THE REVIEW

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W. T. LAMEY, Editor and Publisher.

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A Tragedy In Five Lines.

Carolyn Wells comes to the defense of that form of versified chronicle known as the limerick which particular critics refuse to consider as poetry at all. Writing in the current Harper's Magazine, Miss Wells compares with a good example of the limerick the probable result had some of the most popular poets of this era treated the same material, in this case a tragedy of the jungle, as follows:

There was a young lady of Niger
Who smiled as she rode on a tiger;
They came back from the ride
With the lady inside
And the smile on the face of the tiger.

Rossetti, the critic thinks, would have begun in true narrative style, like this:

In Niger dwelt a lady fair,

and spun it out to three four-line stanzas in order to bring in his pet system of refrain. Tennyson would have rendered the story in an abbreviated "Charge of the Light Brigade," starting with

Half a league, half a league,
On the big tiger,

and glorifying lady, tiger, smiles and all, in a poem of twenty-two lines.

Kipling would have used a colloquy between "Flies on Parade" and the color sergeant, ending at line twelve with

But she is riding on the tiger in the morning.

Browning would have been mystical and inconclusive in ten lines, Swinburne musical and supermystical in eight lines, and Poe would have opened with

See the lady, with a smile—
Sunny smile,

and been more mystical as well as more sophistical than Browning and Swinburne combined.

Finally we have the tragedy in Hiawatha setting, twelve lines long, with the reader asking at the end whether the tiger, like a good fairy, merely bore on a jungle journey

The fair and lovely lady—
The sweet and winsome lady,

and, pleased with his feat, smiled

Ever wider, wider, wider,

on the home-coming in the dusky twilight.

Candidly, it seems that Miss Wells makes her point that the story worth telling deserves to be made so clear that "he who runs may read." The best literature is coming to that phase where the heart of the subject is pierced by the first line, or the first paragraph at most.

The Trend Toward Pure Democracy.

It is but four years since the proposition to have United States senators nominated in the primaries was sharply criticised as dangerous and almost revolutionary. While the expediency of changing the method of electing the upper house is still an open question, the people are inclining rapidly to the view that all legislation should spring directly from the people.

The agitation for the popular election of national senators is only one phase of a general movement to simplify our processes of expressing the will of the people at the polls. The referendum is gaining ground, so also is the principle of initiative, likewise that of making laws at the polls by ballot. Experiments are being made of the "recall," which permits voters to depose an official by ballot. Many of the more radical reforms, as the referendum, for instance, are made optional, and that in itself shows the tendency to place the power wholly in the hands of the voters. What the people do not see fit to change when they have the power would seem in the long run to have their approval.

Reports come from Liverpool of a very timely and successful system of holding up railway trains automatically. It is claimed that even if the mechanism of the signal system should become disarranged the driver of the engine would instantly be warned of that fact. An engine using this invention has been in operation on an English road for two years and has stood all the tests for efficiency.

Dr. Wiley, the head scientist of the agricultural department, has discovered that the same muscles are brought into play in washing clothes as in playing golf. However, it is hardly likely that golf ladies will adopt the washboard as a substitute.

When the public no longer sees fun in the writings of Josh Billings and Artemus Ward, but up to date editions of Milton, Emerson and even Bunyan are greeted with roars of laughter, we shall know that spelling reform has really struck in.

Nearly 11,000,000 pieces of mail went astray in the United States last year because no one could read the addresses. It is expected that the number will be doubled this year with the new spelling system.

The southern girls who stay at home are quite positive the southern girls who have been visiting the northern cities are not the representative beauties of the southland

White Man and Negro.

Following somewhat the optimistic line of thinking which made the late Henry W. Grady a force in the so called new south of twenty years ago, Harry Stillwell Edwards writes in the current Century of the negro's chance in his old environment. Says Mr. Edwards:

Perhaps I am too much of an optimist to be a valuable witness in the unending trial of the negro before the bar of public opinion by press and stump, but I see no unavoidable danger to the south in his presence. On the contrary, I believe in his final, complete and peaceful incorporation into the American system without injury to himself or at his white neighbor. Forty years ago he emerged from slavery virtually with little more than the clothes he wore on his back.

