The present week will see another and a final recession by Spain from her position with regard to the Philippines, or a breaking off of the negotiations. On Monday the American Commissioners presented a formal statement of terms, to which a definite answer from Spain is requested by November 28. The United States declines to accept arbitration as to the meaning of the protocol, renews its demand for cession by Spain of all the Philippines, offers $20,000,000 as a partial compensation in lieu of assuming the so-called Philippine debt, and makes explicit avowal of its purpose to maintain in the Philippines an open door to the world's commerce, in which Spain may share freely. It is also announced that the United States desires to treat of the religious freedom of the Caroline Islands, as agreed upon between the United States and Spain in 1886, of the acquisition of one of the Caroline Islands for an American naval station, and of some other minor matters not specifically named in the protocol. If the terms thus newly offered are accepted by Spain, it is proposed that there shall be a general waiving of all claims for indemnity, national or personal, between the two countries mutually, the release dating back to the beginning of the Cuban insurrection. Immediately after the presenting of these terms the joint session was adjourned until Wednesday. Rumors that the President of the Spanish Commission, Señor Montero Rios, had refused to sanction further negotiations are not at this writing believed in Washington. French and Spanish papers repeat the report that Spain will entirely repudiate both the Philippine and the Cuban debts, and will refer her creditors to the future holders of those islands for payment. That, of course, is a matter with which the United States has nothing to do; one which Spain must settle with her creditors according to her own ideas of honor. The reported capture by the Philippine insurgents of Iloilo, in the island of Panay, has an important bearing on the settlement of the Philippines question, as this is, next to Manila, the most important place in the Philippines, and its easy capture by the insurgents, if the reports are true, show that Spanish power in the islands has been reduced to little better than nothing.

The Filipino Protest

Last week's papers contain a remarkable document addressed to President McKinley and the American people. If this paper correctly represents the leaders of the Filipinos, they possess more intelligence and self-restraint than the American newspapers have given them credit for. It certainly compares favorably in these qualities with any similar document which might be expected from any negro community in the South, any Indian community in the West, any colony of foreign immigrants in any of our own States, or even any labor union suffering under real or supposed wrongs. One such exhibition of self-control does not demonstrate the capacity of the people from whom it issues for self-government, but it goes far to indicate the possession of such capacity. The Filipinos appeal to the "great and good judgment of President McKinley and the spirit of fairness and justice of the American people, as always shown in their regard for the petitions of the weak and oppressed," they declare that they are "waiting patiently for the conclusion of the Paris conference," and, while so doing, "implore the intervention of the President, supported by the will of the people, to end the slights shown our leaders, officials, soldiers, and people by some of the American military and naval authorities and soldiers;" they protest against the reports which have been sent broadcast respecting them; they assert by implication that the
The tendency of the Roman Catholic Church, under the statesmanlike administration of Pope Leo XIII., to adapt itself to the varying conditions in various communities is illustrated by the decree just issued permitting the interment of Roman Catholics in consecrated ground though they belong to secret societies. The Freemasons of the European Continent have often used their order for the purpose of antagonizing the Roman Catholic Church, and the Roman Catholic Church has, therefore, not unaturally, forbidden its members to belong to the Freemasons, and has refused them the rites of the Church in case of death if they did so belong. Under the influence of foreign and traditional prelates this order had been extended to the United States, where there is no such antagonism, where the order never has been so used, and where there can be really no good reason to forbid a loyal son of the Church from being a Freemason, unless it be the simple fear that belonging to any organization except the Church may weaken his Church loyalty. This ban, so far as the United States is concerned, has now been taken off. Priests are allowed to officiate at the burial of members of secret societies in consecrated ground, provided they have not been openly hostile to the Church. It is said, with what truth we do not know, that Archbishop Ireland has been laboring to secure this reversal of the former policy; and certainly it is a triumph for the liberal, progressive, and American wing of the Church of Rome in America.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union held its annual Convention in St. Paul last week. The most important action taken by the Convention was that severing the Union from the business enterprise of the Woman's Temple in Chicago. The Temple was started with the view of providing headquarters for the Union, and at the same time proving a source of revenue to the organization by the renting out of unused offices in the building. Miss Willard's judgment was in favor of erecting a building that would cost about one hundred thousand dollars. The woman who conceived the project succeeded in arousing enthusiasm in favor of a building that has cost over half a million. Stock was issued, the controlling amount being in the hands of one of Chicago's wealthiest men, who has been most generous in his effort to assist the Union to complete payment on the building, the burden of which was a severe one to Miss Willard during the closing years of her life. It took, in her judgment, money and effort from the legitimate work of the association. After Miss Willard's death it was proposed to make the Temple a memorial to Miss Willard. The final decision was reached in St. Paul, after a long debate, by a vote of 285 to 71. There was a feeling of relief on the part of those who have felt the Temple work a burden that diverted the Union from its real work. A motion for the organization to become responsible for the $300,000 trust bonds resulted in about the same vote. At once there was organized by the projectors and supporters of the Temple enterprise a Young People's Temple Union of the World. This Union will devote its energies to completing the Temple as a memorial to Miss Willard and Temperance. Mrs. Lillian M. N. Stevens, of Maine, was elected National President; Miss Anna Gordon, Miss Willard's private secretary, Vice-President at-Large. Mrs. Stevens was Vice-President at-Large during Miss Willard's administration; she represented the State of Maine on the Board of Lady Managers at the Columbian Exposition, and had charge of the State exhibit of Charities and Correction. The usual vote in favor of woman's suffrage was passed, and also one condemning the army censure.

