

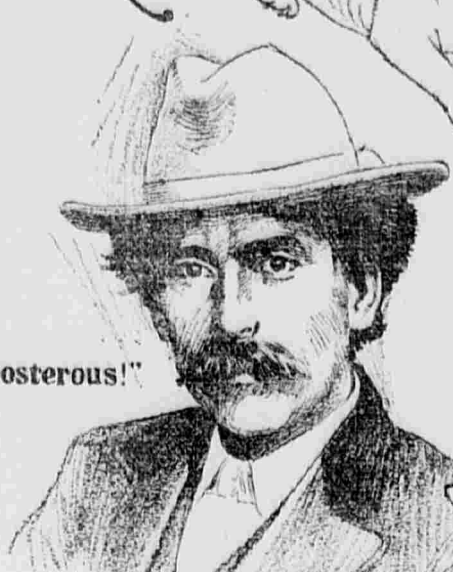
PRESIDENT AND THE NATURALISTS



SOME OF THE MEN WHO HAVE BEEN CALLED TO ACCOUNT FOR THEIR TRULY MARVELOUS RECORDS OF THE DOINGS OF THE BRUTE CREATION



"Incredible! Preposterous!"



Ernest Thompson Seton

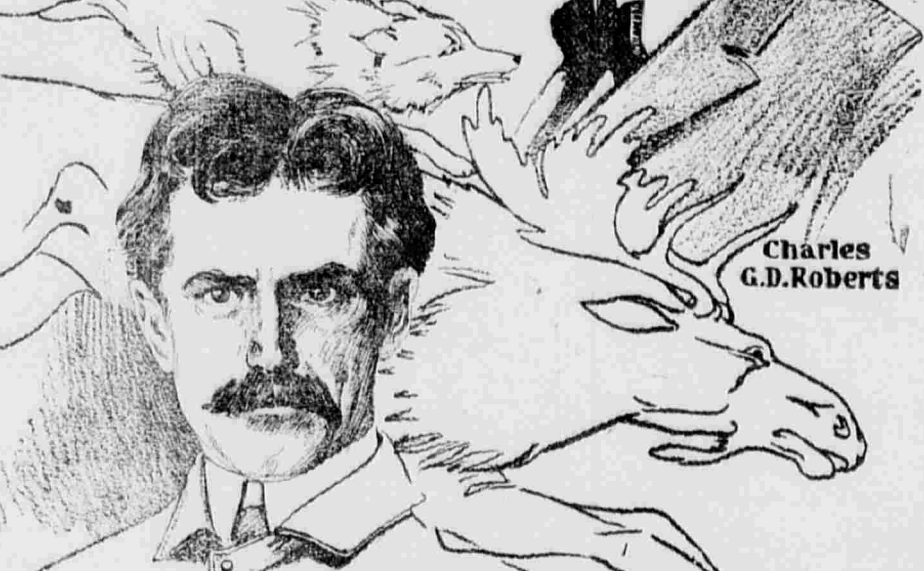
Jack London



Charles G.D. Roberts



Rev. William J. Long



I HAVE never published anything regarding the ways of a bird or of an animal which I have not confirmed myself or which has not been confirmed by a hunter or guide whose statements are entirely to be depended upon. I have often been obliged to wait years for verification, and in my notebooks I have recorded many observations which I have not dared to print because I had not fully confirmed them.

These words were spoken by Dr. William J. Long four years ago. Apropos of President Roosevelt's recent arraignment of this naturalist in a magazine, charging him with "drawing the long bow," mixing fiction and the facts of nature with little regard for the latter, it is evident that the president is not the first doubter who has had the courage to profess skepticism in regard to the marvelous tales related in the nature study books. It is evident also that Dr. Long has been on the defensive for a number of years.

It is true that most of us accept records of animal intelligence with the most childlike faith. Acts that seem well nigh impossible under the full operation of the reasoning power appear to be highly probable when referred to instinct. When we say of a horse or a dog or a trained seal, "He knows more than some human beings," we mean it, and there is a popular and rather uncanny belief that in very many ways dumb animals are wiser than men. We do not even take the trouble to particularize. We do not say, "Some dumb animals are wiser than some men." For all we care, it may stand, "All other animals are wiser in very many respects than man."

An Eminent Skeptic.

