

nor the last, for there were many both before and after Him. Were they who superstitiously led these victims to their Golgothas greater sinners against humanity than those who are avariciously driving large armies of young men to the trenches, a wholesale sacrifice to the lords of power and wealth? No. Both are in need of the prayer, forgive them for they know not what they do.

A FRENCH NOVELIST ON ANGLO-AMERICAN UNION.

BY JOHN H. JORDAN.

THE Cecil Rhodes dream of incorporating the United States of America into the British Empire is cleverly outlined in *Le Maître de la Mer*, by Vicomte Eugène-Melchior de Vogüé, of the French Academy.

The novel was written to contrast French with American ideals, from the viewpoint of a Frenchman. In the leading character Archibald Robinson, the "Master of the Main," one cannot fail to discern the figure of the elder Morgan as seen through Gallic eyes.

It is this American magnate whom a self-anointed prophet of Rhodes imperialism endeavors, with fulsome religious cant, to interest actively in establishing a Pan-Anglo-Saxon world state. The little misunderstanding which led to the altogether regrettable American Revolution was to be corrected, and America, generously atoning for the sins of her Revolutionary fathers, was to take her pre-Revolutionary status in that blessed British Empire, bespoken of the Prophets, the real City of God.

The sixteenth edition of De Vogüé's novel, from which I have translated the following extracts, appeared in 1903. It is apparent therein, that the Frenchman possessed complete comprehension of the common aim of British and American imperialists. The ninth chapter is exceptionally interesting because of the fact that some of the men whose views are set forth therein, Carnegie, Balfour and Lord Rosebery, are still zealous and devoutly active in the cause. Lord Rosebery is to be our next British ambassador.

The story opens with a dialogue between the great American maker of trusts, and his loyal little Irish secretary, Joe Butler, in the office of the Universal Sea Trust on the Rue Scribe, Paris. The far-flung lines of this world trust are indicated by the conversation:

"Have you ordered the automobile, Joe? The minister expects me at nine o'clock."

"Yes, sir."

"I have half an hour yet, Joe. What is there urgent in the mail this morning?"

"Here are the cablegrams from New York"; and the young secretary laid a bundle of dispatches on the desk.

"Nothing particular in last night's messages, sir."

"Then let us get down to the business I ordered centralized at Paris while I'm here. England? Nothing from Newcastle?"

"Yes, sir; a telegram from the manager of the Baltic Line. Counsel for the company accepts in principle the merger with the Universal Sea Trust, but he demands an increased dividend guarantee."

"All right. We'll pay what he wants. Wire him: 'Accepted.' Germany?"

"A letter from the Grand Master of the Court. The Kaiser will receive you the twenty-fifth at Potsdam, and will keep you for dinner."

"The twenty-fifth? That's bad; I must be in London the twenty-fifth for the meeting of the U. S. T. My yacht will be waiting for me in the Thames in the evening. I could dine at Potsdam on the twenty-sixth, I think."

"The Grand Master writes that His Majesty goes hunting the twenty-sixth."

"You can put off a hunting trip easier than a meeting which men come all the way from New York and Hamburg to attend. Call up the German embassy on the 'phone. Tell them I'll see the Ambassador this evening. He'll arrange matters. Russia? Have these slow-coaches answered yet?"

"Our agent writes that the Korean affair is under way. They will accept our offer at Seoul to lease the port of Chemulpo. They favor the construction of docks for our shipping in the Gulf of Chi-Li. The agent wants us to advance more funds again."

"Always the same! All right. Make him a draft, same as the preceding one. But serve notice on him that this will be the last if this matter of lease isn't signed at Seoul before January first. Have you a cable from our agent at Tokyo? The Japanese are with us in this matter, I think."

"No news to-day, sir; but the last communication from our agent was very encouraging."

"That's true. Nothing to fear there. They have a parliament

there. Our agent has seen the leading members and has the where-with. Portugal?"

"A long letter from Lisbon in regard to the concession of the quays of Macao."

"Do they think that I have time to read their long letters? Oh, pshaw! They don't seem to know that the telegraph is invented. What's the substance of the letter?"

"They seem decided to let us have the ground for the wharves, and even quite anxious to close. But they still haggle over the price of a few pieces."

"Close with them. We'll pay what they're worth. Wire Lisbon that I shall expect their representative here with a proper contract before the end of the week. Make an appointment with my two engineers for Saturday morning. Have them prepare to take the Chinese packetboat Monday. Cable Macao to have everything ready on their arrival to open the docks. Australia?"

"The parliament of Sidney is this week to discuss our proposition for the creation of the Sidney-Panama Line. The newspapers in the mail this morning give hopes of a favorable vote."

"What newspapers? Those on the pay-roll?"

"Yes, and the others, too."

"All right. From Koveit and the Persian Gulf we can't get anything yet, can we? Nor from the two inquiries I made on the coast of Africa, between Mozambique and Zambeze, between Mosamedes and the Congo. These matters from the Amazon and La Plata? Ah, I forgot; they deal with New York direct. Any other matters, Joe?"

"I beg pardon, sir; some disagreeable news; the Veritas Press Association confirms the loss of the steamer Mindinao in a cyclone. That vessel of the new San Francisco-Philippines Line and its cargo are lost."

"What? Two million dollars! Vessel and cargo, did you say?"

"It is more than probable that the whole crew is lost."

"Oh, the poor fellows! That's too bad. Cable San Francisco: 'Let the Luzon take the sea at once.' The service must not suffer any interruption."

These remarks were interrupted by the frequent ringing of the telephone and by clerks who brought in telegrams and visiting cards.

