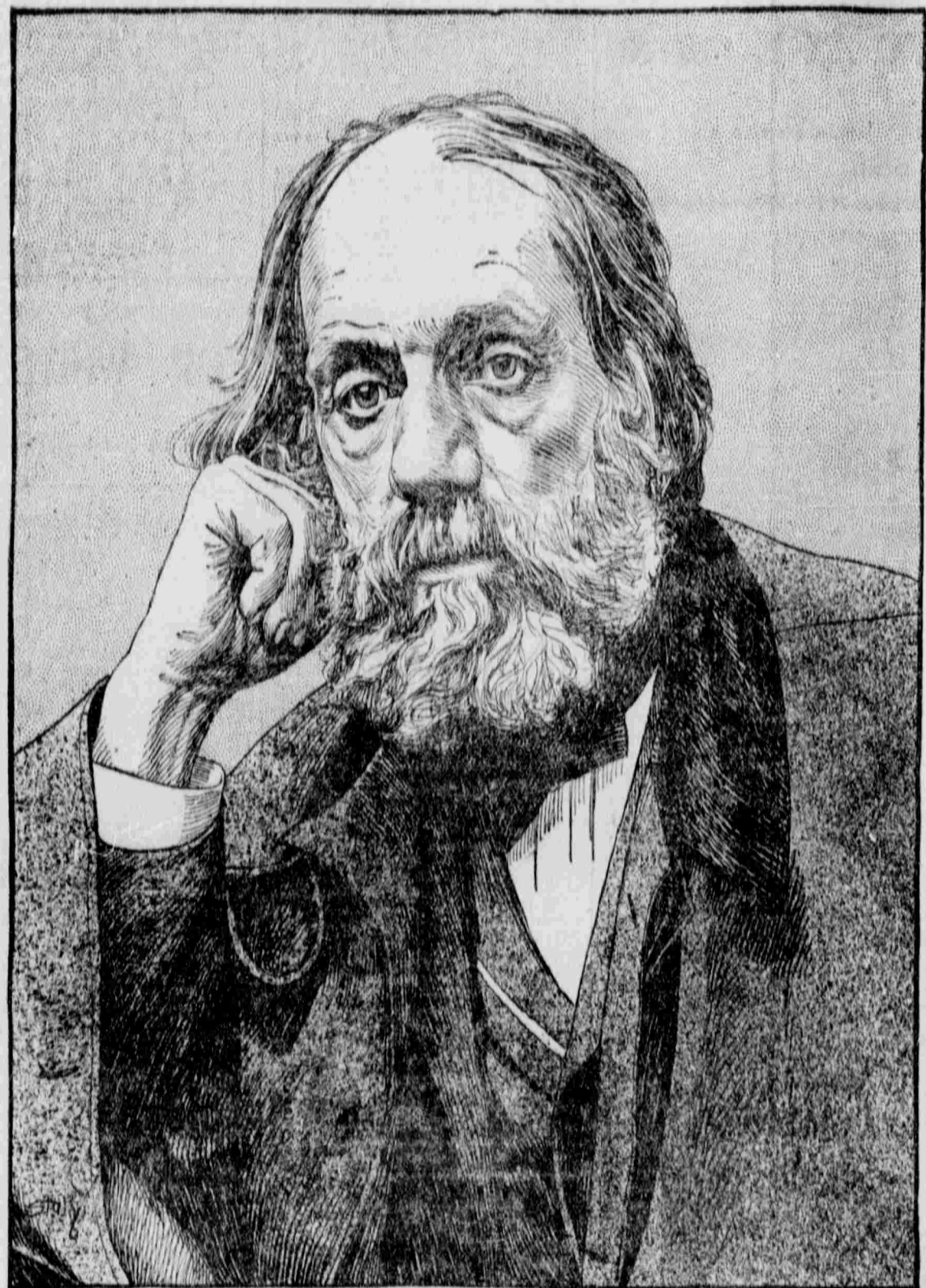


TWO AMERICAN MEN OF LETTERS

Edward Everett Hale, Preacher, Pioneer Short Story Writer, Professor of Americanism, Octogenarian Author.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE, the "greatest living Bostonian," and hence, as residents of the Hub are willing to admit, the greatest living American from many points of view, will have his eightieth birthday celebrated in a manner appropriate and fitting if not in accord with what his native modesty would suggest. Not only in Boston, his birthplace, but all over the Union, there will be a spontaneous, well nigh universal tribute paid to his worth as a man and his genius as an author, humanitarian and preacher of practical righteousness. His eightieth birthday falls due April 3, but preparations are already under way to make the anniversary one to be remembered. The home celebration will occur in the new Symphony hall, Boston, and the character of those having the matter in hand and of those who will participate shows the universality of the animating feeling toward this man who for nearly sixty years has been a preacher of liberal Christianity and for nearly eighty years an exponent of humanitarian principles in the broadest sense. Sectarian and political lines will be temporarily obliterated; men, women

and children of every degree will join in honoring this octogenarian patriarch, whose life has been a blessing to his native commonwealth and a credit to our country. Should it occur to any one to ask what Dr. Hale has done to merit such an outburst of popular enthusiasm, provided there be one not already cognizant of his accomplishments, it would be a more difficult matter to relate what he has not done for the uplifting of humanity and the progress of the race than what he has performed. In the first place, Edward Everett Hale was born in 1822, when this country was a young nation, and, in the second, he aligned himself with the foremost friends of humanity almost as soon as he began thinking for himself, and that was earlier than the average man begins. Born in Boston, receiving his first schooling in its famed Latin school and graduating from Harvard college at the age of seventeen, Edward Everett Hale began life well equipped to take part in its battles. But part of his equipment came to him ready made, as it were, by his birthright in a line of noble ancestry, for he is descended from the best