The situation in France has not changed materially during the past week. The French people are beginning to take their sober second thought about the Dreyfus matter; and there are intelligent observers who predict a tremendous reaction against militarism as a consequence of the revelations which are sure to come, if the case is retried, touching the lack of a sense of honor and courage in the General Staff and the army leaders as a whole. If present surmises in regard to the origin of the Dreyfus case are sustained, the army leaders will have to forfeit their claim to respect either as officers or gentlemen, for they will have been guilty of the basest kind of lying, treachery, and cowardice. It looks very much as if the determination to conceal these facts from the public had
been plunging a few men deeper and deeper into the morass of deceit and injustice. The earlier chapters of Esterhazy's book have appeared, and although he has not as yet made any definite statement of facts, it is reported that he will make a clean breast of his forgeries and will claim that he was simply the instrument of the General Staff. Captain Dreyfus has been informed that his case is to be retried. The rigor of his condition as a prisoner has been modified, and his testimony in some form is to be taken. The Chamber of Deputies has made: what is likely to prove an important modification in Government methods, involving serious curtailment of the power of the Executive. Parliamentary Commissions having charge of the Budget, the army, navy, and other departments, to the number of seven, have been increased in number to eleven, and the membership of each Commission increased from thirty-three to fifty-three, so that room is made for every deputy to serve upon some Commission. It is believed that these immense committees (for that is what they practically are) will prove too unwieldy to carry on public affairs with any degree of expedition, and that the system will speedily end in a complete breakdown.

The American-Canadian Commission

It seems clear that the Commissioners at Washington are likely to find their chief difficulty in coming to an agreement in regard to reciprocity and the North Atlantic fisheries. Before the Commission adjourned at Quebec, there is reason to believe that, though no detailed discussion of other questions had taken place, there was an understanding of the comparative ease with which they could be disposed of. Neither the Behring Sea sealing dispute, nor the bonding privilege, nor the Rush-Bagot Convention of 1817, nor any one of the remaining matters outstanding, presented an insuperable difficulty; but it was felt that reciprocity in trade, and more especially a settlement of the present vexatious difficulties of the North Atlantic fisheries, would tax all the powers of the Commission. It is true that favorable indications are not wanting, notably Mr. Kasson's hearty acknowledgment at the New York Chamber of Commerce banquet in regard to the volume of Canadian purchases from this country; but no clear intimation on either side has been given as to how certain ontentious points are to be agreed upon. These chiefly concern reciprocity and the North Atlantic fisheries. In regard to the former, it is believed that our Commissioners insist upon the repeal of the preferential tariff legislation enacted by Canada in favor of Great Britain. No official statement to that effect has been given out, but it would seem probable, in view of the fact that the preferential tariff enacted by Canada has not thus far proved to be of much value to the mother country, and therefore may with less difficulty become the subject of concession. Thus far lumber and coal are the two most important items whose reciprocal and free exchange seems most likely to be agreed upon; but the reciprocity committee is preparing an extensive list of articles and considering the arguments for and against a freer trade with Canada. It is practically certain that if any reciprocity agreement is made, the existing free lists of our own and the Canadian tariff acts will form a part of it.

