

IS IT POSSIBLE FOR ANYONE TO LIVE A CHRIST-LIKE LIFE TO-DAY?

A CHRIST-LIKE MAN.

Hall Caine in "The Christian" Says "No"—William T. Stead, England's Most Noted Editor, Says "Yes," and Cites the Lives of Chinese Gordon and Joan of Arc.

A CHRIST-LIKE WOMAN.



General Charles George Gordon, the Famous English Commander, Who Died for His Country at the Fall of Khartoum.

To the Editor of the Journal: The question which you have asked me is not one which admits of any definite or specific answer—yes or no. The right reply is both yes and no.

You ask me whether or not Mr. Hall Caine is right in declaring in his latest novel that it is impossible to live the Christ-life in the last decade of the nineteenth century. In one sense he is right; in another quite wrong. That any man at any time since the crucifixion has found it possible to live in the fullest sense of the phrase the Christ-life, and to live it all the time between the cradle and the grave, is a proposition which no one would deny so strenuously as those who, in the opinion of their neighbors, come nearest to realizing the ideal. For the Christ-life was the divine life perfectly lived out under mortal conditions, and it is not in any way a special peculiarity of the last decade of the nineteenth century that such a phenomenon may be sought in vain.

But, if this is not what is meant by your question about the Christ-life, then I suppose all that you wish to know is whether it is possible for any of us to-day to approximate more or less closely to the life of Christ. To that there is only one answer. It is not only possible, but it is a matter of continual observation, that such kind of Christ-life is continually being lived among us. Indeed, if it were not, the race would perish. For the temporal and external salvation of mankind depends absolutely upon the extent to which the Christ-life is realized among us.

This may seem to you a hard saying, but it is as plain and obvious as the multiplication table. For what is the Christ-life? It is not the mere life of material incidents which happened to afford Jesus certain familiar methods of manifesting the life which was within. The Christ-life might have been manifested under conditions altogether different from those of the Son of the Carpenter, For the Essence, the Soul, the open secret of Christ-life was that of the sacrifice of self to serve those whom He loved.

In Him the love was universal and its manifestation continuous and invariable. In us the range of our affections is limited and its manifestation is fitful and inconstant. But where love is there Christ is, and where self is sacrificed to help others there the Christ-life is lived to a greater or a smaller degree.

Hence it is that motherhood is and always has been the most familiar and the most effective embodiment of the Christ-life. Upon the self-sacrificing love of the mother the perpetuation of the race depends.

The "Frightful Tyranny of Christianity."

By Hall Caine, in "The Christian."

Thus, after nineteen centuries, Christianity presents the same characteristics of frightful tyranny which disgraced the old Jewish law. What liars we are! How we color things to justify ourselves! Look at our sacraments—are they a lie or are they a sacrilege? Look at our charities—are we Pharisees or are we hypocrites? And our clergy—our fashionable clergy! Surely some tremendous upheaval will shake to its foundations the Church wherein such things are possible—a Church that is more worldly than the world! And then the woman life of the Church; see how it is thrown away. That sweetest and tenderest and holiest power, how it goes to waste under the eye and with the sanction of the Church in the frivolities of fashion—in drawing rooms, in gardens, in bazaars, in theatres, in balls.

And what is true about the family is equally true about the city, the state and the nation. That which saves every social organism is the Christ-life of sacrifice and service that is to be found in it. It is the saving salt of all societies. Where it is not, there is death and putrefaction.

fusion of that Christ-life all forms of social life would perish from the earth.

Of Mr. Hall Caine's well-meant, but most unfortunate attempt to present the Rev. John Storm as the Christian of our day, there is not much to say. Mr. Hall Caine is an earnest worker, who believed that he would do good to write as he has



Hall Caine, Who, in His Latest Novel, "The Christian," Deplores the Absence of the Christ-Like Spirit in the World.

Hence, to ask if it is possible to live the Christ-life is an absurd question. For if by the Christ-life is meant the full and constant manifestation of sinless perfection by sinful and imperfect men, the question contains a contradiction in its own terms. And if by the Christ-life is meant only such approximation to the life of Jesus as is allowed wherever self is trodden under foot, the question is still more absurd, for without a very large in-



William T. Stead, the English Editor, Who Believes That It Is Perfectly Possible to Be Christ-Like by Following the Teachings of Christ.

done. But John Storm is a caricature of Christ rather than a typical embodiment of the Christ-life. Although he has Christian sympathies with the friendliness and the fallen, John Storm has hardly any other attribute of his Master. He is a man weak as water, vacillating, inconstant—a reed shaken by the wind. He is a man almost maddened by suppressed passion for a beautiful actress, who



Joan of Arc, Who Lived to Liberate France and Was Burned at the Stake Because of Her Religion.

eventually saves herself from death by surrendering to him her honor. He is fiercely uncharitable, censorious, sensational and abnormally egotistic. Patience was not in him, nor long suffering. And above all, there was in him none of the calm, triumphant faith which is the pre-eminent note of the Christ.

That John Storm went to utter wreck proves nothing one way or the other. To live the Christ-life may or may not be more difficult now than it always has been, but whatever that life may be, it does not naturally culminate in homicidal lunacy.

If I were asked to name any man or woman who lived approximately the Christ life, I should answer Joan of Arc and General Gordon, two of the most distinguished types in widely different fields. But every good man and good woman, in as far as they are good, lead the Christ life.