Now and then, of course, some champion of human superior intelligence rebels and lifts up his voice in protest. Mr. Roosevelt has furnished the latest example of courageous dissent, and his publicly avowed unbelief has done great violence to the teaching of the professional naturalists. With his customary impetuosity and disregard for obstacles the president did not clothe his criticism in diplomatic language. With a reckless outspokenness in regard to what might be termed the "defensive aggressiveness" of a flouted

man of science he declared without reservation in Everybody's Magazine: "William J. Long is perhaps the worst of these nature writing offenders. It is his stories, I am told, that have been put, in part, into many of the public schools of the country in order that from them the children may get the truths of wild animal life. The preservation of the useful and beautiful animal and bird life of the country depends largely upon creating an interest in the life of the woods and fields. If the child mind is fed with stories that are false to nature the children will go to the hamper of the animal only to meet with disappointment."

This is language to be understood of the people, but to make it even less subject to misinterpretation the president cited specific instances of lack of discrimination between fiction and the facts of nature. He named several popular writers of nature literature, among them Jack London, Professor Charles G. D. Roberts and the interesting Ernest Thompson Seton himself.

An Able Apologist.

Every one of these lights in popular scientific research was fully capable of defending himself. Untilted they formed a battery of scientific fact that would have annihilated a less heroic enemy. As was fit and to be expected, since he had most at stake in the matter, the president having singled him out as premier offender, Dr. Long was first to break the awful silence that fell upon mankind when the executive thunderbolt became operative. It was the naturalist's opportunity, and he has acquitted himself in a manner that must commend the claims of his fellow scientists even though the wild creatures of whom he is the eloquent champion cannot tender him a vote of thanks.

It must be admitted that Dr. Long makes an exceedingly forcible rejoinder. With all the preparedness of one "who knoweth whereof he proceeds" without reservation to say things that go far toward establishing his own sincerity and toward making it possible to believe that the president is far more of a hunter pure and simple than a naturalist of any special distinction. Unless Mr. Roosevelt should be prepared to supplement his attack with

some incontrovertible "last word" there is danger that his skepticism will not become contagious. The professional naturalist seems to be surer of his ground. Of Irish extraction himself, Dr. Long's defense is instinct with true Milesian aptness of rejoinder. Hear him:

"I am a gentle mollycoddle who can't bear the sight of suffering in beast or man. I go about with a pencil and a notebook instead of a rifle. But I have seen in the forest gentle tempered animals whom it was not wise to rouse by unfair attack. I have been an inoffensive person going about my own business. The president has broken out against me, a private person, with an unprovoked and a vicious attack upon my honor. I will not endure it. I will fight him on this issue until he is whipped. Mollycoddle that I am, no man shall give me the lie. He has stepped down from his high position to fire his shot, and having fired it he hurries back to the refuge of his office. But I propose to smoke Mr. Roosevelt out. He has given me the right to do it. He has made it incumbent on me to do it. And I expect to do it."

Now to the Point.

That is the doctor's preamble. Having launched it, he proceeds to pay his respects to his eminent critic in this radical fashion:

"The idea of Mr. Roosevelt assuming the part of a naturalist is absurd. He is a hunter. He knows little or nothing concerning the beasts he hunts except how they try to escape death. He knows the outside of the animal; he

collects their heads and hides and measures their interior proportions. Who is he to write, I don't believe for a minute that some of these nature writers know the heart of the wild things? As to that, I find after carefully reading two of his big books that every time Mr. Roosevelt gets near the heart of a wild thing he invariably puts a bullet through it. From his own records I have reckoned a full thousand hearts which he has known thus intimately. In one chapter alone I find that he violently gained knowledge of eleven noble elk hearts in a few days, and he tells us that this was 'a type of many such hunts.' In others he says he has been much more successful and often far exceeded these figures. Mr. Roosevelt certainly knows the hearts of the wild things. One nature writer whom he condemns has watched and followed animals for years, thinking that he could understand these wild hearts better if he left them beating warmly under their own soft skins, and he still perversely clings to his delusion.

"Mr. Roosevelt never gets near enough to animals of the forest to get it considerable weight. It is precisely the kind of talk that is best

watch my friends from a point perhaps twenty or thirty yards away. I have been so close to wild animals that I could be and watch their eyelids lift and fall. He has his horses and his dogs. What chance has he of getting near them in their native unconsciousness? I go alone into the woods and steal silently after animals, never killing except in need of food, and then with a heartache. Thus I spend months of each year in the solitude. I have had the good fortune to learn many things about the animals that had not been reported before. I couldn't help learning many things. I have discovered the individuality of animals and observed traits that had not been recognized before. I am only one of many men who will soon be doing the same thing—going out and getting acquainted with wild nature and learning how closely it is connected with human nature."

