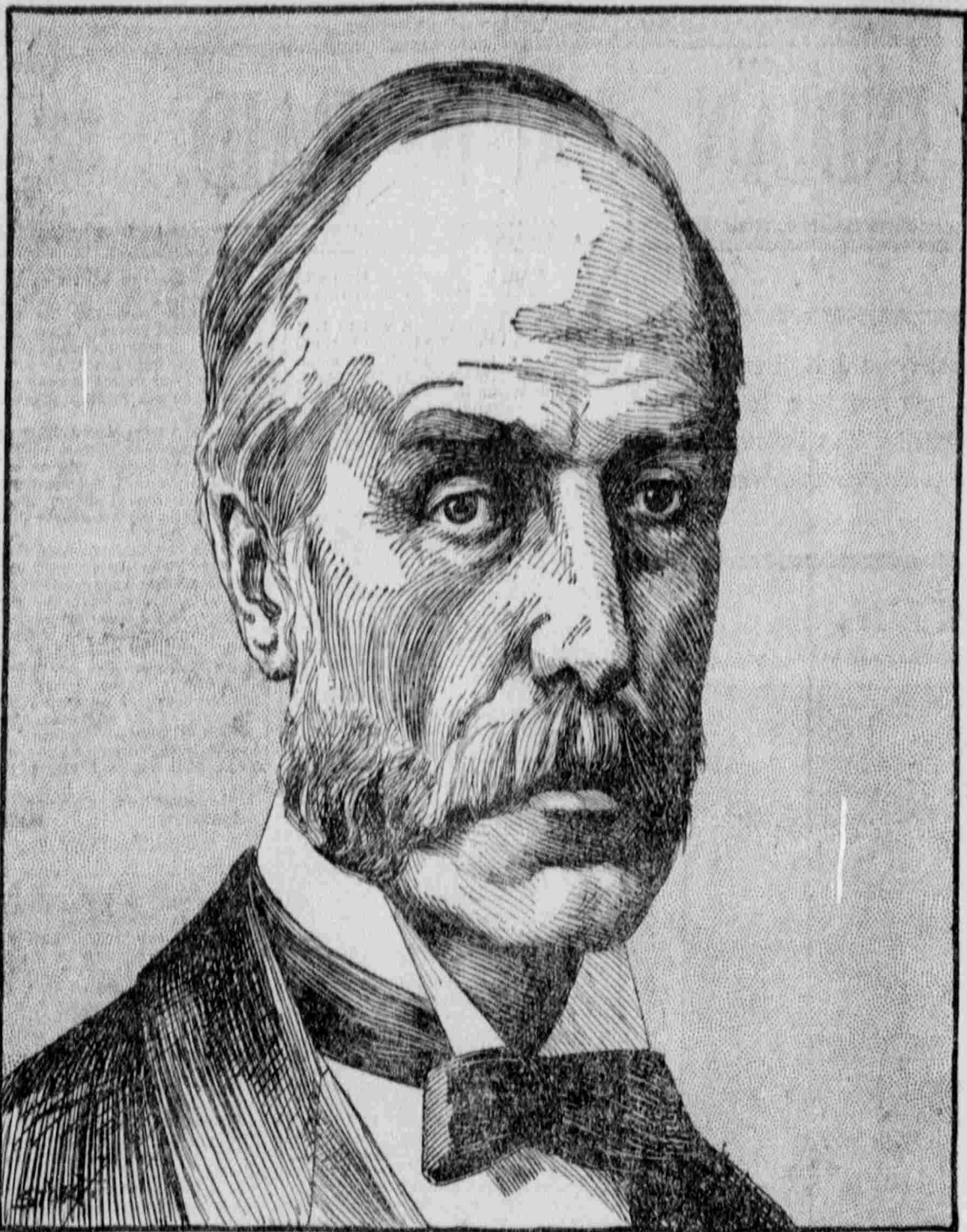


PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH, GRAND OLD MAN OF CANADA.



PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH.

