A well-trained mind is not inclined to brutality; a tender mind is appalled by it, remembering that God is just. But conventional religion encourages whatever cruelties are practiced in droves. . . . Men march gaily to crime, each under the banner of his saint.

A certain number of dishonest apologists is everywhere paid to celebrate these murderous deeds. . . . They prove in three arguments and in antithesis that ladies who lay a little carnage on their cheeks will be objects of eternal vengeance; that "Polyeucte" and "Athalie" are works of the Evil One, that a man who for two hundred crowns a day furnishes his table with fresh sea-fish during Lent, works out his salvation; and that a poor man who eats two and a half sous worth of mutton will go to perdition. Miserable physicians of souls! You exclaim for five quarters of an hour against some prick of a pin, and say nothing of the malady which tears us into a thousand pieces. Philosophers, moralists, burn all your books, while the caprices of a few men force part of mankind consecrated to heroism, to murder without question millions of our brethren. Can there be anything more horrible in nature? What becomes of, what signifies to me humanity, beneficence, modesty, temperance, mildness, wisdom, piety, whilst half a pound of lead, sent from the distance of a hundred paces, pierces my body and I die at twenty years of age in inexpressible torments, in the midst of five or six thousand dying men;

whilst my eyes opening for the last time, see the town in which I was born destroyed by fire and sword, and the last sounds which reach my ears are the cries of women and children dying beneath the ruins, all for the pretended interests of a man whom I never knew.

RECOLLECTIONS OF KING EDWARD'S CORONATION

A peeress, writing to the London Times, gives an interesting account of the coronation of eight years ago, which will be to a great extent duplicated next year when King George is crowned. To those of us who have never lived in old countries, who know only by hearsay of the pomp and pageantry that attend royal functions, who have had no experience of the rigid class distinctions which rules in the mother-lands, descriptions of affairs of this sort read like a sort of legendary romance, which we accept as very beautiful and entertaining, but nevertheless just a little amusing. Coronations and all old-world customs, which have for their accompaniment gorgeous regalia and processions of rank, when the length of the train of a gown, the shade of a ribbon, or the size of an ornament will cause many a woman to worry for months, and many a man to grumble himself into chronic pessimism—seem to us to belong to a time as remote from us as the days when we believed in fairyland as a habitable place for mortals. However, no matter what our opinions may be, the following description will prove interesting reading to most of us:

King Edward's Coronation took place more than 60 years after that of Queen Victoria. The very memory of that ceremony had all but faded away, and how many were there who were present at both? But to most of us who were spectators in August, 1902, it will seem but as yesterday since, after that terrible cloud of anxiety had passed over the peoples of the whole Empire, the Coronation of King Edward took place in weather as bright as that which had come to be known as "Queen's weather." Next June most of us will be in exactly the same seats as we occupied eight years ago; and when we recall the former ceremony and the circumstances of the Accession of King George on his father's premature death, it will be only natural if amid our rejoicing we feel a note of sadness.

At King Edward's Coronation, I remember well how for many days beforehand the idea of "being in time" engrossed the minds of those privileged to be present in the Abbey. How ever to be up early enough! To the Peeresses, especially, the idea of robing in full Court dress—to say nothing of the Coronation robes which none of us had ever worn before—appeared sufficiently anxious work. Such alarming threats of what must inevitably happen if we were not up at cock-crow, or if indeed we were a single moment late! Some there were who looked on 10 o'clock as the earliest possible moment for breakfast in ordinary circumstances; yet 6 a.m. saw many Court beauties quite ready for the start. And many weird tales were subsequently current as to the history of the beautiful coiffures seen that day amongst the Peeresses (before the moment of the ceremony came at which they put on their coronets). Many vouched for the fact that some had actually had their hair dressed overnight, and must have slept, like their ancestors, sitting bolt upright in a chair. At the peeress's first moments of anxiety indeed were soon over, and she found herself very shortly at liberty to give her whole mind to the wonderful kaleidoscope spread out before her. After due consideration had been given to the many little personal details regarding her own toilette, these thoughts including the all-important one as to how her own appearance might strike the other feminine eyes—whether her new (or inherited, as the case might be) Coronation robes were really "in regulation" (this a favorite phrase, by the way, during Coronation week)—whether her train was correctly fashioned in length and all other detail, whether the linings, with the distinguishing marks of ermine or miniver, accorded exactly with her rank and with the imperative orders sent out long months before from the Earl Marshal's Office. And, most important consideration of all, how would her long gold or jewel-tipped pins serve their purpose at the crucial moment when the Queen crowned, the coronets of the peeresses would require instant adjustment? And, most harassing thought of all, this adjustment would have to be effected without even the aid of a looking-glass!

