

EDITORIAL SECTION

LITERATURE

SCIENCE

ART

DRAMA

Lincoln's Proclamation Did Not Free the Slave.

It is evident that the abolition of slavery has not settled the negro question. Lincoln's emancipation proclamation did not free the slave.

He wears heavier chains in liberty than those he wore in servitude.

Enfranchisement was one of those political blunders that is worse than a crime. It has been a curse instead of a blessing, and after thirty years of bloody tumult, the race problem remains the most portentous menace of our civilization.

The horrible tragedy at Newnan shocks the conscience of mankind, but up to a certain point the action of the mob is intelligible.

There are some crimes for which statutory penalties, the verdicts of juries, the sentences of judges, are inadequate.

The violation of women is one of them.

It is worse than murder, because the victim is condemned to living death. It destroys the family and the home, which are the foundation of the State.

The law fines and imprisons the adulterer, the seducer, the ravisher; but public opinion condemns him to death. If the husband, the father, the brother slays the invader of the home, though it is technically murder, the jury acquits and the people say "amen."

Whoever shot Saxton in Canton, the public verdict is that he received his deserts.

THE LESSON OF THE KILLING OF SAM HOSE.

BY JOHN J. INGALLS.

This is the unwritten law of the Anglo-Saxon race, to which we belong.

La Rochefoucauld, the French moralist, says with equal truth and cynicism that it is easy to endure the misfortunes of our friends with fortitude.

We condemn the faults and sins of others with the same equanimity and composure.

It is not difficult to denounce the butchery of Sam Hose as a hideous crime against humanity, a bloodthirsty and sickening atrocity, a disgrace to American civilization.

The execution is deserved. No condemnation can be too severe. But no judgment of the people of Georgia is just that neglects to confess that there are many Northern communities where similar crimes have been and would be similarly avenged, less the barbaric details, or that omits to take into consideration the environment, or which forgets that Massachusetts and New York are equally responsible with Georgia and South Carolina for the presence of the African race and the existence of human slavery on this continent.

Lynch law, from the humanitarian point of view, admits neither of defence nor apology, but civilization is largely to blame for its decrees.

Justice is tardy. In 1896 there were 10,652 homicides in the United States and 122 legal executions.

Communities become fatigued with crime triumphant through the law's delay, the obstacles interposed by knavish attorneys, the escape of notorious felons by trivial technicalities. Then society becomes elemental, and mobs and vigilance committees enact the rude equity of the noose, the bullet, the fagot and the stake.

Thus California, Montana and other regions have taken the law into their own hands and executed ruffians, malefactors, gamblers and murderers who threatened social order.

It is the instinct of self-preservation which is nature's first law.

Mobs seldom make mistakes. They generally burn or hang the right man.

That Sam Hose, having split the head of his employer with an axe, and ravished the wife by the side of her dying husband, should be killed by the neighbors in sudden frenzy for revenge is easily to be understood. What is inexplicable is the brutal, fiendish truculence and ferocity of the incident; the mutilation of the wretched victim and the partition of the carcass into treasured souvenirs of a consecrated event. Northern and Southern notions about curios, bric-a-brac and bijouterie materially differ.

But after all there is room for the suspicion that with the best of us civilization is superfluous.

cial-like beauty, only skin deep; that culture is a varnish; education a veneer; refinement an enamel; even religion a lacquer, which do not change the inherent qualities of man.

Napoleon said that if the epidermis of a Russian was scratched, underneath was a Tartar. So somewhere beneath the cuticle of the scholar and the gentleman will be found the impulses and passions of the savage and the brute—the tiger's claws and the beak of the vulture.

Psychologically, the most extraordinary phenomenon in the lamentable social condition of the South is the change in the character of the negro. In slavery felonious assaults on white women by the blacks were not known. During the war the defenceless families of the planters were left in charge of the slaves, while their masters were absent doing battle to make their bondage perpetual. They were docile, loyal and faithful to their trust. Servile outbreaks would have disbanded the Confederate armies. Freedom appears to have released the brutish instincts of their barbaric ancestry. Not all, but an increasing number, exhibit an uncontrollable mania for lust and blood.

It seems like retribution. For centuries the miserable victims of slavery were subjected to the passions of their masters. The hour of vengeance has come. It is an illustration

of the inexorable law of nature and of morals, that whatever a man soweth that also shall he reap.

Deplorable as are the murders and lynchings of the blacks in the South, they bring us face to face with the fact that there is no future for the negro in this country except political subjection and social ostracism.

History teaches that a superior and an inferior race cannot exist upon terms of equality under the same government. The weaker will go to the wall. The prejudice against the African is stronger, if possible, in the North than in the South. The reason why the negro is not violently suppressed in Massachusetts and New York is because he is not numerous enough to cause trouble.

