

# Mighty Germany

By Admiral von Koester, of the German Navy



HE carrying out of our naval programme is necessary to protect us against the attacks of nations, which view our economic success with jealous eyes. We require those successes because the steady increase of our population compels us to devote special attention to the growth of our over-sea interests. Nothing but the strict fulfillment of our naval programme can create for us that importance upon the free world-sea which it is incumbent on us to demand. It is said that Germany cannot bear the burden of double armaments by land and sea. The steady increase of our population compels us to set ourselves new goals, and to grow from a Continental into a world power. Our mighty industry must aspire to new over-sea conquests. The number of our merchant ships must be increased. We must dignify our colonies with more importance. Our world trade, which has more than doubled in twenty years—which has increased from \$2,500,000,000 to \$4,000,000,000 during the ten years since our naval programme was fixed—and \$3,000,000,000 of which is sea-borne commerce alone, can only flourish if we continue honorably to bear the burdens of our armaments on land and sea. The German nation in 1900, after mature reflection, adopted the naval programme meantime our national fortune has grown by at least \$5,000,000,000—the estimate of \$500,000,000 a year is none too high—while the population has increased by 8,000,000. Thanks to strong land armaments Continental Germany has enjoyed the blessings of peace for forty years, and has raised herself to great affluence. Unless our children are to accuse us of shortsightedness it is now our duty to secure our world power and position among other nations. We can do that only under the protection of a strong German fleet, constructed according to the provisions of our naval law—a fleet which shall guarantee us peace with honor for the distant future.

# European Superiority

Speculations on the Cause of Hurts to American Pride

By Padraic Emmet Smith



AMERICANS sometimes complain of the supercilious bearing shown by a good many Europeans, and particularly by the inhabitants of the British Isles, toward persons and affairs American. This European disdain is an undeniable reality and is directly due to the infantile enthusiasm and awe shown by the average travelling Americans, and particularly by their womenkind, in the presence of anything which has no counterpart in their own country.

A crazy old edifice marred by time, a callous duke with a title, a dirty little town which has been mentioned in history, anything to which a rag of aristocratic sentiment can be tied, suffices to excite their wonder. A manager at a London hotel once told me that an American girl that day had collected the shells of some nuts which an earl had been eating. Rich Americans in Europe have the reputation of being unmitigated snobs. Mediocrities from Europe, whom the average European does not know, are lionized here and mobbed by "society."

A few months ago a humdrum feat by the brother, or rather the horse of the brother, of a British lord sent a Madison Square Garden "society" crowd mad with enthusiasm. What wonder that Europeans are supercilious? What wonder that they should be surprised and delighted at the social humility of Americans, and that they should believe that everything here is below the level of the smug mediocrity of which they are themselves secretly conscious?

# Neurasthenia—the American Disease

By Henry Van Dyke



CURIOUSLY enough, it was in France that the best treatment of this disease developed, and one of the famous practitioners, Dr. Charcot, died, if I mistake not, of the complaint to the cure of which he had given his life. In spite of the fact that nervous disorders are common among Americans, they do not seem to lead to an unusual number of cases of mental wreck. I have been looking into the statistics of insanity. The latest trustworthy figures that I could find are as follows: In 1900, the United States had 106,500 insane persons in a population of 76 millions. In 1896 Great Britain and Ireland had 128,800 in a population of 37 millions. In 1884 France had 93,900 in a population of 40 millions. That would make about 328 insane persons in 100,000 for Great Britain, 235 in every 100,000 for France, 143 in every 100,000 for America.

Nor does the wear and tear of American life, great as it may be, seem to kill people with extraordinary rapidity. In 1900 the annual death rate per 1,000 in Austria was 25, in Italy 23, in Germany 22, in France 21, in Belgium 19, in Great Britain 18, and in the United States 17. In America the average age at death in 1890 was 31 years; in 1900 it had risen to 35 years. Other things such as climate, sanitation, hygiene must be taken into account in reading these figures. But after making all allowance for these things, the example of America does not indicate that an active, busy, quick-moving life is necessarily a short one. On the contrary, hard work seems to be wholesome, and energy favors longevity.—American Magazine.