Among those not privileged to be present, the common notions of the disposition of the spectators in the Abbey are gathered probably from old prints. A print of Queen Victoria's Coronation, for instance, shows not only the members of the Household, but the most distinguished of the Peers and Peeresses, watching the scene from either side of the chancel, or from the pillared arches immediately above,

with others of lower rank in seats to right and left of the nave and close to the gilded Throne on which the Sovereign sits after the actual ceremony of crowning is over. But in 1838 the Peerage included barely half of its present numbers. At King Edward's Coronation some 600 Peers and Peeresses were present. The Peers were on the right, the Peeresses on the left of the Thrones; and, in order to make room for them, tier upon tier was raised on either side. The Dukes and the Duchesses, exactly opposite each other, were on the first rows of chairs exactly on a level with the platform occupied by the Thrones; above and behind them rose the tiers, in the case of the Peeresses at least these rising to the very roof of the Abbey, until some of the latter, from their immense altitude, obtained but little view of the ceremony. The seats in the choir were principally reserved for foreign Royalties, and, by their Majesties' command, the positions mentioned above in the arched embrasures immediately over the chancel were reserved for the personal friends of the King and Queen. Among these were Princess Henry of Pless, Lady de Grey (now Lady Ripon), Mrs. George Keppel, and a number of American ladies—Lady Kaye and Miss Isnaga (the two sisters of Consuelo Duchess of Manchester), Mrs. Adare, Mrs. John-Leslie, and Mrs. George Cornwallis West.

On arrival at Westminster Abbey early on that memorable morning one's first surprise and admiration were evoked by the perfection of details, secured by those whose names appear again on the Earl Marshal's list already quoted.

The annexe, of which we had heard so much, offered a general coup d'oeil of mediæval magnificence, with touches of the necessary modern comfort. One would never have suspected it, either inside or out, of being but the merest temporary affair. Hung with old tapestries and banners, and with armor placed here and there round the walls, it was already tenanted by groups of uniformed officials belonging to one or other of the expected Royal processions. Here, too, chatting together, we saw many of the Ambassadors with their suites; and not a few of the Peers and Peeresses, though many of the former had disappeared for the moment to robe themselves in one or other of the withdrawing rooms which formed part of the annexe.

Passing from the annexe one found oneself directly in the Abbey, and being noiselessly conducted by gorgeous officials through the utterly unrecognizable aisles. The stone floor was completely concealed with Royal blue cloth; and the sides of the aisles, from floor to ceiling, were packed with faces and uniformed or brilliantly gowned figures.

One entire section was given up to the daughters of Peers; all in evening dress and Court plumes, though without trains. In another were the sons of the Peers; then members of Parliament and their womenkind, and so on. In time one arrived at the long rows of small cane-bottomed chairs reserved for the Peeresses. The whole impression, from first to last, was one of truly Imperial grandeur and solemnity—of general vastness—of huge crowds of beautifully-gowned women and gorgeously-uniformed men, ablaze with orders and ribbons; and yet there was a quiet, a hush over all, such as can only be known in the house of the King of Kings. Never was there a hint of hurry and never a sound or speech beyond the subdued whisper of a great multitude.

And now all the interest began to centre in the gradually quickening arrival of the Peeresses. In the gowns worn beneath their Coronation robes of crimson velvet, white was the rule. This does not mean that one could not detect here and there the faintest shade of biscuit, or palest pink, satin and chiffon; but amid all the immense variety of design in satin, lace and chiffon white was the rule. The plain white satin fronts of a few—a very few—of the skirts were embroidered with the arms and coronet of their wearer. Lady Londonderry's, for instance, bore her coronet and arms, embroidered in the convent schools of the North of Ireland, and among others thus distinguished were Lady Howard de Walden (now Lady Ludlow) and Lady Carnarvon. Lady Carnarvon's Coronation robe was remarkable as being an old family robe. For when the near approach of King Edward's Coronation necessitated the looking-up of long-laid-away family robes and jewels it was found that very few of the former had been preserved. The Duchess of Sutherland was amongst the few who that day appeared in any but brand-new robes. With the Peers it was different, and in a few cases theirs dated from early Georgian days.

It is generally supposed that Coronation robes are also worn by the Princesses of the Royal House. This is not the case. They appeared at King Edward's Coronation in ordinary Court dress, and I remember all the admiration evoked by the two daughters of Princess Christian—Princesses Victoria and Marie Louise of Schleswig-Holstein—one in the palest pink, the other in the palest turquoise trains, slung Empire-fashion from the shoulder.