The office was simply furnished. Besides a great filing cabinet marked off with sections labled "America," "Europe," "Asia," "Africa," "Oceania," with pigeon holes for the whole world, there

were a few chairs, a typewriter and a sofa. The only pictures on the walls were the portraits of General Gordon, Cecil Rhodes and Livingstone. A copy of Captain Mahan's *Sea Power* lay on a desk beside a large Bible which a pioneer Robinson brought to America in the Mayflower. The author's descriptions of places are as carefully worked out as his outlines of the characters of the story.

The personalities are all clearly and distinctly drawn. There is a definite individuality about each which indicates that they were all copied out of life, with the alterations rendered necessary by the exigencies of the story. Thus in order to create the necessary heart interest, Robinson had to become a widower. Captain Louis Tournoël, who had conquered for France vast territories in Kanem and the Wadai near Lake Chad in Africa, and Madame Millicent Fianona, a charming young woman, the daughter of an English father and a Venetian mother, the widow of an Italian engineer who acquired vast holdings in the Argentine, complete the eternal triangle.

The description of Robinson recalls a picture very familiar in the public prints a few years ago. It will not be difficult to remember those "clear eyes alert under the vaults that protect them." We can see them again, as,

"deeply retreating under the bony prominence of the superciliary arches those eyes looked out like two birds of prey crouching in ambush in two holes in a rock. From the depths of their cavities their glance was thrown out like a lariat of the will, surrounding what objects it pleased on this terrestrial sphere and drawing them in by a powerful magnetic force."

And again we find

"the clear, hard eyes retreated in those deep orbits reminding one of two sparrow hawks in the cavity of a rock. They first perceive their prey on the horizon where its wing is becoming weak, and where, in fine, it battles without effective defense against the looting of its nest."

The whole world was filled with the fame of this commanding man. All the newspapers, even those away out in distant Egypt, were featuring his name in big headlines: Mr. Robinson was negotiating with a maritime company in Trieste; Mr. Robinson had bought docks at the port of Salonica; Mr. Robinson had organized

a new trust in New York; Mr. Robinson's yacht, the "Neptune"—I had almost said the "Corsair"—was spoken off the coast of Syria; the affairs of the U. S. T. had aroused lively debates in the House of Commons, in the Chamber of Deputies at Paris and in the parliament at Rome.

Mr. Robinson believed in publicity, in a world-wide propaganda in behalf of his interests much as does Lord Northcliffe with the suns and satellites of the American press and the American press associations on his string to-day. Robinson had three English editions of his *Oceanic Herald*, one in New York, one in London and one in Sidney. He published a Spanish edition in Buenos Ayres, a German edition in Hamburg, an Arabic edition in Cairo, a Turkish edition in Constantinople and a Chinese edition in Shang-hai. He founded a paper in Paris also, *La Voix de l'Océan*. He made editor of this sheet Emile Moucheron, a witty and clever Parisian journalist.

Moucheron delighted in haunting the office of his "boss" on the Rue Scribe, though he was looked upon by Robinson's loyal little secretary as a pest. On the day on which the story opens, Moucheron dropped into the office after Robinson had left to call on the French Minister of Finance, and made himself much of a nuisance to Joe.

"Morning, Joe; boss gone?"

"Yes; Mr. Archibald Robinson has departed....I thought, Monsieur Moucheron, you were going to bring that military officer expected by Mr. Robinson."

"No, Joe; that military officer has at this moment other duties. You will contemplate him before noon if he keeps his word with me. Be patient while your boss is making a few millions. He will make a few more millions at his little matinee with the Minister of Finance; that's where he's now, is it not? Ah, it won't take him long to do up that numbskull, Paphetin....I imagine I see Paphetin, the little provincial usurer, struggling in the clutches of the Master of the Main. Mustn't he be a sorry sight sitting in front of that fabulous man, the first of all the sons of Adam who ever possessed that absurd fortune, a thousand millions of dollars? Isn't it a fact, Joe, that Mr. Robinson is worth five billions of francs? Tell the truth!"

The secretary, always busy with his work, made no other answer than a shrug of the shoulders, in the bored manner of a man who is the target for the idiotic questions of an ill-bred brat.

“Five billions! And twenty years ago he lodged at the sign of the moon. . . . The Master of the Main has conquered the artist, the poet which I flatter myself to be. Yes, when the current of life does not overwhelm me I am, above all, a poet—And you understand how I have been charmed by this miraculous fisherman, who casts his golden nets across the boundless main—hello!—there goes an Alexandrine! And not half bad at that. I’ll make a note of it. Strange, is it not, how they come of their own accord when you speak of this epic man? Yes, epic! He has rehabilitated the billionaire, Joe. With him the caitiff capitalist enters into the great Heliconian heritage. He is Homeric! He is Æschylean, I tell you! Of this Master of the Main the ancients would have made a myth, a demi-god! No sooner do I see him than I dream of all the heroes of the Neptunian cycle, the great conquerors of old Ocean magnified by history and legend; Jason, the Argonauts; Xerxes, scourging the seas for resisting him; Solomon, equipping vast fleets which brought back gold and aromatic spices from Ophir and Asiongaber; the Vikings, his real ancestors, driving their caravels to the conquest of the world; Charles V and his empire on which the sun never set; Philip II, bending the waves under his Invincible Armada, but what do they all weigh together in the balance with Archibald Robinson? Ferry-men all! . . . He wills it, and behold, he seizes all the oceans, the Atlantic and the Pacific, the Arctic and the Antarctic; all the seas, the Black, the Red, the Yellow; all the bays, all the shifting sands of the seas; all harbors, all the shipping. Who has said that God thinks by planets? Very well! His most colossal creature Archibald Robinson, thinks by continents! It was he of whom Job spoke: the Spirit that was going to raise up the Leviathan! It is in his eyes that is to be truly seen

“‘an ocean vast,
And forested with many a mast.’”