The North Atlantic Fisheries

The North Atlantic fisheries question is still more difficult, by reason of its long standing and the irritating failure of attempts to settle it. The exigent point is this: Canada does not seem willing to grant our fishermen the privilege of landing in the ports of the Dominion and transshipping their catch in bond to our ports and cities unless the United States grants free entry of Canadian fish into our market. Article I. of the treaty of 1818 gives our fishermen the right to land in Canadian ports only for wood, water, shelter, and repairs, and the Canadian Government has given this article a very strict interpretation, prohibiting the buying of bait and supplies, and refusing the bonding privilege for transshipment. After the failure of the Senate to ratify the Bayard-Chamberlain treaty of 1888, an arrangement was made whereby our fishermen could enjoy these privileges on payment of a tonnage tax. According to the present status of the question, Canadian fishermen may land their fish in our ports and bond them, while our fishermen are denied the same right except on payment of a tax, because of the strict interpretation of a treaty made eighty years ago, when the requirements of the fishermen were not so urgent or important as now, and when ideas of international comity were more crude. The whole question is, unfortunately, compli-
A Day in Paris

By Elbert F. Baldwin

PARIS is placidly calm to-day. The little steamers, whether mouches or hirondelles, pass quietly if quickly up and down the Seine. The quays are filled with unhurried book-lovers, poking their noses into the fascinating shelves along stream. The boulevards are only serenely busy, and even the sorry cabby forgets to lash his poor steed. The parks and the people in them wear their accustomed air of without care, while over all bends a cloudless blue sky and through all is this translucent, mellow October sunshine. More than in most cities there is a praiseworthy regularity in Paris about the shining of the orb of day; perhaps it is because such a symbol is more needed here than elsewhere.

It is more needed. This incurable heart of France remains pathetically irregular and unsteady in its movements. The question as to whether the unjust trial of a Jew shall be revised or not gives play to much popular feeling. Take the silly demonstration three weeks ago in the Place Wagram, for instance. Our ears still ring with the shrieks of "Long live the army!" "Death to traitors!" "Down with the Jews!" and then a few cries of "Death to the Jews!" What an exhibition of political and religious hatred in front of the Salle Wagram, a large hall, for which the friends of M. Francis de Pressensé had paid their twelve hundred francs that he might once more proclaim to the people the necessity of branding all the forgers who had committed crimes in order to seal the stone of Dreyfus's living tomb. But a paternal Government intervened and at the last moment forbade the address. Around Place Wagram cordons of police kept away the crowds not already in the square. You had to make a wide sweep through several long streets if you would pass from one side of the Place to the other. The police, it must be admitted, did their duty admirably, their good-natured "Circulez, circulez!" being almost their only answer to the witticisms or worse of the crowds. The civic guardians in general seemed rather to enjoy the fun. Their faces were mostly smiling, as if they were at a matinée at some comedy theater. And it was a stage indeed. Everything was theatrical. The very cries seemed to have no deep conviction behind them; they were like the hired choruses at an opera, now celebrating one side, now another. But cries were not all, nor the show of force. To have a real play we must have the force itself. Accordingly some hundreds of young men attempt a sally through the police ranks; they are repulsed; they are reinforced, and are repulsed again. When they return, the policemen proceed to sterner measures. This wave-like motion is repeated by "patriots" in different parts of the Place, and sometimes simultaneously.

