

"Oh," I said, "so it is the *miners* who are all to be sent to penal servitude, so that we may get more coal. It is the *miners* who are to be shot dead, every man Jack of them; for if once they are all shot dead they will start mining again. . . . You must forgive me, sir; I know I seem somewhat moved; . . . the fact is I have just found something, . . . something I have been looking for for years."

"Well," he asked, with no unfriendly stare, "and what have you found?"

"No," I answered, shaking my head sadly, "I do not think it would be quite kind to tell you what I have found."

He had a hundred virtues, including the capital virtue of good humor, and we had no difficulty in changing the subject and forgetting the disagreement. He talked about society, his town friends and his country sports, and I discovered in the course of it that he was a county magistrate, a member of Parliament, and a director of several important companies. He was also that other thing, which I did not tell him.



THROUGH THE OUTLOOKING GLASS.

From the New York Nation of May 30.

"Whichever way you look at it," said the Red Knight, "there is only one possible conclusion. I am the logical candidate at Chicago."

"What is a logical candidate?" said Alice.

"A logical candidate," said the Red Knight, "is one who, when the necessity arises, can prove that 'I won't' means 'I will.'"

"That should be a very difficult thing to do," said Alice.

"I find it the easiest thing in the world," said the Red Knight. "Let us look at it in this way: No one will deny that the President of the United States should be a man about fifty-four years old, about five feet ten inches tall, powerfully built, wear glasses, and live on the north shore of Long Island. That, I believe, is axiomatic."

"That's another word I don't know the meaning of," said Alice.

"An axiom, my dear girl, is something which is so obviously true that the man who denies it must be a crook or an infamous liar. Very well, then. In the second place, a candidate for the Presidency should be a man of wide experience. He must have lived in the White House at least seven years, and before that he must have been a member of the Legislature, a Police Commissioner, a cavalry colonel, and the author of a short but masterly treatise on the Irish sagas."

"Is that axiomatic, also?" said Alice.

"Naturally," said the Red Knight.

"Then it means once more you."

"Exactly," said the Red Knight. "And in the last place he should be a descendant of the old Dutch patroons, a native of New York, and his name should begin with an R and end with a T and have at least two O's and a V between. Now what does all that prove?"

"Axiomatically, you mean?" said Alice.

"Of course," said the Red Knight.

"It means you again," said Alice.

"You are a very bright child to see the point so quickly," said the Red Knight. "Thus I am the logical candidate of the moment. But please observe that I am much more than that. I am also the physiological candidate, because I can speak faster and louder than any man in the country, and can slug a man harder through the ropes. Then I am the zoölogical candidate, because of my record in Africa. And I am the entomological candidate, because I am the broadest-minded man in the world, and my views are absolutely insectarian."

"I don't think that is a very good pun, do you?" said Alice.

"I think it's one of the best puns I ever heard," said the Red Knight, hastily, and went on. "The successful candidate must be one who knows how to make hay when the sun shines and how to get in out of the rain; therefore I am the meteorological candidate. He should be the man brought forward by a vast national upheaval; that makes me the geological candidate. And, above all, he must not be thin-skinned when accused of bad faith and personal motives; that makes me the dermatological candidate. So what does all this show?"

"It shows," said Alice, "that you *are* the logical candidate."

"It does," said the Red Knight, and, having divested himself of his armor, he thrust his hands into his pockets and whistled cheerfully.

BOOKS

A LIFE OF MARK HANNA.

Marcus Alonzo Hanna: His Life and Work. By Herbert Croly. With portrait. The Macmillan Co. \$2.50 net.

The attitude of too many reformers toward politicians of the old school is a Pharisaic attitude of condemnation as if those gentlemen had been guilty of personal unrighteousness in being what they were. Mr. Croly, in writing the life of "Mark" Hanna, sees the falsity of this attitude.