The butchery of Baker and his family at Lake City makes the blood run cold, but no administration would dare appoint a negro postmaster in Boston, and no village in Pennsylvania or Ohio would submit to negro domination. There is no town in the North where the neighborhood of the negro does not depress rents and depreciate the value of property. This cleavage between the races is complete.

Booker Washington, one of the ablest of his race, writes that the cure for these desolating conditions is education. This is a patent

medicine, not the prescription of a physician. Fred Douglass, who was great because he had a white father rather than because he had a black mother, believed the races were ultimately blend and coalesce and that the conflict would disappear.

This impossible remedy would be worse than the disease, for the strong race imp to the weak only its defects and its vices.

So far as education goes, Mr. Washington knows better than any one else that no colored man in the South can be educated enough or made rich enough or respect enough to be received by any white man except on the kitchen porch or in the barn.

Education intensifies instead of mitigates the difficulties and dangers of the situation. By education the negro is lifted from his environment into competition with the white race, and in the rivalry he must inevitably go down. By education he becomes more bitterly conscious of the injustice of which he is the innocent victim. He will eventually insist upon the restoration of the political and civil rights of which he has been deprived. He will resent the insolence of caste and demand reparation for the infamies of death.

Our black Samson is in the hands of the Philistines, but some day the cords upon his arms will be as flax that is burned with fire and with the jawbone of an ass, heaps upon heaps, he may slay a thousand men.

JOHN J. INGALLS.

His Crime Seems Lill Retribution After Centur

JOHN J. INGALLS.

Familiar Sketches of the Journal's New Artist.

GEMS FROM A HUMORIST'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

DRAWN FOR THE JOURNAL BY F. B. OPPER.

Oppen's Work to Appear Only in the Journal.



A PHASE OF MARRIED LIFE.

ONE OF MR. OPPER'S HEBRAIC BUSINESS MEN.

A TILLER OF THE SOIL.

A FAMILIAR TYPE.

A SUBURBAN RESIDENT.

A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE.

Mr. F. B. Oppen, probably the best known humorous artist in this country, is now a member of the Journal's art staff, and his work hereafter will appear exclusively in the columns of the Journal. Mr. Oppen's portraiture of familiar types in American life has become so well known that to the average mind they have actually come to represent the characters they typify. In other words, most people when thinking of the average Jersey farmer, or of the suburban "commuter," or of some Wandering Willie, have in mind the familiar exaggerations of Mr. Oppen. His success is largely due to the fact that while he retains all the characteristic features of his subject he injects a spirit of good nature and kindness into the exaggeration which deprives it of the slightest semblance of rancor or malice. His work is essentially refined and pleasing. Mr. Oppen has been for many years the leading artist of Puck, and his work gave that publication the large circulation it once enjoyed. The Journal will publish Mr. Oppen's drawings in color in the Comic Weekly Supplement of the Sunday Journal and in black and white on the editorial page of the daily morning edition. As far as Mr. Oppen's personality is concerned, he is young, good looking and—this is an office secret—something of a suburban "commuter" himself.

Just Published by Dodd, Mead & Co.

"THE FOWLER." A NOVEL. BY BEATRICE HARRADEN.

Of Course the Heroine Is Unusual.

THE AUTHOR OF "SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT."

BEATRICE HARRADEN gained fame as the author of "Ships That Pass in the Night," a novel that in an incredibly short space of time carried its writer's name throughout the English-speaking world. She has now written another book, entitled "The Fowler," which was published yesterday by Dodd, Mead & Co.

It is a remarkable book, and bids fair to equal the success of "Ships That Pass in the Night." The Journal presents here the first account of the new book that has been published.

THE story opens in one of those Norman castles of long ago, whose sightseer in England loves to visit. Unlike a play Miss Harraden's villain is the first bit of humanity to appear, crossing the castle moat, which proves the Rubicon of his destiny. Miss Harraden's own description of her villain is characteristic of the spirit with which the book is written. His "was a curiously plastic face," she says, "with many varied expressions. At one moment he might have passed for a suffering saint, and the next moment any one might have judged him to be a poet, wearing beautiful thoughts and fairy fancies, and the next moment he might have sat for a ruffian, a stranger to every gentle emotion; but for all that, it was not a face alive with animal passions; it was coldly, subtly cruel, with the steely glance worthy of one of those relentless ingulitators. Tiny of frame, he seemed capable of immense strength, his hands and wrists were powerful. One might have imagined that he could lift an ailing person very tenderly, or that he might raise his arm to aim some fell blow. This man might, perhaps, have nursed well; or he might have been heartier beyond all dreams of heartlessness. He contracted no intimate friendships. His acquaintances in London, where he lived, had various opinions of him at various times; but he had a curious mental equilibrium, more especially women, though men were under his influence; and no one who had once seen him could get quite free from him mentally."