Now a driver tries to cross the square with his 'bus. Several men on top, thinking themselves well fortified, have dared to cry "Vive Brisson!" when it would seem as if Brisson's enemies instantly rise by the score right out of the pavement. They stop the bewildered horses, clamber on the 'bus, and dispose summarily of the young men. In their turn come the police and fall atop the fighters, but Law has not enough representatives, and the mounted guards must charge the crowd ere the crazed driver can get his horses free. Then, protected on either side by the troops, the 'bus moves off, an animated 'bus indeed as to the gesticulating mass aloft.

A soldier and a priest cross the Place arm in arm. They are greeted everywhere with cheer upon cheer by the anti-revisionists. Nothing, indeed, could be more appropriate than this symbol of the union of the two tyrannies that have dared to crush out individual liberty and responsibility. Perhaps the General of the Jesuits and some generals of the army here have for the moment forgotten that fact in history known as the French Revolution—a revolution which will break out again if there are to be persons and classes above the law. It may be added that, to a man, the Protestants are for the upholding of individual liberty. Else why Protestantism at all?
A week ago, on the opening of Parliament, a characteristic exhibition of effervescence took place on the Pont and Place de la Concorde, directly in front of the Chamber of Deputies. Fortunately, the shopkeepers in the Rue Royale, leading into the Place on the other side, had time enough to pull down their iron shutters; otherwise there might have been broken windows to add to the broken heads. Not that there were so many of the latter, either. How the crowd escaped with only twenty or thirty wounded and no killed is a mystery. But Frenchmen are agile as monkeys. After a given hour none but Deputies were allowed to pass through the Place, but long before that time the great square was filled with thousands of men determined to acclaim their pet representatives. As on the Place Wagram, here, too, the anti-revisionists were in the majority; hence, when their popular orator, M. Paul Déroulède, appeared, he was greeted with salvos of applause. Before his carriage reached the bridge his long figure in its long coat was seen to rise, and, as he bared his head, his stentorian “Vive l'Armée” could be heard even above the din of the crowd. The cry was enthusiastically encored, and M. Déroulède drove on like a conqueror. Indeed, he was; within half an hour he successfully led an attack on the Brisson Ministry and drove them from power.

A greater orator now passes, and receives less attention. M. Jean Jaurès is not only the head of French Socialists, but has done yeoman's service in speaking and writing in favor of revision. His paper is the “Petite République.” The work begun so nobly by M. Scheurer-Kestner, Vice-President of the Senate, and by M. Zola is continued by this sturdy, thick-set, hard-headed, whole-souled advocate, and, as well, by even better-known politicians—ex-Minister Yves Guyot, whose organ is the “Siècle,” and M. Clémenceau, who writes daily in the famous “Aurore.”

The success of such work, in the face of such a foe, proves once more that the pen is mightier than the sword. Other men drive through too, especially the doughty-looking General Chanoine, then Minister of War, about to betray his Cabinet chief, the Premier. When we see such an irregularity on the part of a soldier of the highest rank towards his superior civil officer, what may we not expect of other soldiers? The sight of a uniform is quite enough to bring shouts from the anti-Dreyfus people.

The crowd, whether for or against revision, finally works itself up to such a pitch that the smallest incident produces unexpected results. A boy attempts to sell papers. What are they? The right sort? Horrors! they are all the “Droits de l'Homme.” His bundle is quickly snatched from him by the haters of that lively journal; other bundles are found, and a bonfire made of them. The excitement only increases as night comes on. Over there by the bridge a policeman has fallen, and the rioters are kicking his head as if it were a football. Other policemen save their comrade, and then follow arrests a plenty—not, however, without protests and violence. And this is the Place of Peace! Out of her swathings of wreaths and ribands the statue of Strasbourg seems to smile grimly on all this nonsense.

It was nonsense. It was like a French duel. There was much talk, many grand gestures, a general scrimmage, a very little bloodletting, and no deaths. But “honor” was satisfied.

Now grand waves of men with waving plumes and horses with waving manes break through and sweep the Place from side to side. The Republican Guard, like a vast live broom, is clearing the Place. It is an inspiring sight; but one thinks, too, of Augean stables.