Marcus Hanna certainly did stand for what we now call privilege, but Mr. Croly shows us that he did not deliberately choose it after seeing a vision of privilege on the one hand and purity and democracy on the other hand. To him no

such vision was granted. He was a product of contemporary conditions. "Only one explanation will account for his peculiar success. He must have embodied in his own life and purposes some vital American social and economic tradition, which gave his personality, individual as it was, more than an individual meaning and impulse." This tradition, thinks Mr. Croly, was that of the pioneer.

But how, the reader may ask, can a man whose career did not begin until after the Civil War, represent the pioneer? In virtue of the fact, the author answers, that that spirit was only partially expressed in its immediate overt work: "The completer revelation must wait on history and experience. Generations must pass before a national social and economic movement develops fully its own latent tendencies and capabilities."

Mark Hanna, then, carried on the tradition of fighting for one's self on the one hand, but of "doing things" in the process on the other hand. To him the Republican party, as Mr. Croly observes, was the government (just as to Parson Thwackum, the Episcopal Church was Christianity), and insurgency was therefore a sort of treason.

Obviously the whole attitude is one that we Democrats of a later date and wider insight must deplore, but if we recognize evolution at all, there must be a rough if there is to be any evolution to a smooth. And so we must judge Hanna by the rough of his day rather than by the smooth of our own. And without losing his own sense of democracy, Mr. Croly does succeed in showing that Hanna was more of a man than many people since his day have been willing to credit him with being. Instead of a flattering or a condemnatory biography, Mr. Croly has written an analytic and a just biography.

LEWELLYN JONES.



THE IDEAL LIFE.

Christian Healing. By Charles Fillmore. Unity Tract Society, Kansas City, Mo. Cloth, \$1.50; paper, 75c.

In the midst of the hard utilitarian facts which we are discussing in the common every day light of our observations, it is a novel experience to take the viewpoint of a metaphysician like Mr. Fillmore and seek to see things from the inner world of causes rather than from the surface realm of effects where we admit that we often labor with unsatisfactory results.

It is not a matter of mere physical healing to which this book—now in its third edition—directs the reader's attention. The place where we habitually dwell in thought is shown to be our true arena of action and the order or disorder of life

in general flows from that inner consciousness where burns the secret fire of our love and desire.

It is always the real and permanent in contrast to the false and transitory which Mr. Fillmore persistently urges us to accept as the be-all and cure-all of every mental and material ill under the sun. His philosophy relates itself to every condition of life and applies the healing balm and vitalizing power of thought to the correction of whatever trouble the human mind has ignorantly or willfully brought upon the individual or the race.

To comprehend a state where it is possible to exist, even for a moment, free from the limitations of time, space and conditions, is really to come into a perception of the power which rules these things and makes men and women superior to them.

This interpreter of the Word which has been with us from the beginning proves his position by the statements and example of one who has been named the Savior of the world, but whose teachings, either in letter or spirit, have been so rarely followed that the dreamer who boldly attempts it may be styled a mad man or a fool by such as pride themselves on their plain, matter-of-fact reasoning about appearances which they mistake for realities.

A. L. M.



THE HISTORY OF A GRAND VIZIR OF TURKEY.

Ibrahim Pasha, Grand Vizir of Suleiman the Magnificent. By Hester Donaldson Jenkins. Columbia University Studies in History, Economics and Public Law, Number 115. Longmans, Green & Co., Agents, New York. 1912. Price, \$1.00 net.

A timely and well done essay comes from Columbia University—a doctor's thesis on the magic rise and sudden fall of an Ibrahim of the 16th century, the comrade and favorite of his sultan. His story, told by a traveled student of history intimate in modern Turkey, gives sympathetic glimpses into the Turkish character and customs of today, though describing the earliest diplomatic intercourse between Christian and Mohammedan in Europe.

ANGELINE LOESCH GRAVES.



STATISTICS.

The Elements of Statistical Method. By Willford I. King, M. A., Instructor in Statistics in the University of Wisconsin. New York: The Macmillan Company. London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 1912. \$1.50 net.

Protectionists should avoid this book. For example, it instructs the investigator wishing to make a study of comparative wages that "he must first decide as to whether the requirements of his