The negro has developed thrift and assumed the serious responsibilities of ownership and government. Therefore, continues Mr. Edwards:

There is hope for a race with such a history, and those who talk of substitution and deportation would do well to consider where the south could find a substitute who will preserve the peace and achieve more. The negro has much to learn, but the question arises, Is it easier to teach him, put him to work when idle, restrain him when evil minded and strip him down to an earnest, industrious worker while the leaven of home influence is working in him or easier to call in an illiterate alien of different language and centuries of the shadow of a king and make an American of him?

Like most men of the profession of authorship, Mr. Edwards may take a too generous view of human nature. He believes that mutual tolerance will enable the two races to continue on the same soil, each the gainer by the other's progress. To quote further:

There is no threat to the south in the negro's presence there. For at last the only negro who threatens our civilization is the criminal negro, and the only white man who threatens the negro is the white criminal, and our whole system is a failure if this question may not be left where Georgia has placed it—in the keeping of the courts, the church and the schoolhouse. It is safe to leave it there. And while he gropes his way toward the light it is wise and charitable to give him aid, comfort and the benefit of a broad Christian tolerance. The situation is one that appeals to the common sense of the southern people, and the term may be enlarged to embrace the law abiding, property holding and intelligent men of African descent. I believe these men, recognized as factors in our industrial development, will become passionate lovers of their native land and defenders of their homes side by side with their white neighbors. It needs only tolerance, forbearance, encouragement and the recognition of individual merit to accomplish this.

It will be remembered that Mr. Grady looked upon the negro as inevitable in the south and insisted that the whites loved and valued him too much to part with him or see him grossly misused.

Food Adulteration In Saxony.

The Saxon system of inspecting food products has had a beneficial effect, as shown in the report of Carl Bailey Hurst, American consul at Plauen. But even after years of government inspection enough is shown in the results of investigations to make it plain that the German people have no ground for criticising the United States if they judge by their own experience. The consul says:

Each year the market in Saxony is becoming gradually purged of deleterious food products, but the use of borax and other harmful things in preserving meats is still carried on to a considerable extent. Sausages are adulterated with meal or bread. Many samples of milk were found diluted, and cheese is made with potato flour or grated potatoes. As high as 81 per cent of water was found in butter, and imitation butter is sold as the genuine article. Oils were adulterated as well as sugar. Fruit jams were found to contain glucose, grape skins and dyes, and one ingenious manufacturer made "pure plum jam" of beets. Salicylic acid was found in various beverages, and other means of adulteration, more recently disclosed in the United States, appear to have been common in Germany.

It is to the credit of the German government that strict measures are being taken to eradicate the evil the same as in the case of the United States.

The beginning of the end of the "sick man of Europe" seems to have dawned with the real sickness of the sultan of Turkey. For thirty years he has been hanging on by the eyelids. He has seen great parts of the Ottoman empire fall away and become states independent of his sway. He has died in all a thousand deaths and has been called every sort of name abhorrent to civilization, yet he has outlived many better rulers and dominated Europe because he was feared. It has been a record reign, and perhaps when it is ended Europe will regret him. The turmoil will begin.

General Fred Grant's calculation that bad liquor accounts for 90 per cent of the army troubles may be said to be substantiated by popular experience with the stuff in civil life. It is no respecter of occupations.

Instead of continuing his "confessions of a drone" why doesn't young Millionaire Socialist Joseph Medill Patterson discontinue being a drone? But, then, perhaps he could not be a Socialist.

A great many old boys and a few young ones will be pleased to hear that Author J. T. Trowbridge recently celebrated his seventy-ninth birthday in good shape.

The woman who died recently just as her tooth was pulled at least escaped the usual idiotic question as to whether it hurt.