# The Point at Which We Begin

By B. P. Eowne



POPULAR thought begins by assuming that matter is the most certain of all things. Spirit may be doubted, but material things are undeniably there. This is the conviction with which we all begin and it very easily leads us toward mechanical and materialistic thinking. The view, however, is inverted. The only sure facts in life are ourselves and the world of common experience, the human world in short.

This is where we really begin and where life itself goes on, and all thinking whatever that we may do must be related to these facts, and whatever we believe must in some way be deduced from these facts. Matter, then, as a metaphysical existence is no first fact, but only an abstraction from experience. Life and experience are the first facts.

Now with this starting point we find ourselves living, thinking, feeling, acting and producing a great many effects in the world of experience. We are in this world depending upon it in some ways and able to act upon it and modify it in some ways.

The physical world, then, is far from independent of our thought and action. We, the living persons, modify the world of things, use it for our purposes, build cities, traverse seas, subdue nature to our service, develop government, social institutions, etc.; and in all of this we find ourselves given as active and controlling causes.—North American Review.

### MY PLEA.

Give me, O Fate, O Destiny, four walls beneath a roof, A little cash that I may live and living hold aloof. From humankind of every mold, whoever, whatever it be, Who think a mint of hoarded gold can give them power o'er me!

Give me, O Guiding Star, a spot, beneath your arching span, Where I can hide, in peace, from that eternal man, Who thinks, because his prejudice is hard and cold and dry, That he is more intelligent, more versed in truth than I!

Give me, O Fortune, some far place beyond the eager tongue Of him who sits in ignorance upon life's lowest rung! Sahara's wilds, grim solitude, I care not where it be, But let me live where man's conceit I may no longer see!

Give me, O Luck, O Circumstance, the chance to get away A thousand miles from that crass chap who has too much to say! Preserve me from the gabfest trait, the over-plus of speech— From all who wag their jaws too much I would be out of reach! —Lurana W. Sheldon, in the New York Times.

## THE ORGANIST.

By RENE BAZIN.

HE was a very old gentleman, at whom the street boys pointed because of his long locks. He wore them long and curling, like the Bretons in pictures, although he had come from some obscure place in Flanders and was living in a little city in the south of France. The people of the neighboring villages, dwellers by the Rhone, folk of the land of garlic, sun, and wind, asked, when they heard him speak:

"Who is that strange man with the northern accent?"

"What! Don't you know him? That is the organist of our cathedral." His clean-shaven face had the tone of old Delft faïences, in which a tinge of blue can always be seen beneath the white enamel. His face was broadly outlined, like a Roman bust. As to his eyes, they were buried underneath such a forest of eyebrows that only two persons claimed to have seen them—that is, really to have seen them. And yet these persons differed in opinion as to their color.

"They are dark blue," said M. Follis, the priest of the cathedral.

To which the blower of the great organ replied:

"I have seen them oftener than you have, I who blow the organ; they are brown, like the beetles on oak trees."

Blue or brown, they had an anxious tenderness when they looked at Catherine, the only souvenir of the most painful episode of M. Bretwiller's life, his marriage. M. Bretwiller, a musician of the northern school, whose very gaiety was pensive, and whose enthusiasm was melancholy, belonged to the race of those great barbarians who came down from their forests to sunny Rome at the time of the invasions. They felt the sunbeams delightful upon their helmets, and their hearts were stirred by the glow, which awoke within them a new song. Their weapons trembled in their hands at the sight of the beautiful Roman women, and they said to themselves that they would do well to pitch their tents in a land where the olive shades the twofold harvest of grapes and wheat. After their manner, and with great eagerness, they tasted the delights of that foreign land. But to understand is not to be understood. M. Bretwiller made proof of that truth. His southern bride had not the least suspicion what a German musician might be; and she died of it. Catherine alone remained to prove that the organist had been married. She was puny and ill-favored, as the product of two clashing civilizations. Her hair was too curly, her forehead too low, her eyes, which could not decide between the north and the south, had the hue of dead embers. Her mouth, however, was exquisite, modeled after antique types, full and severe, large and always moist, like the lips of shells which sing the eternal song. She sang divinely. Her father knew no greater joy, perhaps he really had no other joy, than to hear the melodies which he composed come forth from that beloved voice and pass above the mimosas in the garden, borne by the air of Provence, which carries music more lightly than any other air, by reason of habit, of the language, and of the fragrance of the flowers. He said to her, simply:

"See, Catherine, the greater part of men have not soul enough for two. They have only enough for themselves. Those who have more soul than they need for themselves are the poets, the philosophers, the musicians and the composers. Above all the composers, for they speak the language least of all subject to restraint, and therefore the most universal. A note has no country. A melody is merely the key which opens the door of dreams in all dialects." He also said:

"I know very well that I am not understood, here in the south. All the members of the chapter have the Italian ear. The priest rebels against the fugue. The chapel-master, M. Catbise, may not even know the names of Bach, Franck and Wagner. The air is saturated with Rossini's cavatinas. My great organ, if I would permit it, would play serenades, all by itself. Its tremolo is diabolically easy. It is my honor to strive to implant the German method in this Latin country. I will make it triumphant. It shall reign here some day, and you shall hear 'Tristan and Yseult' in Avignon, and the 'Phantom Ship' sung in sight of the sea by the herdsmen of Camargue!" Sometimes they went to walk in the outskirts of the city, upon the bare hills where sparse groups of trees point toward the sky. M. Bretwiller tried not to hear the Rhone, which whistled an allegro of amazing

lightness; he tried to hear neither the crickets, with their Neapolitan songs, nor the tamarisk shrubs, those unwearied murmurers of lullabies; but when he came upon a pine tree, he seated himself at its foot and took a lesson. "Master of masters," he said, "singer of the north and of the south, self-sufficing, and evolving the same meditative theme, alike beneath the sun and the fog."

But, far more often, M. Bretwiller did not go out. In the streets his tall, bent figure was seldom seen, unless it were on saints' days, half an hour before service and half an hour afterward. He walked along, already improvising, possessed by the idea which developed itself exuberantly in these moments of exaltation. He saw no one, bowed to no one, and did not know that he had reached his destination until suddenly the shadow of the Roman walls of the cathedral made him raise his head. Then, going in by a door of which he alone possessed the key, he mounted the organ gallery, seated himself, threw a terrible glance at the blower, and played a few chords, with his hand and his foot, to test himself. Then, the time having come, he abandoned himself to the charm of his composition, a charm which, alas, was confined to himself. He was no longer bowed down, but erect, solemn, happy.

The only person who disturbed him in these joyful hours was Catbise, the chapel-master, who responded to him with the little choir-organ; Catbise, who played the chants, a pure southerner, and of the blond kind which never knows self-distrust. This Catbise, who had not composed even a waltz, delighted his audience with preludes, sorrowful airs with flowery variations, tearful strains mingled with Tyrolean warblings, the art, in fact, of the little Italians who smilingly play the violin in the streets. Bretwiller execrated him, all the more so because once or twice a year a certain worthy canon, who had no thought of ill-will, would come to him and say: "How you master your organ, M. Bretwiller! What a pity that you are not always clear! See M. Catbise, a young man with a great future. There is a man whom one can easily understand, and whom one can follow without fatigue!"

Catherine consoled her father for the injustice of men. She was the true cause of this sacrificed life. If you could have penetrated the secret of that old artist's soul, you would have seen what no one knew, not even Catherine herself, that if he remained in that southern land, so rebellious to his art, it was not in order to secure the triumph of his favorite composers or of his own works, but to save Catherine, who had been sickly from her childhood. A physician in whom M. Bretwiller had confidence had said: "If she leaves the south before she is twenty-five years old she will not live." He waited, watching with a growing hope the restoration of this child who had neither strength nor beauty. From year to year he observed new favorable symptoms. She had a faint color in her cheeks. She walked more firmly. Her voice assumed without effort the grave fullness which indicates a robust life. Would she live? And could they both leave the valley of the Rhone, and make their way to the north, she, after having passed her early youth, he, before his final old age? When she sang he said aloud: "What a joy to be so understood! What a queen of high art you are!" At the same time he thought: "We will leave them all, these lovers of farinole! I will take you far away. You were almost sentenced to death, and now life smiles upon you."

They asked for the People's Highway, though never a word they spoke; Dim in the wind of their flight, defeated, unhuman, they spurred, Dim in the whirling dust that they left in their fatal wake— They asked for the People's Highway! . . . (The People said never a word).

