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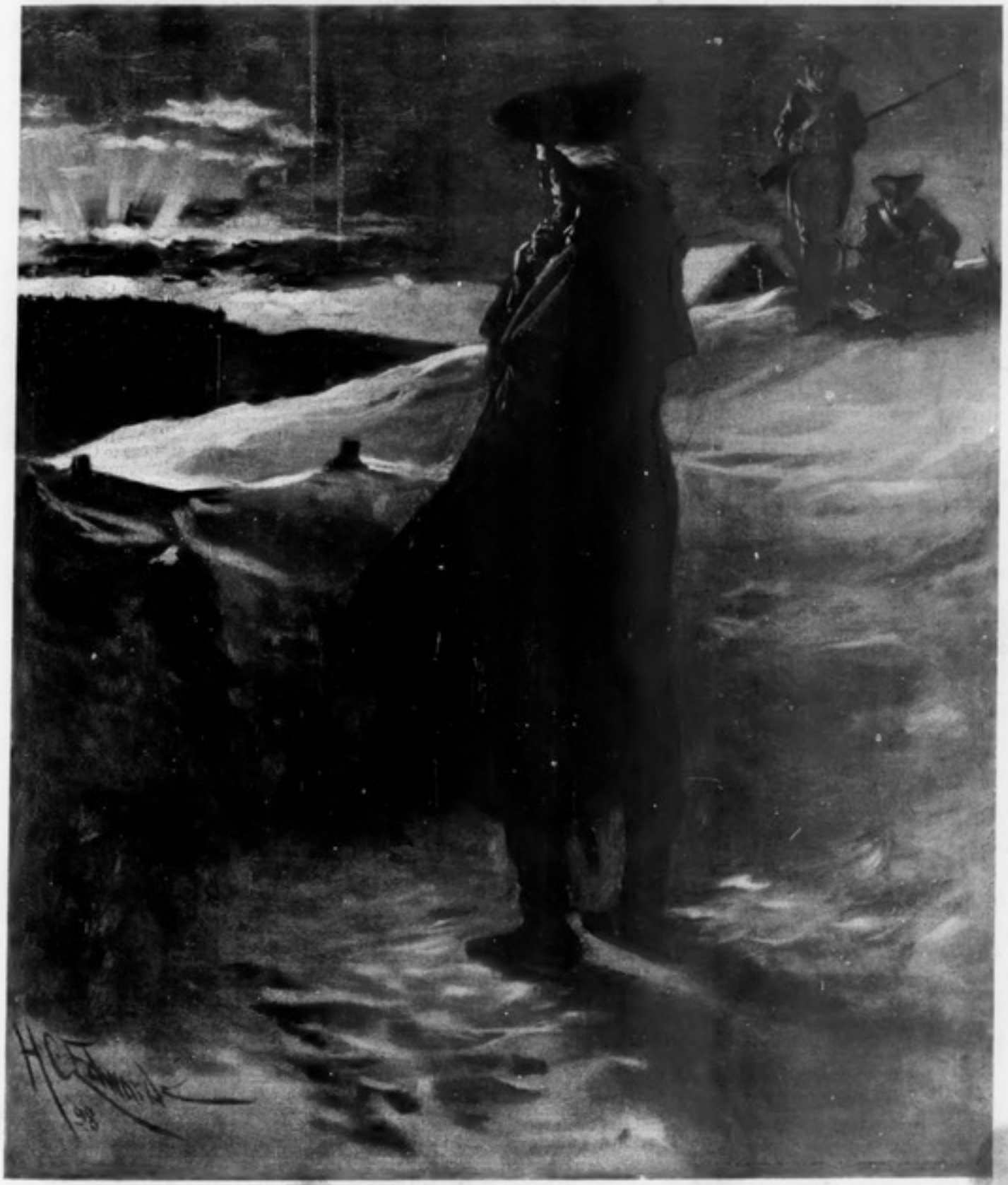

VALLEY FORGE FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND 1778

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THE EDITOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY NEW YORK CITY

ROBERT J COLLIER EDITOR

NEW YORK FEBRUARY NINETEENTH 1898

EDITOR'S NOTE

THE publication of "Hawthorne's Vitascope" will, for the next two numbers, be suspended, owing to Mr. Hawthorne's departure for Cuba, whither he has gone to investigate and report upon the condition of the population. On his return the "Vitascope" will be resumed, reënforced, we hope, by a strong special article on the progress of the insurrection in Cuba and the disposition of her people toward autonomy.