stock of New England and from the purest strain of that stock. His paternity was derived, to go no further back, from John Hale of Beverly, Mass., husband of "Misses Hale," whose flawless character when she was accused of witchcraft in 1692 was in itself a sufficient refutation of the charge and caused the overthrow of that diabolical superstition. The Rev. John Hale, who died in 1790, was a graduate of Harvard and was in 1639 chaplain of a military expedition to Canada. His grandson, Robert, a physician of Beverly, Mass., likewise a Harvard graduate, commanded a regiment in Sir William Pepperell's expedition against Louisbourg in 1745 and served for years on the committee for colonial defense, while John's great-grandson, Nathan Hale, was hanged as a spy by the British in 1776. He was a graduate of Yale, and his statue by MacMonnies in City Hall park, New



EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

York city, stands upon the spot where, according to tradition, he was executed. Edward Everett Hale is a grandnephew of the immortal patriot who declared his only regret to be that he had but one life to give for his country, his father, the second Nathan Hale, being a nephew of the Revolutionary martyr. Edward Everett's father was graduated from Williams college, was trained for life as a lawyer and became an editor when, in 1814, he purchased the Boston Advertiser. He was president of the company that built the first railroad in New England in 1816, and one of the earliest of his since famous son's recollections is said to be the free rides he used to get on that railroad. From the foregoing it will be seen that Boston's "grand old man," as he is frequently called, came honestly by his patriotism, his scholarly tendencies, his predilection for journalism and his interest in public affairs. All these were born in him, and, though we may regret that he was not born later so that he might have opportunity to race with us through this present century, he was born at just the right time. He himself would probably say that every-

manitarian work with less effort than any other person living, and that he has been forcibly suggestive to others. Take, for instance, his book "Ten Times One Is Ten," first published in 1870 which has led to the establishment of the "Lend a Hand" clubs all over the world, with the motto:
Look up and not down;
Look forward and not back;
Look out and not in;
Lend a hand.