“Robinson has always had my esteem,” he continued; “because he drives his dollars and does not let his dollars drive him. These are his soldiers that he leads to conquer the globe. He manœuvres them gloriously as Alexander his phalanx, Cæsar his legions, Bonaparte his half-brigades. He is the modern *Imperator*. . . . He gives us gratis—and, by the way, it is the only thing he does give away gratis—the spectacle of his inimitable life: yesterday in the depths of the Far West with some gigantic scheme on foot; this evening at the Opéra de Paris, surrounded by a court as cunning, as servile as that of Louis XIV; to-morrow under some impossible tropic,

designing the port he wishes to establish among the savages. He does all things; he sees all things; he knows all things!"

With a rapid movement that Joe could not prevent, the indiscreet Moucheron took up the big volume lying on the table. The book opened in his hands at a page marked with a piece of paper; that paper was the stub of a check torn from an old check book. . . . The pencil of the reader copied upon it in a hand that was fine and firm this quotation from the English text of the page it marked:

"Yet the number of the children of Israel shall be as the sand of the sea, which can not be measured nor numbered; and it shall come to pass, that in the place where it was said unto them 'Ye are not my people,' there it shall be said unto them, 'Ye are the sons of the living God.' Then shall the children of Judah and the children of Israel be gathered together, and appoint themselves one head, and they shall come up out of the land: for great shall be the day of Jezreel.—Hosea, i. 10-11."

"Admirable!" cried Moucheron; "a verse of the Prophet Hosea on the stub of a check! That's the man to a T!"

Joe quickly seized the volume and locked it in the cabinet. . . . "Come now; don't get angry; don't put on your scandalized look! Now, Joe; on the level: is it true that Mr. Robinson has paid three millions for the picture gallery of Count Leon Abrabanel, who failed in the slump in steel? Don't get mysterious. It's useless. Your boss can't sneeze but all Paris knows it. Exact information on the place where he has dined is worth more than a bale of the plans of the minister. From messenger boy to emperor all the readers have but one desire: to see the Master of the Main, to be presented to him, to obtain a word from this dictator of imaginations. Louis XIV I tell you. Does he travel? Sovereigns say, 'Hist! St!' The greatest welcome him as an equal, the least as a master. And the fair ladies—should he ignore them, great and little? Eh, Joe? That's right. Who's asking you questions? Don't blush, you modest Mohawk! put on your savage look again. It is well known that Robinson is above human weaknesses as he is above all the feeble words our admiration stammers out."

To Parisian society also, Robinson made a powerful imaginative appeal. At the Opéra de Paris, where he was the guest of the Duchess de Jossé-Lauvreins, a most sensible and admirable American lady,

"The entry of a great sovereign would have produced a less im-

pression. The person of the arch-billionaire Robinson acted like a diamond stone on the eyes of all that it attracted."

Wagner's *Walküre* was being presented at the Opéra, but the gods of Valhalla drew less attention from the audience—or, rather, spectators—than did the loge of the De Lauvreins.

"Oh, oh!" said Olivier de Felines, "there's His Majesty, the Master of the Main, with our good Duchess Peg. She does not ignore her national glory. She was not long in installing him on the column of Vendome."

"I got booked up on Robinson over there," said Napoleon Bayonne, the banker, who had just returned from the United States. "I didn't have much trouble. They call him the 'megatherium' of speculation, as they say in their Yankee jargon. He is a person quite disconcerting for our ideas. No one knows the end of the enormous business he brews. No one can give the precise figure of his fortune which, indeed, he can not tell himself. The popular imagination gives him a billion dollars. . . . Thanks to the ascendancy he has obtained over all his associates, Robinson directs as an autocrat such groupings of capital as would have appeared fabulous some years ago, and there is nothing to hinder the estimation of his wealth at five billions of francs, a sum which is practically unimaginable, yet credit for which this industrial sovereign could find in the different banks of the two hemispheres. You cannot always discern the guiding purpose in such enterprises; many of them would be incomprehensible if they were meant only to make money. What is his aim, then? A mystery.

"If there be anything concealed about the business affairs of Archibald Robinson," continued the banker, "there is certainly none in his private life: that is broad daylight to all New York. . . . Archibald himself passes as a pietist; he is one of the pillars of the church."

"A pillar of gold!" interrupted Felines.

"Yes, and he contributes liberally to societies of ethical culture . . . he frequents the elegant drawing rooms of New York and Newport, preferring the society of the professional beauties, as they say. Robinson appears at their dinners and takes them for a cruise in his yacht; in that gallant company he lays aside for a few days the heavy burdens of his industrial empire."

The *mystery* which Napoleon Bayonne, banker, thought he

had discovered in Robinson's motives seems partially revealed in the American's relations with a certain Englishman, Hiram Jarvis, a political Peter the Hermit, preaching the crusade of Anglo-American imperialism, the annexation of America by England, the organization of a great national trust or merger.

Robinson, while awaiting a visit from the prophet of imperialism, sat in his office re-reading a letter he had received from his expected visitor. The letter was dated the previous month and bore the postmark of the Cape:

"You are only half convinced, my dear Mr. Robinson; the force of the idea seizes you, yet you resist its final consequences. You believe in what was the faith of all the heroes of our race since the first and greatest prophet of this faith, Oliver Cromwell; you believe in the reality of the providential mission of the English-speaking race. You have understood and you have translated into your acts the apt words of your Emerson:

"The Saxons, for a thousand years, have been the leading race and by nothing more than their pecuniary independence. What they wish is power—the power of giving body to their thought, of quickening it in flesh and bone; for every man of clear mind such is the end for which the universe exists.'