The question has arisen whether certain sentiments recently expressed in one of the signed departments of this paper represent the views of either the Proprietor or Editor of COLLIER'S WEEKLY. To avoid misunderstandings in the future, as well as clear away misinterpretations that, in the past, may have gained foothold among our readers, we desire to disavow, once for all, responsibility for any views published *over the names* of our contributors. Such views are given as personal views for what they are worth, with no attempt on the Editor's part to reconcile or render them harmonious. In this very freedom of scope and diversity of treatment, lies, to our mind, the vitality that gives them value. Let this freedom be curtailed, this diversity subdued, and the voice of personality, the individual charm which we have, in our columns, aimed to convey undiminished, is lost; a symposium becomes a chorus, and each department an echo of the editorial page. As it is, we have the honor of differing occasionally from our distinguished contributors and of controverting categorically and *ex cathedra* the signed statements of our *confrères*, Messrs. Saltus, Hawthorne, and Fawcett. This note of conflict might, in the absence of explanation, confuse our readers, and it is to make our position clear that an explanation is, therefore, offered.

Finally, it is the Proprietor's desire that certain strictures upon President McKinley that lately appeared in "Hawthorne's Vitascope" be, as the expression of editorial opinion, particularly and emphatically disclaimed.

ROBERT J. COLLIER.

HARBOR APPROPRIATIONS AND NEW YORK CITY

IN thirty years, there has not appeared a book of so much value to the inhabitants of our commercial metropolis as that which has just been published in pamphlet form by Mr. John W. Ambrose under the title of "Congressional Appropriations and New York Harbor." We need not say that it is by virtue of the facilities which it offers to foreign commerce that New York has become the chief emporium of the United States, and has attained to the second place among the cities of the world. Has the harbor received from the Federal Government the attention which it deserves, in view of the volume of its dependent population, the magnitude of the business transacted and the value of the service rendered to the Federal treasury? That is a question touching which the strangest misconception is current, and it is rapidly becoming a matter of vital moment to the city that the truth should be made known. At the cost of much time and labor, Mr. Ambrose has made a thorough investigation of the subject, the results of which are set before us in an exposition of the expenditures of the Federal Government for the improvement of rivers and harbors in the whole United States, from 1790 to 1896. These statistics are supplemented with a comparative statement of the value of goods imported and the amount of duties collected in the different ports of entry. The astonishing outcome of the inquiry is that, while the port of New York contributes two-thirds of all the revenue derived by the Federal Government from customs duties, it has received only an insignificant fraction of the vast sums expended for the improvement of rivers and harbors.

It appears that the author of this pamphlet was impelled to enter upon his researches by being confronted with the assertion, made by the chairman of a committee of the House of Representatives, that New York City had received four dollars and a half out of every five dollars appropriated by the Federal Government during its existence for river and harbor improvements in the whole United States. Unable, at the time, to controvert the statement, which embodied, as he found, a prevailing belief, he determined to examine the figures for himself, and the result was the discovery that, out of every dollar expended by the Government since 1790 for the improvement of rivers and harbors, only one-half of one cent has been laid out within the port of New York. We should here mention that the author defines New York Harbor as the body of water which lies inside and north of the Narrows at Fort Hamilton, and which comprises the Upper Bay, the East River as far as Port Morris and the Hudson River as far as Spuyten Duyvil Creek. Appropriations for the channel improvements off Sandy Hook should no more be charged against New York Harbor than should the cost of the work done on the Lower Mississippi between New Orleans and the Gulf of Mexico be charged to New Orleans. The same thing may be said of the appropriation for the removal of rocks at Hell Gate and for the deepening of the Harlem River. It is obvious that disbursements at these points are properly to be considered as appropriations not for harbor but for river improvement. If these three items be deducted from the bill against New York Harbor, there remains only $1,503,650 expended for the improvement of Gowanus Bay; $496,350 for Buttermilk Channel; $227,500 for Newtown Creek and Bay; and $25,000 for the Hudson River opposite Jersey City. This is positively every cent that has been expended on the harbor of New York by the Federal Government since the Constitution went into operation. During the same period, that is to say from 1790 to 1896, the total amount appropriated by Congress and charged to the account of the several States was $296,468,653. To the Mississippi River has been devoted more than a sixth of the whole, or $52,821,125, and there is a separate charge of $12,465,004 against the State of Louisiana. It is true that the State of New York has received, since the foundation of the Federal Government, $22,319,943; but, of this amount, more than $2,861,000 went to Buffalo; more than $1,902,000 to Oswego; more than $564,000 to Dunkirk; $521,000 to Charlotte; for Ogdensburg, more than $282,000; for Plattsburg, $185,000; while upward of $1,500,000 has been distributed among harbors so little known as those of Oak Orchard, Olcott, Tonawanda, Great Sodus, and Little Sodus. For the accommodation of the coastwise trade between New England and New York, $4,385,000 were expended upon Hell Gate and $1,795,000 has been used to improve the channel off Sandy Hook. The harbor proper of the city of New York has, on the other hand, received, as we have said, from 1790 to the year 1896 inclusive, only $2,252,500, of which $1,500,000 was secured by the author of this pamphlet within the last six years.

