COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLVSTRATED JOVRNAL OF ART LITERATVRE & CVRRENT EVENTS

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C. Graham

THE DYING RACE—AN INDIAN BURIAL

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AND CURRENT EVENTS

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THE EDITOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY NEW YORK CITY

ROBERT J COLLIER EDITOR

NEW YORK FEBRUARY FIFTH 1898

THE ANTI-SEMITIC AGITATION IN FRANCE

THIS is grave news that comes to us from Paris. At the hour when we write, the session of the Chamber of Deputies has been suspended. The scene of disorder witnessed in the Chamber on Saturday, January 22, was more disgraceful even than that which was recently beheld in the Reichsrath in Vienna, and which caused the prorogation of that body. The quarrel between the German members of the Reichsrath and their Slav colleagues was intelligible, the concessions made to the Czechs with regard to the use of their language being, avowedly, intended to put a stop to the Germanization of Bohemia. The fundamental cause of the present agitation in France is more deep-seated and illusive. The Dreyfus case is but a shuttlecock, which is tossed backward and forward between the opposing forces. On the one side are arrayed the great Israelite financiers, who support the existing Republican regime because, since the triumph of Gambetta, in the autumn of 1877, it has been managed in their interests. Against them are enlisted, first, the anti-Semitic fanatics, who have attempted to revive medieval antagonisms, who insist that no Jew can be a patriot, and who believe Dreyfus to have been guilty for no better reason than that he is a Jew; and, secondly, all the discontented who, under any political system, are numerous, and who have already proved their power by making, for a moment, Boulanger a formidable figure. What will be the outcome of the present situation it is now impossible to foresee. All we know is that Paris is more excited than it has been at any time since the days of the Commune, and that such excitement in the past has usually given birth to an attempt at revolution. Where the elements of a conflagration are at hand, it needs but a spark to kindle them, and the Dreyfus incident, trivial as it seems, is not a jot more insignificant than were the incidents that became the occasions or the pretexts of the overthrow of the governments of Charles X. and Louis Philippe. Thus far, the upholders of the existing order, represented, of course, by President Faure and Premier Meline, seem to have a firm hold of the army, and it may be that, possessing such a potent instrument of repression, they will succeed in dealing with a popular uprising, as Bonaparte dealt with the revolt of the Sections against the Directory, or as Cavaignac dealt with the Socialist upheaval in the days of June, 1848.

With respect to the Dreyfus case, which threatens to demolish the existing frame of government in France, the facts known to us are few, but the surmises, hypotheses and imputations are many. The sum of our knowledge is that Captain Dreyfus was tried by a Court-martial, was convicted of communicating the secrets of the French War Office to a foreign power, and is now undergoing punishment for that crime. The evidence on which he was convicted has not been divulged, and is alleged to be withheld for reasons of State. The latest authoritative statement on the subject was made by Premier Meline in the Chamber of Deputies, just before its suspension; he said that a publication of the data, on which the decision of the Court-martial was based, would seriously affect the foreign relations of France. The inference is that the power, which is said to have made use of Dreyfus, was Russia; for, had it been Germany, the position of France would not have been materially influenced by the discovery that a rival country had taken the usual means to gain information concerning the military resources of a possible opponent. M. Meline, in refusing to disclose the evidence on which the Court-martial acted, or to publish the confession alleged to have been subsequently made by Dreyfus, seems to be proceeding on the assumption that a revelation of the truth would so shock the French people that they would repudiate the alliance with Russia. To us this seems to be a mistake. We cannot believe the French people to be so childish, that they would denounce as an act of unpardonable treachery a reasonable wish upon the part of the St. Petersburg Government to ascertain exactly what the co-operation of France would be worth from a military point of view. The Russian general staff, undoubtedly, knows all about the actual condition of the German army and its capacity of mobilization; it did but follow the dictates of ordinary prudence, if it sought to secure like information touching the military system of France before entering into a coalition with that power.

It is obvious that the mystery in which the Dreyfus case is persistently enshrouded by the French Government gives a great strategic advantage to the friends and champions of the convicted officer. They say that, if the proceedings of the Court-martial will not bear the light, there must have been something wrong about them; and they add that the alleged confession by Dreyfus is not produced for the excellent reason that it is either non-existent or a forgery. For the moment, therefore, they have, undoubtedly, the best of the argument, and, on the forthcoming trial of Émile Zola, the novelist, the Government will find it difficult to prevent a complete exposure of the facts, although the indictment for libel has been drawn with the obvious intention of averting a searching investigation. The Socialists who, when thoroughly aroused, probably constitute a majority of the Paris population, as they seemed to show when they elected Boulanger a Deputy, have espoused Zola's cause, partly because they are, at heart, opposed to an alliance with the Russian autocrat, and hope to weaken it by bringing home to the St. Petersburg Government what may be described as an act of perfidy; and partly because they see in the present agitation a means of discrediting the existing political regime and its mainstay, the standing army. On the other hand, the violent opposition of the students to the friends of Dreyfus, and the active part which they have taken in the anti-Semitic demonstrations, are due to a patriotic conviction that the continuance of public confidence in the army and the maintenance of the league with Russia are indispensable conditions of the nation's rehabilitation. But the students, it should be remembered, represent, for the most part, the middle class; they do not represent the proletariat; and it is the proletariat of Paris and other great manufacturing centers with which President Faure and M. Meline may be forced to try conclusions.

THE SITUATION IN CUBA

IT is not improbable that, before these lines meet the reader's eye, events of decisive moment will have taken place in Cuba. If it be true that General Calixto García has captured Holguin, a strongly fortified interior town, the revolutionists now occupy the whole of the province of Santiago, with the exception of the seaports, and the same thing is true of the adjoining province of Puerto Principe outside of the capital bearing the same name, which, itself, is surrounded by the insurgent forces, and is said to be in jeopardy. The departure of Governor-general Blanco for Santiago implies a recognition on his part that a desperate effort must be made to recover a part, at least, of that province, if the acknowledgment of the belligerency of the Cubans is to be longer postponed. Meanwhile, he leaves a serious danger behind him in the Havana Volunteers, who may take advantage of his absence to revolt and overturn the Autonomist Government. Should such a movement occur, the lives of American citizens living in Havana would be imperiled, and Consul-general Lee would, undoubtedly, request the dispatch of a warship to that port. This need not necessarily mean a resort to international hostilities, for there are two German vessels of war at this moment in the harbor of Havana; but the Spaniards, it must be remembered, regard the Germans with a friendly eye, whereas they are infuriated against Americans on account of our undisguised sympathy for the revolutionists. There is, also, some reason to think that many of the richer Spaniards, especially the owners of sugar plantations, which, at present, cannot be worked, are secretly desirous of provoking, by some overt act of violence, a conflict which would compel the United States to occupy the island. The sugar planters have lost belief in the power of the Madrid Government to reassert its authority in Cuba, and they foresee, what is true enough, that they would be safer under American protection than under Cuban rule. The real ground of their opposition to the present Autonomist regime is the knowledge that, were this firmly established, the Spanish residents in the island would be likely to suffer reprisals for the despoliation and oppression which the Cubans have experienced at their hands.

In Madrid, itself, there is a growing conviction that Cuba is lost to Spain. This view of the situation is expressed not only by the veteran Republican, Señor Pi y Margal, but also by Señor Silvela, the leader of the larger Conservative faction, and the probable successor of Premier Sagasta, should the latter be driven to resign. Sagasta, it will be noticed, is in a difficult position. He is ruling, at present, without a Parliament. The reforms which, ostensibly, have given self-government to Cuba, are embodied, not in regular laws, but in royal decrees, which will only acquire permanent validity when they have been sanctioned by the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies. There is no hope of obtaining such a sanction from the existing Cortes,

which contains a large majority of Conservatives, and, therefore, Sagasta has prorogued that body. He does not wish, however, to dissolve it and order a new general election until he can point to the attainment of some substantial success by his Cuban policy. Of such a success there is now no prospect. The attempt to win over the Cuban revolutionists by the offer of autonomy has proved a failure, while, on the other hand, the plan of subduing them by force has been, practically, abandoned. It is true that Sagasta, who, at first, declared that not another soldier should be sent to Cuba, has, lately, consented to dispatch thither re-enforcements to the extent of several thousand men, but these will not make good a tenth part of the losses suffered by disease.

The collapse of the autonomist programme has shown that there are two ways only in which the Cuban problem may be solved. One solution is the sale of the island by Spain either to the United States or to the provisional Cuban government; in the latter case, we should have to guarantee the bonds received in payment. Provided the price tendered were satisfactory, we presume that either Sagasta or Silvela could be prevailed upon to sell the Pearl of the Antilles after the beginning of another rainy season should have made it clear to the Spanish people that the recovery of Cuba by arms is out of the question. As to the amount of money to be offered we could probably afford to give, or guarantee, three or four hundred million dollars, provided we could borrow at three or three and one-half per cent, as we should, doubtless, be able to do. In 1894 the revenues of Cuba, honestly collected, would not only have provided interest and a sinking fund for such an indebtedness, but have left a large surplus for current expenditures and internal improvements. The trouble with the debt heretofore saddled by Spain on Cuba has been the inordinate rate of interest which it bore, a rate which we should not be called upon to pay. As a matter of fact, moreover, the revenues of 1894 could be signally increased under a sagacious and honest administration, though not, of course, until the island should have recovered from the present prostration of its industries.

If Spain refuses to sell, the only alternative is a loss of Cuba through our recognition of its independence. Such a recognition will not take place at once, for we must follow the course prescribed by international law, in order to retain the approval of foreign nations. To recognize the independence of a country before recognizing its belligerency would be unheard of. The belligerency of the Southern Confederacy was recognized by England, France, and Spain before the first Battle of Bull Run, but by no foreign power was its independence ever recognized. We, ourselves, recognized the belligerency of certain Spanish-American communities more than seven years before Pesident Monroe acknowledged their independence in 1822. It will be remembered that a concurrent resolution passed by both Houses of Congress in favor of recognizing the Cubans as belligerents was unheeded by Mr. Cleveland. It is a joint resolution to the same effect which was passed by the Senate at its last session, and which is now pending in the House of Representatives. Thus far, Speaker Reed, and Mr. Hitt, the chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, have been able to avert a vote on that resolution, but, as the proposal is favored by a large fraction of the Republicans as well as by all the Democrats, it seems incredible that their wishes can be long obstructed. When the resolution is passed by the popular chamber, we take for granted that the President will sign it, and not veto it; for the platform adopted by the Republican party at St. Louis pledges him to give the Cubans all the assistance in his power. The moment that the Cubans are recognized as belligerents, they will have a right to demand that, when captured, they shall be treated as prisoners of war; they will also be able to contract loans and to issue letters of marque. Moreover, they will, henceforth, have just such privileges in our ports as have their opponents. At present, they have none. We do not even pretend to observe neutrality between the Spaniards and the Cubans, because, in the eye of international law, the latter are non-existent.

WHY IRISHMEN CELEBRATE '98

THE ignorance of Irish history, which is characteristic of most Englishmen, is now exemplified in expressions of surprise that Irishmen should think of commemorating the events which took place in Wexford and Connaught just one hundred years ago. The ideas current in England respecting the insurrection of '98 are represented by Cruikshank's pictures of loyalist women and babies spitted on rebel pikes. Even a man, who ought to be thoroughly conversant with Irish history, Colonel Saunderson, the leader of the Ulster Unionists in the House of Commons, went so far wide of the truth as to allege in debate that the rebellion of '98 was the only proof of gratitude which England received for giving the Irish Parliament its freedom, when the fact is, as Mr. Gladstone pointed out at the time, that the rebellion was deliberately provoked by Mr. Pitt for the purpose of extorting by terror a consent to union with Great Britain from those members of the Irish Parliament who could not be won over by bribery. On another occasion Colonel Saunderson boasted of the ease with which the Orangemen had thrashed the rebels in '98, the fact being that the Orangemen suffered ignominious defeat and had to call in the aid of England. What Irishmen will celebrate in this centenary is the amazing courage and fortitude displayed in Wexford by a handful of untrained and ill-armed peasants, and the equally astonishing campaign which followed in the northwest some weeks later, when a force of about one thousand Frenchmen, re-enforced by Irish insurgents, marched half-way across the island and kept the field for nearly three weeks in the teeth of an army of Orangemen and Englishmen by which they were far outnumbered.

It is needless to go to Catholic authorities for proof of the enormities by which the Irish Catholics were driven to insurrection in '98. The testimony of Englishmen and Protestants will suffice. "It is a fact incontrovertible," says Lord Holland, "that the people were driven to resistance by free quarters and the excesses of the soldiery, which were such as are not permitted in civilized warfare, even in an enemy's country." By free quarters was meant the billeting of soldiers in respectable households with unlimited license to commit robbery, torture, and rape. Lord Moira told the House of Lords that he had himself witnessed tortures and brutalities exceeding the worst stories of the Spanish Inquisition, and that, too, in a part of the country as free from disturbance as the city of London. Plowden estimated at seven thousand the number of men, women, and children murdered or driven from their homes by the Orange banditti within a single year in the small county of Armagh alone. The governor of Armagh, Lord Gosford, testified that neither age nor sex, nor even acknowledged innocence, was sufficient to excite mercy, much less to afford protection. The only crime with which the victims of the ruthless persecutions were charged was the profession of the Roman Catholic religion. To give an idea of the hideous sufferings endured by the Irish people for months before the desperate uprising, it is needful to specify three or four of the tortures which were habitually inflicted. Compared with them, it is lenity which is exhibited toward the Armenians by Abdul the Damned. Irish Catholics who refused to tell where their arms were concealed, for the reason in most cases that they had no arms to conceal, were held in agony with the bare soles of their feet on the sharpened points of pegs or "pickets," or had their heads covered with "caps" of boiling pitch, till caps and pitch and scalp were dragged away by the tormentors. Others were put through repeatedly the agonies of strangulation by the device of half-hanging; others, again, had moistened gunpowder rubbed into their hair, cut close, and then set on fire; the effect of this devilish invention was to make the skull a jelly of crisped flesh and bone.

If there could be anything more infamous than the ferocity displayed by the Orangemen in '98 before there were any pikes to be faced, it was the cowardice which they ultimately evinced in the field. It was with pitchforks that the peasants of Wexford, when they were at last driven to revolt, broke the Yeoman Cavalry, and they never had artillery, or even gunpowder with which to load the muskets which they eventually captured. It was with pikes, which they fitted to handles twelve feet long, that they put to flight not only well-armed militia, but regular troops composed of artillery as well as cavalry and infantry. Within a fortnight the half-armed peasants, undirected by any military leader, had gained entire possession of Wexford, with the exception of a single town, which they twice captured but lost through drunkenness. They were not once worsted in open fight until, after three weeks' preparation, General Lake surrounded their camp with an army twenty thousand strong; even to this overwhelming force they opposed a stubborn resistance. We need not recall the relatively familiar story of the little band of Frenchmen who, under General Humbert, landed at Killala and who with a battalion of Irish auxiliaries won five victories until at last they were forced to capitulate by Lord Cornwallis, who had surrounded them with two great armies.

Will it be said that the atrocities were not all on one side? It is undisputed that three abominable crimes were committed by the Catholic insurgents. Some drunken runaways from the battle of Ross set fire to a barn in which eighty prisoners perished; again, at Enniscorthy, when the rebels first burst into the town, at least twenty loyalists were massacred in the streets; finally, a number of prisoners, estimated at thirty-six, were piked and thrown over the bridge at Wexford. These three crimes, however, were committed against the vehement protest of the rebel leaders, and, barbarous as they were, fill but a small place on the balance sheet, the other side of which is occupied by the torturing and killing of tens of thousands of peasants, and innumerable outrages on women. The Protestant historians, Hay and Plowden, testify that during the Wexford insurrection there was not a single instance of a female being violated or injured by Catholics, whereas on the Protestant side, it was the boast of officers of rank that within certain large districts not a single woman had been left undefiled. With regard to the Connaught campaign, the Protestant bishop of Killala bore witness that during the whole time of the revolt in that province, there was not a drop of blood shed by the Irish except upon the field of battle.

On the whole, Irishmen have reason to be proud of '98, and one effect of the celebration of the centenary, in which all factions of the Nationalist party are to participate, will be to make Englishmen much better acquainted with Irish history than they are now.

LAUNCHING JAPAN'S NEW CRUISER

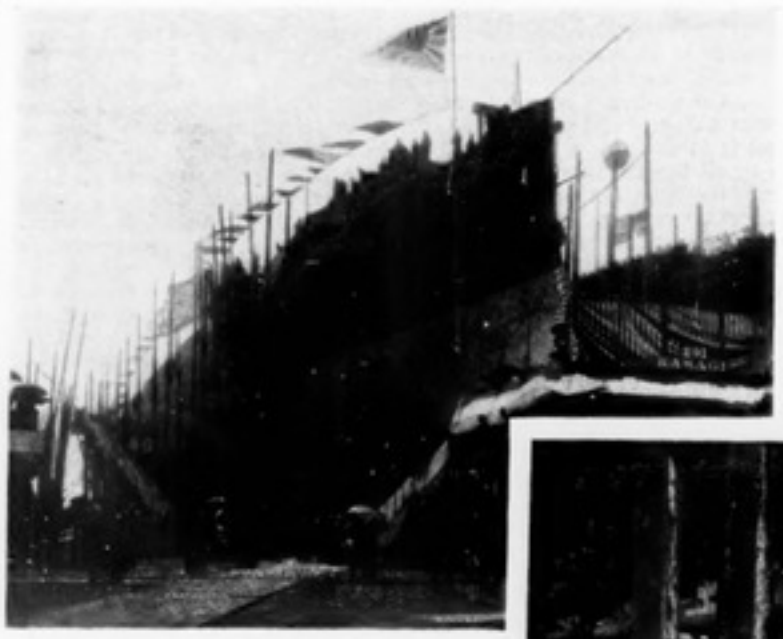
MISS HELEN LONG

In a white fog that never lifted and in the midst of a driving rain the Japanese cruiser *Kasagi*, the first naval vessel built for a foreign power in this country since 1879, was launched from Cramps' Shipyards, Philadelphia, just after high noon on Thursday, January 20. Neither fog nor rain, however, marred the launching. Without a hitch, as if upon the pressing of an electric button, the splendid warship slid down the ways in famous fashion, breaking, as it were, from the hands of a notable trio on the christening stage — Shipbuilder Charles F. Cramp, an American girl—Miss Helen Long, daughter of the Secretary of the Navy, and his Excellency, Toru Hoshi, Minister of Japan.