Homely words, somewhat disjointed, but words that went right to the heart of youth and, as usual with his words, right at the core of the life best worth living. Such has been his preaching, which, like his story telling, is animated with a high purpose, sometimes too evidently didactic, but always conveying a suggestive moral. Throughout all his books, which number nearly sixty, and almost innumerable magazine and newspaper articles there runs this moral, so evident that all may read and understand: "Plain living and high thinking, love of God and country, are obligatory upon every good citizen."

Removing from Worcester to Boston in 1856, Dr. Hale took charge of the

South Congregational Unitarian church of Boston and continued its active pastorate for forty-three years. He resigned in 1899 and is now its pastor emeritus. Under him that church became such a center of religious and social activity as to attract the world's attention. It need not be more than mentioned that his people—and their name indeed is legion—are attached to the good doctor by the tenderest of ties, and they believe that there is no other like him in the universe. As a religious influence perhaps Dr. Hale's preaching has been less apparent than his example, than his literary and social work; but personally he is the incarnation of faith in good works. He is no doctrinaire who would split hairs upon the edge of dogmatic controversy, and to one he is more likely to dodge a request for his "confession of faith" than to comply with it; but he is a living exemplar of some qualities which many who are more pronounced in their creeds do not possess, or, if they possess, do not exhibit. It is the most significant token of Dr. Hale's catholicity and extreme liberality that men and women of all creeds unite today to do him honor. The keynote of his noble character seems to be sympathy. Possessing humor in an infinite degree, Dr. Hale yet feels keenly the sufferings of humanity and, like all true humanists, is penetrated to the core by the pathos of mere existence. This is shown in his large, inexpressible sadness in his large, dreamy eyes, with their gaze seemingly introspective and self-searching. As to his personal appearance, he is tall and angular in build something on the Abe Lincoln plan, with long, loose limbs, a figure clad in garments that do not at all ways fit and a head crowned when outdoors by a broad brimmed felt hat. He has the same supreme contempt for clothes apparently as was held by the great Carlyle and is just as peculiar in his preferences; but, what is more important, he has a massive head filled with an exceedingly fine quality of brain beneath that old slouch hat, and while "Tummas" Carlyle was a testy

old man in his latter years and always had a pretty good stock of temper on hand for instant use, Dr. Hale is a man of infinite patience and rarely, if ever, breaks forth into explosive. He has often expressed himself—in print—as going to do this and that to the "fools" who come to interview him and deprive him of sleep or opportunity for work, but he never carries out his threats. Work and sleep, by the way, are his hobbies, and he has made them very useful in his long life. Give one plenty of sleep, he says, and the disposition to do work, and there will always be something for that one to do. Nine or ten hours devoted to sleep, three or four to continuous literary work in his hand some old home in Roxbury, the rest of the day and evening to the varied activities incident to his life, such as historical research, lecturing and of yore preaching or pastoral calls—these, with a generous allowance for meals, make up the sum of his day's allotment. If there is a lesson to be learned from his life, it is that work may be made into play by alternating one form with another; that a prodigious quantity of work may be performed by doing a little at a time and keeping at it; that the busier a life is the happier it is, all other things being equal; that human sympathy evokes a corresponding feeling in others; that one's religion requires no other proclamation than a life useful to others; and, above all else, that it "pays" to be patriotic and inculcate a love of country.

In fact, as a preacher of Americanism pure and simple no other man has equaled Edward Everett Hale. He began early in his long life, and he has continued at it late. No one can read his "Man Without a Country" without a tug at his heartstrings or moisture in his eyes and by deduction taking home the moral of the story. And it was pure fiction, all of it. There was no Philip Nolan, there was no man without a country until the master wove his fiction and put forth his cloth of gold. Then, the verisimilitude was so perfect, the diction so simple and beguiling, that all who read the work declared it true. Well, it might have been true, and there is where the moral comes in: That our country is great and grand, worth loving, worth fighting for and worth living in—a truth that Dr. Hale has forged from his inner consciousness and hammered out on the anvil of his discernment. It is a truth that cannot be too often sent home either, and it is the recognition of this truth and the awakened admiration for the man who has enunciated it year in and year out for more than a generation past that give to Edward Everett Hale his national reputation. He cannot travel anywhere in this land, be it north, east, south or west, without encountering some spontaneous outburst, some heartfelt tribute of affection from people, particularly young folks, who have learned to love him through his works.