though he wore a web and waited." Miss Harraden's heroines are expected to be unusual, but in "The Fowler" she has out-Heroded Herod. Nora Penhurst is described after this fashion: "She wore no hat, and the sunlight played with her brown hair. She was fair of complexion. There was nothing especially remarkable about her features, but a lovely expression of frankness lingered in her eyes and around her mouth. It was that which was the secret of her beauty—that and her gallant bearing. She looked like a ship in full sail, riding confidently over the waves, strong in build and buoyant in possibilities."

These two characters illustrate the series of sharp contrasts, which, with incident woven around them, make Miss Harraden's story the most human work that has yet come from her pen. Miss Penhurst happens to be at Graystone castle at the time Bevan comes to visit it. The place is in charge of a custodian, with whom Miss Penhurst has made friends, and as the old woman is busy when Bevan calls, Miss Penhurst, representing herself as the deputy custodian, shows him through the castle. At this their very first meeting the mysterious power which, later on, Bevan exerts so strongly, makes itself felt by the girl and she experiences the beginning of what can be termed rather the first step toward her entrance into a mesmeric state than an infatuation.

These two, Bevan and Miss Penhurst, seem constantly drawn toward one another, though it develops that the drawing is inspired by Bevan. In fact, Bevan, while unquestionably the villain of the novel, occupies the singular position of being the hero at the same time, if you count as the hero the man who is the principal character. The conventional hero is Brian Uppingham, who, with a trained nurse as his sponsor, makes his appearance later on. The inn at which Bevan is stopping is the King's Head, a typical English hostelry of a few decades ago. The preading genius, Mrs. Mary Shaw, is the first to develop that antipathy which all men and occasionally a woman seem to entertain for Bevan. "A little viper of a man," she calls him, and though all through the book that

sentiment creeps out again and again, no one voices it more plainly than does she. Mrs. Shaw, with her son, whom she is sure will be a degenerate when he reaches man's estate, because his father was of that type, is only an incident in the lives of the greater characters, but she serves well to illustrate the strong point of the book, that human love will eventually overcome human selfishness.

Mrs. Shaw and Miss Penhurst are fast friends, yet the latter's hostility toward Bevan, even though he is her guest, is no bar to the development of the acquaintance between the two, which fast ripens into a semblance of friendship. Miss Penhurst is spending her vacation at the scene of the opening of the story, for her home is with her father, in London. These two, Miss Penhurst and her father, live by themselves, the wife and mother having left them alone years before. The father, fretting at the separation, comes down from London after a few days, and stops at the same inn where Bevan lodges, a favorite resort of his own. "He was not exactly a handsome old man, but he had a grand head encircled by an abundance of soft gray hair, none too tidy, either. His bright eyes had lost nothing of the fire of youth, and his whole presence seemed endowed with a vitality which, instead of being aggressive, was simply charming."

Mr. Penhurst is a musician. The organ of the little country church is a favorite instrument. One afternoon soon after his arrival the father and daughter have a musicale of their own at the church. After it is over they find that Mrs. Shaw has been an auditor, and then they discover Bevan in the rear of the church. Miss Penhurst bowed to him, and when they were out of doors again her father said to her: "Who was that atrabillious little Voltairre to whom you bowed?" "Who does not attract me at first sight."

With each day Mr. Penhurst's dislike of Bevan increases. In the same ratio, the friendship between his daughter and Bevan strengthens. Through a chance meeting with Nurse Isabel, an exceedingly bright and clever woman, Miss Penhurst becomes acquainted with the hero, Brian Uppingham, a historian, who has become an almost

total nervous wreck, through grief. Between Nurse Isabel and Bevan a thorough enmity develops, and as the nurse sees the growing attraction Bevan has for Miss Penhurst, her feeling of dislike for the former increases. The nurse proves to be the instrument through which Bevan's real character is first revealed, for a friend of hers writes her how Bevan wrecked the life of a cousin of his, and went about it in precisely the same way he was proceeding with Miss Penhurst. Accompanying this revelation is a statement from the writer that if Bevan wishes some one to come down and look him up, the writer would be glad to undertake the task.

This message Nurse Isabel delivers at an opportune moment, and the enmity between herself and Bevan is developed into an open feud, the results of which are interwoven with the balance of the story. In the meantime, Uppingham has fallen in love with Miss Penhurst, has made a warm friend of her father, and caused Miss Penhurst to confess to herself that she wishes she could love him. The cause of her inability to love she realizes is Bevan. "He has a curious effect on me," she said dreamily: "A different effect at different times. But he nearly always makes me feel as though my own soul did not belong to myself."