Fun For Everybody.

This is highly entertaining indeed and seems to be based on fact sufficient to give it considerable weight. It is precisely the kind of talk that is best

calculated to convince the world that Dr. Long, after his own treacherous fashion, is capable of maintaining his side of the argument. It is also the species of defense that adds generously to the enjoyment of the general public. Moreover, it is not at all unlikely that its unconscious humor is recognized and appreciated even by the victim himself. The Kaiser now declares that he has never been caught but mightily tickled over "Hoch der Kaiser," and the president is quite as fond of a joke as is the German emperor.

Dr. Long does not complain of the president's incredulity. He even confesses that he has shared it on various occasions. He says:

"I was myself incredulous about jumping trout. You know you often see fishing pictures in which the trout is represented as leaping out of the water. Now I knew of no evidence that the trout had this habit. I had

fished in half the trout streams from Labrador down to the south coast of Connecticut, and I had never seen a trout jump. Bass and salmon, yes; trout never. But one day I was canoeing through a Maine swamp and I observed that we were passing over the channel of a cool, clear stream. My guide laughed at me, but I began to whip the water. Sure enough trout began to rise. I took twenty within a very short while, and of the twenty eleven jumped."

The doctor admits that he tells some wonderful stories, but he is careful to point out the fact that one may do that without becoming at the same time an incorrigible liar.

"It is true," he says, "that I tell some stories about wild animals that are surprising. I dare say there are thousands of still more surprising things I have not seen and do not tell. There are many incidents in my notebooks which I should not care to publish. I saw them. There is no mistake about them. But they would seem so extraordinary to the average reader that I prefer to wait until I have the corroborating testimony of another observer. It is constantly happening that these extraordinary stories are 'released,' so to speak, by the circumstance that a friend sees the same or a very similar incident."

A Final Thrust.

After answering each one of Mr. Roosevelt's specific charges in detail, giving whatever corroborative proof he has at hand, the aggrieved naturalist clinches his clever and very readable "apologia pro vita sua" as follows:

"It is a beautiful morning," said the Englishman. 'It is a heavenly morning. Come, let us go out and kill something.' That is the idea of Mr. Roosevelt, and that is the idea of the entertaining of which makes impossible the understanding of such work as I am trying to do. If it is charged that I do not understand nature as Mr. Roosevelt does, I stand up and plead guilty; yes, guilty in every page, every paragraph, every sentence. If my little books have done anything to undo the spirit of this man's work and make it regrettable, I am well content to have written them. Indeed, the fact that they have shown, by contrast, not by criticism, the crudeness of his primitive views and have helped to bring a new spirit of gentleness and sympathy into our study of animal life is perhaps the chief reason for his antagonism."

BENJAMIN STILLSON.

The Man Who Wrote "My Country, 'Tis of Thee;" Movement to Convert His Home Into a Memorial

IT will be seventy-five years on the Fourth of July next since the hymn beginning "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and generally known as "America," was first sung. It is now nearly a dozen years since its author, the Rev. Dr. Samuel Francis Smith, was gathered to his fathers. "America" is commonly regarded as the national hymn of the republic, the beautiful composition by Francis Scott Key called "The Star Spangled Banner" being ranked as our national anthem. The latter is not of a sacred character, and the two compositions perhaps enjoy in their different fields about equal popularity. Not long ago a movement was started to preserve the old home of the author of "America" at Newton Center, Mass., and to make it a shrine where souvenirs connected with the poet whose words have so often stirred patriotic emotions may be gathered and viewed by coming generations.

Dr. Smith's widow survived him several years. Now that she is gone the members of the family who remain would like to see the house which sheltered the gentle poet and divine become the property of a society pledged to maintain it whatever may happen to his descendants. An association has been formed with this end in view, and many subscriptions to the project have already been obtained. The house contains many things which are interesting from their associations with its former owner and many rare specimens which Dr. Smith collected in the course of his extensive travels in foreign lands.

