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## THE AMERICAN.

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### CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE.

	PAGE
Notes of the Week . . . . .	329
EDITORIALS:	
Avaunt, Ye Complainer of an Empty Purse . . . . .	333
The Troublesome Greenbacks . . . . .	335
Gold Exports and Our Foreign Trade . . . . .	338
Woman's Ways . . . . .	339
A Chapter About Children . . . . .	339
Is it to Be Peace or War? . . . . .	340
Book Reviews . . . . .	341
Publications Received . . . . .	342
About Books and Writers . . . . .	342
Notes and Queries for Those Who Travel . . . . .	344

### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE condemnation of several hundred of our citizens in Cuba, to say nothing of thousands of unoffending Cubans, to starvation in the midst of plenty, a fact indubitably set forth in the reports of our consuls, has constrained Mr. McKinley to take steps for the protection of our citizens. But the President has not gone about the protection of our citizens in an efficacious manner. In a brief, colorless message he has called upon Congress for an appropriation to buy food for our starving citizens, and pay for the transportation to our shores of such of our impoverished citizens as are ready to close the Cuban chapter of their lives, give up all hope of resuscitating their wrecked Cuban fortunes and who are desirous of returning to the United States. But this is not extending the protection to which our citizens in Cuba are entitled. It is extending charity rather than protection. The thousands of men, women and children starving in Cuba, our citizens among the rest, do not ask that food be given them; they ask that they be given the opportunity to feed themselves. The soil of Cuba responds most bountifully to the toil of man, and even when untilled it is not niggardly in its yield of human foods. All that man needs to sustain life is an opportunity to garner the fruits of the soil, the opportunity to gather the fruits

of the earth and feed himself. But this opportunity has been denied to thousands of peacefully-disposed people in Cuba, to several hundred of our own people, and so they starve surrounded by plenty.

It should be understood that the hundreds of our citizens now in abject misery are not without property; they are poverty-stricken only because they have been denied the right to the use of their property; driven from their homes and fields, denied the opportunity to garner the fruits of their toil and consume the food that is their own, and that they might have if they were permitted to go after it. But they have been forced from their farms into the towns under the plea of military necessity; their crops have been destroyed, their cattle ruthlessly slaughtered, and they have been denied the right to labor under the plea that the insurgents might profit under their toil, might feed on their cattle and the fruits of their fields. In short, the Spanish are incapable of protecting the property of our citizens, incapable of protecting it from the raids of the insurgents, and, therefore, they destroy it. This General Weyler, who outvies the unspeakable Turk in his cruelties, admits, and this being so it is quite time that we placed the property of our citizens, that the Spanish cannot protect, under the protection of the insurgents by recognizing them as belligerents. It may be that the insurgents are no more capable of protecting such property against the Spaniards than the Spaniards are of protecting it against the insurgents; but, perhaps, recognized as belligerents the Cubans would not be powerless to extend this protection. If they should be, if neither Spanish nor Cubans are capable of protecting our citizens in their rights, it is quite time that we should take a hand and extend that protection which no one else can.

SUCH is the protection that our citizens in Cuba are entitled to, but such is not the protection that Mr. McKinley would accord them. He merely proposes that we feed those who are unjustly deprived of the opportunity to feed themselves; he does not suggest that we protect our citizens in their rights and insist that they be given an opportunity to feed themselves. He proposes that we aid Spain in depopulating the island by taking away our citizens; against the unjustifiable edict that forces the agricultural classes from the farms into the towns under pain of death and condemns them to starve in the midst of plenty, deprives them of the opportunity to help themselves, he does not protest. So it is only natural that his Cuban message should have been received by Congress with a measure of disappointment. It was hoped, if not expected, that he would take a more comprehensive view of the Cuban question and a more pronounced stand. It is well to provide for feeding our starving citizens, it would be better to enable them to feed themselves, and sooner or later we must take steps to this end unless we would see the depopulation of Cuba and all our citizens now resident in Cuba transported to the United States. And the furnishing of our citizens in Cuba with transportation to the United States is not doing them justice, it is not protecting them in

## WOMAN'S WAYS.

SETTING tables, washing dishes,  
Sweeping rooms and making bread,  
Dusting books and sewing buttons,  
Smoothing now a curly head.

Making, mending little garments,  
In a mother's deftest style,—  
Washing little hands and faces  
Planning *something* all the while.

Darning stockings, telling stories  
To the group about her knee;  
Searching for lost gloves and 'kerchiefs,  
Nobody can find but she.

Trimming lamps, or hearing lessons,  
Putting this and that in place,—  
Tired feet and busy fingers,  
Giving home its nameless grace.

Solving some domestic problem,  
As a housewife only can,  
(When the way and means seem wanting),  
With a skill unknown to man.

Folding tiny hands together,—  
Teaching infant lips to pray,  
Singing cradle hymns so softly,—  
Mother's work ends not with day.

—By Lucy Randolph Fleming.

\*.\*

With regard to women surgeons, one fact is of interest. At the New Hospital for Women, in Euston Road, London, where all the doctors are women, there have only been two deaths out of ninety major operations.