Russell Sage's widow very wisely decided that it would be cheaper to pay the heirs than the lawyers.

Heredity Triumphant

By Alice Lovett Carson

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A shrill whistle echoed along the sunny avenue. Mary Dexter jumped from her seat on the porch, scattering embroidery silks in all directions. She waved her handkerchief in response. Then she ran into the house calling: "Aunt Linda! Where are you? Here's Dave Green to see you!"

Without waiting for a reply she returned to the porch just in time to greet the young man who came up the steps. "Glad to see me, Mary?" he asked as with a hasty glance around she put up her face for a kiss. Then the two sat down on the top step in earnest, subdued conversation. Mary Dexter was a maid of nineteen with a fresh peachblow complexion. Today, wearing a simple white frock, she looked her best—and knew it.

In a few minutes an elderly woman came out the front door. Her hair, worn as a coronet, was silvery white, though she was only forty. Age had touched her face lightly, pressing in the wrinkles with loving fingers that left only sweetness in the expression. Rumor told a romantic tale of Linda Pennington's life, and for once rumor was right. A girlish engagement with a young army officer who fell in his first battle, a few years as a nurse in the war, interrupted by a marriage with Lyall Pennington, early widowhood and a subsequent life devoted to good work—these were among the incidents in her story. For many years all her plans had been for Mary, whom she had adopted long ago.

Mrs. Pennington had taken a great interest in Mary because she came from her own town, and the case of the child was particularly pitiful, for there were no near relatives to whom she could be sent.

Fresh from the sadness caused by the death of her husband, Linda found the child's companionship a great comfort. Mary had passed serenely through the stages of childhood and youth and now, at nineteen, under the training of private tutors, was prepared to enter

"ISN'T IT A BEAUTY, AUNT LINDA?"

Merton college in the fall. After graduation endless possibilities opened before her. This was the situation that July morning when Mrs. Pennington came out on the porch and greeted young David Green, one of Mary's admirers.

He was a manly fellow of twenty-one, son of a prosperous farmer of the rural district. He had lately been given a good sized tract of land by his father, with the instruction to "see what he could do with it," and he was doing well.

"You've just come back from New York, haven't you, David?" asked Mrs. Pennington.

"Yes," said Mary. "He's been away two whole days."

The sigh with which this was said brought a laugh from the other two. Mrs. Pennington seated herself in the rocker.

"Why, Mary," she said, "is this your embroidery on the floor? Pick it up before it gets dirty."

The girl leaned back comfortably against the railing. "You pick it up, Dave," she said indifferently. And the young man did so. But Linda bit her lip in vexation. It was a little thing, but characteristic of the way Mary made all her friends wait on her.

"Did you go away on business, David?" she asked hastily.

"No—yes—well, I don't know as you'd call it exactly business."

"I should," said Mary decidedly—"the most important business for you just now, Dave." The lad laughed, embarrassed.

"Dear me, this sounds very mysterious," said Mrs. Pennington, smiling. "What is it all about?"

"I went to get something for Mary," said David.

"And here it is," said the girl, holding out her [illegible]. "Isn't it a beauty, Aunt [illegible]. A handsome [illegible] faire flashe[illegible]. The sle[illegible] after Lin[illegible]

approval, read in her face grief, disappointment and refusal.

"Aren't you pleased?" went on the girl. "We're been engaged since Christmas. Before I visited Florrie Tucker, Dave asked me and I said, 'I'd see.' Then while I was away he kept writing to me—and I always did like him best of any of the boys—so I just had to say 'yes.' He's so obstinate, Dave is, he wouldn't take 'no.'"

"Of course I am very much surprised," Linda said when she could trust herself to speak. "I think you are both too young to talk of such things. Besides, you are going to college soon, Mary, and I do not approve of indefinite engagements."

"But there's nothing indefinite about our engagement," replied the girl airily, twisting the ring on her finger. "We are to be married in September."

