

of that of all Central America. The increase, moreover, has shown no tendency to concentration, but has been marked in the entire island. The province of Havana, as a matter of fact, shows the smallest ratio of growth, 22 per cent. It is still the leading province, with a population of 517,524; but it is closely pressed by Santa Clara, with 457,897, and an increase of 29 per cent., and Oriente (formerly Santiago de Cuba), with 453,732, and an increase of 38 per cent. The highest rate of growth was in Matanzas, which now has 289,866, an increase of 43 per cent. Pinar del Rio's growth to 240,781 has been at the rate of 39 per cent., and Camaguey to 117,432 at the rate of 23 per cent. To these results immigration has, of course, largely contributed.

Of the four new cardinals created in the recent consistory, two are Frenchmen—the Archbishops of Rheims and Marseilles—and a third, to judge from his name, De Lal, is probably of the same nationality. A sudden increase in the number of French cardinals from five to eight is not without significance at a time when the question of the final disposition of church property resulting from the Separation Law is being taken up by the French Chamber. Of a repeal of the Separation Law there can be, of course, little hope. The problem that confronts the Church in France is one of organization for carrying on work under new conditions. That the head of the Catholic Church is in close sympathy with the faithful in face of their afflictions and the great task now before them, the increase in the number of French cardinals is—probably one method of testifying. The devolution of church property is comparatively an unimportant matter in the eyes of the militant Catholic leaders; at most, it would be a question of saving a little more or less out of a general shipwreck. Organization for the future is the watchword—organization not only for defence, but for offence. We find such a fighting platform put forth, for instance, by the Bishop of Beauvais, some time ago. According to his statement, Catholics must organize, in the first place, to procure for the clergy the actual means of subsistence, as well as for the "reconquest" of religious liberty, for the defence of society against dissolution through the decline of morality, and for the protection of the young. And the best mode of defence is to attack, so as to forestall further assaults. Napoleon was defeated only when he had ceased to attack.

The *Revue de Paris* publishes a translation of one of Mrs. Edith Wharton's novels, under the title, "Chez les heureux du monde," which, an inspired reader might guess, is French for "The

House of Mirth." Translations from the English are enjoying increasing popularity in Continental periodicals, and especially as *feuilletons* in the daily press. In the case of such serious journals as the *Paris Temps* or the *Giornale d'Italia* of Rome, the suggestion is unescapable that the "puritan" literature of Great Britain, and, to a less extent, America, is naturally adaptable. That the *Paris Figaro* should announce a translation of one of Robert Hichens's stories, may be explained by the element of the exotic which characterizes the Englishman's tales of North Africa—a field, by the way, in which French romancers have themselves done excellent work. It is notable that the favorites for *feuilleton* consumption are not the Hardys and the Merediths, but Kipling and Conan Doyle.

Bourgeois as a term of reproach has entered into the thought and speech of at least two generations. It rivals Philistine as a convenient epithet for what we do not like. In literature, in art, most of all in morals, to be bourgeois is to be something indefinitely but unspeakably awful. Careful parents and anxious teachers warn the young against incurring this taint. The malediction came to us from France, and there are those who maintain that we give it a more malign significance than it has in its country of origin. Prof. Barrett Wendell has recently pointed out that the great body of students at the French universities are bourgeois. So are the leading professional men; they derive from middle-class families in the provinces. Such is notoriously the case with public men in France. When the Socialist orator Jaurès flung the taunt of bourgeois at the Ministry, Clemenceau eagerly accepted it as if it were a badge of honor. As well reproach a Tammany statesman for being "close to the people"! These confusions have lately been the subject of analysis by a Frenchman, M. Aynard, Deputy from Lyons. In a speech before a commercial club, he took up the question of "the war of classes." It is, of course, "guerre à la bourgeoisie" that the Socialists declare, but M. Aynard defied them to say exactly what they mean. With as much truth as wit, he contended that "the term bourgeois is something much easier to resent than to define." There is no sure outward sign, nor infallible inner trait, by which one may detect the bourgeois. To be sure, there are great classes of people who may roughly be so grouped. But even in the class there is no fixity. M. Aynard had made a little investigation of a thousand of the most flourishing commercial houses of Lyons. Nine-tenths of them had been founded by men who were actual workmen or employees shortly before, and who with their families could not even be called

bourgeois to-day, so rapid has been their rise, owing to their own initiative and force, with the free opportunity offered by the laws. There is, admittedly, in France as in this country, a kingdom of the bourgeois, but its boundaries are vague and shifting. Within it are the classes which represent stability, with rather banal ideas, no doubt, but which also represent energy, aspiration, and the spirit of progress. Hence, no sooner have the superior beings outside got their lorgnettes superciliously levelled at the bourgeois, than he suddenly makes his way up to where they stand, and pushes them aside. And presently he, in his turn, becomes very contemptuous of all that is bourgeois!

The career of Lord Kelvin illustrates the great opportunity and appeal which modern science makes to capable and aspiring natures. There is the element of intense mental satisfaction. To be grappling with the problems that underlie all human problems must yield its daily thrill. But this higher type of scientist never loses himself in unrealities. His sense of the actual is too strong for that. Hence he is always eager to show the bearing of his most refined speculations upon the thoughts and lives of men and the march of progress. And if, as an aside from his more arduous labors of the intellect, he is able to devise or perfect some process or tool to bring the triumphs of science home to the hearts of men, he has the contentment which comes from feeling his feet upon the earth and doing service to its denizens. His example shows what is really meant when we speak of the romance of science. De Maistre has a striking passage on the contrast between the scientific spirit of the present and the conception of science in primitive times. Then there was something almost supernatural in the idea of science; it brought up a mystic figure, "looking only at the sky, and with a foot disdainfully touching the earth only to quit it." To-day, on the contrary, science is pictured as loaded down with books and instruments, "pale with vigils and labors, and pressing forward panting on the path towards the truth, with eyes fixed ever on the ground." Yet the two conceptions are not wholly irreconcilable. In Lord Kelvin they were blended, and our point is that something of the old awe felt for the Magi reasserts itself in the case of such a scientist as he. He was seen to be one "commercing with the skies." Yet he would emerge from his closet, and display a kind of magic control over the forces of nature. Thus both reverence and gratitude attended him. The peculiar impress he made upon his time, such satisfactions of attainment as were his, could scarcely be paralleled in any other calling.

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