But though, even amongst the Royal ladies, there was not much variety in the coloring of their apparel, there was plenty in their jewels. These were bewildering in their magnificence, and in many cases helped one to identify, at a distance, their wearers, whose robes of crimson velvet and ermine offered no clue. Already many of the Peeresses are having their family jewels reset for the Coronation of next June, and so it was in 1902.

Oh, those jewels! The young Duchess of Westminster's marvelous "Westminster" diamond is always worn alone, as a pendant, slung round the neck by an almost invisible thread of gold. Very splendid are her other single-stone diamonds, each but little smaller than the gem above-mentioned, set in the form of a great serpent, and worn right across the front of the Duchess's robes. The Duchess of Devonshire was wearing her wonderful all-round diamond crown, one of the very finest ducal family pieces in Great Britain, and the late Consuelo Duchess of Manchester was ablaze with the finest set of emeralds ever seen in this country. The famous Roxburgh jewels may be supplemented next June by those pearls beyond price and the matchless diamonds which Miss May Goebel brought with her to England in her corbeille de nocces. Her two great "Louis Seize" bows seem indeed specially designed for such a purpose, as to secure on each shoulder (linked together by chains of immense single-stone diamonds) the heavy weight of the velvet and ermine Coronation robes.

Then there are Lady Wimbome's matchless rubies, tiara, necklace and corsage ornaments en suite; Lady Ivagh's pearls, nine or ten rows of them each as big as a hazel nut and perfect in shape, unrivalled all the world over; Lady Ludlow's emeralds and diamonds. It was Lady Ludlow, then Lady Howard de Walden, who set the fashion—and at King Edward's Coronation—of wearing regular shoulder-straps of diamonds. Those worn by Lady Ludlow are composed of the finest diamonds in her collection.

But now all eyes and thoughts turn to the main entrance to the Abbey. The Royal processions are beginning to arrive. Absolute silence heralds them. The whole of the vast assemblage rises and bows low as the Princes and Princesses take their seats. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught enter with their two daughters, the Crown Princess of Sweden and Princess Margaret of Connaught. And here at last are the Prince and Princess of Wales—the Princess resplendent with glorious diamonds and long ropes of pearls, the Prince wearing the uniform of an Admiral under his Royal purple velvet robes.

Then a perfectly breathless silence; a chilly, nervous feeling thrills through each beholder. And almost before we can realize it—so noiseless is the approach—the splendid cortege that accompanies Queen Alexandra is passing the bowing rows of Duchesses. Graceful, beautiful, youthful as ever—indeed, never, even to those who saw her nearly forty years before on the day she entered London as the bride of the Prince of Wales, had Queen Alexandra appeared more radiantly lovely. She wore the golden robes specially embroidered for her use on Coronation Day by natives of India. And from her neck to foot the whole of the long-trained Court toilette gleamed with diamonds. And besides the many rows of great single diamonds which formed a high collar round her throat, chains, and more chains, each composed of other great Crown diamonds, fell in loops and tasselled profusion over the corsage of her gown. Besides these, Queen Alexandra wore long chains and loops of diamonds down the front of the skirt, as well as the marvelous twisted ropes of pearls, with tasselled pearl ends, known as the Georgian pearls, which had never been worn in public since the Coronation of Queen Victoria. With all this regal magnificence very noticeable was the effect of the simple coiffure. Not a single jewel gleamed in the hair—awaiting the moment when the great diamond Crown of the Queen Consort should be placed on the bowed head.

Not a word was uttered—truly indeed a pin might have been heard to drop—as Queen Alexandra took her place on the Throne set apart for her to the right of the chancel, close to the high altar. Then, with the aid of the Queen's pages, the Duchess of Buccleuch with her own hands arranged her Majesty's purple velvet robe over the back of her Throne.

And then, at last, the greatest moment of the day was upon us. The King himself was in our midst. He had reached the platform where Queen Alexandra was to join him after her own Coronation. He is still wearing the comparatively simple though quaint-fashioned, old-world velvet and gold-embroidered tunic—a symbol of the greater splendor that is in store. Wonderfully impressive was the moment when, as her husband approached, Queen Alexandra rose slowly from her temporary Throne in the chancel, and with unimaginable grace of queenly dignity dropped the King the lowest curtsy of any which paid homage to him that day. Preceded by his great officers for the altar.

Here we saw him girt with the sword and other emblems of sovereignty. The magnificent purple velvet and deep ermine caped robe is donned over the velvet tunic. And the supreme moment of all came when we saw his Majesty, crowned and robed, with the Sceptre and Orb in hand, slowly descend the steps from the altar and take his seat on the great central Throne, there to await the crowning of his Queen.