As already said, Dr. Hale has been identified with almost every forward movement that has shaken America. His earliest companions were Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison and men of their stamp. He lived through the "transcendental" movement when Dana, Hawthorne, Alcott and many others sought a way of living that might lead direct to a blissful state, but he did not diverge from the path he himself saw so clearly before him. He was a friend of Emerson, Webster, Holmes, Lowell, Longfellow, Sumner, Whittier, Freeman Clarke, Phillips Brooks and all the intellectual lights of New England, the chosen companion of many and the peer of them all. Yet he never sought fame or fellowship; both came to him unsought. Dr. Hale, despite the fact that he is almost the "last leaf on the tree" of that great New England coterie, is remarkably vigorous and is today a familiar figure on Boston's streets. He has outlived nearly all his famous contemporaries, one of the last to go being Dr. Holmes, over whom he read the burial service in 1894. Only two years previously, at the banquet and reception tendered by friends on Dr. Hale's seventieth birthday, the witty author of "The One Horse Shay" and other gems, himself then in his eighty-third year, contributed a poem, in which, with his peculiar style, he hit off his "venerable" friend's characteristics. It was entitled—

THE LIVING DYNAMO.
Be sure to heed its lessons while we may;
Look up for light to guide our devious way;
Look forward bravely, look not weakly back;
The past is done with; mind the coming track.
Look in with searching eye and courage stout;
But when temptation comes, look out, look out!
Heaven grant all blessings time and earth can give
To him whose life has taught us how to live.
Till on the golden dial of the sphere
The twentieth century counts its gathering years,
While many a birthday tells its cheerful tale
And the round hundredth shouts: "All hail! All hail!"

The "witty doctor," the ruling passion strong to the last, could not stay his pen from perpetrating a pun; but, this defect aside, the poem is an eloquent tribute to the "professor of Americanism," and all will echo the wish that he may yet celebrate his "round hundredth" birthday, and more—beat all existing records for longevity.

TRUMAN L. ELTON.

HAD EASY HOURS.

Sir John Adey, formerly governor of Gibraltar, always made himself very closely acquainted with the details of the office work carried on in his department. Meeting a person once coming into the office late, the governor asked him what time he was supposed to be on duty.
"Oh," was the reply, "I usually stroll in about 11 or 12 o'clock."
"Stroll in!" said Sir John in a rising tone. "Then I presume you do not leave till late?"
"Well, I usually slip off at 1 o'clock or thereabout."
"Slip off at 1!" exclaimed the veteran in his most earnest tone. "Pray, may I ask what department you belong to?"
"Oh," said the stranger, "I come every Saturday to attend to the office clocks."

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Herpetologist, Neurologist, Toxicologist, Student of Character, Septuagenarian Novelist.

THE success of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's latest novel, "Circumstances," and the announcement that there is soon to be issued in ten volumes a uniform edition of his popular works call attention anew to a prominent figure in the literary world. One of its most conspicuous lights, yet it is well known that he achieved renown in an entirely different field before he became famous as a novelist. Indeed, it would be difficult to arbitrarily classify the learned physician and decide out of hand to what order he should be assigned, for he has won distinction in several professions.