They have run down a child; and yet, who will say that theirs was the blame? The child in the road—it fluttered—as silly as a fledgling bird! They turned to the right, they turned to the left, and the child the same— But they could not stop on the Highway! (The People said never a word).

They have crushed the old lame man, as home from his work he went— Or, was he deaf, that not at the signal repeated he stirred? He kept the road, in his stupid way—the warning was sent— But they could not stop on the Highway! (The People said never a word).

The People are slow of speech, but their thought is to-morrow's law; And the bolt of their judgment the heavier falls the longer deferred. . . . When the Red Car mocked and the Black Car scowled, and the People saw That they would not stop on the Highway—hark to the People's word:—

"Beggars!—a road of their own with their wealth let them build, if they will, And leave what is ours to us—the right of the plodding herd! Let the Red Car lord it, the Black Car race with the Red, to kill— But not on our Highway. This is the People's Will and Word."

—Edith M. Thomas, in Putnam's.

Twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five! She had reached her twenty-fifth year. M. Bretwiller only sought an occasion, and the occasion came to him without his suspecting it. The rumor spread through the city that M. Catbise had composed a mass in sol minor for the approaching solemnity of Easter. At first the organist did not believe it.

"Sol minor? Sol minor? Persons of his sort only write in major, sir! As far as he is concerned, how should he write anything at all, even in a common, hilarious tone? He has not an idea. Catbise cannot have composed a mass; my own in re minor is not finished, although I have been working on it for fifteen years."

It was true, however. When he received the score from the priest's hands a rage took possession of the organist; a rage in which there entered musical passion and a great deal of jealousy. The priest said:

"You will accompany M. Catbise's mass on the little organ, will you not, dear M. Bretwiller? He will conduct."

"No, sir. I only accompany that which exists. Catbise does not exist." His resignation followed on the same day. The organist wrote it off-hand, without hesitation, without emotion. He was free. He could return to the north and realize his dream of twenty-five years. Only twenty-five years is a great age for a dream.

The first use which M. Bretwiller made of his freedom was to go back to the cathedral and to enter the organ-loft. He tried the haut-bois, which he found of a most superior quality; the celestial voice, which he often used; the trumpet, which did not displease him. With a sigh he said: "Fine instrument, into what hands are you about to fall!" And with the point of his knife he inscribed upon the largest pipe these words, which I have read: "This organ will think no more." It gave him a strange sensation to turn the key in the old lock of the organ-loft.

As he came down the street from the cathedral he went into the shop of a man who sold hot cakes. He used to buy one every Sunday, as he went home from the great organ.

"Adieu, M. Besseguet."

"Don't you mean au revoir?"

"No, adieu."

He did not explain himself, for he was affected. He felt the curiosity of a foreigner in this city which he had not wanted to see during all his life there. He observed the houses, measured with his eyes the trees on the avenues, recognized the passers-by, and saluted them with a slow gesture which followed them.

When he came in front of his garden hedge, he saw a pomegranate blossom which had just opened. "I shall regret that," he said. He went along between the borders of violets which were so fragrant every morning when he settled himself at his piano, and he went past the grape-arbors which he visited so gladly in the autumn, until he came to his daughter, feeling less proud than he had expected to feel. She had already approved of everything. She had more things to regret than he had; but, after all, since he was so eager to leave the country—

M. Bretwiller was astonished to find that he was held by so many ties to a land which he detested. His nature was insistent. He loved to go to the bottom of questions. He said:

"What matters it to us, here or there? We shall carry with us our happiness, my little Catherine, our dear intimacy which is everything to us."

"Undoubtedly."

"We shall live in just the same way."

"Good heavens, yes!"

"How you say that! Are you not happy, Catherine?" He thought: "As to me, there are reasons why I should be sorry. But she! For twenty-five years I have lived for her alone."

Catherine let herself be urged to answer. She hesitated, and ended by saying, without understanding all the cruelty of her words:

"I have been loved by nobody but you!"

And M. Bretwiller went to the north, having learned two things in a short time; that it is dangerous to try to realize an old dream; but that it is still more so, that it is an absolute imprudence, to wish to know the inmost essence of one's happiness.—Translated for the Argonaut, by Edward Tuckerman Mason.