There was the gray-bearded, silk-hatted constructor of vessels of war—the Occident at its best—the suave, small, quiet, modest diplomat of the Orient—a vivid contrast—while between the two stood the tall *Americaine*, a girl slender and with a piquant face, half hidden by the huge bunch of red roses she carried, her hand on the gilded handle of the rope that needed to be pulled to perform the act of christening—the loosing of doves from a floral basket that swung high, a sphere of flowers and Japanese colored paper, from the flagpole on the *Kasagi's* bow.

Under umbrellas for all except a few moments stood the christening party itself on the platform at the cruiser's sharp nose—a mixture of Japanese and Americans of the highest rank, nearly all officials of degree. Below, wading in the mud of the shipyard, on stands, at the windows of the nearby machine-shops, and swarming over every available inch of the half-finished *Alabama* alongside, was a huge audience, unmindful of rain or damp.

The scene was a picture that it would be hard to duplicate, and in its entirety is never likely to be seen. Bundled in rubber coats were long lines of Philadelphia's best policemen, keeping the way clear. Behind them crowded, shivering as each moment fresh gusts of rain swept into their faces, the sightseers, to the number of thousands, huddled beneath umbrellas. At moments, so thick and so white was the fog, a man standing at the *Kasagi's* bow could not see her stern. At the best, save for a few seconds after the christening party arrived—and the prospective sunlight almost immediately failed — the cruiser was merely a great gray mass, almost indistinguishable as to outline, a blur against the dull sky.



JUST BEFORE THE LAUNCHING

Yet in every detail the launching was superb. The fortunes that this past decade have been waiting on Japan, the "nation with a future," did not desert her at the birth of her newest vessel of war. Despite the grim sky and lowering atmosphere the drama of the ship going down to the sea never flagged. It was about half-past twelve when the workmen on the ways, hammers in hand, crouching under the *Kasagi's* keel, were given the signal to make ready. All down the line of the ship the artisans, the pick of the workshops of the Cramps, were placed.

Blow after blow resounded. The timbers that supported the vessel's "fins"—thin plates of steel along her sides to prevent her rolling—were knocked away. With stout blows other workmen drove in the wedges that, under the cradle's edge, imperceptibly and by degrees swung the huge bulk upon her cradle, lifting her off her keel blocks. Though no one could realize it, the *Kasagi* and her 4,900 tons were now in midair, held by a few bits of wood. With frantic zeal competitive brawny men with hammers and chisels hacked away at the now useless keel blocks, leveling them with a few strokes.

The ways had meantime been well greased; four thousand pounds of tallow and fish-oil, mixed, had been put upon them, smoking hot. Now only a bolted plank of great stoutness on either side of the *Kasagi's* ways held the ship. With double saws, sharp as razors and precisely adjusted, men commenced to saw these planks. A stillness of a moment came over all.

WAITING IN THE RAIN

There was then a ripping of wood, a bursting, and slowly, tremblingly, at two minutes of one, the new cruiser of Japan first moved.

Yet the doves of the Orient, that were to christen the ship, instead of the Western bottle of foaming wine, did not fly out. The cord that Miss Long hastily pulled slipped from her hand, and swung against the flagstaff on the bow. Governor Hastings of Pennsylvania reached for it, but missed. There was no time to think. The vessel was already slipping down the ways. She was gaining momentum. Her future, from the Japanese point of view, hung on the liberation of the doves in the floral ball high above.

It was a workman, unknown and blackened, that saved the day for the cause of Japan. At the last possible instant he sprang into the air and at his jerk the sphere fell apart. High above, in eddying circles, the doves soared, and there fell to the ground flowers by the hundred and bits of gay paper. Some of these flowers, a few moments later, sold readily as souvenirs for two dollars apiece. Twenty-eight seconds later the warship rested on the waters of the Delaware. Tugs surrounded her, and a flotilla of rowboats gathered about the end of the ways to collect the floating tallow.

As a modern warship the *Kasagi* is unexcelled in her class. Though of but 4,900 tons displacement, she is so sharp and of such delicate lines that she seems much larger. Twenty-two and one-half knots will be her speed, which is little short of marvelous for a war vessel of this size.

WEDGING UP

Her armament will include two 8-inch rapid-fire guns, one mounted on the poop deck, the other on the forecastle. The remainder of the main battery will be ten 4.7 rapid-fire guns arranged on sponsons on upper deck between poop and forecastle.

THE SITUATION IN CUBA

MOST news reports from Cuba consist in denials of earlier news reports, so the Spanish and official story that Esperanza, the capital of the insurgent government, had been captured is denied and it seems reasonably certain that the Spanish force that attempted the capture was badly beaten.

Our Consul-general at Havana, General Fitz-Hugh Lee, called January 24 for a war vessel, and on the 25th the battleship *Maine* steamed into Havana harbor and exchanged courtesies with the Spanish forts and fleet. Probably no single explanation of the sending of the *Maine* tells the entire truth: the rioting of the previous week justified the Consul-general in desiring the presence of a naval vessel, for the protection of American citizens and property, and the *Maine* was probably selected because in case of trouble she would be less vulnerable than an unarmed cruiser. The forts of the harbor could not harm a battleship seriously; as to the fleet, the *Maine* is more than twice as formidable in battery power alone as any two Spanish cruisers in Cuban waters, for she carries four 10-inch breech-loading rifles. She is heavily armored; the only Spanish armored vessel in the Cuban waters is a little cruiser of a little more than one thousand tons displacement; the *Maine's* is six times as great. Yet Spain at Havana should not be powerless against battleships, for she has five large torpedo boats in the harbor. There is little or no possibility of intentional conflict between Spain and the United States in Cuban waters, but many people familiar with the American tar and the commonest type of Spanish-American enjoyed a great sense of relief over the announcement that Captain Sigsbee of the *Maine* intended to keep his men close aboardship. A few years ago a street fight in Valparaiso, between a gang of natives and some of the *Baltimore's* crew, almost forced us into war with Chili. Havana contains a larger proportion of ruffians than any other city of the Western Hemisphere; besides, many residents who are not ruffians have political reasons for wishing to see Spain at war with the United States. The Valparaiso incident has become a chronic chafe to our tars; if "liberty" men or other sailors without officers are again assaulted ashore they will raise the conflict to the dignity of an international affair.

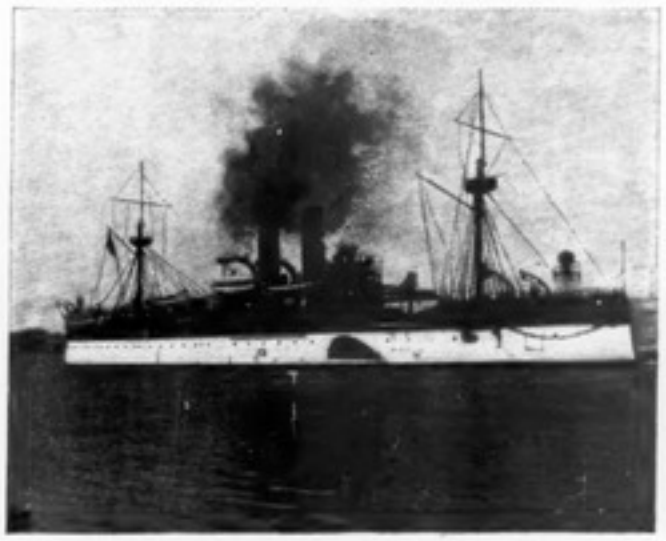
CAPTAIN-GENERAL BLANCO

Immediately after the *Maine's* arrival was reported came announcements that France and Great Britain would send vessels to Havana; Germany was already represented there. Of course it will be explained, publicly, that the purpose of the powers is merely to be ready to protect citizens of their respective countries in case of disorders that the Captain-general cannot quell; privately it will be said in England, France and Germany that if Spain really must lose Cuba through sale or theft, any possible buyer or thief should be on the ground early so as to secure a fair chance.

Important — if true — is the story that Captain - general Blanco has endeavored to meet Gomez, the insurgent's general-in-chief, in response to an invitation, to discuss the situation and its remedy. Gomez appears to have more of the statesman quality than any of his military associates, and is by nature and military training wily enough to be Blanco's equal at diplomacy. The story, cabled to the United States, that Blanco carried with him three hundred thousand dollars in gold, with which to bribe some of the insurgent leaders, was probably believed in Havana, for bribery has long been the official custom in Cuba; in Spain, however, and particularly in Cabinet circles, there will be great wonder as to where the Captain-general got the gold. As to Gomez, he appears to have been unprepared to talk with authority and conclusively, for it is reported that when he heard of the approach of Blanco he hurried away to consult the President and Cabinet of the insurgent's Cuban government (there really are such officials). Gomez has several times suggested that Spain could obtain peace, not only with honor but with riches, by selling Cuba to the Cubans for one hundred millions or more, and intimated that the United States would supply the money. Some intelligent Cubans believe that American capitalists are ready to float an enormous Cuban loan if they may have Cuba for security, and that Americans in high official positions are to be "let in on the ground floor" of the supposed syndicate; perhaps Gomez himself believes this story— which has been told widely among the insurgents and their brother-Cubans in the United States.

GENERAL GOMEZ

The two Autonomist Cabinet officers whose portraits we give are the most prominent members of a body that occupies the unenviable position of being between two fires. Whether the insurgents abhor autonomy more intensely than do the Spaniards is doubtful. Galvez, the president of the Cabinet, was born at Matanzas, Cuba, more than sixty years ago; he is a lawyer by profession, and a brilliant and forceful orator. That he loves Cuba rather than Spain may be inferred from the fact that he was exiled, for political reasons, during the Ten Years' War. When that conflict ended the Autonomist party was organized by Galvez, who has continued to be its leader. That he does not advocate independence is because he doubts the fitness of the mass of Cubans for self-government.



UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP "MAINE"

Montoro, the Autonomist Minister of Finance, and consequently the official who will bear the heaviest burden should autonomy be accepted by the people, was born in Havana. He was studying and practicing law in Madrid during the Ten Years' War, but returned to Cuba in 1878, joined the Autonomist party and was elected to the Spanish Cortes, or Parliament, as deputy from the province of Havana. Although he found that the supposed Spanish promises of that period were not made to be fulfilled, he was faithful to his fellow-Cubans, forced their grievances into publicity in Spain, and repeatedly warned the government that the delaying of reforms would cause another insurrection. Like Premier Galvez, Montoro fears that "Free Cuba" would be badly governed—he has studied several Spanish-American republics in which the average intelligence of the masses is quite equal to that of Cuba; consequently he is not liked by many of his old associates who have become revolutionists.

JOSE MARIA GALVEZ

RAFAEL MONTORO

On the whole the Cuban situation, bristling, a week since, with ominous possibilities, seems at the present writing to have once more subsided from an acutely warlike to a patiently pacific phase. Intervention loomed large a few days past, and, if the war-cloud has rolled over, it is only to return in the near future with more sinister portent—unless, indeed, Spain and Cuba settle their differences in the interval—a consummation more to be hoped for than expected.

A NATION IN PERIL OF A NOVELIST

FOR a novelist to overturn a government would seem impossible, but in France apparent impossibilities are always feared, for reasons that French history of the last hundred years explains sufficiently. Few intelligent people, in France or out of it, would be surprised were the trial of Zola, a few days hence, to result in the fall of the French ministry—worse still, in shaking the confidence of French people in their army, which to them is far dearer than their government.

The ministry will have only itself to blame. The disturbance began over the mystery that enveloped the trial of the so-called traitor, Captain Dreyfus, who three years ago was sentenced to solitary imprisonment for life, for having sold to agents of a foreign power some military secrets which the staff department of the French army regarded as valuable. The specifications of the charge against Dreyfus were never made public, nor was the evidence on which conviction was secured. The family of the disgraced officer insisted that the innocent had suffered for the guilty; then there was a story that Dreyfus had been selected as a scapegoat because he was a Jew.

EMILE ZOLA

Curiosity as to the nature and magnitude of Dreyfus's alleged offense increased when it was learned that the prisoner was being guarded and otherwise treated as if he were a person of tremendous consequence. Frenchmen heard that Dreyfus was the only prisoner on the Ile du Diable—an island no larger than a city square and several miles off the coast of French Guiana; that two platoons of soldiers and several officers occupied the island, solely to guard Dreyfus; that the guard was assisted by armed boats, and that the prisoner was never allowed to speak or to be out of sight of the guard. Men asked themselves and their neighbors why so much exclusion and caution should be manifested regarding a single prisoner. Could any state secret be so great as to justify it? If so, could the secret be honorable?

The wonder grew and gained publicity until it became an influence. Journals inspired by the government ridiculed it, but still men talked. Then rumor charged Dreyfus's alleged offense, whatever it was, to Count Esterhazy, late an officer in the French army. The government disposed of the rumor by holding an inquiry—behind closed doors, in the usual French manner—and exonerated Esterhazy, although there had been made public a letter, written by that officer, while he was still in the service, in which were expressed sentiments as disloyal and treasonable as any enemy of France could desire.

The government supposed that the whitewashing of Esterhazy would suppress the excitement over Dreyfus, but it was disappointed. An air of mystery always piques curiosity, especially among people who, like the mass of the French, have no respect for their official class. While half of Paris was shaking its head, shrugging its shoulders and raising its eyebrows, the novelist Zola suddenly threw a bomb into the government camp; it was made only of paper and ink, but it would have done less damage had it been of dynamite. It was in the form of a letter to the President of the republic, and it might have been tossed into the waste-basket had it not been signed by Zola and also been made public by its writer; for although intensely earnest, it proved none of its writer's charges. These latter, however, were all against prominent officials of the Department of War—a department which in France, as Zola himself says, is regarded as "the sacred ark, never to be attacked."

Zola was promptly arrested, and a trial was ordered, to begin early in this month, but the government has confessed weakness by making the charges so trivial that Zola's own charges can be ignored during the trial, unless the novelist's counsel is sufficiently crafty to discover means of dragging them into the case. French law at its best is but a survival of medievalism; instead of proving guilt, it compels an accused person to prove his innocence. It also permits unlimited bullying, provided the bully be a government official; so Paris—and Zola—know how to construe the declaration of General Billot, Minister of War, that he shall attend the proceedings to see that the dignity of the army is not insulted.

In the interval Paris is in a ferment. The elements that compose mobs abound in the French capital, and there are suspicions that they sometimes take their impulse from the police and to further political purposes. If the recent riots were so directed they show the weakness of the government in the Dreyfus matter, for all are directed against the race of which Dreyfus is a member. In Algiers, now a French city, and inhabited principally by Parisians whose own city cast them out, there have been similar demonstrations against the Jews, and the governor, who two years ago was Paris's own very able chief of police, merely talked instead of sabering the rioters at sight, in the customary manner of the French police.

In brief, the secrecy of the Dreyfus and Esterhazy proceedings, the extraordinary treatment of Dreyfus himself, the weakness of the charges against Zola, and the latitude allowed the rioters in Paris and elsewhere, indicate that the French government is concealing something that is not to its credit. It has been greatly weakened within a month; an inconsequent end to the Zola trial will further weaken it, and should the novelist have opportunity to prove any of his charges he will shake all the ministers out of their seats and make the coming elections more uncertain and exciting than any that have been held since the present republic came into existence, for any disgrace to the republic means encouragement to the factions that would restore the monarchy or the empire.

But a greater disaster may come of the Zola case. If France continues to imply that the hated Germans bought the stolen information, while the real purchaser was "friendly" Russia, German anger may suddenly express itself through the army. Nothing would better please the Emperor than an opportunity to repeat his father's and grandfather's exploits in France.

ILE DU DIABLE—SHOWING DREYFUS'S CAGE ON THE RIGHT

THE RECENT WAR SCARE

A FEW days ago Mr. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, said that the armament of some of the vessels of our new navy was not equal to that of certain foreign vessels of similar class. About the same time Representative McClellan, son of the late General McClellan, and himself a lifelong student of military affairs in general and of our own army in particular, expressed himself strongly in Congress regarding the weakness and defects of our military system. Straightway some hundreds of agitators, some of whom were editors who should have known better, treated the remarks of Mr. Roosevelt and Colonel McClellan as sensational revelations, and many patriotic taxpayers were led to fear that dry rot, and perhaps corruption, had taken possession of two departments that have heretofore been distinguished above all others by their ability and honesty.