"It should appear to you now at the summit of wealth and of power to which the Divine Will has lifted us all, the hour has struck to prepare for the federation of the Anglo-Saxon people. We owe to the world, since we have the imperial responsibility of this world, the mission of raising it up into dignity. It can progress in peace only under our scepter of righteousness and equality. It knows this; it expects of us the blessings which we alone can bestow. If you took a vote of all the sons of Adam to designate among the human races the one best fitted to establish over them the reign of justice, liberty and peace, every one of them would naturally first name his own race; but the second choice would, no doubt, be the Anglo-Saxon.

"It should be united to respond to this universal desire. Your bigoted individualists battle against the evidence. The American people is not ripe, you say, for this close union in which we shall accomplish our common destinies. You wrong the good sense of that people. Its eyes will be opened to the light which already opens our English eyes, since they see the universe with a positive knowledge of the future.

“How is it that they do not see what is written in letters of fire in all the recent facts of history? Under Anglo-Saxon flags a third of the white race lives and labors, a half of the colored men who inhabit the planet. We have wound the world in the wires of our cables; we have bound around its body the electric belt on which our thought circulates. We are the supreme guardians of the water ways. We own all the gold fields except Siberia. We have created the greatest amount of organized force which has ever been at the disposition of a single race; we have grouped all the sources of human activity for a pre-determined end.

“Our material power, however, is little in comparison with our moral power. According to the profound words of Wise, we are ‘an evangelical combination.’ Gladstone expressed the same truth in a different way when he said: ‘Our race can claim the right of founding a sort of universal church in politics.’ In the unity of this civic church the negligible differences of sects, constitutions and diverging interests disappear. It brings to mankind the living God, disfigured everywhere else by gross superstitions. It gives men justice and freedom, order and well-being. The antagonism of interests seems irreducible to you. O, man of little faith! Do you think that this mere incident can break those permanent bonds, the community of origin, of language, of political aims or of religious sentiment? From Edinburgh to San Francisco, from the Cape to Sidney, are we not all in the same measure the children of the Bible, of the Magna Charta, of Shakespeare and of Cromwell?

“Look at the modern world: every effort of our times makes for the unification of races of the same origin, of the same language. And will the most coherent race escape this law?

“It is a distant dream, say you. I repeat what James Russell Lowell wrote to William T. Stead in his letter on the same subject: ‘All the good things we have in the world to-day began by being dreams.’

“But union is not a dream; it is a fact of approaching realization. Do you remember a discourse delivered to the students of Glasgow in which Lord Rosebery drew a magnificent picture of what might yet come to pass?—the trans-Atlantic exodus of the greatest sovereign, the greatest fleet, the most venerable government in the world, immigrating solemnly into the other hemisphere under the vigorous embrace of a younger world; England, remaining a historic shrine, the advance guard in Europe of the Empire of the world.

“The noble lord enumerated the advantages of this extra-

ordinary revolution; he said: 'In order to secure these immeasurable blessings I could even tolerate the thought of the English parliament sitting in the District of Columbia.'

"One fact is possible—it is already a living fact—when men speak of it so enthusiastically and no longer oppose to it anything but the cold sophistries of reason. 'Our ideal will be a reality some day; it will be concentrated in the precision of one grand political fact; everything tends toward the materialization of this generous idea.'

"Who was it who said this not long ago? Mr. Balfour. You will not accuse him of being a dreamer, I believe; nor Lord Derby, either. You and I were but children when this positive statesman wrote to Dr. Dillon: 'The highest ideal which I can foresee realized in the future for my fellow citizens is when we shall annex the American Union to form one great federation.'

"Cecil Rhodes did not doubt this—Rhodes the greatest worker for English destiny. The lesson of facts corrected him little by little from his first aversion toward any American partnership, from his blind confidence in exclusive British supremacy. To his eyes the union of all English-speaking nations would be an end so great that it would justify any sacrifice for England. He could not without anger think of the *schism* of the eighteenth century, or of the ignorant and stupid statesmen who bear the responsibility for it. 'They should have been assassinated,' he often wrote. He would accept the merger of the Empire and the American Union, 'to rebuild the City of God,' as he said in 1889, to reconstruct an equivalent for the church of the Middle Ages on foundations as large as humanity. It was then that he wrote to me about his favorite project; the establishment of the 'Association of Auxiliaries,' a secret society which he wished to found on the plan and with the essential rules of the Jesuit order; it was to be recruited from among the multi-millionaires of the English language to work throughout the whole world at the great work; the fusion and extension of the dominant race. Often since then I have said to myself that this man of genius had a foreknowledge of your advent, my dear Mr. Robinson.

"Millions of eminent Englishmen think as he; like our Chamberlain when he cried out before his audience in Toronto: 'I refuse to speak of the United States as a foreign nation; we are of the same race and of the same blood; we are branches of one and the same family.' But you doubt that this thought is propagated over your continent. What? Have you not heard the authorized voices

which return the echo? I will cite only two; you will not refuse to hear them. Your letters have made known to me your admiration for Captain Mahan; his book is your compass, his maxims regulate your enterprises. Do you forget that by our people he is looked upon as the restorer of the American marine, the oracle of all Anglo-Saxon seamen? Have you not read his plea for the Anglo-American union? In fine do you recall the resounding confession of faith of one of your peers, the wealthy and wise Carnegie? Read over the affirmation he makes in his latest article:

“Let men say what they will, but I affirm that as surely as the sun in the heavens shines over England and America, so certainly will it rise some morning and shine joyously again over the states united anew in the British and American union. And that is going to be produced quicker than you of the old world imagine. The idea of the union will be welcomed with enthusiasm in America. No party would oppose it; each would attempt to surpass all others in their approval.” What do you say to these formal assertions by one of your great captains of industry,—Carnegie?