Newton Center was Dr. Smith's home for forty years, though he was often absent from it on his journeys in the interest of Christian missions, and when he returned from these travels to the modest but comfortable appearing house, with its ample and well kept grounds—a typical New England home—his heart seemed to glow with patriotic emotion which often found vent in verse. Dr. Smith was a lover of nature, as might be known from his "America" and other hymns and poems. I have his rocks and rills. The woods and temples hills. The presence of a man whose heart did indeed with nature thrill at thought of the scenery of his native land, beautiful in itself and rendered doubly dear by association with grand and inspiring ideals of life. The house at Newton Center is a frame dwelling

surrounded by trees and a broad lawn. Dr. Smith filled it with objects of artistic and historic value brought from India, China, Ceylon, Burma and from many countries of Europe.

Not far away is the church over which the poet was once settled as pastor. He held but two pastorates, and this was his second. His first was the Baptist church at Waterville, Me. He was a pastor there for eight years and was at the same time a professor of ancient languages at what is now Colby university. He was for some years editor of the Christian Review and for fifteen years had charge of the publications of the Baptist Missionary union. It was in this way that he came to travel so extensively, his tastes as a

student and his work in the spread of the gospel being in harmony. As a scholar, his attainments were really wonderful. He acquired a familiarity with no less than fifteen languages. Even as a boy at the Latin school in Boston he committed to memory all the "Eclogues" of Virgil and odes of Horace in Latin and the odes of Anacreon in Greek. Later at Harvard he was

But he shouted a song for the brave and just read on his medal, "My Country, of Thee."

It was in Boston in the year 1808 that Dr. Smith was born, and he died at the ripe old age of eighty-seven in the house at Newton Center which was for so many years his home, sur-

rounding the lines or at the time when the fresh young voices of the children sang them on the nation's birthday that the song would immortalize his name.

As a poem the hymn "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," is considered one of the most beautiful in the patriotic literature of any nation. Its author was a man of unusual poetic facility, and

mirable type of the New England patriotic citizenship which has done so much to make the republic what it is.

Dr. Smith published several works, both in prose and verse. One of the latest is his book describing his visits to missionary stations in foreign lands. Shortly after his death a movement was started for the purchase and

Smith. The president of the association which will be charged with the duty of preserving the poet's home is the Hon. J. R. Leeson and the secretary, to whom contributions may be sent, is D. C. Heath, 120 Boylston street, Boston. It is hoped that a great many small contributions may be made, those of 25 cents being especially requested, so that the movement may meet with success through the help of liberty lovers the country over. In no way could the patriotic services of the author of "America" be more fittingly commemorated than by thus maintaining for visitation by generations to come the edifice which is inseparably linked with his long life of Christian work and patriotic achievement.

EDWARD HALE BRUSH.

LAKES ONCE SEAS.

The Great Salt Lake, it has just been discovered, is gradually drying up, and the inhabitants of Salt Lake City seem quite surprised.

They ought not to be. All salt lakes owe their salinity to the fact of their having no outlet, and a lake without an outlet is a dying lake. Nor is death usually long delayed, speaking geologically. Lakes Koko Nor and Lob Nor were undoubtedly extensive inland seas not so very many decades ago, yet Sven Hedin found them the other day reduced to mere acid puddles set in the midst of well nigh limitless salt deserts that once were their beds.

The terrible Taklamakan desert, too, in which Hedin nearly died of thirst, was once the bed of just such a lake. So also were the salt deserts of Persia. Northern Tibet is studded with salt lakes in process of desiccation. The Aral and the Caspian seas were at one time far more extensive than is now the case, proving that they, too, are undergoing the inevitable process of desiccation to which all such bodies of water are sooner or later invariably subjected.

So that, as a matter of fact, the early Australian pioneers were not so very far out in their reckoning when they imagined that the greater part of the unknown interior of the island continent was occupied by an inland sea, into which discharged the waxy rivers that, like the Murray and the Darling, flowed away from the outer ocean instead of toward it. They were a few centuries too late, that was all.

of the wettest in the southwestern counties of Devon and Cornwall.

Washington is practically the only capital city in the world which has no slums. Berlin has none of the squalid areas which disgrace London.