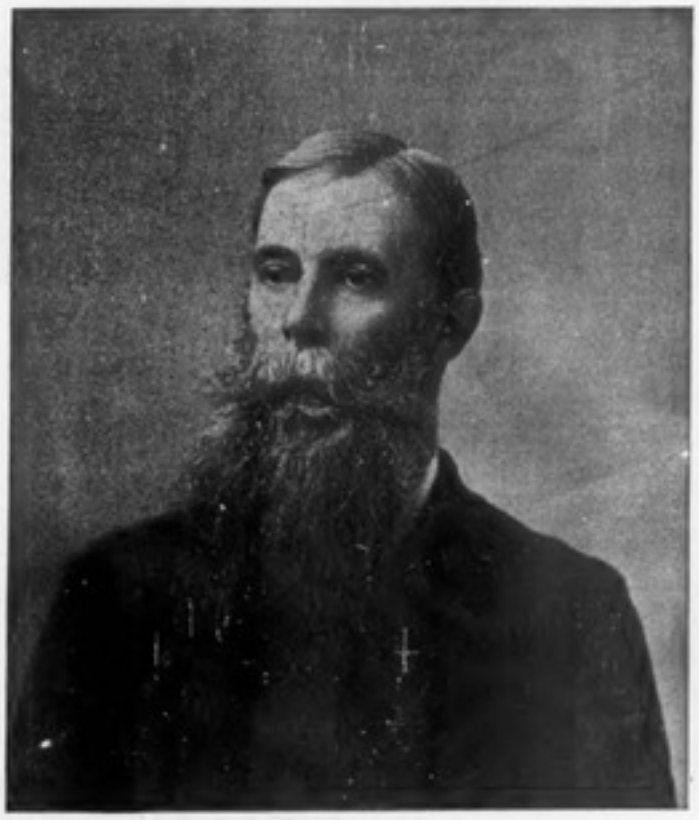
HON THEODORE ROOSEVELT

The truth is that the remarks of the Congressman and the Assistant Secretary did not apply at all to the personnel of the army and navy, but entirely to Congress. The methods and machinery of war change as frequently and radically as those of business, and all great nations but the United States heed them and act accordingly. We, however, unlike any other power, have no apprehensions regarding the immediate intentions of any government other than our own; so Congress, no matter how liberal in river and harbor bills and in expenditures for public buildings, is very stingy toward the army and navy. More men, more ships, better guns small and great, have to be fought for unceasingly. No army has abler officers and better men than our own, but Congress will not appropriate the money with which to bring the scattered commands together from time to time for drill purposes. Our naval breech-loading rifles of 6-inch caliber or less should have been altered to quick-fire guns years ago, but until very recently Congress would not appropriate money for the purpose. The army and navy have complained for years of their limitations and hinderances, but Congress has continued reluctant. There is no sensation about it; no revelation; no new material for a scare; nothing but the fact that seldom is an attacked nation ready to defend itself, that we are the least ready on earth, and that the entire fault is with Congress.

COL GEORGE B McCLELLAN

HAWAII AND ITS PRESIDENT

INTEREST in the treaty providing for the annexation of Hawaii to the United States has been greatly increased by the appearance in Washington of President Dole. Like almost any other prominent resident of the islands, Mr. Dole is of American parentage, although he was born in Hawaii. He completed his education in the United States and has ever since been engaged in business in the land of his birth. Personally and as President he enjoys the respect of all classes in Hawaii, and he is as good authority as any on the resources and relations of the little republic and the temper of its inhabitants. Nominally he is here to arrange for the refunding of the Hawaiian debt at a lower rate of interest than now is paid, but it was scarcely accidental that his visit coincided with the annexation discussion in the Senate. President Dole is the guest of the United States, and is therefore precluded from lobbying for annexation, but nothing need prevent him answering questions by individual callers, even if the latter be Senators, nor need he hesitate should the Senate Committee ask him, as a favor, to appear before it. Such an appearance would probably aid the annexation party, for Mr. Dole has the reputation of being as diplomatic and tactful as any European ruler and to have the interests of his country always in mind.



PRESIDENT SANFORD B DOLE

There are many facts pertinent to the annexation question that never appear in any single statement. Among them are these: The actual valuation of the improved property on the islands is only forty million dollars—less than that of any very small American city—nevertheless three-fourths of it belongs to American citizens and under titles that no Hawaiian will dispute. The foreign commerce of the islands amounts to about twenty-five millions a year, nine-tenths of it being with the United States. The owners of large properties, harassed by their experiences with native governments, took part in the revolution which replaced the monarchy by a republic, and are now longing for annexation to the United States, feeling assured that were the islands American territory an American vessel would always be in the harbor of Honolulu. The associations and real interests of almost all of these large property owners are American, but for the sake of peace and protection they would willingly see the islands ceded to any civilized nation that would promise to protect the business class against possible uprisings of natives who have no real grievances. The annexation desire is encouraged by Americans—naval, commercial and political—who see the value of a supply, repair and coaling station half-way between our Pacific ports and the treaty ports of China and Japan. Opponents of annexation insist that Hawaii would be useful only as an asylum for politicians who could not be provided for at home, that we would be obliged to fortify whatever we would hold, and that the possession of an alleged nation that has less population and wealth than a first-class American county would compel some severe complications and degradations of American politics. It is also held that as we have not enough artillerists to garrison our own coast fortifications we would be unable to hold Hawaii except by the sufferance of other nations.

Although much liberty has to be taken with geographical facts to make Hawaii on the direct line that may be drawn from any port on our side of the Pacific to any port on the other side, it is admitted by every one that Honolulu is far the most important and valuable stopping-place in mid-Pacific. Were Hawaii to fall into the hands of any nation but our own, our trade with Asia would be ended in the event of our falling to blows with the nation holding Honolulu. Merchantmen as well as naval vessels need coaling stations as well as facilities for repairs, and as our trade with China, Japan and Australia is large we cannot afford ever to be excluded from Honolulu. Our ocean marine, aside from coasting vessels, is almost all in the Asiatic and Australian trade; hence our Pacific Coast States' desire that Hawaii become part of the American Union. We already have the right by treaty to an admirable Hawaiian harbor as a coaling station, but to be trustworthy it should be fortified. Congress is slow even in providing defenses for our own harbors; should Hawaii become American soil we might have a station upon which our ships could depend, and even a place for one of the dry-docks for which Congressmen, even from the interior, must soon see the need.

OUR NOTE-BOOK

BY EDGAR SALTUS

SENATOR ELLSWORTH'S recent bill, whereby a newspaper that criticises a public man may be enjoined from further publication, is an evidence, slight perhaps, but noteworthy, of the desire that Greater New York shall indeed be the home of the brave, though not precisely the land of the free. Otherwise the measure is most excellent. Mr. Dingley's hundred dollar limit made us the laughing stock of Europe. Senator Ellsworth's bill ought to make us the laughing stock of the world. That is what is called progress. It is also what foreigners call American humor. They enjoy it very much. There is no reason why we should not enjoy it too. It is not so long ago that Herbert Spencer declared that we possess all the forms of liberty. But, he noted, the substance is lacking. The price of that substance is eternal commonsense. The absence of the one is due to the evaporation of the other. Senator Ellsworth's bill is excellent. But it has a defect. It presupposes the evaporation to be complete. There is a little left, Senator. The country is not entirely given up to the delights of local humor yet. When it is, your bill may pass. Meanwhile, if you consider yourself to be a public man, there is no law in the statutes to prevent you.

THE DREYFUS CASE

Zola's defense of Dreyfus and the trial which is to ensue constitute an incident of fourfold interest. Justice, letters, geography, history are all involved. The future of France may be. If, as is rumored, Dreyfus was made a scapegoat in order that the fair fame of Russia might be preserved, then, politically speaking, the act, however infamous, was justified. It is better that an individual should suffer than a nation. And the nation that would suffer is France. It would be the end of her beautiful betrothal, the rupture of the alliance Franco-Russe, Europe's equilibrium destroyed, the blare of bugles and the boom of guns. In the circumstances, France, however wrong, is entirely right. One Jew more or one Jew less, what is that in comparison to the protection of her *bel ami?* But Zola, too, however wrong, is right. France has precedents in plenty for her attitude. So also has he. The fact has been overlooked. Balzac made a similar outbreak. The issue was less wide. Politics were not involved. It was merely—as *au fond* is the Dreyfus case—but a question of justice. A man named Sebastien Peytal was charged with murder. Balzac defended him. For the glory of letters it is regrettable to note that the case was lost and Peytal convicted. Zola, presumably, will not be more successful. And yet again he may be. In Toulouse over a hundred years ago a young man named Calas was found strangled. It was afterward shown that he had committed suicide. Meanwhile his father was suspected, tried, convicted, and broken on the wheel. Voltaire looked over the evidence and never stopped nor stayed until the judgment was reversed, the memory of the executed rehabilitated, and his widow indemnified. The story, already dramatic, was rendered more so by Chénier, who turned it into a play in which Talma made his debut. There are Zola's precedents. It is a pity to cite them. In this, as in all things, he wants to seem original. And he is. He has a new book in process of publication. What Balzac did for mercy and Voltaire for justice, he is doing for advertisement. Whether he succeed or fail, whether a ministry fall, an alliance be severed and Dreyfus released, or whether the entire episode be quashed, that advertisement he has secured. The German Autocrat excepted, there is for the moment no one more in view. Apropos to which there is a curious analogy between them. The one mistakes himself for the Almighty, the other for Jupiter Feuilletonant.

THE ORIGIN OF LIFE

Mr. Horace Brown has recently brought to the notice of the Royal Society a series of experiments which have led "The Lancet" to suggest that the origin of life may be extra-terrestrial. With every deference to "The Lancet," the suggestion is not new, and moreover it is invalid. It is not new for the reason that it was formulated years ago by Sir William Thompson. It is invalid for the reason that it provides an explanation which explains nothing. According to Sir William, life, or rather a germ potentially alive, first visited the earth on a meteor. That is precisely the idea which "The Lancet" presents. And not without warrant either. For if it be proper to assume that meteors are fragments of shattered worlds, it may with equal propriety be assumed that some of these fragments are germ-bearing. As a consequence any meteor of this character which fell upon the earth, at a period when it was destitute of life, might have been the germinating agent. The term "might have been" is used for the reason that the hypothesis was refuted on the ground that when a meteor enters our atmosphere the friction makes it incandescent, and consequently incapable of preserving and conveying any germ however potentially alive. Admitting the contrary, admitting that the incandescence does not destroy the germs, admitting even that they fall from their conveyance before the heat is sufficient to destroy them, admitting all that, admitting more, admitting everything, the origin of life on other planets remains to be explained, and there we are no wiser than we have been. Q. E. D.

THE BOADICEA OF THE UPPER REGISTER

Nicolini's death, in recalling the romance of which he was the hero, recalls too, and in all its pertinence, an aria which he used to sing. Patti hated him. To her he represented that curious thing which is antipathy. De Caux represented to her that equally curious thing which is love. The latter was Groom of the Stables to Napoleon III. He was quite good-looking and very much in debt. The little diva was very pretty. In addition there was a Vesuvius of gold pieces in her throat. The Emperor made the match, and incidentally two hearts beat as one. A bourgeoise could not have adored her husband more candidly than did the new marquise. De Caux was charmed with it all. And well he might have been. The charm was such that had she come to him and confessed an interest, however transient, in any one else he would have thought her bereft of her senses. The words are his own. But there are men like that. There are women like this lady too. Then presently at rehearsals and representations Nicolini appeared. Time and again she refused to play Juliet to his Romeo. He was not merely antipathetic to her, he was ridiculous. As a matter of fact he was a good tenor and a good actor. He had three misfortunes: he was afflicted with occasional tremolo, he imitated Mario, and he smelled of garlic. Through what art did he succeed in transforming hatred into love? One may surmise yet never know. The fact that he did remains, the romance also, and with it the pertinence of the aria which he used to sing—*La donna e mobile.*

THE PRISONER AT THE BAR

Ratcliffe's case, however it may terminate, and apart from the legal considerations involved, presents an aspect as yet unnoted—the fact that this man alternately charmed and repelled, that he could captivate and maltreat. The complexity, while more feline than human, is common enough. It is the result of those remote and mysterious influences which we call heredity. Ratcliffe has a bad strain in him. Accentuated, it would have produced the murderous instinct, diminished, the irritable temperament, punctuated, however, by periods entirely debonair. That is what psychologists catalogue as the Dual Personality and plain people the old Adam. More or less, and sometimes more than less, it exists in us all. Its home is the brain. In the majority of civilized beings it is, through one factor and another, subordinated, usually controlled, but never routed. It is there. And it is the distinguishing trait of a gentleman that he never betrays its presence. He is too indolent to make a fuss. A thinker is too philosophic. Hence the value of blue blood. Hence also the value of sound logic. But when through the shock of atoms, the play of destiny, too much food or too little, over-exertion or the lack of it, those remote and mysterious influences get to work, the feline—unless it happens to be the simian—awakes; the inherited, the other, the secreted self appears, and from the individual ordinarily debonair emerges the possible felon. Such is Ratcliffe's case. Such, too, is the meaning of the archaic legend—the struggle between light and darkness.

THE MILLINER OF THE FUTURE

The "Budapesti Naplo" is asking authors and artists to state what sort of a person the woman of the future will be. If Dr. Schenk's announcement that sex is determined by maternal nutrition be true she will be scarce as Madeira and just as heady. Otherwise the question resolves itself from the abstract into the ruedelapaixian. For women are all alike in this—they are every one of them different. What is true of them to-day was true in the past, and will be in the future. Individually diverse, collectively they are indistinguishable. To the naked eye at least. And it was precisely to remedy that defect that the satanic pomps of Fashion were invented. However fancies may vary and follies may change, woman herself does not alter. It is the mode that passes, not the model. The eternal feminine is everlastingly the same. To tell then what the coming woman will be, first hatch her milliner.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND THE DEVIL

Mr. E. V. Lucas, discoursing cognately in the current "Cornhill," sighs and says: "Of the clothes of women I know little." But little is a great deal. In a matter such as this no mere man can know much. It is even discomforting to reflect that when the hour comes in which all secrets are revealed there is an Isis who may flaunt around unveiled. The vagaries of fashion are as recondite as the eccentricities of literature. The mysteries of time and space—mysteries so mysterious that science has re-

duced them to figments of fancy—are not more enigmatic. An Archbishop of Canterbury declared that a well dressed woman enjoys a serenity of spirit and a peace of mind which religion cannot bring. And there is the point. In what does fashion consist? Whence does it come? Women have been known to state that they would rather be dead than out of it. But when a definition was sought no adequate description could be gathered. It is the charm of women that in explaining everything they explain nothing. Perhaps then it will be safe to say that fashion is an active abstraction—a term which does not mean much, but which sounds very well. In any event it is a form of debauchery of which the door is closed to man. There are exceptions, however. The deponent has seen splendid six-footers loll about and admire their white waistcoats. Yet that is not so marvelous. In this country white blackbirds are only a little more difficult to procure. But there are other instances. There is the clergyman whom Mark Twain knew, and there is also the Marquess of Ailesbury. The latter one day was standing bareheaded in Lincoln and Bennett's waiting to be served. A prelate entered, marched up to him, took off his hat and asked him if he had one like it. The marquess examined it, handed it back, and said sweetly: "No, and if I had I'll be shot if I'd wear it." Mark Twain's clergyman wanted to assist at a *table d'hôte* and couldn't. Through a tailor's defection he had no breeches to wear. He said he was not a bit more particular than other people, but he had noticed that a clergyman going in to dinner without breeches was almost sure to excite remark. Fashion is not, therefore, a purely feminine vice. There you have at least two men who were slaves to it.

THE HEINE CENTENARY

Heine's ghost must have been amused at the celebration which his genius has recently enjoyed. Born in December, 1799, he used to say that he just escaped being one of the first men of the present century. Through precisely what hocus-pocus his birth has been shoved two years back it is hard to understand. The point, however, is not vital. The Emperor Claudius declared that he would have centenary games as often as he saw fit. There is no reason at all why Heine should not have centenaries as early and often as the lovers of his lyrics like. The more the merrier. Those lovers are plentiful. Heine appealed as no other German ever did, as perhaps no other German ever can, as even Goethe could not, to all men, to all women, to all time. In his heart was a bird. When it burst into song the world stopped to listen. It is listening still. The echoes continue, and will—until song perishes and verse is dead. The date of his birth is a detail. The important thing is that he was born.

THE SYMBOLIST SCHOOL

Mr. Stuart Merrill occupies in contemporary literature a unique position. In the first place he is a poet. That may not sound very convincing. In the second place he is a French poet. That may not sound very convincing either. In the third place he is an American. There is where the plot thickens. Swinburne is bi-lingual. Rossetti was tri-lingual. Mr. Merrill is less accomplished. In his "Poèmes" recently issued by the "Mercure de France" there are no Latin or Italian *delaissements*. There is even nothing in English. In the earlier interludes you may, if your ear be properly attuned, catch a reminiscence or two of Adorè Floupette—just a murmur of the lost "Déliquescences." But otherwise the footfalls of the muse of real verse, of real French verse, the muse of the diverse verse of Verlaine, are so audible that you hear them pattering before Mr. Merrill straight into the Anthology of France. It is because of this that his position is unique. He is the only American recognized as a French poet among his French peers. Citations would be pleasant but profitless. It is serviceable, however, to note that Mr. Merrill, while descending directly from Verlaine, seems recently to have discovered affiliations in Leconte de Lisle. It is difficult to fancy a better armorial. To Verlaine was due the foundation of that school which a few years ago was called Decadent, but which from the initiate received the more esoteric title of Symbolist. From its manifestoes the public learned that vowels have colors, that a is blue, e yellow, etc., that words are prismatic, that it is the duty of the poet to group their shadings, and that anything else is simply literature and nothing more.

THE VERSE OF STUART MERRILL

The symbolist who showed himself the least demoniac in his efforts for the advancement of these simplicities Verlaine shot, not in jest, either, but in anger, and went to prison for it like a man. In France, verse is a serious thing. Verlaine's verse has in it the headiness of Keats', or rather, to be symbolistic, the upper notes of the flute. When the prison door reopened a man issued ready for every debauch. To the strings of his lyre he added others, black hairs and blonde, even to that nameless chord which sounded of old through the orgies of the Sabbat. Thereafter he shambled through the wine shops, singing still, distilling from absinthe mysterious accords, staggering, as did De Musset, with a hiccough into immortality. Leconte de Lisle is a poet of a different order. There is in his verse an austerity which coerces, and an impassibility which disconcerts. But there are also bars of pure harmony that enchant. The technique of the latter Mr. Merrill displays. In these "Poèmes" of his there are villanelles, pantoums and sestines which, loved for their beauty, will live through their art. And by the same token there is a fauteuil which Leconte de Lisle vacated and Verlaine should have had, and which now it would be poetic justice for Mr. Merrill to inherit.