“No; that is not a dream: Roman peace re-established over the globe by the Anglo-Saxon judiciary. You shall see realized the prophecy of John Harrington in his ‘Oceania’: ‘What would you think if the world should see the Roman eagle once more? It would grow young again and resume its flight. If you add to the propaganda of civil liberty that of the liberty of conscience, this empire, this patronage of the world is the kingdom of Christ!

“It is for you, dear sir, to take the first place in the choir of men of good will. You are already making use of the faith of which you are yet in doubt; your useful acts prove your entire intellectual assent. I hope that it shall soon be given me to affect this complete assent.”

At this point of his reading Mr. Robinson was interrupted. The door opened admitting the expected visitor.

He was a very tall man with a high forehead and a drooping of the lower jaw which revealed at times the ferocious teeth of a young wolf. Behind his monocle, incrusting in the superciliary arch, the left eye shone with the brilliancy of a carbuncle. A whitened globe rolled in the orbit of the other eye extinguished by some malady. A long yellow beard fell very low on his chest, and rolled its waves with capricious opulence which would make Michelangelo's Moses jealous. And it was of a prophet of the old law that he made you think, this one-eyed, bearded, high colored athlete, with a blaze of inspiration in his remaining eye, and something of

the frank and candid man in the shape of the skull, in the smile of the mouth so formidably armed. It was astonishing to see him, in place of classic drapery or of the shaggy coat of a John the Baptist, wearing these modern things, the monocle, a traveling coat of cheviot with square plaids which he carried on his left arm.

His flashing eye rested on the master of the house.

"Mr. Archibald Robinson, I believe?"

"Correct. Mr. Hiram Jarvis?"

"Himself. At last."

Mr. Robinson broke the silence. His words fell slowly, hammered out by intense conviction.

"I have been reading your letter over. My first word should be an expression of gratitude. You have given a new meaning to my life, a rational employment of this great fortune which weighs me down. From the day I began to read your writings I said to myself: 'Here's a man who turns my activity toward the end which it has been seeking. I have made more than one attempt to meet you, Mr. Jarvis. Three years ago while in London one of your courageous articles drew down upon your head that unjust condemnation. I went to find you at Holloway prison. They refused me admission. Then I decided to write you.'

"And I, sir, had my eye on you. I saw your power turn about in the void like the stone cast by the sling of which the psalm speaks. I foresaw in it an elect instrument to accomplish the destinies of our race."

"You never believed, did you, that I was a stupid monopolist of money? My will was first applied to the conquest of riches; I found in this the same athletic pleasure that I did in foot ball; a pleasant expenditure of my energy. Then I loved the dollar as a good workman loves a tool for the work he has to do with that tool. It has been said of me by way of praise that I drove my dollars and did not let my dollars drive me. This was not always true. For a long time they led me toward a goal I knew not."

"Dollars are often intelligent," Mr. Jarvis broke in; "they are the servants of a pre-established thought."

"You know," replied Mr. Robinson, "how I discovered and acquired in the west immense deposits of coal; how from a small employe they have made me a great capitalist. It was necessary to transport my coal to the works in the east; to the coasts. I had to build railroads and afterward to buy up those of my competitors. I did this cursing the necessity that forced me to it. My railroads have heaped up my coal in the ports and also the products of the

mills which I built to utilize this fuel. I found I was compelled to charter boats to export to the old world this stock of overproduction; compelled also to neutralize the competition of the old steamship lines by grouping them under my flag."

"Yes, you have marched like a Napoleon, trailed by the tyranny of his victories from the Rhine to the Danube, from the Danube to the Niemen; forced to grow every day, so as not to lose all."

"Some believe that I have squeezed the European companies to compel them to come in in spite of themselves. What an error! The greater part of them have come to me unsolicited to beg me to take them in, to protect them against a ruinous competition."

"Just like Napoleon; the little German states threatened by the bigger came to him and asked him to be the protector of the Germanic confederation."

"Up to that moment," the financier continued, "the variety of those occupations sufficed to occupy my mind. I passed from one to the other; the newest was the most exciting. But a day came when the crude output of activity paid for the effort which it imposed upon me. Alone, after the death of my companion, deprived of children, I had no one to whom I might leave my fortune which was accumulating day by day. That evening I went down deep into my heart; I recollected the word which the popes pronounce at the ceremonies of their enthronement when they cast fistfuls of gold to the crowd: 'Gold and silver were not made for my pleasure.' I saw growing up with my acquisitions the terrible responsibilities of political and social power which they imposed.

"Powerful indeed is he who produces and transports in great quantities wheat, coal and iron; he unchains wars and makes them cease; he stops or precipitates the movements of life. A true master of the lot of men more, perhaps, than the tyrants of other days. I felt myself become king. What use was my royalty? They say we are a great capitalistic state. That's a mistake. That state which would be founded upon money alone could not exist. For every American worthy of the name money is only a means. The truth is that our capitalistic state is the servant and assistant of a real country, of a race, of a sentiment which binds millions of hearts. Our business affairs, which would have appeared colossal to those of the ancient world, would be very contemptible if they were not in reality the affairs of all the Anglo-Saxon race. This I have commenced to feel confusedly; your writings, your letters have revealed it to me."

"You no longer doubt it, then?" inquired Mr. Jarvis. The

setting of his jaws expressed the visitor's satisfaction. "You understand now the greatness and the urgency of the task which I have forced upon you."

"Yes, but I do not go so quickly nor so far as you. The call of immediate interest is all powerful over the practical mind of our people and American interests are often opposed to yours. Moreover, our people feel that they are called to play a preponderant part in the century which is now opened. It will not tolerate the shackling of its members, nor that its Titanic force be chained. Under the stars that govern us the descendants of old England have changed more than you imagine, my dear sir. They care nothing for things that are dear to your heart; and if they claim a place among the nations that have fashioned the destinies of humanity, it is to stamp it with their own mark, to procure what they passionately desire, a history of American achievement, an American patriotism."