Miss Penhurst and her father return to London, where Bevan follows them. Miss Carson, Bevan's victim referred to in Nurse Isabel's letter, meets Bevan and informs her of Bevan's true character. So thoroughly under Bevan's control she is sorry for her that she did not understand Bevan. Miss Carson begs Miss Penhurst to realize that Bevan's chief ambition in life is, while avoiding the physical in woman, to make mental wrecks of those who attract him. Miss Penhurst declines to be convinced and continues her intimacy with Bevan.

One by one Miss Penhurst's friends become estranged. Even her father, through his detestation for Bevan, holds aloof from her. Uppingham, deeply in love with Miss Penhurst, calls to see her and is at the point of securing her consent to marry him, despite her infatuation for Bevan,

when the latter walks into the room. The next morning a note is given Uppingham. It is from Bevan, and forbids him to visit Miss Penhurst again, because he, Bevan, is about to become engaged to her. Enraged by the tone of the missive, Uppingham administers a sound thrashing to Bevan in his own apartments. Nevertheless the engagement becomes a fact, despite all appeals and objections from Miss Penhurst's friends.

Bevan's malice toward those who have sought to estrange him from Miss Penhurst finds vent in slander. He induces Miss Penhurst to believe that Miss Carson is unworthy of credence. He also causes statements to be circulated linking the names of Uppingham and Nurse Isabel in a manner which will ruin the latter.

The one weak point in Bevan's skilful villainy is the fact that he kept a Journal. It is this Journal which causes his ruin. Though estranged from her friends through Bevan, Miss Penhurst receives a letter from one who had years before been very dear to her, asking her to help cheer a woman who is suffering through blasted hopes coupled with threatened loss of sight. This woman proves to be Miss Carson, the very one who had sought to warn Miss Penhurst of Bevan. Miss Penhurst visits her, and owing to the threatened blindness is not recognized. Her kindness to Miss Carson wins the latter's confidence, and, while incognito, she learns the whole story of the acquaintance between Miss Carson and Bevan.

Bevan realizes that some influence unknown to him is affecting Miss Penhurst, whom he calls his Athene. In his Journal he writes: "My Athene is most trying at times. Still, I have every hope of subduing her. I am often at a loss which weapon to employ; the weapon of being alone and unloved in the world, or the weapon of tenderness, or of masterfulness. But it is worth the trouble, and, by God! when she is thoroughly tamed she shall remain tamed. I have a strong hold on her, although she is always trying to shake herself free. But she shall not escape from me. And I do not intend to do without her."

The knowledge Miss Carson imparts is the trumpet note that sounds the warning of Bevan's downfall. By straightforward statements, Nurse Isabel and Uppingham refute the slander that

Bevan has put in circulation. Said the great doctor who had refused to give Nurse Isabel employment: "The fact is that in the hurry and skurry after wealth and position one is liable to think only of one's own self and of what is conducive to one's own interest and comfort. One has scarcely time to be human, and never the time to be just. * * * It was far easier to scratch your name off my books. Cowardly in me—and like a man—but I am very sorry."

Bevan is in the habit of sending or taking to Miss Penhurst various articles which he declares are wedding gifts from various relatives. In a package of books he sends her he accidentally encloses the Journal in which he has written the whole story of his acquaintanceship with her and its object. Miss Penhurst finds the book, and, thinking it a record of Bevan's love for her, reads it, and learns from his own pen the story of his infamy. The scales fall from her eyes. Just at this point her father, long broken down under the strain of the engagement with his daughter, is taken ill, but a reconciliation and her dismissal of Bevan banish illness.

In a short time Miss Penhurst receives an invitation to visit old friends in Texas, and goes there to see if ranch life will help her forget her sorrows and disappointments. Uppingham, the disappointed lover, has not plied away in conventional fashion, but instead tried his best to reach the fulness of all that his manhood and genius prompted. Miss Penhurst has carried with her to Texas the feeling that the discarded Bevan may possibly have been in earnest with her after all, and would droop and die in consequence of her rejection. It happens, however, that her father chances to meet Bevan, just as he is returning from a foreign tour, sunburned and weary. Although frail in appearance he was really possessed of a strong physique. This fact is communicated to the absent daughter. When he learns the news of Bevan's rejection, Uppingham does not follow Miss Penhurst to Texas, but goes instead with her father to the inn and the castle where the first incidents in the story occurred. There Miss Penhurst meets them, all unexpectedly, and there also comes to Uppingham the happiness for which he so manfully sought and patiently waited.