AN HALLUCINATED SKEPTIC

The Life of Ernest Renan as told by Madame James Darmesteter presents the portrait of a saint without virtues, a rake without vices. It is the tale of a man whose escapades were in the inkstand, who was in love with facts, who sought behind them for the *Deus Absconditus*, failed in the effort, and became the most entrancing and suggestive skeptic of France. Educated for the priesthood, he could, like Bossuet, admire the miracle of names appearing in documents alleged to have been written centuries before the owners were born, but he could not accept it. It was then the skeptic appeared, yet one who, like Spinoza, loitered in the prenumbra of anterior faith. It was always about him. What he dismissed with one hand he rebeckoned with the other. To many this attitude seemed a diabolic *fumisterie*. It was the result of a candor quasi-infantile. The cleric wished to believe, the critic refused. The two were inseparably in him. Chronicles which he interpreted as legends lost to him none of their beauty for that. "Admitting them to be untrue," he would note, "how charming they are!" Atheism is very unimaginative. That is its great fault. It is one which he did not share. He was hallucinated by the exquisiteness of that which, to use a Teutonism, is in process of becoming. And that exquisiteness he treated as an hallucination. Had he not been a skeptic, he would have been a seer. But summarily he was more the latter than the first. His skepticism was incomplete. He was not sufficiently uncertain of his own value. "It is idle work, this tearing down of enchanted castles," said Voltaire. "It is better to examine truths than lies." Renan thought so, too. From the nimbus of a god to the red quadrilles of hell he examined everything—fancying that the results would live. They won't. It is the stylist behind them that will. Other thinkers will come to replace him. His erudition will seem quite trite. But no one, it is permissible to assume, will equal him in the manipulation of prose. As St. Chrysostom spoke he wrote. Born with a gold pen in his mouth, he sent it glittering through the dream of things that were, out and on and into the things to be.

THE ART OF PLEASING

"Manners for Women," a pretty book recently published, is a contribution to the lore of Etiquette. I may be in error, I often am, but it does not seem very timely. I had fancied the subject dead, surviving, if at all, only in the Western press and evaporating even there. In local circles it is ignored. Politeness is relegated to the tape-counter. It is good form to be rude. The best manner consists in having none. There is something suspicious in the urbane. Well-bred women do nothing which is important. They are no longer even talked about. There is all the law and the prophets. In the circumstances the utility of this pretty little book is not very clear. There is another which may be commended in its stead. Entitled "The Art of Pleasing," the sum and substance of its instruction is the recommendation to be considerate to everybody and never to talk of yourself. The hint is valuable. Analyze it and you will find two elements—unselfishness and simplicity. Whoso possesses those qualities needs no lessons in how to behave. "The Art of Pleasing" was written by Feydeau, a gentleman, it is delightful to note, who was much disliked.

THE DEMONS OF OUR LADY

The "Pall Mall Gazette" announces the publication of "The Devils of Notre Dame," a series of etchings by Mr. Joseph Pennell. It is difficult to fancy a more suggestive subject. These Devils front the Paris Morgue. As you issue from it, there, for your entertainment, perhaps also for your instruction, is a herd of fabulous beasts. They circle through the balconies and around the towers of the Cathedral of Our Lady. Among them are great yawning vultures, griffons with false and sleepy eyes, deer with human breasts, rams with sinewy arms that terminate in crooked claws, two-headed hounds, and, with them, a guard of angry demons. It is the latter which Mr. Pennell has reproduced. What their significance may be concerns the iconograph. But as you watch them lean and gaze at the Morgue beneath, at all the great outlying city too, the idea will come that when hundreds of years ago they were posted there it was as sentinels whose duty it should be to mark across the ages the samelessness of the griefs and joys of man. What but monsters could be compelled to do that?

THE DRAMA

KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE—*THE COUNTESS VALESKA*

A Romantic Drama in Four Acts *From the German of Rudolph Stratz*

NAPOLEON is Countess Valeska's guest for the night preceding the battle of Friedland. Achim von Lohde, a Prussian officer attached to the Russian army, and a former lover of the Countess, is in her Polish castle, seeking refuge from pursuit, under the disguise of an overseer and the pseudonym of Herr Bertow. Achim's father, who has hatched a conspiracy for the killing of the Emperor, obtains an oath from his son that he will open the park gate to him at a given hour. At a banquet, held that night in honor of the Emperor's staff, Roger von Sturmell, the Emperor's aid-de-camp, in love with the Countess, entraps the "overseer" into self-betrayal by feigning to cast aspersions on his manhood. Roger, overcome by the pleadings of the Countess, consents to waive the fulfillment of his duty to arrest the unmasked "Herr Bertow," on condition that Achim remain within the castle walls, and communicate with no one likely to harbor designs hostile to the Emperor. To this compact, Achim is by his oath prevented from agreeing. The Countess, guessing her lover the participator in a plot against Napoleon, her dear Poland's benefactor and liberator, declares her everlasting detestation of Achim, whose eloquence and embraces, however, shake her determination to denounce him. But patriotism prevails; the Countess calls in the castle guard; Achim's apprehension and death sentence follow, and the conspiracy is frustrated. Remorse now seizes the Countess, who, at the last, contrives, and assists in, Achim's escape from the castle. Concurrent with the aforetold events is the courting of the Countess's sister-in-law by a gay young Suabian officer serving under the banner of France.

"The Countess Valeska" may, to the hypersensitive, be a motive for thrills, gasps, and perspiration. All will be engrossed by this swinging, energetic play, by its rapid, direct movement toward an end unguessed. Suspense, the bellows of the emotions, blows steadily, inflating eyes and bosom. For the intellect there is little occupation; the plot of the drama is innocent of complications; no abstract theorems are propounded; the clear, unsophisticated dialogue, provided with a few sallies of moderate humor venerably gray, demands no mental muscle for the seizure of its intent. And a blessing on the hand which has rendered us *Der Lange Preusse* (the German original of "The Countess Valeska") in sound English, which has saved us from the translation of some overweening, but unweaned, tyro. This is a romantic play; an outward show of strong emotions; thoughts jump at once from the mind to the mouth, directly take the shape of action; remain not in durance, to be studied even as botany. The characters of the play are mere types. It may be doubted whether Herr Stratz has the ability to write "character parts." Advancing intellectual maturity may affect his romantic prepossessions; the logical construction of "The Countess Valeska" gives promise thereof. The many episodes of the play are reasonable in their existence, their connection, and their sequence. Novelty is at a premium, here, but not entirely, for a woman's struggle between her duty to her country and her allegiance to her lover is a theme fresh and inspiring in a play which bodies it forth hot and sincere. Herr Stratz, on the hypothesis of Carlyle, "Not our Logical Mensurative faculty, but our Imaginative one, is King over us," has produced a drama which, to use a term dear to his countrymen, is *äusserst spannend*.

A few of his "situations" seem to require elucidation. The quick metamorphosis of the rough, heavy-bearded Cossack into the "overseer" of smooth face and manners is no imposition upon credulity, because the imminent danger of discovery demands an almost magical transformation.—Roger von Sturmell has an intuition, at the first sight of "Herr Bertow," that here is a mysterious person, this humble man of peace, with his erect, military bearing, his aristocratic form and visage, his evident self-valuation, his stern eye—this spick and span "new" "overseer" *ex nubibus*. "Trifles light as air" sharpen Roger's suspicion, which, advancing by leaps, ripens to certitude as early as the second act. In a soldier, accustomed to the game of hit-or-miss, such speedy deduction is not astonishing.—If the dignity of overseer warranted him a seat at board with the Countess and her distinguished military guests, "Herr Bertow" would not forget himself and rise, to play the butler, even for a moment. The author's notion—in making the "overseer," by exhibiting unasked deference attempt the complete deception of Roger, but really awaken his suspicion the wider—is artistic. But the author puts his own conception of Achim's temperament to a more than permissible strain.—When the Countess, barring the way to the window by which her lover has escaped, challenges the soldiers to strike their bayonets into her breast, why is her removal not attempted? Because the successful defiance by one weak woman, armed only with self-sacrifice, of six strong men, threatening immediate death, creates a dramatic moment of irresistible power. The possibility or impossibility of the thing is lost in the sight of its accomplishment.—If the hero's absence from the footlights at the last drop of the curtain evoke dissatisfaction, let it be observed, that it is precisely this absence which proves the author's fitness to write plays. Achim cannot reappear, because he has jumped from the window, swum the moat, clambered out on the other side, and got a half-mile from the castle. Besides, a pretty bridegroom would he look—soaked, bedraggled, with patches of mud on his cheeks, his hair hanging in strings over his face, one boot off, a coatsleeve ripped open; for such might have been his *costume de fiançailles*.

MISS MARLOWE AS COUNTESS VALESKA

Julia Marlowe, who impersonated the Countess, has grown in emotional power; her performance was brave in the front of the physical demands of the part, and established, anew, the facts of her talent, industry, winsomeness, and popularity—to all whereof the audience subscribed by hearty manual demonstration, which was most notable upon the conclusion of the third act. Her support was lacking in histrionic efficiency. She shone, a single star, out of the darkness.

In the dramatic art, the verisimilitude of the whole overshadows the mendacity of the detail, and as, in "The Countess Valeska," the author has given us "A Romantic Drama" both plausible and applausible, we hold his accommodations of fact of no grave account. Geography informs us that the Walewski estates, in Poland, were at least one hundred and fifty miles from Friedland, in Prussia; and history, that Napoleon was present at the battle of Friedland, which occurred on the anniversary of Marengo. History knows not Achim von Lohde, nor any widowed Countess Valeska, but has something to say of the amours of the beautiful Polish countess, Marie de Walewska, and the Corsican Brigand, begun at Warsaw in 1807, when all Poland was infatuated with the "liberator," who was to vanquish the foes of that country, and bestow on it an independent constitutional monarchy.

Frédéric Masson, given to the process of "embroidering upon" the records he discovers, states that Marie Laczinska was married to Anastasius Colonna of Walewice-Walewski, then seventy years of age. Napoleon, having met her at a ball, wrote her this Cæsaric dispatch: "I saw none but you; I admired none but you; I desire none but you. An answer, quickly, to quiet the impatient longing of N." Great indignation hereat from the fair Walewska, whose friends insist that she must yield "everything, everything, for that sacred cause!" Continued epistolary ardor of "N", who at last breaks out: "I shall *force* you to love me."

COUNTESS VALESKA BARRING THE WAY TO THE WINDOW

THE XXXI ANNUAL WATER COLOR EXHIBITION

THE annual exhibition of the Water Color Society is to America what the Salon of Paris is to France. At no other art exhibition is the same enthusiasm and interest shown by the people as that accorded to the brilliant annual show of the Society at the National Academy. The old idea that water colors were fugitive and perishable, or playful and insincere, has been swept away before the vigorous handling of the medium by the members of this society, which shows upon its roster the most powerful and honored names in American art. In truth it is far more difficult to paint a successful picture in this medium than to accomplish a result in oil, for reasons which need not be set forth in this little account. Our men have profited by the numerous examples of French and Dutch art shown here by the dealers; but of these two distinct schools, that which has had the greater influence has been the Dutch, and our men have so skillfully dissected these pictures that they have the art literally at their finger-ends. Witness the handling of the medium in the pictures by Horatio Walker, D. W. Tryon, H. B. Snell, Rosina Sherwood, Chas. Warren Eaton, C. C. Curran, Arthur Parton, Irving Wills, who shows nothing this year, Pepper, W. L. Lathrop, C. Harry Eaton, Geo. W. Maynard, C. M. MacIlhenney and C. D. Weldon. These men, among others of the Society, bear upon their brush tips the honor of American art. Nor is their work surpassed technically by any European. "Do you not use white?" I once heard a student ask of one of these men. "White? Yes! and black, and anything else that will enable me to get the effect I need."

Here, then, is the whole matter in a nutshell. The ability and courage to get results by whatever means at hand!

In the present exhibition at the National Academy, which has been beautifully decorated after original ideas by Mr. Satterlee, the center of the large south gallery is held by the veteran president's, J. G. Brown's, picture, "Making a Soaker"—one of his street gamins mischievously making a snowball for some unwary passer, and interesting for its story-telling as for its conservative qualities. It is flanked by the rich-toned landscapes of Arthur Parton and Henry Farrar. Nearby is C. M. MacIlhenney's poetic "Moonrise," with a girl leaning on a rustic bridge; the picture is in tones of gray, green and violet. Each succeeding year sees in MacIlhenney's handling a marked improvement. C. Harry Eaton shows in a well-conceived landscape a skillful management of his medium. There is a good example of W. H. Drake, of a fisherman with lobster pots rowing in a dory toward a wharf. Drake is a sincere worker, and one from whom one expects great things some time. W. L. Lathrop sends some of his very low-toned landscapes. Lathrop knows the bones and flesh, so to speak, of the landscape, and his earth and grass always look as if one could walk right into his pictures. I note a charmingly painted little study of a Dutch girl in cool bluish gray signed "Pepper," which should have been on the line instead of in second place.

There is a fine Horatio Walker, "Milking, Summer Morning," in which he has used his paper and color in a remarkable manner, and depicted a couple of well drawn cows and a luminous sky. Nearby is a good Frank Russell Green, "The Pasture Brook," well done in a workmanlike manner. Then comes the best Symington I have ever seen, a girl in an armchair against a purple background.

C. C. Curran's "Pomona" impresses me very favorably. I would like to own it, and as well the richer "Scheherazade" in the east gallery. There is an unusual Childe Hassam, a portrait called the "Yellow Rose," the face of which has been slighted, otherwise it would be liked.

A pale green and violet landscape, somewhat unreal, but of poetic character, is signed D. W. Tryon. It is entitled "Early Spring."

There is also in this gallery a large picture by F. S. Church, full of bears and decorative color, which will attract people. And near the door, Maynard's Mermaid, half smothered in a mass of foam and blue sea-water. Here, too, will be found Albert Herter's somewhat too large "Sorrow," with its well modeled woman's head, and H. B. Snell's fine "Wreck of the Jason," which came near being his masterpiece.

C. C. Curran's "Dance of the Dryads" is good in parts; so good indeed that one is perforce angry with the man who can paint so well and yet forgets himself.

The north gallery is hung in white cheese cloth, with golden wreaths and torches and flowers and strings of beads artfully arranged to show off the white mats and gold frames. Mr. Satterlee is in his element here, and one hardly recognizes the old Academy in this fairy-like room. Here will be found Proctor's old man and two children blowing "Bubbles" from a blue bowl; a delicate little nude figure, opalescent in coloring, by Paul Schramm, and a good Sketch by C. D. Weldon of a Japanese "Fruit Stand," which makes one wish for more important work from his hand. A good sketchy head of a girl with red hair, by Rosina E. Sherwood, claims attention. In the west gallery will be found a creditable landscape by John C. Huffington, large in feeling and warm gray in nte, of a cornfield in theo mist. And nearby a very vigorous study by Geo. H. Clements of a Tangier Scene, representing a company of acrobats, and attracting one's attention by the well modeled head of the figure against the sky. Albert Sterner has a small picture called "Mother" which shows him at his best. There is an example of W. L. Palmer, "October Haze," showing a placid stream and autumn foliage. F. H. Lungren has an extremely truthful study of a scene "on the Rio Verde," and Walter Satterlee a good example of his work in the "To the Future Bride."

There are also some other pictures in this room over which one should linger. In the east gallery will be found, among other characteristic examples of artistry, Chas. Warren Eaton's sheep picture in sad mellow tones, J. G. Brown's "Sunday in the Barn," showing an old farmer in the doorway in a tilted back chair, which will entertain many people; also will be found here a small picture by A. J. Keller, "The Conspirators," which comes near being one of the best of its kind. In tone and handling of the rugs and furniture it is charmingly painted, and, as I am so pleased with it, I will ask him to lower the tone of the large picture in the left hand upper corner, which is disturbing. This done, I would buy the picture . . . if I were rich! Likewise would I buy W. L. Lathrop's little gray landscape, H. B. Snell's "Wreck of the Jason," C. C. Curran's "Pomona," Pepper's little Dutch girl, Horatio Walker's cows, Tryon's "Early Spring," a little picture of Cape Ann I once saw by W. H. Drake, Paul Schramm's little nude figure, and perhaps a few more in this exhibition. It is to be hoped that one of these days the Society will decide to send over to Paris and London for exhibition a carefully selected and representative collection of pictures by the members, in charge of some man of executive ability. Then this Society, of which America should be even prouder than it is, will take rank with the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Color of London, the Society of Aquarellists of Paris, and other dignified bodies.

Buyers' day sees the galleries thronged by keen-eyed men, eagerly securing the gems of the collection. And on the afternoon and evening of the reception day it is safe to say that at no other exhibition of pictures in our country will be seen such a gathering of men and women who have made names for themselves in Art, Science, and Literature. The two last-named foregathered in honor of the gentle art. So it has come to pass that the exhibition of the Water Color Society is a strong and inseparable part of our intellectual advancement.

GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.

WALTER SATTERLEE — *To the future Bride*

F W FREER

GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS
Breakfast at the Blue Grape, Edam

C D WELDON — *Negishi Beach*

J FRANCIS MURPHY — *Rain*

F HOPKINSON SMITH

EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN
AT THE NATIONAL ACADE

The last day on the Beach

C MORGAN McILHENNEY — *Morning*

C C CURRAN — *Pomona*

L C EARLE — *The Old Pilot*

Mosque Achmet

EDWARD MORAN — *Melodies of the Sea*

MERICAN WATER COLOR SOCIETY
TIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN

AN IMPOSSIBLE HOUSE-PARTY

By CAROLINE and ALICE DUER

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

"MY DEAR," said Mrs. Fugit, as she entered her husband's room, just before the gong sounded for breakfast on the following morning, "what shall we do with them to-day? This warm, drizzling rain has quite put an end to all idea of the skating-party."