I believe that the lack of love is the greatest stumbling block in the way of living the Christ life, a life which is simply incarnate love. And what we all find it hardest to give up is our own self, our pleasure, our pride, our interest, our selfishness for the sake of the least of these our brethren.

I wrote a book on Chicago to which I beg to refer you. If you want its substance in a nutshell, to apply it to New York, "we should all realize that we are our brother's keeper and be as resolute to remove all that renders a human life difficult for the poorest as we are now to secure our own individual ease and comfort."

As for the conditions most favorable for living the Christ life, circumstances really don't matter. The Christ life, which is the life of self-sacrificing love, has been lived under Nero. It can certainly be lived under Tammany Hall. The Kingdom of Heaven is within you.

New York will realize the ideal civic existence when lynx-eyed reporters fall to discover in the whole of Greater New York any place where the poorest citizen fails to find something better than the best that might be found in the best governed cities in the Old World.

I have no faith in the theory that theatres and such places of amusement necessarily are un-Christ-like. Amusement is as necessary to the ideal human life as exercise. There is nothing un-Christ-like in music or the drama, and yet some theatres and music halls are ante-chambers of Hell.

I should not care to say that the surroundings of the American woman are such as to help her to imitate the Christ life. The American woman has many advantages, but on the other side she is in danger of being spoiled. But motherhood is the divinely appointed means of grace for all women, and Christ will not fall us while mothers abound. W. T. STEAD.

SAHARET, THE HIGHEST KICKER IN THE WORLD, TELLS HOW SHE DOES IT.

"No woman on earth can kick higher than I can."

This is what Saharet the dancer said last week, as she posed before the camera in an attitude that suggested 12:30.

She probably spoke the truth, for surely no foot ever went higher than hers, voluntarily. It was child's play for the dancer to throw her left foot back and over her right shoulder.

Saharet says she is nineteen years old, and she looks it. She is slender—quite as slender as Bernhardt—but without Bernhardt's height. She also has four freckles on her nose, that look out in the daytime and are hidden by grease, paint and rouge at night.

Manager Rice considers her the highest kicker in the world, and his opinion is borne out by other managers.

Saharet was born in Australia in 1878. Her mother was a circus rider, and so Saharet comes rightfully by her agility. She made her first appearance on the stage in pantomime in Melbourne.

If Saharet's experience goes for aught, it is not easy to become a high kicker. The cuts which accompany this story tell a good deal which could not otherwise be easily explained.

Saharet writes quite as charmingly as she kicks, and she explains a great many things in the following article, which have heretofore been matters of mystery to the general public:

To the Editor of the Journal: In reply to your inquiry, I would say that I began to learn the "kitty" variety of dancing five years ago in San Francisco. I had just come over from Australia, and was a green and somewhat awkward girl of fourteen.

I was ambitious, though. I had appeared in pantomime and had studied day and night to become an actress. I wanted to play Juliet and Rosalind and Fedora and all that sort of thing.

One night I went to the theatre in San Francisco and saw Lottie Collins in her wild and tumultuous kicking act.

"Pshaw!" quoth I to myself, "I can do that very thing." Then I went home, carefully closed the door, and, donning the proper habiliments, began to practise.

First I put my foot as high as possible on the door, and then forced my body as close to the door as I could. I did this half a dozen times. I could get my foot no higher than my shoulder, try as I might.

I varied this form of exercise by attempting what is known in the profession as the



"spread," or "split." As might have been expected, I made a bungle of it. I wept and tried it again.

In the midst of my tearful efforts my mother came in. She said: "My dear, may I feebly ask if you are trying to tear the house down?"

I would draw a veil over the agony of the following morning were it not that I desire to chronicle faithfully my tribulations.

Oh, how sore I was! I ached in every muscle. My back felt as though it was broken. I could scarcely move my limbs.

I was such a woe-begone sight that when the maid brought my breakfast in she laughed in my face.

I was so mad that I scolded her. Then I sent for a doctor, who gave me a lecture and some good advice.

"Do not do anything of this kind again," said he, "unless you want to keep it up."

"But I am going to keep it up," I replied. "I am going to learn the Lottie Collins dance."

"Very well," said the doctor. "When you get up go at it again, and wear the soreness out of your muscles, and in a few days you will be all right."

He spoke truly. I began to practise again directly, although it almost killed me and every movement was an exquisite agony. My mother, seeing that I was resolved, became sympathetic and encourag-

ing.

As time passed, I found that I could get my foot higher and higher on the door jamb. I was soon able to reach an object with my toe suspended at the height of my head.

I was constantly becoming more supple and more agile. My views of the stage were changed entirely. I no longer desired to inspire tears. The height of my ambition was in proportion to the height of my kicking abilities.

I had no fixed rules of training. I went at it in my own way, and refused to be disheartened by repeated failures. I found myself getting more light and quick in all my movements. My muscles seemed to work in ball bearings, and all at once I found myself able to do anything that other dancers have done.

Then I began to practise new "business." I would invent a certain kick or movement and practise until I had mastered it.

I danced my way to New York, and here I took a sort of finishing course under an Italian master.

It was more for grace and action than anything else. It was a sort of finishing off.

I could not really tell what my most difficult kick is, or how I practised for it. You may see the highest one for yourself in the pictures.

SAHARET.



Doll Diagram Illustrating the Marvellous Control Over Her Limbs, Joints and Muscles, as Utilized by Saharet, the Most Wonderful Dancer and Kicker of High Kicks in All the World.