Born Feb. 15, 1829, Dr. Mitchell is now three years past the age generally accepted as that allotted to man, yet is as fresh and apparently as vigorous as ever. In fact, he did not acquire a great reputation as a novelist until after he had turned his fiftieth milestone and had securely based himself upon a professional reputation unique and unassailable. Though he received most of his early education in a grammar school and did not finish his collegiate course, he has since been made LL. D. by Harvard, Princeton and Edinburgh universities, besides being specially honored by medical colleges and scientific societies.

And you see him before you now," replied the patient, smiling; "but I hardly feel that he is qualified to treat my case, though he is sometimes successful with others."

Another story told of his literary aspirations relates to his visit to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes of Boston. Of course the analogy between these two has already forced itself upon the reader—in fact, it is often alluded to. Dr. Mitchell went to Dr. Holmes many years ago, taking with him a collection of poems which he wished to publish. As a friend of his father and really desirous of success for the young literary aspirant, Dr. Holmes gravely advised him to put aside all thought of writing, either fictional prose or poetry, until he should have made his reputation as a medical man. How literally Dr. Mitchell followed this wholesome advice is shown by his great career, first as a specialist in nervous diseases and finally as a successful writer of both prose and poetry.

To one who understands there is nothing wonderful in the apparent transition from a pathological specialist to an author of successful fiction. As an analyst of diseases, dissector of serpents, inquirer into obscure pathological processes, Dr. Mitchell became an

expert. He merely used the same faculties in analyzing the mental processes in dissecting the living human being, one might say—but he had exercised in his pathological work. Then came into play his skill as a synthesist, and from the material he had gathered, the people he had "skeltonized," he built up anew the folk of fictional creation. He always went about, many have declared, with an eye to utilizing real people in his literary work. So it will at once appear as not by any means strange that he should have passed from physical to literary synthesis. He was only using the art of the builder; but that had to be inborn—the literary art. The faculties of observation, of analysis, of keen perception that go to make such a magician of the pen as Dr. Mitchell are the result of self training and introspection.

Dr. Holmes was right. By subordinating his literary aspirations to the work for which he was manifestly created, Dr. Mitchell finally turned aside from a medical practice of from \$75,000 to \$100,000 a year and achieved another reputation with his pen. Not everybody can do that; very few, in fact, can do it; but he did, and today his readers are numbered probably by the million. It is too late now for an analysis of his works or even a superficial criticism, for they have long since run the gamut of criticism and emerged triumphant.

It has frequently occurred that the writer whom the public regards as a beginner, merely because it had not known him before, had been writing for years, and so it was with Dr. Mitchell. He began writing many years ago not only his scientific treatises, which number more than 100, but also fictional sketches for children, such as "The Wonderful Stories of Fuz-Buz, the Fly and Mother Graben the Spider." Graduating from that class, he brought out in 1889 his "Hepzibah Guinness," followed by a volume nearly every year, until the great success of his life, "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker," which, appearing in 1897, at once established his reputation. In 1899 came "The Adventures of Francols," another success, which was dramatized by his talented son, Iqvardon Mitchell, and placed upon

the stage the following year. His poem "The Masque" was dramatized twelve years ago and under the name of "The Miser" was performed by Wilson Barrett.

In the preparation of his novels Dr. Mitchell has exercised the same care as in the preliminary work of his scientific articles, and his pictures of the times depicted are said to be faithful in every respect. As to his genius there is no question but whether he will rank with the greatest personally as a tall man, muscular—even athletic—with a colossal head and most impressive face. He believes in outdoor life and is a lover of nature, like most long lived men. A native of Philadelphia, his address has always been in a certain fine old house in Walnut street, where he has a beautiful home and a well stocked library. He and his family spend their summers on the coast of Maine, where in the morning hours of summer most of the author's literary work is done. It is said that, though he may have been many years collecting and collating the material for his novel "Hugh Wynne," he was less than two months putting the story in shape for publication. Dr. Mitchell is still hard at work writing short stories and books, one of the

former appearing in one of this month's magazines. If he lives out the years that seem now to be in store for him, he may have a list of works equal to that of any American author of the higher class.