"And a good thing, too," answered Mr. Fugit. "You know that Horatius can never be induced to take off his armor, and he has already broken through the pond twice; no ice could bear that weight."

"And poor Washington will be so disappointed," went on Mrs. Fugit; "I heard him promising Cleopatra that he would give her a practical illustration of how he crossed the Delaware."

"Is that why Horatius broke up the ice so nicely for him?" said Mr. Fugit chuckling. "Perhaps Cleopatra will give her General object lessons indoors instead. However, you need not worry about Alexander, for one, as I have just seen him going to the stables in a pink toga and a high hat, so I suppose he is booked for a day with the hounds."

"I am sure no one could have expected a thaw," said Mrs. Fugit ruefully.

"No, indeed," answered her husband; "it was so cold at midnight that Diogenes sent in to know if I could not lend him a longer haired dog; he said his did not begin to keep him warm. I should not wonder if this rain would clean him up a little bit."

"Oh, Tempus, don't laugh!" said his wife, almost tearfully. "I know they will all quarrel, shut up together in the house for a whole day. Mary and Elizabeth are on very bad terms as it is, and I am sure Napoleon does not like Washington's attentions to Cleopatra."

"You are quite right," answered her husband, impressively; "and," he added, in a lower and more mysterious voice, "you must never breathe it to a living soul, but Napoleon has formed the ambitious scheme of marrying Cleopatra to one of his brothers, and thus at last bringing Egypt under the dominion of France."

"I think it very bad manners to form plots when you are staying away from home," said his wife haughtily. "Still, you have not told me yet how to amuse them. We might play games this afternoon, but no one feels like playing games in the morning."

"Well, well, I don't know," said Mr. Fugit, looking a little embarrassed. "The truth is, my dear, that I thought I could take the men off your hands for a quiet little game of poker in the smoking-room this morning."

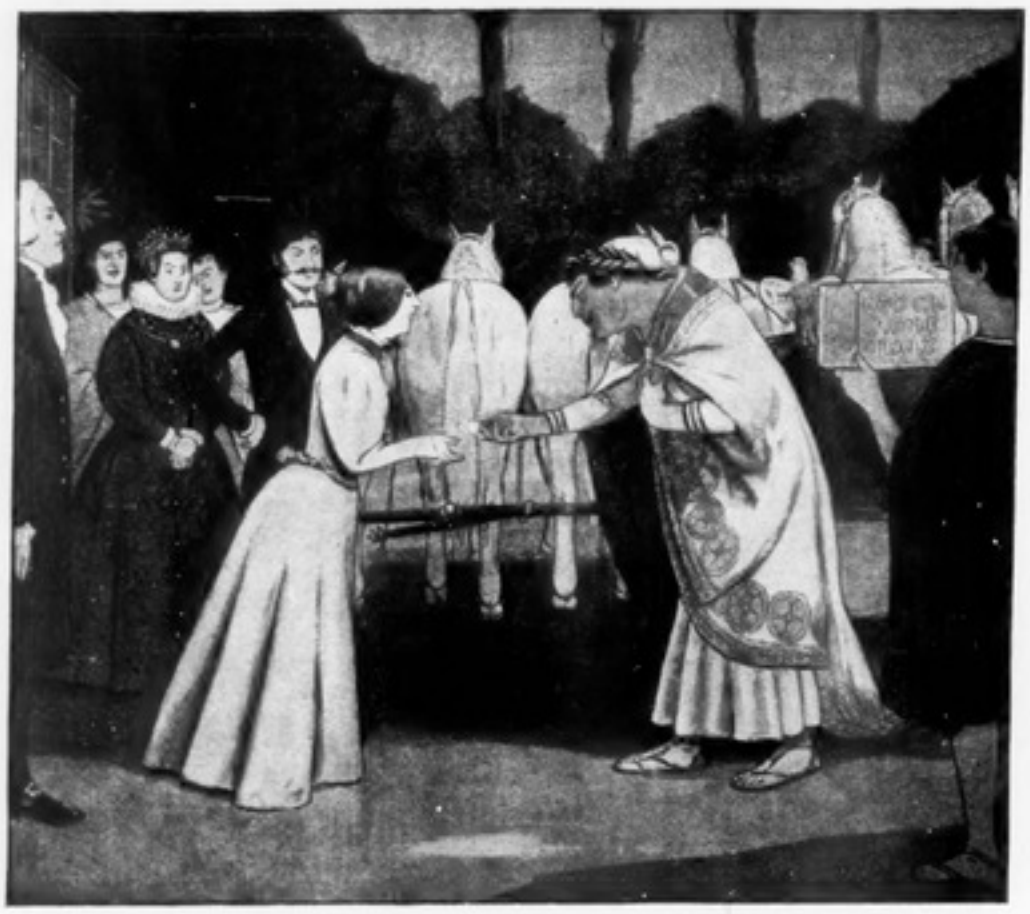
"Tempus, be sure to leave them enough money to get home, unless you are certain they have return-tickets," said Mrs. Fugit earnestly; "and if I were you I would not play poker with an American: it is not apt to be a success from a pecuniary point of view."

"Well, it is better than playing baccarat with all these crowned heads," answered her husband. This was so self-evident a fact that Mrs. Fugit could not attempt to deny it, and at this moment the gong put an end to their conversation.

Contrary to Mrs. Fugit's expectations, the morning proved a very quiet one. Cornelia had induced Diogenes to give her sons Delsarte lessons in the hayloft, and it was wonderful what a difference in every one's comfort the absence of the little things made. Their mother was thus left free to indulge a very pretty talent for solving puzzles, and she and the Scottish queen were soon engaged in this womanly pursuit. Elizabeth was very much occupied in writing an order for the unfrocking of a bishop, who had had the misfortune to offend her:

"PROUD PRELATE—I understand you are backward in complying with your agreement, but I would have you to know that I, who made you what you are, can *unmake* you, and if you do not forthwith fulfill your engagement I will unfrock you. Yours as you demean yourself.—ELIZABETH."

And Cleopatra, who had heard from her female slaves that all the gentlemen were playing cards in the smoking-room, had



"DRAWING OUT A DIAMOND ABOUT THE SIZE OF A HEN'S EGG, NERO . . . PROFFERED IT TO HIS HOSTESS"

decided that it would be unnecessary for her to appear before luncheon.

About one o'clock a noise like distant thunder was heard, and a Roman chariot, drawn by eight white horses, drew up before the door of Ballycatchem, from which Nero alighted with great elasticity and grace. No one could have helped being struck by the beauty of his appearance, and the spotlessness of his white toga, which was bordered with the imperial purple, and looped up in accordance with the latest Roman fashion.

"What ho! Domesticus Valeticus," he cried, drawing off his heavy driving gloves. "Come out of the rumble, and bring me my dressing case."

His servant instantly alighted, bearing a white vellum case on which the letters C.C.D.G. N., ROME, ITALY, stood out in heavy gold characters. Abstracting the key from a fold of his toga, Nero opened the box, and, drawing out a diamond about the size of a hen's egg, proffered it with easy grace to his hostess, expressing a hope that she would honor him by allowing it to adorn her person. "And now, madame," he said, cutting short her astonished thanks, "let us to the banquet hall, for by the Olympian Jove I have a hunger that a bullock would scarce satisfy."

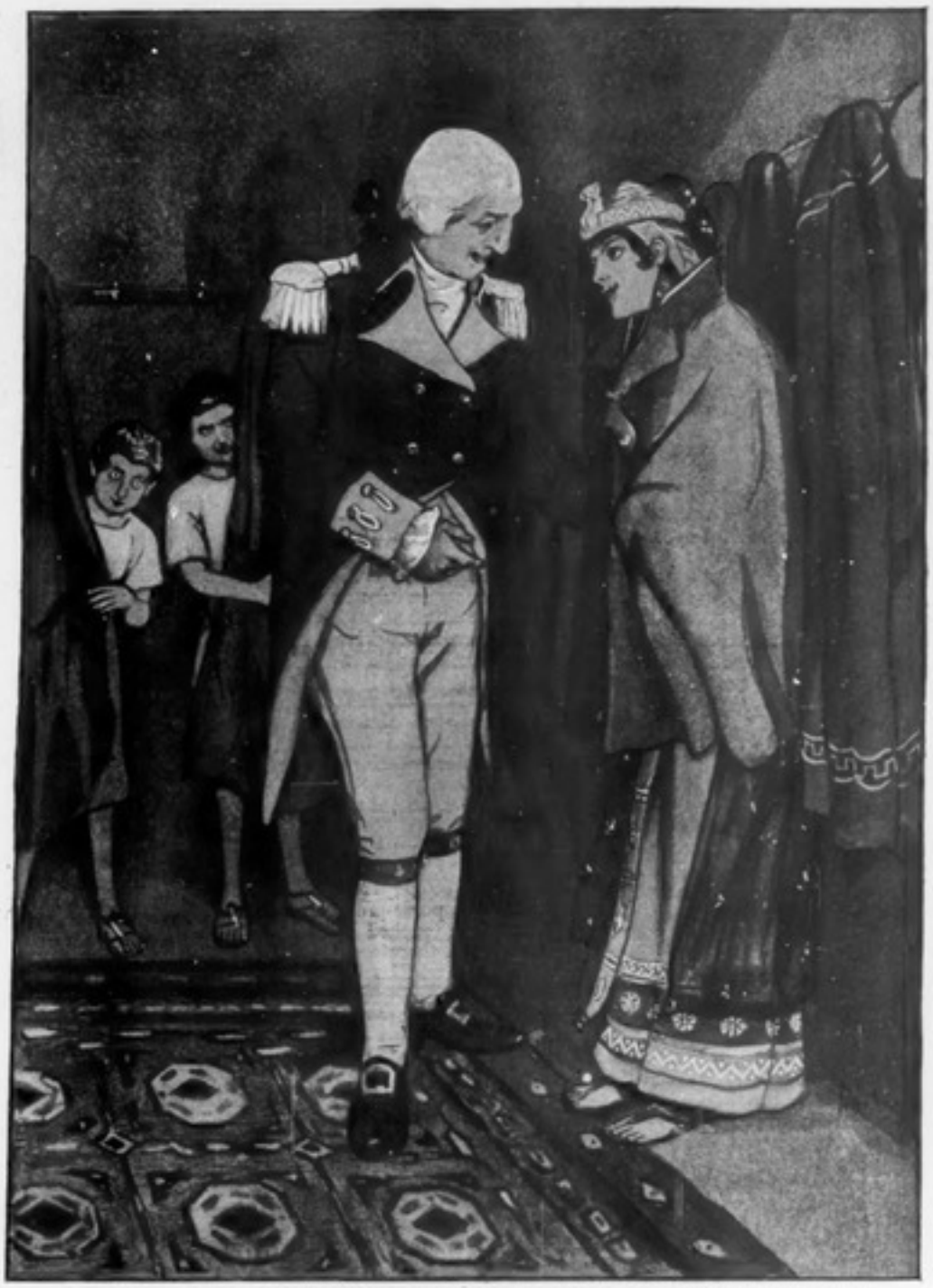
Mrs. Fugit obeyed, uneasily conscious that her modest larder did not afford the animal in question, and hoping that a saddle of mutton and some ribs of beef might serve to stay the appetite of her voracious guest, until the evening, when Alexander had promised them one of those famous feasts of which posterity has acknowledged him to have been past-master.

The rain, which had held up at the time of Nero's arrival, soon after began to fall in torrents, and late in the afternoon Mrs. Fugit tentatively proposed a game of hide-and-seek—a suggestion which, contrary to her expectations, was received with acclamations.

Elizabeth hastily withdrew, to remove her hoopskirt, crown and ruff, fearing that they would lead to her speedy discovery. Cleopatra, whose garments were of a less cumbrous nature, drew Washington aside, begging him to lend her his horseman's cloak, in case the corridors should be draughty. The general was *not* overheard to entreat her permission to share it with her, but no one who observed his manner could doubt that such were his words. He was interrupted, however, by Mr. Fugit, who, knowing the American's rare power of organization, requested him to select who among the company should be "It."

Washington quickly drew them up in line, and, pointing his finger at each one in turn, pronounced that magic formula which begins: Ana, mana, mona, mike. Unfortunately, when he came to the final, fateful words, "One, two, three, out goes she," Elizabeth, on whom the lot had plainly fallen, stoutly refused to accept the decision, avowing that Napoleon had played her the "scurvy trick" of slipping out at the last minute. For several minutes trouble seemed imminent, until Mr. Fugit gallantly put an end to the discussion by offering to take her place.

Leaving their host with his eyes tightly closed, counting "five, ten, fifteen, twenty," the guests stole away in couples, to find their hiding-places before he should reach five hundred. Horatius, encumbered by his armor, had only time to reach the foot of the stairs, which proved fortunate, as Mr. Fugit overlooked him entirely, mistaking him for one of his modern imitations of ancient armor. Nero ensconced himself in the larder, and from the subsequent absence of some two dozen of Alexander's ortalons it was judged that his time there had not been unoccupied. Elizabeth was standing bolt upright behind the hall-clock (it gave Mr. Fugit no little trouble to ignore her), and Napoleon drew Mary to safety under the dining-room table. Cleopatra and Washington concealed themselves in the coat-closet, unconscious of the proximity of the little Gracchi, who were engaged in rifling the pockets of such guests as the morning game of poker had left solvent.



CLEOPATRA AND WASHINGTON CONCEALED THEMSELVES IN THE COAT-CLOSET, UNCONSCIOUS OF THE PROXIMITY OF THE LITTLE GRACCHI

"Why is my queen so sad to-day?" said Washington; "and," he added with some asperity, "why did she spend three-quarters of an hour in the conservatory with Napoleon after luncheon?"

"Hush!" returned Cleopatra; "you must not ask, or I might be tempted to answer. Tell me," she went on impetuously, "can there ever be right in a loveless marriage?"

"Never," answered the American with conviction.

Cleopatra appeared to hesitate before she said: "But if the only person one could ever really love were already bound."

Washington's thoughts flew back to the sunny Virginia homestead, as he replied: "Trust him to remove all obstacles."

"But," continued the Egyptian, "if it were a choice between a distasteful marriage and plunging one's own nation into war, perhaps defeat . . ."

"Defeat! Ma'am," cried George, his voice fortunately smothered in Nero's fur coat, "I have never known defeat."

"Ah!" returned Cleopatra, with a sigh, "I can scarcely hope that the same kind genius will direct my fortunes."

"Madame, it shall," said Washington, his voice trembling with emotion. "My armies in future are your armies, and my genius entirely at your disposal. But at least I have a right to know who is the audacious foe who seeks to force my Serpent's inclination." (Alas! such burning words had never fallen upon the ears of the gentle Martha.)

"Napoleon."

"The miscreant!" cried Washington, "he is already wed."

Had the coat-closet been less obscure Cleopatra might have been seen to smile, ere she replied: "You mistake my meaning, dear George, hot-headed friend that you are; 'tis for his brother that he seeks my hand."

"And had you a thousand he should not touch the little finger of the least of them," exclaimed the intrepid general.

Here the conversation was interrupted by Mr. Fugit, for the general had raised his voice a little and their hiding-place was now discovered. The little Gracchi, however, slipped out unobserved, and hastened in search of Napoleon, whom they found in the library poring over a map.

"We know something you don't know," they cried, dancing round him; and then, perceiving a slight look of irritation cross the conqueror's face, the younger hastily added: "But we think you love little boys, and so we have come to tell you. We just want to say that if you think Cleopatra is going to marry your brother it will be an April fool for you."

"Caius, Caius," said the elder suddenly, "I am sure we do wrong to betray a lady's confidence, even to so kind a friend as the emperor. I must insist on your coming with me out of the way of temptation."

"Stay," cried Napoleon, now thoroughly aroused, to whom the pregnant word temptation had suggested an idea. "Stay, and if your information prove of interest I will send to town for the largest cake that can be procured."

"Sire," returned the little Caius, not too young, child as he was, to appreciate the insult of those last words, "sire, *size* is not everything, and we do not sell state secrets for edibles."

Napoleon instantly saw that he had wounded the sensitive pride of the little Roman, and he hastened to exclaim: "Perhaps I can offer you a pony or a bicycle."

At this the younger appeared to waver, but Tiberius, with that quick grasp of a situation which so distinguished him in after life, drew his brother aside and pointed out to him that their information was equally important to Alexander and Horatius, and as with careful management they could easily hope to relieve the former of Bucephalus, it would be extravagant, if not selfish, to accept Napoleon's offer.

"Sire," he said, again approaching the emperor, "you know how our mother has denied herself many things to bring us up in luxury. Nay, she has often called us in from cockfights in the yard to show us—her only jewels—to the purse-proud ladies who boasted of their gems." (Here Caius, touched by his brother's eloquence, burst into tears.) "I feel, therefore," Tiberius went on, "that it is my duty to inform you that our terms are cash."

Matters being thus reduced to a satisfactory basis, it was not long before all the money that Napoleon had brought with him, except his return fare, had been transferred to the pockets of the Roman brothers; and indeed the noble children, feeling that perhaps their information was not worthy so generous a reward, did not hesitate to supplement it with any details that their imaginations suggested as likely to interest their benefactor. This done, Tiberius lost no time in seeking Horatius, while Caius hastened to the stable to waylay Alexander on his return. The success of their interviews may be imagined from the fact that within ten minutes the three heroes were searching madly for each other, while the little Gracchi suddenly found themselves in affluent circumstances.

(*To be continued.*)

OVER THE BAR

BLINDLY the awkward sea
  Comes stumbling over the bar,
And the soldier ships I see
  On the field of the ocean war;
But the signals gleam and the dangers seem
  Idle and faint and far.

Blindly the awkward waves
  Come stumbling into the bay,
And the old, old sea behaves
  Like a babe of yesterday;
But the lighthouse stands by the drifting sands
  And the ships are saved to-day.

