

had he lived on a Rockefeller pension in upper Fifth Avenue; there would have been no Ben Franklin had college education been forced upon our greatest of practical (if not pragmatic) sages. And so to me America was richest when our land was known to the world by our inventors, our painters, our poets, our historians and our unpaid but liberty-loving statesmen. Can any one for a moment prefer the age of Jay Gould and Vanderbilt to that which produced Prescott and Washington Irving? Will the Muse of History glory in the palaces of Astor and Carnegie more than in the cottages that gave light to Abraham Lincoln, Edgar Allen Poe and Hawthorne? Do the hordes of hollow-eyed factory children to-day make us feel great because they swell our ill-smelling census of big cities?

And so with my Germany! I think of Prussia in her sorest straits during the Napoleonic occupation—when the court spent less in a whole year than now in a day—when the Berlin University was founded at a time when all the world looked upon such a feat as impossible. During those days arose great men—as in New England at about the same time and largely for analogous reasons. The land was poor but the discipline severe. Those were the days of Arndt and Jahn; of Boyen and Blücher; of Humboldt and Grimm; of Hardenberg and Stein; of Körner and Uhland; of Beethoven, of Goethe, of Schiller. But why continue? It is the Germany of my youth and of my dreams—the Germany of *Kultur* and constructive statesmanship.

The poisonous doctrines of protectionism, territorial conquest, colonization, naval supremacy—all these are morbid symptoms of a miasmatic modernity that despises the lessons of age and experience but hurries feverishly toward new things that excite their cupidity. America has wasted and will continue to waste her millions in mad colonial experiments and meddlesome interference that will find a check only when a great power shall have challenged our so-called Monroe Doctrine and mopped up every safe deposit storehouse and cash-box between Boston and the Golden Gate. We shall be the better for such treatment as Prussia was the better for the Napoleonic doses between 1806 and 1813. Germany and America are rich in great thinkers to-day—but they need the wholesome spur of national necessity to make their forces tell.

To-day nearly all the avenues that lead to eminence in literature, science and art are obstructed by the salaried servants of great financial institutions who would stone to death any who ventured to preach a doctrine varying from that of their bank cashier. We have but to recall the tragic fate of Henry George and add to that a few less notable who have been quietly crucified by trustees of American colleges, orthodox medical societies or Roman Catholic monsignori—no American but can mention a few!

Pardon me, dear Doctor Carus, I am abusing your editorial generosity—for I merely started out to say that when Germany shall have been divested of all her superfluous baggage she will be no poorer than when she was richest in the mind of

Yours faithfully,

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

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#### THE PARTHENON.

Our frontispiece represents the ruins of the Parthenon, the state sanctuary of the most representative city of Greek antiquity. It was built by Pericles who although not the nominal ruler of Athens controlled her destiny before the time of Socrates. The work of construction was completed in B. C. 483.

The "temple of the Holy Virgin," as we may translate the word *parthenon* into the later language of Christian expression, was the indication of Athenian glory and represents the Greek spirit. The love of Greek antiquity was so strong that early Christian iconoclasm could not utterly destroy the temple. During the middle ages it was converted into a church dedicated to the Virgin Mary and then into a mosque and remained in good preservation until 1687. In that year the Venetian fleet under Count Donnersmarck bombarded Athens and the Parthenon was blown up by a bomb which fell in the center of the building where the Turks had stored their powder magazines. The ruins, however, met with greater mutilation at the hands of Lord Elgin who spoiled the artistic beauty of the friezes and pediments by having them taken down by unskilled workmen and removed to England where he sold them to the British Museum after considerable bickering about the price.

#### POLIENOV'S MASTERPIECE.

Thorwald Siegfried, Attorney-at-Law, of Seattle, Washington, so admires Polienov's picture of the *Adulteress Before Christ* that he has undertaken to popularize it by publishing reproductions in three sizes, all of them large enough for framing.

A reproduction of Polienov's picture appeared as a frontispiece in *The Open Court*, October 1912, and for some editorial comments on the artist see the same number, pages 634 and 636. It was this frontispiece which aroused Mr. Siegfried's interest in the Russian masterpiece, and by persistent efforts, in



THE ADULTRESS BEFORE CHRIST.

which he was aided by Mr. Louis N. Wilson, librarian of Clark University. he succeeded in obtaining an excellent negative of the picture. The original painting was completed in 1888 and now hangs in the Alexander Museum in Petrograd.

We here repeat the picture in a smaller size, and will add that Mr. Siegfried's reproductions can be obtained by addressing him at Second Avenue and Madison Street, Leary Building, Seattle, Washington.