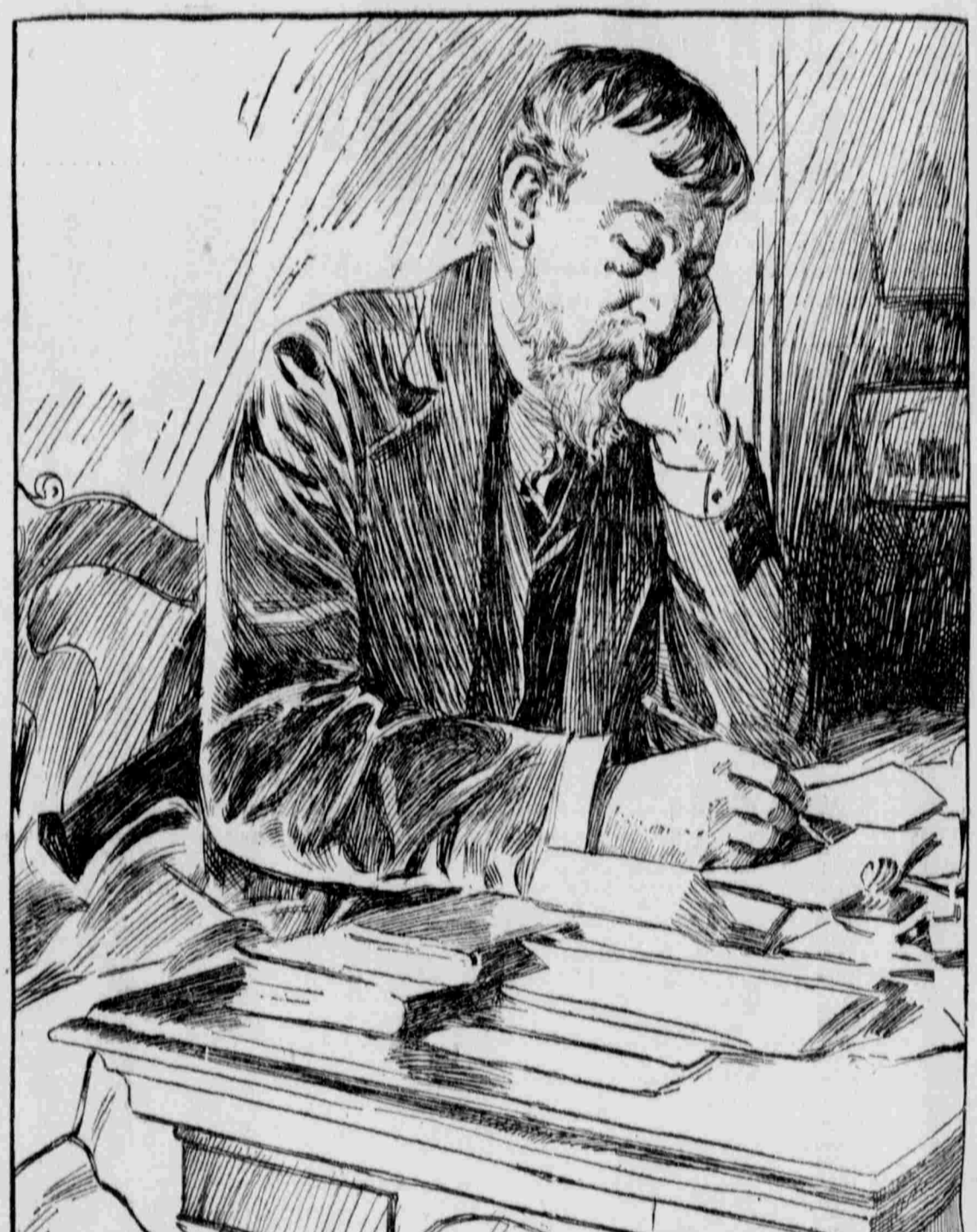
WALLACE O. WILCOXSON.