ALTHOUGH Professor Goldwin Smith has been a resident of Toronto for thirty years, it is by no means certain that his status is exactly settled in the Canadian mind. He is sometimes alluded to as "Canada's grand old man," and, again, as England's foremost writer of vigorous prose, and, still again, as that "hybrid Anglo-Yankee-Canadian" who settled in our midst to teach us his ideas of what we ought to do. In point of fact, there exists a great variety of opinion as to what Goldwin Smith is, was or at present stands for, and there are those who assert that he does not know himself. But his friends and admirers, of whom there is a host on both sides of the Atlantic, not only claim that he knows his own mind, but that he is sufficiently sure of himself to feel warranted in his persistent attempts to teach others the way they ought to go. He certainly has not lacked the courage of his opinions.

Born in Reading, England, Aug. 13, 1823, Goldwin Smith still retains his wonderful mental grasp of affairs, his physical vigor and his disposition to show mankind their errors and hold up to them their failures, both as individuals and collectively as bodies politic.

Educated at Eton and Oxford and graduating from the university in 1845, Goldwin Smith was admitted to the bar, but never practiced. He was regius professor at Oxford from 1858 to 1866. While at Oxford he was chosen as special tutor in history of the then Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII. of England, for whom he has always professed a warm admiration. In 1861 he made his first visit to America on a lecturing tour through the States. An enthusiastic reception was accorded him. Returning to England with the degree of LL. D., bestowed by Brown university, he resumed his chair at Oxford, but two years later yielded to his inclination to ally himself with the great and growing nation across the Atlantic and came to this country again in 1863 to accept the chair of English and constitutional history at Cornell University. In 1871 he exchanged his chair at Cornell for that of a nonresident professor at that institution.

Although an Englishman to the core, with all an Englishman's love for native land and country life and reverence for certain British institutions, yet Professor Smith was iconoclastic as to certain others, and he expatriated himself of his own volition. Unlike that other "grand old man," Gladstone, who rose to eminence despite the oppressive traditions and institutions of his native island and never left it save for a brief trip abroad, Goldwin Smith could not breathe freely an atmosphere vitiated by monarchical exhalations. He was too loyal a "Britisher" to desire the destruction of a fabric in which were interwoven so many dynastic ideas deterrent of progress and too pronounced in his views to continue to reside beneath a flag which typified and symbolized them all. So he came to America to inhale the air of freedom; but, finding it altogether too rarefied for his British lungs, he compromised with himself, and took up with his opinions, and took up his residence in Canada. There for the past thirty years Goldwin Smith has continued to reside, a Canadian in name only, a pronounced "Britisher" in his views of things and an American in his admiration of our "institutions," though apparently much against his will.

While, superficially viewed, Goldwin Smith is a paradox and a contrariety, to those who have studied his writings and heeded his monitions he is consistent and true, for while at times he may be influenced by the prejudices naturally consequent upon his insular birth and education, as a profound student of history he judges the world and its doings from the remote standpoint of the cosmic observer. With vision clarified by a long continued survey of events, he reasons from fundamental facts and "applies the principle of historical development—the progress of mankind through the efforts of individuals—to present day politics. To understand his conception of history is to understand to a degree his position toward the events of his times." True as the needle to the pole as to his convictions, yet those convictions are sometimes as a rock in the path of the individual and cause him to stumble. The laws of cause and effect, unvarying, immutable, may be applied with perfect safety to an impersonal proposition, but when they reach the individual that individual is liable to squirm and to protest.

It is this tendency to speak out that which is in him and to enter his protest in advance of most other men that has made him so unpopular with the masses, as, for instance, in Canada in advocating annexation. They are prone to look upon him in Canada as a "charismatic Rhadamathus" seeking to thrust his opinion upon what he believes is inevitable in the cause of national development, that Canada will ultimately merge her national existence with that of the United States. The chief trouble is, apparently, that the ripest minds in Canada are evidently of the same opinion, though far from willing to admit it. On the part of the United States, he admits, there is no strong desire for annexation, but the inevitable is bound to happen, and so what's the use of combating it? At the same time he has always denounced the selfishness of American aggression, and in his famous speech ten years ago on "Jingoism," for instance, he said: "It seems that nothing can confound the specter of American aggression. We were told the other day that we were lying under the colossal shadow of a rapacious neighbor whose greedy maw was gaping to devour us. Colossal our neighbor had a vast and victorious army; they had also a great fleet; yet they showed no disposition to attack us."