\*.\*

If you have "seen better days," keep the fact to yourself, and your chance for picking up better days again will be all the brighter. Don't interlard to-day's doings with mouldy slices of past glory. Who cares if the landlady who rents rooms formerly rented houses? We are interested solely in the rooms. The circumstance that our dressmaker used to go to the opera herself instead of, as now, merely sending the product of her brain and fingers, is of little moment compared with the swing of a new-style skirt, or an inch, this way or that, in jewelled trimming. In fact, if she persist, between the pins, in trying to dazzle us with by-gones, we would infinitely prefer a modiste with a less luminous past.

\*.\*

Dr. Preyer, of Germany, author of "Infant Mind," a book for mothers, and whose observations of children are known all over the world, protests against mothers leaving their children so much in the hands of other persons. The nurse should not be permitted to take the place of the mother. Dr. Preyer states decidedly that the controlling supervision of the physical development in her child is the most important task of the young mother, because upon this development the child's whole future, intellectual and moral, life will depend.

\*.\*

Thirty-seven years before her death, Jenny Lind abandoned the operatic stage. The motive of the great renunciation was purely a spiritual one. Every appearance had been a dramatic triumph, and her pecuniary reward was large; yet she never regretted her decision. Her motive is made clear by the following narrative:

Once an English friend found her sitting on the steps of a bathing-machine on the sands, with a Lutheran Bible on her knee, looking out into the glory of a sunset that was shining over the waters.

They talked, and the talk drew near to the inevitable question: "O Madame Goldschmidt, how was it that you ever came to abandon the stage, at the very height of your success?"

"When every day," was the quiet answer, "it made me think less of this (laying a finger on the Bible), and nothing at all of that (pointing to the sunset), what else could I do?"

The Bible and the sunset! These were what she always needed! These were what she wished at all cost to preserve. Each of them is closed and barred to all who cannot bring to them a certain spiritual tone; and it was this tone which she found it impossible to preserve amid the disquieting distractions of an actress's life. There was nothing morbid or morose in this judgment of hers.

It was not that she withdrew from man's service the gifts

entrusted to her for his use; for she always felt that her best gift, that of song, gained, rather than lost, by her sacrifice of the stage. She was not, then, sacrificing her proper mission for the sake of the woman's need of relief and peace; rather she felt herself to be paying the price that her full artistic mission to mankind asked of her; and her whole after-life seemed to justify the decision.

There are few careers which have a more fascinating tale to tell of rapid and brilliant passage out of darkness into triumph, out of poverty and harshness into a blaze of glory. But there is no career which can leave a deeper impression of the entire supremacy of the spiritual motive over all that the world can bring.

She is given everything; and yet all is as nothing if it does not leave her free to sit alone by the seashore and to look at the sunset and at the old Lutheran Bible with the pure eyes that can see God.

## A CHAPTER ABOUT CHILDREN.

SUNDAY morning while I'm dozing  
Late beyond the wonted hour,  
Seeking rest from week-day strivings  
Stern, which brain and nerve devour,

Comes a ray of human sunshine,  
Stealing softly to my bed,  
Reaching up on little tip-toes,  
Tugging gently at the spread.

"Papa, p'se wate up for baby."  
Sounds like angel notes, I vow,  
Followed by the worldly message;  
"Becksus soon be ready now."

Flinging quickly back the covers,  
Grabbing up the dimpled dear,  
Sitting her in bed beside me—  
Soft curls tangled round my ear.

Soon forgotten all my dreamings,  
All the world's vain show and pomp,  
Even breakfast goes unheeded  
In that royal morning romp.

When I sleep my last long slumber,  
All I ask to seal my bliss  
Is that somewhere I'll be wakened  
By an angel voice like this.

—Charles Nelson Johnson.

\*.\*

The backward child may be deficient in application, not in capacity. Should this be so, arouse him, not by a hail-storm of nagging or a downpour of fault-finding, but by a system of rewards lovingly adapted to his disposition and character. Suffer no discouragement to creep into your own heart concerning him, and do not allow him or her to feel that there is reason for any doubt about reaching the top of the ladder in due season. The top, mind, not the middle rounds—anyone can reach these. Set a definite aim before your child; cultivate a high and noble ideal, but be willing to climb slowly. Haste is at the root of many a failure—haste and lack of thoroughness as one goes on.

With a tender regret for lost opportunities, who has not sometimes seen a mature woman timid, self-conscious, handicapped from youth to gray hairs simply because she was a "backward" child once, and, therefore, was snubbed and ridiculed, and pushed into the background, while her sisters and brothers bore off the honors and were the objects of universal estimation? A wrong for life was done to the little daughter and her little daughter may, perhaps, suffer from the same old mistake, for wrongs are far-reaching. Be pitiful and just to the backward child in your home.

\*.\*

One of the worst habits young people form is that of leaning forward too much while at work or study. It is much less tiresome and more healthy to sit erect. The round-shouldered, hollow-chested, and almost deformed persons one meets every day could have avoided all the bad results from which they now suffer had they always kept the body erect, the chest full, and the shoulders thrown back.

A simple rule is, that if the head is not thrown forward, but is held erect, the shoulders will drop back to their natural position, giving the lungs full play. The injury done by the carelessness in this respect is that by compressing the lungs and preventing their full and natural action lung diseases ensue.