Blindly the awkward thought
  Comes stumbling into my heart,
And old bosom battles fought
  Are as play to this new art;
For a wilder sea hath imprisoned me,
  And the love I cannot impart.

Blindly the awkward words
  Keep settling in from afar,
Till they join, like autumn birds,
  In a song that ends the war;
And the words break out in a gentle rout—
  And my love is over the bar.

J. A. COLL.

HAWTHORNE'S VITASCOPE

THERE is plenty of delicacy, finish and cleverness in the literature of this country just now, periodical and otherwise; but I wish there were in it more outspokenness, strength and elemental manhood. When I take up one of our "great" magazines, the voices I hear are nearly all feminine: not that the articles or stories are all written by women, though many of them are; but they are written in the feminine key, and, apparently, for feminine audiences. It is babyish stuff that is supplied to us; pap; timid, musical, sentimental, moralized, namby-pamby flapdoodle. They are illustrated by nice little, smooth little, 'cute little drawings. Sorely needed is a raucous, uncompromising, virile, masculine human voice, not having the fear of the Young Person before it: the utterance, the conviction, the smell of a genuine man. I cannot but believe that such utterance would find a welcome; and yet I have nothing to substantiate that belief; for the magazines, with their pap, sell enormously and make lots of money. There are so many women and children in this country, and they do most of the reading. Men have come to think that literature must inevitably be what it is, and therefore have given up serious reading—the hope of being worthily moved and aroused by what they read; they glance at the pretty pictures, and pick up a few phrases round their margins, and then go back to their murders and suicides and swindles and frauds in the daily paper: nauseous food, but a change from pap, and therefore not without its zest. Yes, the newspapers are disagreeable, yet they are a relief; and if the magazines do not look out the time may come when they will print strong stuff which will not be nauseous, which the Young Person will not allow the magazines to print (even were they themselves willing to do so, which they are not), and then the magazines will suddenly collapse and be no more. Certainly there are men left in the world; men with the organs, brains and instincts of men, who have somewhat to say, and will say it when an opportunity is offered them. Were a Carlyle to arise among us, a Fielding, a Smollett, a Savage Landor, a Byron, even a Rabelais—not to mention a Dante, an Isaiah, or a Job—would there not be heard anon a sound of strong men rejoicing at the rediscovery of themselves? I am free to say that I have found great comfort in the sayings of one John Lawrence Sullivan, from time to time printed in the daily press, upon the subject of fighting, national and individual. You can hear the masculine growl in his voice, through the printed words; you can feel the thump of heavy blows given straight from the shoulder, meant to leave a mark, and leaving one. John's articles are as refreshing as the shadow of a rock in a weary land. There is manhood in them, firm grip of his topic, conviction, confidence, and utter absence of adventitious ornament. "I say, fight!" says John; and every masculine fiber in us greets the word with joy. "Shut off the talk as quick as possible, and get close up to your man," John advises. Aye, that is once more the true principle. Now, John has not spent his life in intellectual pursuits; he was not elected Mayor of Boston. But there are men in the country who have his manhood, and who also have brains as strong as his fists; and if they would write, or if what they might write could be got into print, we would begin to breathe fresh air again. But such men see no market for their speech; so they take to action, and turn into public life, or trade, or science; what they do is to be seen, not heard. There is Richard Croker. Croker has no desirable reputation for honesty in politics; we ask, How did he get his Money? and so on. But when Henry George died, after calling Croker a plain thief, and other things, Croker got up in Tammany Hall and said a few words. They were not particularly appreciated by the rout of half tipsy and wholly conscienceless ruffians who happened to be within earshot; but they were good, hearty, manly words, well and tersely put. Croker could like a good enemy, and had nothing but respect and honor for him when he was no more. His little speech, with its pauses between the words, was literature of the kind we need, and thankful we were for it. The sentences were dug out of the heart; they came up with their roots rank with the loam of human nature. If Croker would write an article on contemporary politics in that vein, it would go down in history along with Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg; not that it would be sublime like that: it would probably be cynical in its philosophy and base in its aims; but it would be straightout talk from a masculine man. It would have power, color, and smell—not fragrance. Anything, Heaven or Hell, so it be real!

What is the book of the season? Why, "Hugh Wynne," by my friend Dr. Weir Mitchell. This thing was run as a serial in "The Century" during the past year, and then came out as a book, of which half a hundred thousand copies have been sold. It is well and conscientiously written, and is full of sound morality, and is, I am told, very interesting as a story. I congratu-

late the good doctor on his success. But the book is namby-pamby stuff, nevertheless. It has none of the freedom and courage of genuine fiction. You know from the start which way you are going; the story is simply a child's Moral Tale writ large. Here is a good young man, passing through tests which are bound to bring him out better than ever. Then it has a historical background, which is one of the least forgivable outrages that a novel writer can inflict upon his victim. Here are the virtuous Colonies on one side, and wicked England on the other; and victory alights on the Star-Spangled Banner. Yes, I know that Thackeray wrote "Esmond," and that it is one of the great books; but there was only one Thackeray, and he used the atmosphere, not the facts, of the Eighteenth Century in his narrative. He would better have written the story, or one like it, with contemporary surroundings; whatever in the book was *tour de force* is the result of energy which might more wisely have been expended in some other way. But be that as it may, Dr. Mitchell is not Thackeray, any more than Du Maurier was; and "Hugh Wynne" is doubly in bonds; once to conventionality, and again to History. It is a babyish book, written for babies, of whom, it seems, there are at least fifty thousand among the customers of booksellers.—Of course, I could praise the story for many merits; but everybody else is doing that, and I wish to say that in spite of these merits, it is rubbish.

Well, then there is another "prominent" book called "The Life of Christ" (or something of that kind), by one of the most terrible and incorrigible of our sentimentalists, Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward. Alas, to what evil pass are we come, when such a mess of emasculate slipslop can be not merely written, but read! If I had to describe the book in one word, I could call it nothing but an emetic. But I fear there may be stomachs upon which this emetic will not work properly or promptly; and we all know what that means.

Is there anything else? Yes, Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith has produced a little volume called "Gondola Days." Now, Mr. Smith is an artist and a man of business, and author of "Colonel Carter"; and likewise one of the apologists (or should I say, champions?) of the Sultan of Turkey. But oh, the mawkish mush of "color" and fine-writing and hackneyed reflections and apostrophes that bubble between the covers of this little book: and the pallid and inane illustrations wherewith he has embellished it! Why do sensible human beings commit such things? Is it possible that any of us are babies enough for this?

Let us thank our stars for Rudyard Kipling. I have heard him called brutal: I wish he were more so. He is a man, and a genius: there is none other like him above the horizon. I do not worship his "Recessional," which has more sound than sense; nor his "Feet of the Young Men," which is also better said than thought of; but before he won his fame, and whenever, since then, he has forgotten it in the ardor of creation, he has done what no other living man has shown the ability or quality to do. Mulvaney will live longer than D'Artagnan, for he has as much initiative and more truth in him. And that was a good letter he wrote in answer to Tennyson's praise:—"The private, complimented on the field by the General, says nothing, but fights better next day."

How to breed more Kiplings? Must we have a war, and learn again that men are men? At the bottom of us there is, latent, contempt enough for our present literary fodder to discredit it for another generation. But meanwhile we make a pretense of swallowing it wholesale, in our meek, American way.

THE GENERAL MIX-UP

Dreyfus, the French Banquo, still glares fearfully at the assembly. Zola's letter to Faure promises to be the best-known of his contributions to literature. The nigger in the woodpile begins to look like a rather important personage. The situation is extremely Frenchy; the monkey-tiger mongrel which is at the bottom of the French character shows its lineaments, unaltered from the time of the Revolution and the Commune, more and more distinctly day by day. This people, in their calmer moments, prides itself on its rationality and logic; but as soon as it gets excited, these qualities are so marked in their absence that it seems hardly human any longer. The real question is, Is Dreyfus guilty or not? but it was promptly merged in the anti-semitic agitation, and in charges against men in high places, whose conviction would mean lasting disgrace to France. Every variety of political passion incident to the French nature is up on its hind legs, and the usual mistake is being made of trying to suppress the scandals, instead of allowing them the utmost rope possible. This French trouble, coming just at this juncture, may have a serious influence on the development of the entire European situation. For Russia and England are now drifting into a mutually menacing attitude in the East; but Russia is at such temporary disadvantage in the Pacific that it is hardly to be believed she will venture to go to war, unless she can be assured of the support of France. Should a new French Revolution break out, such support could not of course be had. Moreover, the latest indications seem to point to a possible understanding between England and Germany, which, with the Japanese fleet on the ground, would make the balance of power altogether too much against the Muscovites. England is in the best position she has occupied for a long time, both physically and morally. Her insistence on having the ports of China free to all nations is a diplomatic masterstroke; and the inducement she offers China to come her way is almost irresistible. If Russia has anything as tempting, she should declare it without delay. Besides, there are the English ships, just where they can do the most good. In spite of the threatening look of things, therefore, peace seems more likely than war for the present. And if China is really opened to European enterprise and industry, there is a chance that the nations will be so agreeably and profitably occupied that for a year or two peace may continue. But, on the other hand, the Chinese danger is not the only one in sight. Turkey and Spain, as well as France, are possible sources of disagreements. A little impulse may start a fatal vibration. Had the Havana mob, the other day, succeeded in wrecking the office of the New York "Journal," and killing an employé or two, a war might have broken out which would in time have involved the whole civilized world. In case we did get involved, the statisticians will have it that we must get beaten; we lack men, weapons, ships, fortifications, money, and everything else we ought to have. Miles, Long and Roosevelt are all shouting at the top of their voices. Congress is busy fighting out its little political squabbles. The President is most anxious that all should go well. I read the other morning a most comical interview, held with him on the subject of the New Bedford strike. In fact, his position is a trifle awkward. He cannot help knowing that everybody is remembering that beautiful saying of his during the campaign about closing the mints and opening the mills; he wishes he had not yielded to that temptation to make alliterative apothegms which has already proved fatal in our political history. But the chances are that the New Bedford strike will fail.

THE JANUARY THAW

It may be that excessive changes in temperature are good for the soul, even though they be trying to the body. The January thaw is generally held to be productive of grippe and other ailments; yet there is something pleasant about it. In the tropics, you get tired of the constant fine weather during the greater part of the year; the everlasting greenness and profusion of the foliage wearies you; the constant heat makes you long for an American cold snap. Such lack of variety wears upon the mind; or, if you have been born to it, it may perhaps narrow the mental faculties. Also, the tempers of folks in the tropics tend to become short and sulphurous. The history of the South American and Central American peoples shows that political stability is not promoted by the temperature and scenery of the Garden of Eden. When I was a boy in New England, we used to have winters that were winters; such ice and snow I have seldom seen since. But they were delightful after the summer heats; and the coming of spring, in May and early June, was like being born again one's self. But even in those times the January thaw often used to appear, and though it spoiled the skating and sometimes the sleighing, still I liked it. There is a peculiar feeling in the air; you compare it with days in late summer or early summer, but at the same time you perceive a difference. Trees may begin to bud and birds to sing, but we, wiser than nature, know that cold days will come again; this is an oasis only. The roads are heavy with mud, and the boy rather enjoys getting stuck in it; to-morrow, very likely, this soft substance may have become hard as rock. The brooks roar and rush with melted snow; the fields yield to the foot, the woods are dank, but fascinating. The abnormal warmth enters into your blood with a sort of winsomeness; it is not exhilarating, but it is pleasing; you don't trust it, but you dally with it. Some days are given up to driving showers or heavy rains; the sky is obscured with clouds that sweep the tops of the low hills, and it is hard to believe that there is any blue sky behind them. But after a morning of drench, there will come a breeze from the southwest, and in an hour or two the sun will be out, and the windows open, and little white clouds will be sailing happily across the azure. You wonder that the trees and fields are not dressed in green at once; their brown and bare look is unnatural. You will catch cold if you don't look out; but the danger cannot keep you indoors; the wild invitation of that mild air is not to be resisted. The brevity of the phenomenon is no doubt the chief secret of its charm; it always takes you at unawares, and before you can become used to it, it is gone and almost forgotten. Cold weather shuts you up in yourself: you are a separate entity, *totus teres atque rotundus*. But this warmth takes you out of yourself, and spreads you over the landscape; you are a part of all you meet and see. The sense of individuality is relaxed, and the relaxation is grateful, no matter how high your regard for yourself may be; though, of course, were the January thaw to last all the year round, we should be in open revolt. I have heard a great deal of sentiment lavished on the Indian Summer; but I do not recall any poet who has celebrated the January thaw; yet it is as beautiful in its way, and more remarkable. In a city, however, we must admit that it does not show at its best: but then nothing else does, either. My advice to city people on a rainy January thaw day is to put on rubber boots and old clothes, and go and walk in the country without an umbrella. It may come out fine before you get back; and any way, it will put life into you, especially if you change everything and take a rub-down as soon as you get into the house. This is a case in which bicycles are no good; and it will be just as well to revert to our own feet for once in a way.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

MEN MANNERS AND MOODS

LXXVII

THE Royal Academy has opened at last with its twenty-ninth winter exhibition. Perhaps it has never given to the monstrous world of London any "show" of such poignant interest and charm. Here, as you move through these fine, airy halls, the history of a splendid artistic life unrolls itself before your gaze. True, it ended in the tragedy of supreme suffering, both of body and mind; but then so many a life ends like that! Here we see its beginnings, now and then perfervid and precarious, again its fine gathering together of forces, again its golden maturity of mellowed power. For these are nearly all, if not quite all, of the works of Sir John Everett Millais. . . Some of them date as far back as 1847, but those of greatest excellence, I should say, have been signed between 1860 and 1880. Just that term of twenty years proved most preciously fruitful. Still, "The Black Brunswicker" was painted thirty-seven years ago, and it brims with strength. Often have New Yorkers beheld it in engraving and photograph—the young man, in his uniform of the Black Brunswick corps, is about to open the door of the room. The farewell is inevitable, and he feels it, however his heart may be suffering. But she, whose love still entreats a few more minutes of grace, holds with one hand the knob of the door, and presses the other against her lover's breast. Then there is a picture called "The Proscribed Royalist," which (engraved) I think I must surely have seen at Goupil's old shop on the corner of Tenth Street and Broadway. The Royalist, wan and half-starved of aspect, hides in the hollow trunk of a tree. A woman, in red gown, with black cape and hood, gives him a loaf. This picture is actually dated as far back as 1853. Then there are the lovely "juveniles"—"Just Awake," "My First Sermon," "My Second Sermon," and several others, all gems of purest ray.

But it is almost idle to specify the paintings. They are very numerous, and most of them are very beautiful. Some are tentative and crude; others amateurish. But somehow the Millais touch seems to pervade them all. It is a most delicate, nineteenth-century, half-domestic, half-pathetic bit of feeling, this same "touch." At times it becomes greatness, though rarely. Millais loved the lovable, the kindly, the genial, the companionable. Certain critics quarreled with him on this very account. An art-critic recently said to me: "For convention's sake he never painted the nude. Especially was this evident in his children's figures; they were always wrapped up in little gowns and furs, and all that. What is more charming than a child's nude body? Art can have no more fascinating subject. And yet Millais would always insist upon draping even his children." Once, however, a particularly aggressive critic disturbed him so by certain statements that he painted a woman whom bandits had seized, and painted her exceedingly well, though quite shorn of apparel. . . Some of Millais's landscapes are strikingly strong. I did not know that he was a landscapist at all. But eight or nine virile things that he has done in this line now hang on the walls of the Royal Academy. Take him all in all, Millais was a man of superlative gifts. His work has not the indescribable Latin touch; but then what Englishman's has? I should not say that he is, at his best, as good as the best of Lord Leighton. Still, he is a large star in the firmament of English art. Speaking of Lord Leighton, on the death of this gentleman in January, 1896, Millais was unanimously elected, on the following February, president of the Royal Academy. But he only held the position six months (his death—and such a horrible death, cancer of the throat!) occurring in August of the same year. During the previous year, Lord Leighton being absent, Millais had presided at the Academy dinner, and one extract from his speech on this occasion shows the deep affection he held for that body of which, so soon afterward, he was chosen head. "I must tell you briefly," said Sir John, "my connection with this Academy. I entered the Antique School as a Probationer *when I was eleven years of age*, to then become a student of the Life School, and I have risen from stage to stage until I reached the position I now hold of Royal Academician; so that, man and boy, I have been intimately connected with this Academy for more than half a century. I have received here a free education as an artist—an advantage any lad may enjoy who can pass a qualifying examination, and I owe the Academy a debt of gratitude I can never repay. I can, however, make this return—I can give it my love. I love everything belonging to it—the casts I have drawn from as a boy, the books I have consulted in our library, the very benches I have sat on." . . Sweet and memorable words are these. They add both fragrance and luster to a noble fame. Beside Millais the tedious affectations of his friend, Rossetti, seem paltry enough; and all his multitudinous admirers have good reason to rejoice that he long ago renounced (as Rossetti so obviously did *not*) the insanities of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

It is almost incredible that *laesa majestas*, or *lèse majesté*, should be regarded in Germany with the respect that surrounds it. But is respect really the word? Should we not rather call it "bullying," unsimple and impure? William the Unwary ascended the throne in 1889. In the following year prosecutions for offensive remarks against his Majesty's "consecrated person" began greatly to increase. This table gives the number of people who have been sentenced to varying terms of imprisonment for "disrespectful remarks" against the Power that Ought Not To Be:

	No. of Sentences	No. of Persons Sentenced.
1889	557	488
1890	581	509
1891	593	594
1892	581	525
1893	670	591
1894	719	621
1895	643	598
Total	4,965	4,407

Here is an average of six hundred and twenty-one sentences and five hundred and fifty-one individuals yearly sentenced for the past seven years. Obviously, the offenses have increased thirty-five per cent, and the number of persons punished twenty-five per cent. One hundred and seventy-five days have been the average period of imprisonment for misdemeanors of this kind during the last five years. Nothing can be more piteous in relation to a contemptibly feudal old law, revived with such vehemence by the present ruler, than the record of these out-and-out disgusting facts: Between 1890 and 1895 seven children under *fifteen years of age*(!) were condemned to terms of imprisonment; forty-eight were so condemned between the ages of fifteen and eighteen, and one hundred and eighty-five youths aged from eighteen to twenty-one. . . All such records as these inevitably point to William's day of reckoning. A single unsuccessful war would thrust him, past doubt, off the throne. He is perpetually crying out that he is a sovereign by "divine right." He makes all Europe laugh at him to-day, but to-morrow he may find himself, with his big family of little boys, one of those "Kings in Exile" whom Daudet has described with such vigor and wit.