"They will recognize the common interest of the race. They will raise up a racial patriotism," the bearded prophet responded with fire. "Must I tell you the names, the expressed declarations of those who already recognize it? Is not Carnegie, who is so explicit with my idea, a leader of men? Does he not also know American men?"

The king of capitalists gave a smile of condescension.

"Carnegie has acquired a comfortable little competence. He can philosophize at his leisure. He has not my weighty responsibilities. Do you remember," added Mr. Robinson, "the words that were the occasion of the schism between Israel and Judah? The young people who surrounded Rehoboam made him say 'My little finger shall be thicker than my father's loins.' Young America thinks the same when she compares herself to her English grandmother."

"Give me the book of Chronicles, and I will answer you," replied Mr. Jarvis. He had seen the Bible on the desk; he opened it; the scrap of a check came under his hand. He read the text written in pencil on that paper:

"Then shall the children of Judah and the children of Israel be gathered together, and appoint themselves one head, and they shall come up out of the land."

"What need have I to answer?" he cried in an accent of triumph. "He who has selected this oracle has conquered the truth. His timid reason still resists, but his heart is won. To be positive

of this I have only to look at the pictures of your counsellors; the modern heroes of the race have spoken to you."

He pointed with his finger at the portraits on the wall, Livingstone, Gordon, Rhodes—the apostle of the Paladin, the creator of empires. "Listen to what this great calumniated man has to teach you. Like Jehovah he breathed his soul into the dust which he had formed. He formed it alas! with blood and tears 'to extract gold from it,' thought the superficial judges. The gold he piled up only to build of it the temple of the mind. This rough artisan who labored crudely with crude material, was a fervent adorer of the mind. The world now knows to what end Rhodes had destined his riches to the last shilling: to create civilization, thought, light in the chaotic empire he had raised up from nothing. You are one of his spiritual brothers, Archibald Robinson. I have seen him struggle against his British prejudice as you against your American prejudices; he hesitated long also before surrendering himself to the great idea. Like you he actively employed it before he believed in it."

"I will do the same, Hiram Jarvis. I have told you my objections. But you have guessed that I desire that future as much as you if I dare not hope it to be so near, so certain as it seems to you. Perhaps we shall yet see fratricidal struggles between the members of the Anglo-Saxon family. They have ears and they hear not. What matters it? The defeats of individuals make for the victory of the race. Let us act as if the ideal were to become real to-morrow. Moreover, I repeat it, this ideal which I have received from you has given a sense and a purpose to my life. It is a sufficient reason for acting according to your inspirations. Have I not obeyed you when you have commanded me to subordinate everything to the conquest of the seas?"

"It is not mine but the clearest law of history you have obeyed. *Sea Power*, the book which is the regulator of Anglo-Saxon effort, has taught it to you."

Mr. Jarvis pushed Captain Mahan's book upon the table.

"Ephemeral illusions," he said, "tents pitched for a night, great establishments which the conquerors have made upon the earth. The seat of continued power is on the ocean. So long as they hold the sea little states will defy great empires and command the world: little Greece, Tyre, Amalfi, Pisa, Genoa, Venice, Portugal, Holland. If Rome triumphed over Carthage, if she became the Roman Empire, it is because she seized the sea from her enemy. The Spain of Charles V was shipwrecked miserably when she

ceased to be the mistress of the seas. Napoleon gathered all Europe under his eagles; he possessed nothing because the inexorable sea remained ours. It was not Russia that vanquished him; it was our maritime power. Wellington was only a projectile shot from our ships."

"The real lesson of history," added the American; "the new Germanic Cæsar has learned it; see his efforts to dispute this power with us."

"Thanks to the constancy of our fathers," continued Mr. Jarvis, "we have known how to remain masters of the sea through all the vicissitudes of time; this is why to-day we are masters of one-third of the solid surface of the globe. But the great weight of the oceanic masses is becoming too heavy for the little isle to bear alone. Our children must aid us; our big daughter who faces both oceans must run her thread over the waters where our meshes are too loose. Mahan has seen it well, and having seen it that good Saxon is one of us; he stands with us for the union."

"Mahan is right," replied Mr. Robinson, "but what he has not seen is the subordination of his military power to the economic power. His war vessels and yours are only docile conveyors of my commercial fleets. Whither I call them they come, like hounds running to a hunter when he whistles. If I did not call them they would have no excuse for existing; they would no longer be built; on sea as on land, business rules the world. It commands political power, armies and navies."

"Well said, my dear sir; and that is why I do not cease to cry out to you in the name of the imperial interests of our race: Prepare ports, merchant fleets, wherever you foresee a great development of commerce. On desert shores, where one day the wealth of continents shall flourish, sketch the maritime cities of the future; lift up from their ruins those which the carelessness of their ancient possessors abandoned to you. What flag shall float over the soldiers who shall come to guard our prizes? The Union Jack? I do not know; but I do know that Anglo-Saxon flags will extend their power over all lands and waters on which you will harvest riches."

"You ask a great deal of one man. Do you not fear to waste his efforts when you press him to turn one portion of his activity over Lake Chad in Central Africa?"

"I ask him to make a most urgent effort. Why? Have you divined my thought?"

"It is a good proposition," said the financier, "but—I am not sure of succeeding. My projects are at the mercy of a man,

the only man who, at this moment, can assure its realization; the only man who knows all the secrets of the unknown land; the sole master before whom the aborigines will bend. This man resists me; his energetic opposition may ruin our hopes."

"Have you not a hundred means of reducing him? Money—"

"Money has no hold on him."