Such language is not calculated to make friends with the Canadian extremists, neither are his remarks anent England's imperialism in the nature of balm for previous wounds inflicted by his rapier, for he believes and says that her colonies should be left to work out their own salvation without interference or intervention of any sort. The so-called imperial chain of colonies, he declares, is but "a rope of sand that sooner or later will fall apart and leave the mother country without a friend."

Taking wide flights in his studies and sweeping the world's horizon in his researches, Goldwin Smith cannot but treat of sociological subjects, and, as every one knows, these are like fire and tow to many individuals. Neither has he steered with too much care between the Scylla and Charybdis of religious topics, for he has taken a bold stand and assumed an undaunted front, hewing to the line as he finds it, regardless of whom the chips shall strike. Yet, again, in his essays on social questions like anarchism, communism and socialism his analyses of their underlying qualities are revelations to even the closest student, though their conclusions are not always in harmony with the opinions of the majority. "The ostentatious rich," he maintains, "belong to the dangerous class as truly as the bomb throwers."

With it all, however, Goldwin Smith believes in "equality," rightly construed, and in the ultimate triumph of the orderly progression of events. So this man makes for ultimate righteousness, whatever dissension he may cause in passing. When he shall have left this mundane sphere, it will be the better for his having lived and worked in it. Although known as a thorough cosmopolitan in the best senses, Professor Smith is not a globe trotter. He lives quietly in an ivy walled, old time house, said to be the first ever built in Toronto and called the Grange, set back from noise and traffic amid the giant trees of a beautiful park. Here, except for a brief season in midwinter at Lakewood, N. J., or in some more southern resort, he passes his time in study with due modicum of rest and recreation. Canada may not love him altogether, but she is proud of him.

The Grange, which forms so fit an environment for a man of studious habits, came to Professor Smith with his wife, who was Mrs. Harriet Boulton, daughter of Thomas Dixon of Boston. He was married to her in 1875. House and grounds are bits of old England transported to Toronto, and within the former are many tokens of the artistic and literary tastes of its occupants. A large library, of course, forms the chief furnishing of the author's spacious study, the rooms are filled with antique mahogany furniture and the walls are adorned with portraits of Professor Smith's friends, who comprise most of England's worthies of the past half century.

While he has retired from active participation in affairs political and literary, Goldwin Smith has not ceased to use his pen and still writes articles for papers and magazines with all his old time vigor. Consistent to the last, he has not hesitated to denounce the methods of the United States in the Philippines as well as those of Great Britain in South Africa, yet it is the philosopher who speaks and warns, not the hot tempered partisan. He is and always has been the staunch friend of America, not alone of the United States, but of her northern sister, Canada. It was in 1871 that he edited the Canadian Monthly, founded the Canadian Nation in 1874 and The Bylander in 1880; but, though all have died peaceful deaths long since, he still lectures the public each week through the columns of the Toronto Sun over the pseudonym of Bylander. As this paper has a wide circulation and as he contributes numerous articles to the best magazines in the United States and England, Goldwin Smith's opinions are well known. As the author of twenty-eight books, first and last and all the time representative of the highest standards of our literature, especially those treating of social and political problems, Professor Goldwin Smith is acknowledged to be surpassed by any other modern historian of his class. He is a survival of a past age of scholarly erudition and is respected by all who admire original achievement and intellectual attainments of the highest order.

ELBERT O. WOODSON.

FREEMASONRY IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

Among the Boers there are hundreds of Freemasons, and not a few of them belong to English lodges. "It is a well known fact out here," writes a British trooper from Middelburg, "that if a soldier who is a Mason happens to be made prisoner by the Boers he is treated much better than his non-Masonic confreres."



"One particular case," he says, "was of an officer of the Imperial Yeomanry who was captured in the Orange River Colony. He has been trekking a prisoner with his man for many days when in some mysterious way he offered him his freedom. He intimated to the Boer commandant that he was a Mason. From that day until the prisoners arrived near the Natal border every possible kindness was shown him. On arriving near a British camp the commandant came to him one evening and offered him his freedom, also a horse and Cape cart, with a guide, if he wished to escape under cover of the darkness. This, however, the officer refused, saying that he would not use his Masonry for such a purpose and preferred rather to stay with his men."