Nothing, take it all in all, is more ludicrous than contemporary criticism on living writers. In a recent copy of a somewhat important English journal this is made amply manifest. While reviewing the close of the year and the imminent close of the century, it sounds the old jingling tunes. Nobody alive is worth a ha'penny; everybody of the least real value is dead. It claims that Macaulay is not to be equaled by any living men. Quite right. It claims that Carlyle is also incomparable. Certainly no one has ever dared to write like Carlyle, and for this fact two continents at least, I think, should be deeply grateful. It states that Lecky is below Buckle, which is excessively doubtful. It names Tennyson, Browning and Rossetti, in poetry, as beyond all other aspirants. Years ago I read reams of scornful comment on Tennyson. If there was one trait that all those "irresponsible indolent reviewers" denied him it was power. In 1865, or thereabout, if anybody had prophesied that Tennyson would be buried in Westminster Abbey, thousands of people would have raised a scoffing laugh. And yet he had then written some of his most enduring poetry. Certain talented bards who now take the liberty of breathing, are as ignorant, it is said, of "a poetic message as was the knifegrinder of the story." This "poetic message" has a high-sounding effect. Its true meaning is the general popular reception of a poet's verse—nothing more, nothing less. Browning's poetic message was to write certain very good things in a dramatic form and a lot of excessively turgid ones in the same form. And Rossetti! Did *he* have a poetic message also? I should be highly gratified to find out if it were anything much loftier than the latest "aesthetic" pattern in wall-papers. Any idea of "a message" from the attitudinizing Rossetti, has for most sane thinkers a tang of drollery. The modern aspirations of our time, we are somewhat vaguely informed, have grown discernible, but they still remain unsung. Of course they do. They have seldom failed of being so considered until their authors were either semi-moribund or completely dead. Among the "newer women" novelists we are requested to place Mrs. Humphry Ward as "merely a good writer," with "no representative quality." It seems to me that critical falsity could not well err more regrettably than this. If Mrs. Ward has any quality at all it is a representative one. To hear such a statement is almost like hearing that the part of Othello is that of a *jeune premier*. . . Well, it comes, I suppose, to this: American newspaper criticism is a matter of raw haste, and English literary criticism is daily more replete with arbitrary and self-satisfied blunders.

The Paris police department has recently issued a document declaring that the crime of murder, notwithstanding fear of

punishment, does not commercially pay. These tidings ought surely to discourage those promising young assassins who look forward to a lucrative if difficult career. We are referred, for example, to the Carraras, man and wife, who killed Lamarre, a bank collector. They took from their victim a clean four thousand dollars. On being arrested they surrendered this, and about two hundred and fifty more. The knife of the guillotine will probably have left them both headless before this account of their unfortunate speculation reaches print. . . The document enumerates twenty-one other murders, in which to each criminal the profit was only a little more than fifteen dollars. Mournful tidings, truly! Even poetry pays better than this. If such a forlorn state of affairs should continue much longer society will become bereaved of its most picturesque factor, and poor, unpatronized Murder will lose every shred of her pristine dignity. Some one will have to organize a body for the Protection of Killing, with neither president nor vice-president, but simply the more suggestive official, a President of Vice, not to mention a secretary who confines his communications strictly to crimson ink. . . A few years ago Eyraud, who did a gentleman named Gouffé the politeness of strangling him, obtained from the body only thirty dollars. This is very sad, of course, but sadder tidings follow. Eyraud fled to America, an act of valor which cost him six hundred dollars. The brutal law clutched him, however, and this unhappy martyr found himself not only bilked out of another six hundred dollars, but shamelessly requested to pay a still more important fee—his precious life. One can easily imagine the semi-financial disgust with which he submitted to this final extortion. . . A person named Pranzini was guillotined, not long ago, but his case cries for compassion. He committed no less than three murders, and went (shall we say that he was scandalously dragged?) to the scaffold, *sans le sou*. Mescrant was also decapitated after having killed a watchman who guarded a house which he robbed and in which he found, alas, only a single dollar! But the melancholy record of unrewarded criminal enterprise does not stop here. Only consider the heartrending case of Barre and Lebieg! They valorously slew an old woman and were so victimized by adverse fate that they failed to find two thousand dollars which were hidden cleverly in some nook of her apartments and got away with the sum of exactly one cent, which was unfeelingly left upon her table, as if to mock them as industrious and energetic monsters.

The new crop of English poets cannot be called by any means noteworthy. Of course Mr. Watson has made his mark, and there is Mr. Le Gallienne, whose real power the unprejudiced do not dispute, and there are three or four others who have printed hopeful books, and there the list for a good while has come to an end. But suddenly an addition to it arrives. A few days ago I dipped into "Poems," by a Mr. Money-Coutts. The book, very recently published, had been sent me. I couldn't refrain from smiling at the name of the author. It was like seeing that of Mr. Astor-Vanderbilt—or, better, Mr. Gold-Gould. As it turns out, however, this name is a perfectly well-derived one, a combination as normal and natural as Smith-Jones or Brown-Robinson. Mr. Money-Coutts, I learn, is a relation of the charitable Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and other members of that renowned banking-house family. But all this, I must add, is quite apart from the subject of Mr. F. B. Money-Coutts's writings. These are the present point, and it is a point of starry radiance. Never have I been more surprised by the unexpected, no matter how much one should be prepared for it, since one is told that it always happens. This new volume of Mr. Money-Coutts's is only ninety-five pages long, and these are printed in large type. It contains a number of lyrics, all good, some fine. It contains several sonnets, all good, and one as supremely fine as the following:

"THE DANGER OF THE INDIVIDUAL IDEAL.

"Let not the peaks allure thee. Not because
The strain and struggle of the upward way
May prove too hard for spirits cloyed with clay;
That common curse gives every climber pause;
But lest, enamored of thy self-applause,
Or praise of God or man, thou go astray,
Until thou meet thy real self at bay,
The avenging seraph of resisted laws!

"The legend 'By sincerity excel'
Burns on his brow; from which thou must retire
Along the backward path, now fringed with fire
And set with serpents and strange snares of hell
To seek the valley of thy true desire,
Roofed with white stars and paved with asphodel."

This sonnet is somewhat awkwardly named. So, too, is the chief poem of the volume, twenty-nine pages in length, and called "An Essay in Brief Model." Indeed, I do not think that any superexcellent poem was ever before so infelicitously named. The meaning of the title, as I take it, is Miltonic, and Mr. Money-Coutts, in its entire splendor of composition, proves that he has not vainly studied the witcheries and wonders of "Paradise Lost." But there is no Miltonic *thought* in this noble work. Its argument may briefly be summarized. Humanity and Religion hold together a duologe. "Humanity, having discarded his assumed grandeur, laments life and invokes death. Religion hastens to comfort him" . . and then there ensue between them passages of amazing eloquence and beauty. This, for example, from the rebellious and defiant lips of Humanity:

"How long, O God, how long refrainest Thou
From stroke of grace that cruelest men bestow
On wounded quarries? Merciful warrant give
Thine officer, Nature, to deliver me death,
Or in Thine almshouse shelter me from dying!
Plague me no more; but pardon me or destroy!
. . . . . .
Let cerement-wreathing darkness wrap me round,
And noiseless flake on flake of feathery night
Compose me to oblivion absolute."

Religion replies:

"Cease to regard the mystery of thyself . .
Repine not that effectual Wisdom works
In secret; with innumerable threads
Weaving an intricate pattern, as immense
As that embroidery of the lacing moons
That circle circling planets; by their suns
Drawn around other clusters; implicate
Themselves, about some mightier universe;
Ellipse more monstrous looping huger spheres,
More frequent swarms, to all infinitude;
All trailed in pageant, lightly as the down
Sown on the sowing wind by provident weeds."

I have put certain lines in Italics, as will be observed. But this differentiation seems futile enough. Every line is pregnant with an almost equal power. Here at last we have sublime and glorious modern poetry. Encomium need have no fear of hyperbole in lauding this transcendent work of genius. Its author never once wavers in his imperial flight. Like the Theban eagle he can stay poised on motionless pinions in lordly altitudes of air. All is good stuff, thick-woven as heavy wool and yet flexible as rarest silk. Humanity and Religion still continue their discussion, during which the former, in his anguish and rebellion, utters these wonderful words, which are the last I shall venture to quote:

"I ask Thee no hard thing!
Only to lift the hem of draperies dense
That sway around my solitary cell
Of birth, of love, of labor and of death;
Oppressive pall! Where miracles and signs,
Ambiguous parables, enigmas mad
And mad solutions; clewless hieroglyphs,
Creeds and contentions, prophecies and proofs,
With mummeries of diurnal futile things—
Phantasmagoria of the world of thought,
Phantasmagoria of the world of deed—
In tapestried procession giddily dance."

If this be not great poetry I am totally ignorant of that product.

People speak of the London "season," meaning an exodus from the country up to town from April till August. But in reality the London "season" never ends. Thousands of refined and interesting persons do not go into the country at all, except for visits of a week or less. They remain in their handsome or pretty homes, entertain and are entertained. When you get to know a good many of them—which a protracted residence here of say four or five years will cause you to do, provided you are engaging and acceptable—the multiplicity of their dinners, I am told, verges closely on acutest boredom. A man-about-town (who was also a brain-worker, a maker of books) told me the other day that the social winter life of London had begun to oppress him beyond speech. "Dining out," he said, "has grown an insupportable burden. To myself it has reached the degree of destroying all desired leisure. A man of my profession gives a certain part of his day to work. Another part of it he must give to walking, cycling, or some active exercise. When evening comes he wishes to read—not *every* evening, perhaps, but three or four out of the week. Unless he reads, he is lost. But here in London I will sometimes be forced to dine out each evening, from Monday till the Monday that ensues. One dinner begets another. You take some London lady down into the dining-room. Before the fish is served she asks you, in pathetic tones, if you will not *please* come and break bread with her a fortnight hence. Then there are notes, innumerable dinner-notes, which have to be answered. Dining is the one incessant amusement of Londoners. Others exist, like balls and dances and afternoon teas, but dining exists in a supreme degree." . . Well, I can only state that my own experience of London dinner-giving has been no less enjoyable than limited. If it should rain dinners with me, I dare say that I shouldn't like it any more than my friend does. I don't suppose one wants it to rain anything, in this sublunar sphere, except money. Only then are you, I and our next-door neighbor prepared for the grateful acceptance of a deluge.

LONDON, JANUARY 12, 1898. EDGAR FAWCETT.

DRAWN BY JOHN LA FARGE

THE TURN OF THE SCREW

BY HENRY JAMES

I

I REMEMBER the whole beginning as a succession of flights and drops, a little see-saw of the right throbs and the wrong. After rising, in town, to meet his appeal, I had at all events a couple of very bad days—found myself doubtful again, felt indeed sure I had made a mistake. In this state of mind I spent the long hours of bumping, swinging coach that carried me to the stopping-place at which I was to be met by a vehicle from the house. This convenience, I was told, had been ordered, and I found, toward the close of the June afternoon, a commodious fly in waiting for me. Driving at that hour, on a lovely day, through a country to which the summer sweetness seemed to offer me a friendly welcome, my fortitude mounted afresh and, as we turned into the avenue, encountered a reprieve that was probably but a proof of the point to which it had sunk. I suppose I had expected, or had dreaded, something so melancholy that what greeted me was a good surprise. I remember as a most pleasant impression the broad, clear front, its open windows and fresh curtains and the pair of maids looking out; I remember the lawn and the bright flowers and the crunch of my wheels on the gravel and the clustered tree-tops over which the rooks circled and cawed in the golden sky. The scene had a greatness that made it a different affair from my own scant home, and there immediately appeared at the door, with a little girl in her hand, a civil person who dropped me as decent a curtsey as if I had been the mistress or a distinguished visitor. I had received in Harley Street a narrower notion of the place, and that, as I recalled it, made me think the proprietor still more of a gentleman, suggested that what I was to enjoy might be something beyond his promise.

I had no drop again till the next day, for I was carried triumphantly through the following hours by my introduction to the younger of my pupils. The little girl who accompanied Mrs. Grose appeared to me on the spot a creature so charming as to make it a great fortune to have to do with her. She was the most beautiful child I had ever seen, and I afterward wondered that my employer had not told me more of her. I slept little that night—I was too much excited; and this astonished me too, I recollect, remained with me, adding to my sense of the liberality with which I was treated. The large, impressive room, one of the best in the house, the great state bed, as I almost felt it, the full, figured draperies, the long glasses in which, for the first time, I could see myself from head to foot, all struck me—like the extraordinary charm of my small charge—as so many things thrown in. It was thrown in as well, from the first moments, that I should get on with Mrs. Grose in a relation over which, on my way, in the coach, I fear I had rather brooded. The only thing indeed that in this early outlook might have made me shrink again was the clear circumstance of her being so glad to see me. I perceived within half an hour that she was so glad—stout, simple, plain, clean, wholesome woman—as to be positively on her guard against showing it too much. I wondered even then a little why she should wish not to show it, and that, with reflection, with suspicion, might of course have made me uneasy.

But it was a comfort that there could be no uneasiness in a connection with anything so beatific as the radiant image of my little girl, the vision of whose angelic beauty had probably more than anything else to do with the restlessness that, before morning, made me, several times, rise and wander about my room to take in the whole picture and prospect; to watch, from my open window, the faint summer dawn, to look at such portions of the rest of the house as I could catch, and to listen, while, in the fading dusk, the first birds began to twitter, for the possible recurrence of a sound or two, less natural and not without, but within, that I had fancied I heard. There had been a moment when I believed I recognized, faint and far, the cry of a child; there had been another when I found myself just consciously starting as at the passage, before my door, of a light footstep. But these fancies were not marked enough not to be thrown off, and it is only in the light, or the gloom, I should rather say, of other and subsequent matters that they now come back to me. To watch, teach, "form" little Flora would too evidently be the making of a happy and useful life. It had been agreed between us downstairs that after this first occasion I should have her as a matter of course at night, her small white bed being already arranged, to that end, in my room. What I had undertaken was the whole care of her, and she had remained, just this last time, with Mrs. Grose only as an effect of our consideration for my inevitable strangeness and her natural timidity. In spite of this timidity—which the child herself, in the oddest way in the world, had been perfectly frank and brave about, allowing it, without a sign of uncomfortable consciousness, with the deep, sweet serenity indeed of one of Raphael's holy infants, to be discussed, to be imputed to her and to determine us—I felt quite sure she would presently like me. It was part of what I already liked Mrs. Grose herself for, the pleasure I could see her feel in my admiration and wonder as I sat at supper with four tall candles and with my pupil, in a high chair and a bib, brightly facing me, between them, over bread and milk. There were naturally things that in Flora's presence could pass between us only as prodigious and gratified looks, obscure and roundabout allusions.

"And the little boy—does he look like her? Is he too so very remarkable?"

One wouldn't flatter a child. "Oh Miss, *most* remarkable. If you think well of this one!"—and she stood there with a plate in her hand, beaming at our companion, who looked from one of us to the other with placid heavenly eyes that contained nothing to check us.

"Yes; if I do—?"

"You *will* be carried away by the little gentleman!"

"Well, that, I think, is what I came for—to be carried away. I'm afraid, however," I remember feeling the impulse to add, "I'm rather easily carried away. I was carried away in London!"

I can still see Mrs. Grose's broad face as she took this in. "In Harley Street?"

"In Harley Street."

"Well Miss, you're not the first—and you won't be the last."

"Oh, I've no pretension," I could laugh, "to being the only one. My other pupil, at any rate, as I understand, comes back to-morrow?"

"Not to-morrow—Friday, Miss. He arrives, as you did, by the coach, under care of the guard, and is to be met by the same carriage."

I forthwith expressed that the proper, as well as the pleasant and friendly thing would be therefore that on the arrival of the public conveyance I should be in waiting for him with his little sister; an idea in which Mrs. Grose concurred so heartily that I

somehow took her manner as a kind of comforting pledge—never falsified, thank heaven!—that we should on every question be quite at one. Oh, she was glad I was there!

What I felt the next day was, I suppose, nothing that could be fairly called a reaction from the cheer of my arrival; it was probably at the most only a slight oppression produced by a fuller measure of the scale, as I walked round them, gazed up at them, took them in, of my new circumstances. They had, as it were, an extent and mass for which I had not been prepared and in the presence of which I found myself, freshly, a little scared as well as a little proud. Lessons, in this agitation, certainly suffered some delay; I reflected that my first duty was, by the gentlest arts I could contrive, to win the child into the sense of knowing me. I spent the day with her out of doors; I arranged with her, to her great satisfaction, that it should be she, she only, who might show me the place. She showed it step by step and room by room and secret by secret; with droll, delightful, childish talk about it and with the result, in half an hour, of our becoming immense friends. Young as she was, I was struck, throughout our little tour, with her confidence and courage, with the way, in empty chambers and dull corridors, on crooked staircases that made me pause and even on the summit of an old machicolated square tower that made me dizzy, her morning music, her disposition to tell me so many more things than she asked, rang out and led me on. I have not seen Bly since the day I left it, and I dare say that to my older and more informed eyes it would now appear sufficiently contracted. But as my little conductress, with her hair of gold and her frock of blue, danced before me round corners and pattered down passages, I had the view of a castle of romance inhabited by a rosy sprite, such a place as would somehow, for diversion of the young idea, take all color out of storybooks and fairy-tales. Wasn't it just a storybook over which I had fallen a-doze and a-dream? No; it was a big, ugly, antique, but convenient house, embodying a few features of a building still older, half replaced and half utilized, in which I had the fancy of our being almost as lost as a handful of passengers in a great drifting ship. Well, I was, strangely, at the helm!