"Ambition?"

"His is of a peculiar quality; it is disinterested, chimerical; constrained by as rigid rules as those of a religious order. I am thinking of other means. One should always seek the means to move a man: woman—"

Mr. Jarvis frowned as he gravely recited the sentence of the Wise Man: "'Give not the power of thy soul to a woman, lest she enter upon thy strength, and be confounded. Whoever engages himself with her shall not escape and shall not re-enter into the ways of life.' If our poor Rhodes has not accomplished his great designs"—he looked at the portrait with sorrow—"it is because he had the misfortune of weakening before women. He died prematurely, the victim of the artifices of woman. Beware of the eternal enemy, dear Archibald."

His single eye scrutinized Mr. Robinson's face with an inquisitive interrogation, as if it wished to read down into the bottom of his soul. The American tranquilly sustained the inquisitorial gaze. He said:

"Woman is a dangerous instrument that you must know how to use without hurting yourself."

"Good-by," said Mr. Jarvis solemnly. "This moment will be reckoned historic: as much so as the moment when Rhodes and Stead finally met. Like us they sought each other without knowing it. Anglo-Saxon imperialism was born of a reciprocal effusion of their hearts. It is ours to complete what our precursors outlined. Idea and action meet a second time to beget prodigies. Good-by. I don't know when I shall see you again. I am going to Russia. I am bringing there to prepared ears words of Christian peace which our reign should assure to the earth. Upon my return you shall, no doubt, have left for America. May the good Lord bless your endeavors as He blessed those of Caleb and Joshua!"

They took a long handshake. Hiram Jarvis reclothed his great body, threw his plaid over his left arm and went away.

* * *

The disillusionment of the American financier came a few

months later, when the London papers brought the news to Robinson in Egypt that Jarvis, who had so solemnly warned the Master of the Main against the sinister power of woman, had taken a second wife home to the spouse of his youth, and the three had joined the Mormon church. Almost coincident with this news in the newspapers was the arrival of a letter to Robinson from the Prophet of Imperialism urgently advising the financial colossus to abandon all other enterprises, even that of annexing America to the British Empire, to join the Mormons, become a great leader of a maritally emancipated people, a worthy successor to Brigham Young.

As he tossed the letter from him in disgust, Robinson said to his wise little secretary, "All men are fools, Joe."

If the temperament of Hiram Jarvis can be called romantic, then his character also helps to heighten the contrast between the romantic and the practical in the story. On the one side we have the practical Robinson and the equally practical American duchess, formerly Peg Gillespie, the daughter of a Michigan millionaire, whose millions formed no bar to the affections of a young French nobleman whom she married. The duchess is the most lovable character in the story. A woman of great kindness of heart, keen intellect and quick decision, she gave valuable guidance even to the personification of practicality, "Robinson Chrysoe," as the French wits called him. Possessed of great national pride, she never seemed to have been deceived by the imperialistic illusion, but remained ever distinctively American.

Captain Tournœl and Madame Fianona show us the romantic temperament. Tournœl, in spite of his dashing success as a soldier, is a petulant prig who in an atrocious fit of jealousy deserts his sweetheart, abandons her to his rival and takes to the desert. Of course, she marries the impecunious conqueror in preference to the billionaire, but not until first, with the assistance of her kind friend, Peg, she gently influences his rival to make a man of him by rendering him assistance and by abandoning the opposition which Robinson had, under the influence of Jarvis and with the aid of a venal French ministry, set up in Africa against Tournœl, and which had put the African hero up a blind alley.

Madame Fianona is an exquisite creature of extreme delicacy and sensitivity. She seems too ethereal for this terrestrial world, and she would be lost without the unselfish friendship of the generous-hearted duchess, at whose solicitation Robinson, in the face of the rejection of his proposal, rehabilitates the estates of Madame Fianona in the Argentine, to her happiness and that of the jealous

and suspicious little French captain on whom she bestows her hand.

Madame Fianona's English relatives are sketched in a few bold strokes. She went to the Isle of Jersey to visit her father's brother, an old officer of the Indian army who was living in retirement near Saint Helier :

"There the Major took care of his rheumatism under the umbrageous protection of two Methodist old maids, who constituted themselves guardians of both soul and body of their relative. They looked with an eye of alarm upon the visit of the stranger, the daughter of a queer man, expatriated for love, severely judged in the family that cared little for him. They suspected and condemned in advance 'the daughter of that Italian woman,' as they called her in a tone of reproach. These words called forth in their hard souls all sorts of sensual and diabolical images, all the troublesome impurities of the tainted blood. Duly instructed by the keepers of his conscience, the Major received his niece with that English aridity that would make a ball of teak wood green with envy. . . . The young widow explained the critical situation in which she found herself since the death of her husband ; she tried to interest the only natural protector who was left to her. She obtained from him some valuable observations on the ignorance of cattle raisers in the Argentine and elsewhere, as they did not employ good English methods ; and some uncomplimentary reflections on persons, of whom there is a great number, who, having received the inestimable privilege of being born of English blood, with a comfortable allotment of English reason, nevertheless do not know how to use this prerogative to govern visionary husbands in badly matched marriages into which a culpable derangement of the imagination has cast them. . . . The second interview was as glacial as the first ; the same wooden face, the same armor of defense and offense. The young woman understood the folly of further effort. She might as well attack with her weak little hands the granite foundation of the island. She bade adieu to the Major, to the two dragons that defended him against the imps and snares of Belial. And it was with satisfaction she went away the day after on the express boat St. Malo which brought her back to her friends."

Among the other secondary characters may also be mentioned old General Muiron, who fears the young officer is forgetting the lost provinces in his obsession over there in Africa :

"If you could give me all the empires of Asia and Africa, I

would not accept them for a hectare of the land where I fought when it was ours and which I left conquered, mutilated in my soul but sustained by a tenacious hope."