"Almost all the old Transvaal government officials are Masons, and even away in the wildest parts of the veldt each little village has its Masonic lodge."

PROOF POSITIVE.

A certain Irish doctor was sued for damages for the death of a valuable horse which he had treated. It was shown that he had administered twelve grains of some powerful drug, and the plaintiff insisted that the dose had caused death. The doctor maintained that he had often given a man eight grains of the drug and that four grains more were not too much for a horse. "Wouldn't twelve grains kill the devil himself if he swallowed them?" asked the judge.

"I don't know, my lord," replied the doctor, "I never had him for my patient."

"That's evidently true, doctor," replied the judge, "for the old boy is alive still!"

FAVORITE HYMN OF RULERS.

Attention has been called to the sympathetic intimacy established between King Edward and the late President McKinley in their private correspondence. It is not generally known that they both publicly acknowledged "Nearer, My God, to Thee," as their favorite hymn, few years ago when prince of Wales his majesty told Mr. Stenard that he liked it best. All the world now knows that the stricken president murmured the familiar line on his death-bed.

THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL TO PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

IT is peculiarly fitting that the national memorial to the late President McKinley should stand in or near the cemetery at Canton, O., which, in accordance with his expressed wish, has been chosen as his last resting place. His remains were placed provisionally in the receiving vault of Westlawn cemetery, near Canton, where at present they lie, guarded by a picked detail of regular troops. It was in Canton that Mr. McKinley gained his first professional laurels. There also he wooed and married the faithful wife who now survives him, and there his highest honors sought him out.

It was in January, 1871, that William McKinley married Miss Ida Saxton, the belle of Canton. Her grandparents a century ago were among the founders of the town, and there the young couple led a life that all who observed it said was both charming and ideal in its beauty and tenderness. Here their only children were born—Katie, whose birth occurred on Christmas day, 1871, and Ida, born in 1873. Both daughters died in early childhood, and the terrible shock of these two deaths in quick succession was a blow that prostrated Mrs. McKinley so completely that she has never really rallied and ever since has been an invalid. Thus a mournful interest attaches to the cemetery containing those two little mounds beneath which are buried the babies whose loss left a lifelong sorrow to William McKinley and his wife.

Mr. McKinley's father and mother are also buried in the same lot, their graves being marked by simple headstones rising above and just behind the children's mounds. William McKinley, Sr., whose strong and sturdy nature his son inherited, died in 1882, and "Mother" McKinley, born Allison, who was the object of her famous son's solicitude to the very last, passed away at Canton in 1897.

Westlawn cemetery, which contains the buried hopes of that sorrowing wife and mother now the object of our nation's tenderest regard, is of itself an attractive spot, seemingly created by nature to excite the noblest sentiments and worthy to be the last resting place of one whose death called forth universal regret. It is not of great extent, containing within the limits of the cemetery proper not more than seventy acres, but its surface is undulating and diversified with magnificent oak trees of the kind so characteristic of that portion of Ohio. The natural landscape features have been judiciously enhanced by careful attention to their environment, and the result is one of the most beautiful spots of its kind in the world.

Overlooking this cemetery and rising from it by a gentle acclivity is a mound

about seventy-five feet high containing some five acres, upon the summit of which it is proposed to erect the memorial tomb of the martyr president. Aside from its contiguity to a spot made sacred by association, it is of itself of surpassing beauty and commands one of the world's finest views, according to those who have visited it and enjoyed the prospect from its crest. Two miles away lies the city of Canton, from which and from the country surrounding to a great distance the memorial monument will be plainly visible. Immediately at its feet is the cemetery, from which it is separated by a stream that ripples over pebbles and glides beneath overhanging trees.