On either side of the Place, in the Champs Elysées and in the Tulleries gardens, nurses in Normandy caps are quietly tending their charges, and the babies are busily making mud pies as if nothing unusual were taking place. They have been mud-pie-making all day, bless them! and they will be at it again to-morrow and other to-morrows, just as other babies have lived through other excitements.

To-day, however, it is not the Place Wagram or the Place de la Concorde which are the scenes of concentrated interest, but the Palace of Justice or Court-House, one of the best-known buildings in Paris. It is a vast pile, and extends from quay to quay, for it is on an island in the Seine. It reaches from the Place Dauphine, occupying the end of the island, to the Boulevard du Palais; it is thus surrounded on three sides by the river. The Palais de Justice unites in itself the embodiment of many an architectural age. It is a jumble, true, but what an impressive jumble! It seems a bit like the French character, the product of so many different centuries, governments, customs; and, like that character, it has its attractive and unattractive...
A Day in Paris

We approach the Palace by the Pont au Change, and from this bridge obtain a capital view of the long façade on the Quai d'Orléans—so called because of the old clock on one of the towers, the oldest public clock in France. It is over five centuries of age, but of course has been restored and re-restored. It speaks to us of those ancient days when it beat time for the royal palace—a palace, however, which for four hundred and fifty years has been no royal residence. In previous visits we had seen the Sainte Chapelle, with its centuried glass, and the Conciergerie, or prison, where, during the Revolution, most of the unhappy souls destined for the scaffold were incarcerated. While one looks with deep interest on the cell of a Marie Antoinette, one regards the prison with still greater interest when told that Alfred Dreyfus, the prisoner now at Devil's Island, will be confined here should he be brought back to be at the disposition of the Court. This transports us with a bound to the fact of to-day.

In the present state of intolerance here— not only political, but also religious, as the Hebrew persecutions show—the Dreyfus case, essentially juridical, has been transformed into a perilous division. Indeed, no moment since 1789 seemed more pregnant for good or portentous for ill than that in which the revision of this trial hung in the balance. That the late French Cabinet finally demanded revision is due most of all to the austere rectitude and indomitable courage of its head, M. Henri Brisson. Despite betrayals from supposed friends, despite intrigues from the Executive's people, and despite threats from army Generals, he finally overcame the doubts of his Minister of Justice, M. Sarrien (to whom Madame Dreyfus had applied for a revision of her husband's trial), and caused the Minister to demand that the Court of Cassation, the supreme tribunal, should revise a sentence pronounced on tainted evidence. To show the feeling which has prevailed, it is enough to say that on the very first day of Parliament the Prime Minister was ousted from office by a majority of antirevisionists. Fortunately, the demand had already been duly made and the legal proceedings begun.

In a present visit to the Palace of Justice, therefore, it is the Court of Cassation that chiefly interests us. We do not approach now by the Pont au Change, but by the Pont Neuf—despite its name the oldest bridge in Paris. The Pont Neuf lies directly across the point of the island on which stands the Palais de Justice. What Paris-lover has not stood on that point by the statue of Henry IV, and enjoyed the splendid view down stream—the Louvre in all its glory, the bridges one after another, the Pont des Arts, the Pont du Carrousel, the Pont Royal, and the rest! On our left is the large Place Dauphine, ordinarily a grand bicycle ground for all the gamins of the quarter, to-day filled with several companies of soldiers to reinforce the police in case of need. For this is the day when the Court is to hear the demand for the revision of the Dreyfus case. On the two quays and on the boulevard there are more soldiers. The heavy portal of the Conciergerie is specially guarded, as is also the entrance reserved for the magistrates. The great gates are shut to-day—a little one is open at the left. The ordinary palace guards, the sergents de ville, and the municipal guard make up the police ranks through which one must go to enter the Court. Only those whose credentials have been passed upon by the authorities may enter.

The southern façade of the Palais was built about forty years ago, and is an unpicturesque affair in comparison with the rest of the edifice. Between the Doric columns there are the statues one would expect to find—Justice and Truth and Prudence and Force and Chastisement and Protection. There are more interesting ones inside the vestibule, of Charlemagne, Saint Louis, Philip Augustus, and Napoleon. We pass along the Galerie des Prisons, and seemingly at every step a guard stops our progress and demands our passports. Barriers are actually erected in certain galleries, while the elaborately decorated Galerie Saint Louis, leading to the Court of Cassation, resembled an armed camp. Even in the Court itself one saw the red pompons of the Municipal Guard.