It is not difficult to see in good old General Muiron the aged General Mercier, official prosecutor of Captain Dreyfus and brother of Cardinal Mercier, now of Belgium.

The venality, insincerity and pusillanimity of the temporizing French ministry appear in the treatment it accorded the young African hero.

The scenes of the story are laid in an ever-changing panorama beautifully presented in colorful words of vividness yet delicacy. The reader is carried through changing scenes from Buenos Ayres to Paris, the romantic Jossé castle on the Loire, to Jersey, Montorgueil, the castle of John Lackland, on a cruise on the Mediterranean, on a trip up the Nile to Cairo, on a visit to Memphis and the mummied silences of Sakkarah, the older Sakkarah pyramids, the Great Pyramids, the Sphinx, the Tombs of the Khalifs at Cairo, the Mosque of El-Muaiyad which Robinson offered to tear down and make over into a castle for his bride in the orange gardens of Roda, and he is led back again over the Mediterranean once more.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Many thinkers are dreaming of a time when mankind will be organized into one great civilized empire, when war will be abolished and one language spoken all over the surface of the earth. The idea is grand and there is no doubt that it will finally be fulfilled. It is the tendency of history. Just as in the development of antiquity the Roman empire with the Latin tongue spread all around the Mediterranean Sea, so recently the white nations have taken possession of one continent after another and at last all will be one race, one civilization, one language and one empire; directed from one central capital by one administration, guided by one international parliament.

Of course the one language must be the English tongue and the one empire is to be Great Britain. The beginning of this world-union has been made; its foundation is laid; it is the confederacy of the British Empire. There is one gap in it—the United States which constitutes a large English speaking territory not subject to Great Britain. But that can easily be recovered if the inhabitants of the United States are only sensible enough to see the advantages they would gain by returning to their mother country. It was a

foolish hardheadedness of theirs to long for independence and fight for what they called liberty. They would have remained better off under the benevolent sway of England. But the past shall be forgiven if they but return. And they will be willing to return, if they are but educated up to the higher level of British ideals.

The feasibility of this plan has often been discussed in private circles of English patriots, and literary expressions of it have sometimes appeared in unofficial publications.

The ideal of this humanitarian world-union took deep root in the heart of Cecil Rhodes, a man of great business enterprise and unusual foresight. He was successful in South Africa but found himself hampered by the local interests of the Boers who misunderstood his good intentions and therefore had to be brushed aside. The result was a conflict that led to the Boer war. We may pity the Boers, but local interests in the path of empire must be compared to the buffalo that stands on the railroad track.

The next step was to consolidate the British empire. This was undertaken by eliminating all those tendencies which aimed at the independence of the colonies, especially in New Zealand and Australia. Efforts in this direction were quite successful, although there was always the bad example of the United States flourishing in its independence.

The United States ought to be coaxed again into a closer union with the British empire, and Mr. Cecil Rhodes recognized that the easiest and smoothest method would be by friendship and persuasion.

For the accomplishment of a reunion of the United States with the new British empire Mr. Rhodes himself established one very efficient institution, the Cecil Rhodes scholarship, which brings a large number of young American students over to Oxford under very favorable conditions. These students must not only be promising scholars, but also and mainly good "mixers," young men of strong character who are likely to become leaders among their comrades and to exercise a large influence in whatever part they are to play in later life. They are to imbibe British ideals in Oxford and carry the blessings of the Oxford atmosphere back with them to their American homes.

Cecil Rhodes left other legacies to serve the same general end, and among these are funds devoted to the purpose of forming public opinion in the United States. This is a most subtle, and perhaps also the most effective, way to accomplish the recovery of the rebel colonies, and this last one, involving the service of the press, has

played an important part in the recent development of English world politics.

A former number of *The Fatherland* (Vol. IV, No. 7) contains an article under the title "The Great Conspiracy Exposed" by Fred-eric Franklin Schrader which discusses "Cecil Rhodes's Secret Will" and points out that the result of it is "treason from American lips," in quotations from speeches welcoming the reunion of the United States with the British empire. So it is pointed out that "the Rhodes poison is working."

The article "A French Novelist on Anglo-American Union" by Mr. John H. Jorden, is of unusual interest because it presents an extract from a novel published as early as 1903 by a Frenchman who shows an unusual acquaintance with Anglo-American conditions—the plans for an Anglo-American world empire and the methods how it is to be brought about. It is both instructive and interesting to see how these notions were already alive in the minds of Englishmen as well as Americans and that Cecil Rhodes has been only a powerful leader who by his enormous wealth has done more for the accomplishment of these designs than any other, though he was after all only one among many.

The French author, Viscount de Vogüé, sketches the proposed coalition between England and the United States in forcible lines and Archibald Robinson, an American multi-millionaire represents a type which is by no means impossible. But we would say that the author makes one most obvious blunder in having Mr. Robinson's English adviser, Jarvis, join the Mormon church with great enthusiasm and religious zeal, as it seems, mainly for the sake of marrying a second wife with the full consent of the first one who agrees with him in his religious views. One who knows anything about the Mormon church and English conservatism would know that such an incident would border on impossibility. A French author naturally exaggerates Anglo-Saxon eccentricities and makes typical what is really the peculiarity of a limited section.

LA BELLE ROSALIE.

BY WILBUR BASSETT.

WIND-SHELTERED by white cliffs and rock-perched beyond the grasp of channel waves nestles defiantly the quaint fishing town of Dieppe. Her cobbled streets run precipitously to her harbor, and when the fishing fleet is out the sweet calm of surrounding fields vies with the quiet of her ancient churchyards. Widows and