Many memorials to the late President McKinley have been projected in the shape of tablets, busts, statues, windows, churches and designs for new issues of stamps and currency. The first monument already erected is believed to have been one unveiled at Tower, Mich., in November last, and the first memorial window to be completed is that in a church in Cranford, N. J. In fact, all the people of all the states have hastened to testify their appreciation of President McKinley's character by some tangible and permanent tribute to his memory, even faroff Hawaii having started a fund for the erection of a monument in Honolulu. Scarcely was the funeral pageant over before propositions were made for carrying into effect the plans of various citizens and committees.

The initial steps for the erection of the Canton memorial were taken and a call was issued for popular subscriptions to the object in view at a meeting held the third week in September. The McKinley Memorial association, with twenty-five officers and trustees, including Judge William R. Day as president, Marcus A. Hanna as vice president, Myron T. Herrick as treasurer and Ryerson Ritchie as secretary, was organized, with headquarters in Cleveland, O.

It is hoped and expected that the tribute to take the concrete shape of a national memorial will be spontaneous and popular in the widest sense. No large contributions are asked for or expected, but all the people are invited to testify by their offerings, large or small, their respect for the departed executive.

The amount desired for the consummation of this project is placed at \$1,500,000, in order that a memorial shall be erected to surpass anything of similar character on this continent. In addition to this scheme there is another, the William McKinley Memorial Arch association, which purposes to erect a magnificent arch in Washington at the entrance to the great memorial bridge across the Potomac that has been so many years before the public as an eventually depending upon a grant from congress. In deference to the

wishes of the Canton association, the memorial arch committee has agreed to withhold its proposed solicitation for national contributions and instead has determined to appeal to congress for the amount necessary for the carrying out of the project in its entirety.



SITE OF
MCKINLEY
MEMORIAL,
CANTON, OHIO.
IT WILL BE LOCATED ON
THE CREST OF THE HILL.

The sum necessary for the construction of the memorial bridge, together with the arch, is also estimated at \$1,500,000, or possibly \$2,000,000, making a total of \$3,000,000.

It has been known for several years that there was a project for a national memorial bridge across the Potomac at Washington, and in connection with this scheme it was proposed to link the McKinley arch by locating it somewhere on the great plaza that was to form one of its approaches on the capital side of the river. This bridge was designed as a monument to American patriotism, and not only that, but as an embellishment of the national capital. As originally projected and accepted by the war department, it was to be a grand structure, and it is now, under the supervision of Senator McKim, who is chairman of the senate

committee of the District of Columbia, and approved by Colonel Bingham, the superintendent of parks and grounds, Colonel Bingham, it will be remembered, has announced some extensive additions to the White House by which more room may be obtained in that historic mansion, the general effect being enhanced if possible and the original architectural scheme be preserved. It is in line with his work and his suggestions that the memorial bridge has been pushed of late, and he is enthusiastic, as indeed is every one who has the improvement of the capital at heart, for its adoption and completion.

The plan of the capital architects and landscape gardeners contemplates a communication for the whole distance between the east end of Washington and the national cemetery at Arlington.



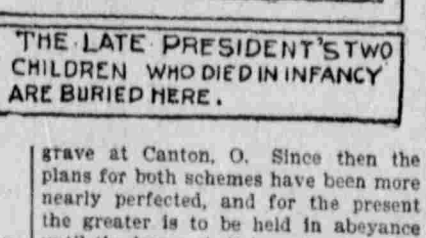
TOMBS OF THE LATE PRESIDENT'S PARENTS.

magnificent avenue running through the Mall from the capital to the Potomac, forming an uninterrupted line of

communication for the whole distance between the east end of Washington and the national cemetery at Arlington.

completed—and round out the plans so long contemplated for the beautifying of the city.

At a mass meeting held for that purpose last October Commissioner MacFarland, president of the McKinley Arch association, declared that there could be no conflict between the proposition to erect a national arch in honor of President McKinley in the national capital and the one to erect a monument to his memory over or near his



THE LATE PRESIDENT'S TWO CHILDREN WHO DIED IN INFANCY ARE BURIED HERE.

that some action may be taken toward erecting a memorial bridge, to be adorned with colossal statues of Lincoln, Grant, Lee, Garfield and perhaps other heroes of our history, the Canton memorial really has a better prospect of completion in the near future, as one appealing more directly to the sympathies of the people and not dependent upon a congressional appropriation.