Precisely on the same spot where her son and successor now sits crowned we had seen the great Queen Victoria, on the conclusion of the Jubilee service of 1887, raise her son to embrace him. And where eight years ago King Edward received the homage of his son, next year that son, crowned in his stead, will receive the homage of his son, our future King. What we saw in 1902, that we shall see—the same, yet different—in 1911; and as we leave

the silent Abbey, it is not only on the jewels and the robes, the splendor and the pomp that our minds linger.

MISS ADDAMS' MEETING WITH TOLSTOY

"Tolstoy, standing by, clad in his peasant garb, listened gravely, but, glancing distrustfully at the sleeves of my traveling gown, which unfortunately at that season were monstrous in size, he took hold of an edge and pulling out one sleeve to an interminable length, said quite simply that 'there was enough stuff on one arm to make a frock for a little girl,' and asked me if I did not find 'such a dress' a 'barrier to the people.' I was too disconnected to say that monstrous as my sleeves were, they did not compare in size with those of the working girls in Chicago; and that nothing would more effectively separate me from 'the people' than a cotton blouse following the simple lines of the human form; even if I had wished to imitate him and 'dress as a peasant,' it would have been hard to choose which peasant among the thirty-six nationalities we had recently counted in our ward. Fortunately the Countess came to my rescue with a recital of her former attempts to clothe hypothetical little girls in yards of material cut from a train and other superfluous parts of her best gown until she had been driven to a firm stand which she advised me to take at once. But neither Countess Tolstoy nor any other friend was on hand to help me out of my predicament later, when I was asked who 'fed' me, and how did I obtain 'shelter'? Upon my reply that a farm a hundred miles from Chicago supplied me with the necessities of life, I fairly anticipated the next scathing question: 'So you are an absentee landlord? Do you think you will help the people more by adding yourself to the crowded city than you would be tilling your own soil?' This new sense of discomfort over a failure to till my own soil was increased when Tolstoy's second daughter appeared at the five o'clock tea table set under the trees, coming straight from the harvest field where she had been working with a group of peasants since five o'clock in the morning, not pretending to work, but really taking the place of the peasant woman who had hurt her foot. She was plainly much exhausted, but neither expected nor received sympathy from the members of a family who were quite accustomed to see each other carry out their convictions in spite of discomfort and fatigue. The martyrdom of discomfort, however, was obviously much easier to bear than that to which, even to the eyes of the casual visitor, Count Tolstoy daily subjected himself; for his study in the basement of the conventional dwelling, with its short shelf of battered books and its scythe and spade leaning against the wall, had many times lent itself to that ridicule which is the most difficult form of martyrdom."

WITH THE INDIANS

In "The Old North Trail" (published November 30) Walter McClintock discusses the life, legends, and religions of the Blackfeet Indians, whose tribal name arose from the fact that the dark soil of the country they originally inhabited—the great plains and the Rocky Mountain region—so constantly discolored their moccasins that they were called siksikana or Black Moccasins. Mr. McClintock's narrative has a peculiarly intimate touch arising from his long association with the Blackfeet. This association reads more like romance than history.

Mr. McClintock—who is, by the way, a Pittsburg man—first came into contact with the Indians while a member of a government expedition under Gifford Pinchot. He was so interested in them, and so fascinated by their manner of life, that he remained to live among them, forming thereby many strong and enduring friendships with their chiefs and medicine men. For over fourteen years he lived at intervals with them and visited them, enjoying exceptional opportunity for learning the secrets of their tribal lore. In fact so close was the relationship established that Mr. McClintock was initiated into the tribe and adopted as the son of their great chief, Mad Wolf. Through their co-operation he was enabled to secure valuable photographs of their religious ceremonies and customs. All of this matter, including over 200 photographs, eight of which are in color, Mr. McClintock has included in his volume, which will not only be read because of the romance of its theme, but for the ethnological facts which it establishes.

HABIT

By C. L. Armstrong

Strong is the chain that habit weaves About us as we hurry, And deep impression custom leaves On minds o'er-racked with worry. A simple test my case will prove Beyond all doubt or question— How polished the accustomed groove!— (This is a mere suggestion.) Look up your last week's mail, and then, Now that the hint is given, Just note how often "Nineteen Ten" Should be "Nineteen Eleven."

Dr. Michael Friedlander, who for forty-two years occupied the position of principal of Jews' College in London, died in his seventy-ninth year. He was one of the greatest authorities in Europe as an Hebraist and a Talmudist.

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