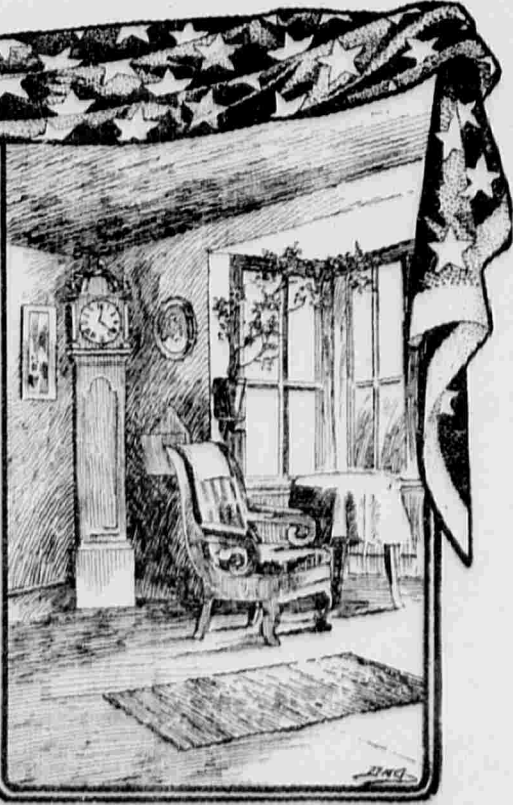
Holland has 10,240 windmills, which exercise an aggregate power equal to that of 52,200 horses. The area drained by each mill is on an average of 210 acres.



OLD SMITH HOMESTEAD AT NEWTON CENTER, MASS.



DR. SAMUEL F. SMITH.



HALL OF SMITH HOUSE.

and this was his second. His first was the Baptist church at Waterville, Me. He was a pastor there for eight years and was at the same time a professor of ancient languages at what is now Colby university. He was for some years editor of the Christian Review and for fifteen years had charge of the publications of the Baptist Missionary union. It was in this way that he came to travel so extensively, his tastes as a

noted for his scholarship. He was in the same class at Harvard with Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, that of 1829, and it was at one of the reunions of this class that the author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" referred to him in the lines:

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith, Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith.

living his classmate Holmes by a year. After leaving Harvard, Dr. Smith studied at the Andover Theological seminary, and it was while there, in February, 1832, that he composed "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." It was a child's celebration of the Fourth of July that same year in the old Park Street church, Boston, that afforded the occasion for the singing of the hymn for the first time in public. Little did

many of his writings besides the hymn "America" have been set to music. One of the best known of these is the missionary hymn "The Morning Light is Breaking," which has thrilled so many religious assemblies and aroused them to action in behalf of the millions still dwelling in the darkness of heathendom. He wrote many poems on patriotic subjects besides "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" and was an ad-

preservation of his home, but it was decided that so long as his widow lived and occupied the house it would not be best to press a plan for its conveyance to a patriotic society. Recently the matter was again taken up and an association to carry out the objects of the movement was formed. The success thus far achieved is due largely to the labors of Isaac H. Carter of Newtonville, an old friend of Dr.

HERE AND THERE.

Dulse is more frequently eaten than any other seaweed. It is usually dried and eaten raw. In the Mediterranean, where the plant is common, it is cooked and is a chief ingredient in the famous St. Patrick's soup.

By a recent edict the cultivation of opium in China must cease entirely by

duced by one-tenth each year, and all those still using opium in 1917 will be banished.

A Japanese is liable to military service at the age of seventeen, but he is not enrolled until he is twenty, except in time of war.

The people of Great Britain receive

money which they have invested abroad.

The first iron wire was made at Nuremberg in 1331.

The hours of labor are longest in Germany, next in France, next in the United States and shortest in England.

While the birth rate in England and Scotland is falling, in Ireland the birth rate is slightly increasing.

that sponges are found occasionally on English coasts. There are several sorts. They are often found on the lower timbers of old ships.

The Simpson tunnel has cut the length of the journey from Paris to Milan by an hour and a half.

Of the population of the Transvaal only 22 in 100 are white people.

A vessel's tonnage is found thus:

in feet by the length of the midship beam, and that result by the depth. Divide the product by 24.

There are 500,000 railway servants in Great Britain. Their average wages are \$6.25 a week.

The output of Transvaal gold at present averages over \$10,000,000 per month.

Law terms in England and Ireland

animals: in Scotland they are Candelmas, Whitsun, Lammas and Martinmas.

In Britain 28,549 persons make stockings for themselves and their foreign customers.

Gladstone's home rule bill was rejected by the commons by 343 to 313 votes.

While March is one of the driest months in the west of England it is only