The real memorials of the great and good are to be found in the hearts of the people. Mere marble cannot perpetuate them, nor can their actual work be gauged by the costly piles erected over their graves. And yet there must be some way in which the popular verdict shall be given permanent expression, and the monument or statue keeps before us the meritorious acts of the departed. It certainly cannot be asserted of this republic of ours that it is ungrateful when so much is done to perpetuate the memories of our great men, especially now that we have acquired wealth as a nation and have leisure to contemplate the virtues of those who exerted a healthful influence during the formative period of our national life.

In proof of the generous disposition of our people look at what has been done by way of perpetuating the memory of our first great president, Washington. A nation's capital, a state and towns innumerable have been named after him, and the great shaft that rises above the Potomac's bank is an ever present reminder of this republic's appreciation of real worth in its grandest form.

Lincoln's beautiful monument is at Springfield, where he, like McKinley at Canton, won more than local renown; Garfield's magnificent mausoleum at Cleveland also marks the adopted home of the one it is intended to commemorate, but the cost of both together will not equal one-third that of the Washington monument or of the projected memorial to President McKinley.

JAMES L. SHANSEY.

SNOW AS A DEFENSE.
Snow is a substance which offers a most surprising resistance to penetration by a rifle bullet, far more, indeed, than wood. Experiments made in Norway have shown that a snow wall four feet thick is absolutely proof against the Norwegian army rifle, which, by the way, is of quite exceptional piercing power, and that at all ranges from fifty yards up to half a mile. This suggests a new means of defense in winter campaigning, and snow is far more easily and quickly handled than earth or sandbags.

POINTS OF ETIQUETTE.
If the king or queen of England sign their name in a visitors' book, it is customary to provide them with a new pen, which is not used by the hosts or the other guests unless it be handed them by the royal visitor. Another small point of etiquette connected with pens and paper is that in writing a letter direct to the British sovereign it should be written on thick white paper, on one side only and should be placed in an envelope large enough to contain the letter unfolded.

CURRENT CONDENSATIONS.

The Paris fire department has recently put into successful operation an electric automobile "hook and ladder" wagon, which completes the organization of the automobile system which the Paris authorities have had in contemplation and with which they have been experimenting for several years. The truck carries six men and the apparatus

first needed at a fire—ladders, ropes and a reel of canvas hose.

Elephants in the Indian army are fed twice a day. When mealtime arrives, they are drawn up before piles of food. Each animal's breakfast includes ten pounds of raw rice done up in five two-pound packages. The rice is wrapped in leaves and then tied with grass. At the

command "Attention!" each elephant raises its trunk, and a package is thrown into its capacious mouth. By this method of feeding not a single grain of rice is wasted.

In Budapest there is a news telephone, and its object is to keep its 6,000 subscribers supplied with all the latest news. The service has a main wire 165 miles in length, and it is connected with private houses and various

public resorts. From 7:30 in the morning until 9:30 in the evening twenty-eight editions of news are spoken into the transmitter by ten men possessing loud, clear voices, working in shifts of two.

Like the Japanese, the Norwegians are very superstitious, and, as in Japan, the forests, the mountains and the gorges are peopled with fairies. Nissen is the good fairy of the farmers. He

looks after the cattle particularly, and if he is well treated they are healthy and the cows give lots of milk. To propitiate him it is necessary to put a dish of porridge on the threshold of the stable on Christmas morning. Whenever the family moves this invisible being goes along with them and sits on the top of the loads.

The Grand Trunk railway of Canada is devoting a good deal of attention to

the restocking of the many lakes of Canada with fish, which to a large extent have been greatly reduced in numbers by injudicious seining. For this purpose a special car has been built for the transportation of live fish.

An annual plant growing in tropical Africa belonging to the leguminous class is largely cultivated by the negroes as a food article. It has also been introduced to some extent in southern

Asia and Brazil. It is called woadseed by the African negroes. The botanical name is Glycyne subterranea. A French expert chemist of ailments has recently analyzed the fruit of the woadseed with reference to its chemical composition and its value as food. The fruit, like the peanut, matures underground. The eatable kernel has the shape of an egg and is dark red, with black stripes and a white blum, like most beans.