CAPTAIN'S FINE RECORD.
One of the most popular of the transatlantic captains was Horatio McKay of the Lucania, who recently retired from active duty after forty years' service on the bosom of the Atlantic. Captain McKay has crossed the Atlantic over 850 times. Altogether he has traversed a distance of 2,550,000 miles on the deck of a steamer.

Few captains, too, have risen so rapidly in their profession as Captain McKay. He entered the Cunard company's service forty years ago. After six years' service he was made a captain of a small ship and commanded at various times the Unbrla, Serbia and Oregon. When the genial skipper told the writer of the very great number of times he had crossed the ocean, it was remembered that he must know every foot of water and every fog bank between Liverpool and New York. "Yes," he replied, "but for all that I don't believe I could distinguish one from the other."

In his early days he thought it a great matter when he carried 140 persons on one voyage. Now the passengers and crew of a modern "greyhound" number 1,000 souls. The vessels themselves cost from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000 to build. It is no light task to pilot such a ship across the three thousand odd miles of water that separates the two great continents. Fogs, fires, derelicts, icebergs and collisions are dangers that beset the mariner in summer and in winter.

REMARKABLE PAINTER.
It is remarkable that Veschagin, the Russian painter of battle scenes, should do such capable work when one remembers how terribly his right hand has suffered. A leopard bit off the thumb, while a rifle ball struck the middle finger during a battle, and the rest of the fingers were very badly smashed in a sled accident.



DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL IN HIS STUDY.

TABLOID INFORMATION.

Letters reaching Marseilles from Algiers state that the excavations carried out at Timagad on the site of the ancient Thamugad have brought to light a veritable Algerian Pompeii. The boundaries of the ancient city have now been laid bare on three sides. The tent in which the dwager emperor of China travels is made of yellow silk, copiously embroidered in silver

and gold with great dragons and blazing suns. Since 1899 the number of ships in the American whaling fleet has decreased from ninety-seven to forty. There is a steady falling off in the production of both sperm oil and whalebone. More than 70,000 pounds of so called caviar which was sold last year in Chicago and New York was really taken

from the Mississippi river catfish instead of from sturgeon. The biological survey of the great lakes, which has been in progress several years, is being pushed forward as rapidly as possible. Half a dozen scientists are spending much of their time in careful study of the various forms of animal life in which the waters of the great lakes abound. Traps for catching jugs of gasoline to be labeled. By a recent decision the

seller of an untagged jug of the fluid must pay the damages caused by an explosion following a girl's attempt to quicken the kitchen fire. Representative Kimball has introduced a bill in the Massachusetts house to license cats. Those unlicensed are to be killed. The military authorities in Germany are becoming seriously alarmed by the ever increasing difficulty of keeping the establishment of the noncommissioned

officers of the army up to its required numerical strength. The location of the mysterious loadstone which drew the nails out of ships that approached near enough has a certain foundation in fact, only the fact has suffered by expansion. On the coast of Norway, near Jæderen, there is a sand dune of nearly three-quarters of a mile in length. The sand is mixed with particles of loadstone, and when a ship comes in the vicinity

the compass becomes irregular and the vessel is entangled in a kind of whirlpool and thrown ashore. Artificial clay, according to German papers, is receiving increased attention abroad. The ceramic novelty, which is used for the manufacture of artificial stone, tiles, gutters, etc., is composed of sand, chalk, cement, liquid glue and petroleum. The substances are mixed in certain quantities, and a claylike mass results which can be formed at pleasure

and acquires an excellent degree of hardness by being subjected to heat. The attempt of the Russian government to compel the people to buy their vodka in sealed packages and take it home to drink has proved a failure. The purchasers prefer to drink in the streets rather than wait until they can return home.

A Brussels publisher has felt justified in starting a periodical devoted wholly to the scientific study of milk.