The Court of Cassation consists of fifteen judges. They meet precisely at noon, and their President, M. Loew, begins with no speech further than to declare that "the proceedings are open. The Reporter is at liberty to address the Court." Then up stands Councilor Bard and begins his long report. The silence from the rest (a contrast to the Zola trial) is broken only once, when the President observes some one in the audience furtively turning a pocket kodak upon the august assemblage. The offender is promptly
expelled, the President not being able to repress an indignant "That is unworthy of the place," before inviting the Reporter to proceed. In his cap and gown Reporter Bard is a distinguished-looking personage. His career has been extremely rapid and brilliant, and he is already regarded as a jurist of the first rank. Cæsarians, clericals, militarists, and anti-Semites alike may well tremble at his conclusions.

The next day Procurator-General Manau, a dignified and respect-imposing man, presented his réquisitoire, or charge, to the Court, covering all points. Let it not be forgotten that, first of all his colleagues, M. Manau had proclaimed the condemned Zola an honest man. He did as much for Dreyfus, reading the latter's letters. In the first the prisoner says: "I am accused of the most monstrous crime a soldier can commit. Even now I believe that I am the dupe of a terrible nightmare. But I hope in God and in justice. The truth will come out in the end. My conscience is calm and tranquil, and reproaches me with nothing." The last letter, four years later, ends with the words: "I am daily waiting to learn that the day of justice has at last dawned for us." "That hour," exclaimed M. Manau, "seems to us to have come." He was right. The next day the Court announced its decision to recognize the request as receivable and to declare itself ready to proceed to an official and comprehensive inquiry.

Christmas with the Children
By Emilie Poulsson

ONE of the kindergarten Christmas songs gives so good a presentation of the different aspects of Christmas that I should like to take it as a starting-point:

Christmas! Merry Christmas!  
We greet it with glee,  
With laughter and singing,  
So joyful are we.  
It brings us full stockings  
Crammed down to the toe,  
And fine Christmas trees  
On whose boughs presents grow.  
But we know a reason  
That is better than these  
For welcoming Christmas Day;  
Listen now, please.  
Dear God sent a Christmas gift,  
Long, long ago,  
To make people happy  
And better, we know;  
And so we, too, try,  
As the day comes each year,  
To make our friends happy,  
And sad folks to cheer.

Here we have the suggestion of the jolly Christmas with the stockings and the attendant ideas of Santa Claus and the reindeer and the chimney mystery, the delightful Christmas tree and its wondrous fruit; and then, after this exuberance of childish joy, a tender, thoughtful recognition of the origin of Christmas; and finally, as the outcome of this, deeds of love not only to friends but to some in need of love and service. This seems to me to sketch the complete Christmas.

The Santa Claus idea has its advocates and its disparagers, and there is force in what both urge for and against the children's belief in their patron saint. The only caution which I think necessary to observe is with regard to the manner of giving the idea and of explaining it as a fanciful story when the child is older. The mother must not make Santa Claus too seriously real, and must not break with abruptness the spell which she has woven in earlier days.

The many pictures and rhymes about Santa Claus, with the yearly wonder of the stocking, are sufficient grounds, surely, for the child's belief in him; but as the child begins to think and to ask close questions about Santa Claus, shall we not take that as a hint that we must begin to be less realistic in our stories of him, that we must let the spirit of Santa Claus show more and more, gradually eliminating the personality?

We enjoy the innocent credulity which accepts our wonder stories so trustingly that the child blows letters up the chimney to Santa Claus, and puts Santa Claus's name into the God-blesses of the evening prayer, or wants to make a present for Santa Claus, who is so kind.

But we must be careful that we do not encourage the credulity over long; for, besides the shock of a sudden disillusion, there is the danger of inducing the child to pretend to a belief which he no longer really cherishes. Belief in Santa Claus should not be fostered