

man doesn't know his Bible, or perhaps this latter-day Shem is covering his father Noah with a garment of ridicule.

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Every one knows of Pierre Loti nowadays, and while many wonder at the Oriental strangeness of the name, few know that its bearer is in reality M. Lucien Viaud, who got his second, and what proved to be his literary christening, while midshipman in a French cruiser stationed off the coast of Japan. The wicked youngsters in the gun-room, with an eye to his personal appearance and manners, gave him the girlish and pretty name of "Loti," the Japanese equivalent for violet. He himself, when he gave up the gold lace and blue serge of the navy for the brown velvet lounging jacket of the French *litterateur* and artist, added Pierre, because, as he naively said, "he liked it," and now the combination "Pierre Loti," a name somehow suggestive of a man whom his critics accuse of picking his words like bonbons, is famous even among people who cannot read a line of French.

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THOUSANDS of folks, young and old and middle-aged, who have accompanied Alice through Wonderland and through the Looking Glass, have rendered thanks

to a certain Lewis Carrol for discovering the potentialities of a rabbit hole and a mirror. It might give them a certain shock to know that the jovial creator of those queer "beasties," the jabberwock and the Cheshire cat, is the Rev. Charles Dodgson, a clergyman and, what is more surprising still, a lecturer on Mathematics at Christ Church, Oxon. And it is quite possible that he takes greater pride in his treatises on the different calculus and interplaner motion than he does in that song ending with the immortal line: "'I doubt it,' said the carpenter, and shed a bitter tear."

"Thomas Ingoldsby" hid the fact that the author of the most rollicking ballads, Richard Harris Barham, was not a professional humorist but, strange incongruity, a minor canon of St. Paul's, a rector and a royal chaplain. Even a cursory glance at literary pseudonyms must include that of the Rev. Francis Mahoney, that "Irish potato seasoned with Attic salt," ex-Jesuit, *bon vivant*, scholar, classicist, poet, polyglot and newspaper man who above the signature of "Father Prout" wrote verses in every language under the sun, besides those two diverse treasures of poetry, "The Shandon Bells" and "The Night Before Larry Was Stretched."

## CURRENT COMMENT. EDITORIAL.

LORD  
RUSSELL'S  
VISIT.

THE cause of international arbitration as a means of settling differences between nations has received a decided stimulus among Anglo-Saxon peoples from the recent visit of England's Lord Chief Justice to the Convention of the American Bar Association.

To those, however, who are advocates of peaceful means of settling international difficulties, the lack of faith by Lord Russell in a permanent tribunal to arbitrate upon each and every question that may arise, may seem a little dis-

appointing. But it must be remembered, however, as his Lordship said, "that there may be even greater calamities than war—the dishonor of a nation, the triumph of an unrighteous cause, the perpetuation of hopeless and debasing tyranny." . . . "Men do not arbitrate where characters are at stake, nor will any self-respecting nation readily arbitrate touching its national independence or affecting its honor." It would be just as logical to talk of arbitrating with a thief who had broken into your residence, and who may be a smooth talker, and,