Homestead entries in Canada in January, 1910, were 2698, or twice those of January, 1909. Immigration from the United States is expected to exceed 100,000 this year.



### The HOUSE and HOME.

To Carry Medicine Bottles. The woman who travels can utilize an old hot-water bottle by cutting off the neck, sewing brass rings to the top of the bag thus formed, and drawing a stout ribbon through the rings. This forms an admirable receptacle for small bottles, which can thus be carried in hand bag or suitcase without fear of damage from leakage.—New Idea Woman's Magazine.

### Save the Hands.

Housekeepers can thus save the appearance of their hands, so they need not wish they could leave them at home when they go visiting: Have plenty of thick, soft holders near the stove, with which to take hold of the pots and pans. Keep a pair of gloves handy to use when putting wood in the stove, or to work in the garden, or pick over coal ashes, or to put on when you sweep. Rub the hands at night with a mixture made of equal parts of glycerine and rose-water to which add one drop of carbolic acid. After scrubbing or washing dishes bathe the hands in vinegar or rub with a cut lemon; and when you sit down to your sewing, if they feel like nutmeg-grater, rub them with camphor, which will make them soft and pliable.—Farm Journal.

### The Real Test.

The kitchen is where the real test comes. Here is more prose than poetry, and it takes the best efforts of all concerned to keep order and harmony in this domain. System is the key to the situation. Plan your work a day ahead—see that wood, water, and food are all at hand before you sleep. Then know at what hour you need to rise; set your alarm clock, and obey its earliest summons.

In summer there is no better breakfast than coffee, fruits, melons, butter, eggs and cream, with good old-fashioned buttermilk and honey in the comb. All these are available, too, on a well-regulated farm.

Dish-washing is an item, so prepare for it. Have a big boiler of hot water, and an abundance of cold, plenty of clean cloths and drying towels. If you have no sink, use a ten-gallon pan or basin set into a hole to fit it, on the kitchen table. Some really good soap and a willing mind are all that is needed to make dish-washing endurable.—Progressive Farmer.

### Linen Closet.

To one house with large rooms and plenty of closets there are a hundred apartments so cramped for space that a good-sized linen closet is an unheard-of luxury. But, since linen closets are a necessity to the careful housekeeper, there is nothing to do but to make one.

A practical closet may be made of packing cases, one, two, or three, as one needs them and has room for them. Fasten the lids with hinges and line the sides and bottoms with unbleached calico, in which, if desired, might be stitched pockets to hold sachets or sweet lavender. The lids should be padded outside with horsehair and a permanent rough cover stitched on. Over all is fitted a neat cretonne cover, with a flounce hanging around the sides. If possible, it is best to have three boxes, one for the sheets, one for the tablecloths, napkins, dollies, etc., and the other for pillow cases, bolster cases, and towels.

Shirt-waist boxes may be constructed in the same manner.—Philadelphia Telegram.



Polenta Dabs.—Scald a pint of Indian meal in boiling water. Mix together one tablespoon of butter, two beaten eggs, two tablespoons of cream and a pinch of salt. Stir this into the corneal and drop from a spoon into a buttered pan. Bake in a moderate oven.

Boiled Black Beans.—Let the beans soak in a basin of water for three hours. Drain and boil in fresh water for three hours. Drain again and put into another saucepan with a little stock, a tablespoonful of chutney and a teaspoonful of mushroom catsup. Cook for another half hour and turn onto a dish garnished with boiled rice.

Bread Omelet.—Soak a teaspoonful of bread crumbs in a cupful of hot milk. Break six eggs into a bowl, stir gently until mixed, then add the bread and milk. Season with salt and pepper and turn into a hot frying pan containing a spoonful of melted butter. Fry the omelet slowly, and when brown on the bottom cut in half, turn and brown on top.

Tapioa Jelly.—Let half a cupful of tapioa soak for two hours in a cupful of cold water, standing the dish in a basin of warm water and keeping it in a warm place. Pour two more cupfuls of water into a saucepan, add a cupful of sugar and the rind of half a lemon cut into shreds. Squeeze in the juice of a lemon. Boil for five minutes until the sugar is dissolved, pour in the tapioa and water and cook gently for twenty minutes. Pour into a mould and serve when cold with whipped cream.

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