"What?"

"Oh, yes, it's all settled," nodding her head. "I wrote this morning to Merton canceling my application. I'm tired of study—what is the use of it? I know more now than any other girl—or boy almost—in Dorsettown. Just think, after September I'll never have to study any more!"

Mrs. Pennington rose in wrath from her chair. "Mary," she cried sharply, "you don't know what you're saying! You are giving up carelessly what I would give years of my life to have had when I was a girl—what you will always regret giving up. I don't often exercise my authority as your guardian, but when you act like a silly child I must. I ask you—no, I order you—to break this engagement!"

Mary sprang up and stamped her foot angrily. "Well, I won't!" she cried. "And you can't make me; I'm nineteen years old."

Linda sank back in the chair with trembling lips. The mother who had eloped was speaking through her daughter. "Mary, if you love me," she pleaded, but she knew it would be no use. The girl's heredity was showing, and she must bow to the inevitable.

Mary never would understand what a blow this was to her guardian's ambitions for her. College, then advanced work, or, if the girl preferred, art study in Paris or music in Germany—these the plans she had made. And this mad whim must overturn them all!

The girl's storm of fury spent itself in floods of tears. "Aunt Linda, I can't. Don't ask me to," she sobbed.

David drew his sweetheart toward him. He had been a silent, troubled witness of the scene. Now he spoke quietly.

"It's like this, Mrs. Pennington, we love each other, and we don't see the use of waiting. If we wait four years by then we'll have grown apart perhaps, and it will be harder to give in to each other. We want to be married at once. I am making a good living; my people are pleased, and we only want your consent."

But she shook her head impatiently. "I have nothing against you, David, but—it is impossible."

"Oh, no, Mrs. Pennington!" he cried. "Think—think—when you were young and in love. Don't you remember how it was then?"

How old memories can rise again! A vision of a boyish soldier, with pleading eyes and tender smile. And that parting—could she ever forget the sound of his voice, low and thrilling?

She gave a shuddering sigh and opened tear dimmed eyes. "I was only seventeen and he was twenty—and I never saw him again. His body could not be found. Ah!" Steadying her voice, she went on. "You are right, David. It was foolish and wrong to try to control Mary's life. She must work it out for herself. My plans were far different from this, but I can give them up, as I have given up others."

"Dear Mrs. Pennington," said David, grasping her hand.

Then, when Mary ran off to set the supper table and David followed, with awkward attempts to help, Linda Pennington drew forth an old locket and gazed long at the portrait within. "Once I thought that the shattering of my dreams would kill me," she murmured. "But I lived to thank God for other dreams and duties that came. So it will be now, I think."

"Supper is ready, Aunt Linda!" called Mary, and Mrs. Pennington turned from the sunset glow.

A Welsh Rip.

Every nation has a Rip Van Winkle of its own, but the Welsh story of Rip is unique. He is known as Taffy ap Sion. One morning Taffy heard a bird singing on a tree close by his path. Allured by the melody, he sat down until the music ceased. When he arose, what was his surprise at observing that the tree under which he had taken a seat had now become dead and withered! In the doorway of his house, which, to his amazement, had also suddenly grown older, he asked of a strange old man for his parents, whom he had left there, as he said, a few minutes before. Upon learning his name the old man said: "Alas, Taffy, I have often heard my grandfather, your father, speak of you, and it was said you were under the power of the fairies and would not be released until the last sap of that sycamore had dried up. Embrace me, my dear uncle—for you are my uncle—embrace your nephew." Welshmen do not always perceive the humor of this somewhat novel situation of a youth—for Taffy was still merely a boy—being hailed as uncle by a gentleman perhaps forty years his senior.

Fun For Him.

[illegible]—Who was that man who [illegible] to talk to you? Dubley—That's [illegible]. Ashton—Does he usually [illegible]? Dubley—[illegible] boasting myself [illegible] look at my [illegible].—Atlanta Constitution.

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