II

This came home to me when, two days later, I drove over with Flora to meet, as Mrs. Grose said, the little gentleman; and all the more for an incident that, presenting itself the second evening, had deeply disconcerted me. The first day had been, on the whole, as I have expressed, reassuring; but I was to see it wind up in keen apprehension. The postbag, that evening—it came late—contained a letter for me, which, however, in the hand of my employer, I found to be composed but of a few words inclosing another, addressed to himself, with a seal still unbroken. "This, I recognize, is from the head-master—and the head-master's an awful bore. Read him, please, deal with him; but mind you don't report. Not a word. I'm off!" I broke the seal with a great effort—so great a one that I was a long time coming to it; took the unopened missive at last up to my room and only attacked it just before going to bed. I had better have let it wait till morning, for it gave me a second sleepless night. With no counsel to take, the next day, I was full of distress; and it finally got so the better of me that I determined to open myself at least to Mrs. Grose.

"What does it mean? The child's dismissed his school."

She gave me a look that I remarked at the moment; then, visibly, with a quick blankness, seemed to try to take it back. "But aren't they all—?"

"Sent home—yes. But only for the holidays. Miles may never go back at all."

Consciously, under my attention, she reddened. "They won't take him?"

"They absolutely decline."

At this she raised her eyes, which she had turned from me; I saw them fill with good tears. "What has he done?"

I hesitated; then I judged best simply to hand her my letter—which, however, had the effect of making her, without taking it, simply put her hands behind her. She shook her head sadly. "Such things are not for me, Miss."

My counselor couldn't read! I winced at my mistake, which I attenuated as I could, and opened my letter again to repeat it to her; then, faltering in the act and folding it up once more, I put it back in my pocket. "Is he really *bad?*"

The tears were still in her eyes. "Do the gentlemen say so?"

"They go into no particulars. They simply express their regret that it should be impossible to keep him. That can have only one meaning." Mrs. Grose listened with dumb emotion; she forbore to ask me what this meaning might be; so that, presently, to put the thing with some coherence and with the mere aid of her presence, to my own mind, I went on: "That he's an injury to the others."

At this, with one of the quick turns of simple folk, she suddenly flamed up. "Master Miles!—*him* an injury?"

There was such a flood of good faith in it that, though I had not yet seen the child, my very fears made me jump to the absurdity of the idea. I found myself, to meet my friend the better, offering it, on the spot, sarcastically. "To his poor little innocent mates!"

"It's too dreadful!" cried Mrs. Grose, "to say such cruel things! Why, he's scarce ten years old."

"Yes, yes: it would be incredible."

She was evidently grateful for such a profession. "See him, Miss, first. *Then* believe it!" I felt forthwith a new impatience to see him; it was the beginning of a curiosity that, for all the next hours, was to deepen almost to pain. Mrs. Grose was aware, I could judge, of what she had produced in me, and she followed it up with assurance. "You might as well believe it of the little lady. Bless her," she added the next moment—"*look* at her!"

I turned and saw that Flora, whom, ten minutes before, I had established in the schoolroom with a sheet of white paper, a pencil and a copy of nice round O's, now presented herself to view at the open door. She expressed in her little way an extraordinary detachment from disagreeable duties, looking at me, however, with a great childish light that seemed to offer it as a mere result of the affection she had conceived for my person, which had rendered necessary that she should follow me. I needed nothing more than this to feel the full force of Mrs. Grose's comparison, and, catching my pupil in my arms, covered her with kisses in which there was a sob of atonement.

None the less, the rest of the day, I watched for further occasion to approach my colleague, especially as, toward evening, I began to fancy she rather sought to avoid me. I overtook her, I remember, on the staircase; we went down together, and at the bottom I detained her, holding her there with a hand on her arm. "I take what you said to me at noon as a declaration that *you've* never known him to be bad."

She threw back her head; she had clearly, by this time, and very honestly, adopted an attitude. "Oh, never known him—I don't pretend *that!*"

I was upset again. "Then you *have* known him—?"

"Yes, indeed, Miss, thank God!"

On reflection I accepted this. "You mean that a boy who never is—?"

"Is no boy for *me!*"

I held her tighter. "You like them with the spirit to be naughty?" Then, keeping pace with her answer, "So do I!" I eagerly brought out. "But not to the degree to contaminate—"

"To contaminate?"—my big word left her at a loss.

I explained it. "To corrupt."

She stared, taking my meaning in; but it produced in her an odd laugh. "Are you afraid he'll corrupt *you?*" She put the question with such a fine bold humor that, with a laugh a little silly, doubtless, to match her own, I gave way for the time to the danger of absurdity.

But the next day, as the hour for my drive approached, I cropped up in another place. "What was the lady who was here before?"

"The last governess? Oh, Miss Jessel—that was her name—was also young and pretty; almost as young and almost as pretty, Miss, even as you."

"Ah, then, I hope her youth and her beauty helped her!" I recollect throwing off. "He seems to like us young and pretty!"

"Oh, he *did*," Mrs. Grose assented: "it was the way he liked every one!" She had no sooner spoken indeed than she caught herself up. "I mean that's *his* way—the master's."

I was struck. "But of whom did you speak first?"

She looked blank but she colored. "Why, of *him*."

"Of the master?"

"Of who else?"

There was so obviously no one else that the next moment I had lost my impression of her having accidentally said more than she meant; and I merely asked what I wanted to know. "Did *she* see anything in the boy—?"

"That wasn't right? She never told me."

I had a scruple, but I overcame it. "Was she careful—particular?"

Mrs. Grose appeared to try to be conscientious. "About some things—yes."

"But not about all?"

Again she considered. "Well, Miss—she's gone. I won't tell tales."

"I quite understand your feeling," I hastened to reply; but I thought it, after an instant, not opposed to this concession to pursue: "Did she die here?"

"No—she went off."

I don't know what there was in this brevity of Mrs. Grose's that struck me as ambiguous. "Went off to die?" Mrs. Grose looked straight out of the window; but I felt that, hypothetically, I had a right to know what young persons engaged for Bly were expected to do. "She was taken ill, you mean, and went home?"

"She was not taken ill, so far as appeared, in this house. She left it at the end of the year, to go home, as she said, for a short holiday, to which the time she had put in had certainly given her a right. We had then a young woman—a nursemaid who had stayed on and who was a good girl and clever; and *she* took the children altogether for the interval. But our young lady never came back, and at the very moment I was expecting her I heard from the master that she was dead."

I turned this over. "But of what?"

"He never told me! But please, Miss," said Mrs. Grose, "I must get to my work."

(*To be continued.*)

OUR FASHION LETTER

MY DEAR MAY:

Every week there seems to be some fresh trouble for the members of our sex to fight against. The cruel "grinding down" of the unfortunate women weavers in New Bedford is the latest specimen of man's cowardly treatment. Can there be anything more contemptible than the way these inhuman mill-owners victimize women because "they have not so many ways of standing up for their rights as men have"? These women have borne their wrongs in silence for years for the sake of their families, but the time has come when even they can endure no more. I hope that Mrs. Jane Gallagher, who has had the courage to stand up for her rights and fight these mean-spirited men, will win the day, not only for her own sake but that she may also benefit her fellow-workers and all women who are imposed upon by men.

How strange it is that women delight in giving up so much for men, who are generally the first to trample upon them; but, having proved their equality with the sterner sex in so many ways, even if the feeling of reverence due to their womanly qualities is lacking, surely men must respect them for their so-called "higher qualities"; though why a woman who is a doctor, lawyer, or member of any profession which formerly was open to men only, should be worthy of more respect and admiration than one who looks after her house and loved ones and makes it the home of happiness, is beyond my comprehension.

The shops and stores make such a feature of the children's departments that one is constantly meeting the prettiest novelties for the nursery. A useful and quaint little rack for hanging baby's clothes on at night is made in the form of a large wooden spoon with little brass hooks studded along the handle and suspended by a wide satin ribbon which should harmonize with the coloring of the room. The bowl of the spoon is painted with cherubs and surrounded by a pretty design in poker-work. "For Our Darling's Clothes" is burned into the handle in quaint old English letters. This charming and convenient little rack may be bought for one dollar and a quarter. The "baby scale" is now considered a great necessity, and a very pretty one I saw this week has a china base with the dial and indicator on the side; on the top is hung a basket in the form of a tiny cradle, enameled white and lined with a tiny cushion or pad of pink silk covered with figured muslin and trimmed with lace, which is much more comfortable for the wee mite than being weighed in an ordinary meat-scale. To make this a charming as well as a useful present one should fill the basket with flowers for the young mother, who could not fail to delight in such a dainty gift. A powder-box of exquisite Venetian gluss is quite new and much prettier, though more fragile than those of ivory or china.

The fashion in tiny baby's clothes does not change; their long robes and petticoats, either simply made or elaborately trimmed with delicate lace, are always the same; but the bigger children tread closely on their mother's heels in the matter of dress; and for dresses and outdoor garments the Russian style is the favorite.

I hope we shall have some really cold weather soon and be able to utilize the warm underclothing which is so necessary for our children. We ought to be deeply grateful to "Jaeger" for having so reformed the world of underwear. The combinations of the present day are a great improvement on the old-fashioned vest and drawers made of flannel, which shrank horribly in spite of the greatest care in washing. If "Jaeger" were white instead of the natural wool color, then it would be perfect in every other sense as well as the "hygienic." White seems to be the only color, if I may call it so, to put next a child's skin. Jaeger combinations and petticoats are to be had in all sizes "and weights"; also night-drawers with feet. Every mother will approve of these sensible garments, for, as they entirely cover the child's body, there is no danger of catching cold when the little boy kicks off the blankets. For girls I must say I prefer the flannel or Jaeger nightgown, and if made very long it answers the same purpose as the drawers, and for infants can be made with a draw-string at the edge of the skirt. I saw a pretty and useful nightgown of flannel which was tucked the depth of a broad yoke back and front, giving additional warmth over the chest and lungs without clumsiness; turned-down collar, full sleeves put into a straight band, which is feather-stitched with washing silk in white or some light color like the tucks, collar and broad hem. This little nightgown is called the "Marjory," and can easily be made at home; it would require about three and a half or four yards of flannel for a child of three.

Children's stockings, I am glad to say, are generally self-colored; there are no gorgeous plaids for their little eyes, plain tans and blacks are chiefly used, and for parties the little ones are provided with silk hosiery, in all the delicate shades, as well as in bronze and black, with open-work lace fronts.

How much more attention is paid to "booting" the little ones in America than in England or any other country—the soles of the boots and shoes are broad, with sensible square toes, and the material used, be it calf or kid, is so thoroughly pliable and soft that one can understand why American women are renowned for their pretty and daintily shod feet. The new "Hygienic" shoe, which is made with a felt foundation and guaranteed thoroughly damp-proof, comes as a "boon and blessing" to men, women and children, and does away with the necessity for rubbers except in exceptionally bad weather.

The majority of the dresses, coats and pelisses one sees are intended for those who were born with the proverbial silver spoon in their mouths; but the more simple garments can be found. A frock which took my fancy, and would be most serviceable for school wear, had the skirt, belt and cross shoulder-straps made separate to be worn with a blouse underneath; the skirt, of navy blue serge or any color one fancies, is cut with a gored front; the back, full and round, is gathered on to the belt. The blouse to be worn with this is of golf red flannel, made quite plainly with a turned-down high collar and large bishop sleeves, finished with a plain band either feather-stitched or having rows of narrow white braid for trimming. For warmer weather the blouse can be of cambric, gingham, or Liberty silk, made in a more fanciful style. These skirts made with belts and straps in Holland, white pique or galatia stripe, and worn with blouses in light colors, are charming for summer wear.

There is such a charming variety in color and texture of spring goods that those not blessed with a large dress allowance will have difficulty in making their choice. Crêpon, which held its place as first favorite for so long, is again to the fore, although in a slightly different weave. The combination of crêpon, with its rippled surface, and grenadine makes a pretty material known as "crêpon grenadine." "Satin ground crêpon" is a union of satin ground, crêpon weave and poplin line; crêpon is so soft and clinging that it competes with cashmere for the place of honor as the most appropriate stuff for house gowns. Then there is the bouclé effect obtained in grenadines which is new. "The bouclé" is a raised dot, which certainly gives style to the otherwise plain grenadines, and will be much used over colored taffeta linings.

Canvas cloths and nun's veilings have also come to life again. Light weight, smooth face cloths, as you will gather by the name, look rather like the cloths we have seen during the winter, but are much lighter, and with camel's hair goods in stripes, plaids and checks will be *the* things for tailor-built gowns. Poplins are to be quite the rage for smart gowns here as well as in London. What a blessing the revival of this delightful material, which is so soft in tone and texture, will be to the poor of Ireland; and probably the reason that Fashion heads her list with it is mainly due to the fact that Princess May, when visiting the Emerald Isle with her Sailor Prince last year, gave an order for over thirty pieces of Irish poplin, principally in white, green and blue. Moiré poplin, a new name for a material almost identical with moiré velours, is being greatly displayed in very alluring colorings; shaded grounds of gray, tan, red and blue have over them checks of white and black, or broad stripes of satin. In poplin bengaline and etamine, as well as every other material, gray and tan are the favorite colors in all tones; there is the "blue gray,"

"dove gray," "steel gray," "silvery gray," and "pink gray," known as "point du jour," undoubtedly because it so closely resembles the pinkish hue of the gray dawn, and many other shades that must be seen to be realized. Blacks and whites in checks, plaids and hair stripes are as attractive as ever.

A group of dresses I saw to-day will interest you. The first, a visiting gown worn by a tall, slight, fair woman, has the skirt, with a decided flare of dark green velvet, trimmed at the edge with beaver fur. The bodice, of tan cloth, is close-fitting; the peplum, round yoke, high standing collar, wide frill falling from the yoke back and front and over the sleeves, are richly embroidered with narrow black cord and cut-green beads and edged with the fur; from under the left side of plain cloth there are bands of beaver going across the front of the bodice and round to the seam under the left arm. The belt is of loosely folded green velvet, drawn through a handsome antique buckle studded with emeralds at the left side. The toque worn with this dress was of green and brown chiffon, softly puffed and mixed with autumn leaves; the effect was charming. Another gown, so made as to have a redingote appearance, has a skirt of medium width, fastening at one side with a narrow band of black ruching down the length of the skirt, from the belt to the hem. The bodice is made in a most graceful style; though tight-fitting, it has the fashionable loose effect. The revers, which are a distinctive feature, turn back till they reach the top of the sleeve, and one tapers to a point at the waist, and is fastened at the side with a velvet band finished with a large rosette. The wide flaring collar, deep cuffs and revers are all lined with white moiré and edged with a narrow ruching of black velvet. The hat worn with this gown is of the "beef eater" style, the soft crown of white velvet, stiff brim of black velvet, with a cluster of Prince of Wales feathers at the side.

A delightful house gown of dove gray cashmere made in princess style, fastening on the left, the skirt opening over a petticoat of the same color; the flaring collar, revers sleeves, and also the jabot reaching from the waist down the opening of the skirt, are appliqued work on white mirror velvet and outlined with moss trimming, with which the skirt is edged. The dress can be worn with or without the plastron, which is of plain cashmere with a high collar embroidered with pearls and white silk cord. The sash and girdle are of white silk gauze. Sashes are now quite the rage; not the old-fashioned stiff sashes of wide ribbon, but dainty things of lace, net, or chiffon. The full width of net and chiffon is used, with a ruffle of lace at the edge, and is quite smart. It can be tied at the back of the belt in a large bow, or the ends may be drawn through a jeweled buckle, and fall either at the back of the skirt or the right side, which is quite new, as in most cases girdles, garnitures, or any trimmings and finishes to skirts generally fall from the left side.

What a craze there is for bows! There are the dainty ones of mull or chiffon, the bright handsome

Roman sashes in narrow and wide widths tied in bows either at the neck or waist; and now there is the latest, the Louis XVI. bow, the headdress for evening wear, set in front of ostrich tips, feathers, aigrettes and tulle loops. The bows are beautifully made in white or black net, sprinkled with diamonds, colored gems, gold or silver. The wires are entirely hidden and bent with charming grace.

Women, their doings, their work, and the position which is the outcome of it, questions as to the deference due to them, still give plenty of room for discussion. I did not believe that the world still contained narrow-minded individuals who consider it unwomanly for a woman to be the breadwinner of the family, nor did I imagine it possible that a man (I must call him such, though he has lost all right to the title) could argue that, because a woman earns her own living, she is on an equality with him, or, as he might say, descends to his level, in so far that if an elevated train is crowded it is unnecessary for him to be courteous enough to offer her his seat. No doubt many men are tired after a hard day's work in the city and glad to rest and read the evening paper, whereas the woman who is standing may have been only "shopping" and does not want to sit down. Even so, surely a man worthy of the name feels it instinctively his duty, and his pleasure, to give up his seat to one of the gentler sex.

I hope those girls who have banded together and formed a "Non-Slang" Club will go a step further and introduce ankle length skirts for walking. We are not all endowed with pretty feet, but surely even large ugly feet will look better when not dabbled with dirty draggled skirts and petticoats; then there is little grace in the action of holding up one's skirt; and when we come to the real point—that of health—we know the streets of all towns are covered with dust which contains thousands of microbes, and are we content to go along sweeping this up with our skirts to the danger of all?

Yours always, MARJORIE.

"And may I know why this honor befalls me, that you should give me complimentary tickets to your lecture?"

"Oh, you see, you'll help fill up the hall."