To appreciate the parsimony of the appropriations for New York Harbor, it will be needful to compare them in some detail with those made for other places. On St. Mary's Falls and Canal, the Federal Government has expended $10,841,765; on Galveston Harbor, $8,704,000; on Savannah River and Harbor, $5,580,000; on Charleston Harbor, $4,277,000; on Baltimore Harbor, $3,721,000; on Mobile Harbor, $3,593,000; on Philadelphia Harbor, $3,241,000; on Boston Harbor, $3,024,000; on the Delaware Breakwater, $2,808,000; and on the harbor of Washington, the Federal Capital, $2,746,000. Even the Kentucky River, which, in 1896, had a tonnage of only 269,386, possessing an estimated value of $2,963,000, or less than a three-hundredth part of the value of the imports and exports at the harbor of New York in 1895, has received from the Federal Government for improvements $2,381,152, or more than has been devoted to the harbor of New York in one hundred and six years.

It is needful, also, to compare the respective amounts contributed by different harbors to that part of the Federal income which is obtained from customs duties, in order to measure the injustice to which New York has been subjected. To this end, Mr. Ambrose has compiled a table exhibiting the total value of the imports of the entire country during the thirty-five years beginning July 1, 1860, and ending June 30, 1895, and of the comparative amounts of duties collected thereon at the different ports of entry. The table also shows the exports from the same harbors during the same period. It appears that, during the thirty-five years named, the foreign imports at the port of New York were valued, in the aggregate, at $13,688,174,078, and that the receipts from duties thereon were $4,003,569,753. For the whole country, the imports were valued at $20,735,285,440, and the receipts from duties were $5,819,231,013. Next to the commercial metropolis, the largest contributor was Boston, with imports valued at $1,862,851,677, and with receipts from duties amounting to $570,086,708. Then, strange to say, came San Francisco, with an import valuation of $1,230,803,230 and with a customs revenue of $243,747,564. Philadelphia followed with an import valuation of $1,022,695,160 and a return from customs of $337,361,337. There is, then, a great drop to Baltimore, which had imports valued at $543,205,328 and a return from

customs of $137,530,134. The exports of domestic goods from the port of New York during the same period (thirty-five years) had an aggregate value of $11,038,442,674, while the valuation of exports for the whole of the United States was $23,217,903,328. Let us glance now at the figures for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1895. The total amount of duties collected in that twelve-month was $152,158,617, which was divided as follows: New York, $103,633,983, and all other ports, $48,524,633. That is to say, the port of New York contributed 68.11 per cent of the revenue drawn from customs duties. The total value of the imports from foreign countries in that year was computed at $513,241,192 for New York, and at $275,324,712 for all other American ports. That is to say, New York transacted 65 per cent of the import business. In the same year, New York exported 45 per cent of all the home products sent out of the country. We have, thus far, dealt with foreign commerce alone, and only in regard to this are trustworthy and exhaustive statistics obtainable. It is impossible to get accurate data wherewith to measure the magnitude of the coasting trade of the port of New York, and it is equally impracticable to estimate the amount of its trade by railway and canal with the interior of the country. There is good reason, however, to believe that the port of New York controls more than half of the coasting and inland trade of the Union.

There are several other matters which ought to be considered by those who would compute the share of the Federal expenditure for harbor improvements which the port of New York deserves to have. Mr. Ambrose does not neglect them. He points out that the man who stands on the dome of any of the tall buildings in New York City may overlook about one-fourteenth part of the inhabitants of the Union; that, viewed as a manufacturing center, the metropolitan district produces more than one-twentieth of the annual output of the country's factories; that the assessed valuation of its real estate is much more than one-twentieth of that of the whole of the United States; and that its total wealth, including the personal property held by its citizens, is estimated at one-fifteenth of the national capital.

From these data, it may be seen how large a share of the Federal appropriation for harbor improvement ought to go to the city of New York, whereas, as a matter of fact, during the past one hundred and six years only one-half of one cent out of every dollar is expended for the purpose. That is to say, the Federal Government, which has secured from the port of New York two-thirds of the revenue that has enabled it to live and pay its debts, has given, practically, nothing in return.

SMALL HOPE FOR FEDERATION IN AUSTRALIA

ACCORDING to the latest telegrams, the attempt to incorporate the seven Australasian colonies, or even the five Australian colonies, in a federation seems doomed to failure. The miscarriage of this project, which at one time looked promising, is a blow to the imperial federationists. If the respective interests of neighboring colonies prove irremediably conflicting, how should it be possible to reconcile them with those of the mother country at the other end of the earth?

The example of British North America encouraged many persons to expect similar success at the Antipodes. It is now thirty-one years since the British colonies north of the United States were, with the exception of Newfoundland, combined in the Dominion of Canada. The constitution of the new Confederacy, embodied in an act of the British Parliament, differed materially from that of the United States. The Federal Government of the Dominion belongs not to the presidential but to the parliamentary type. At Washington the Cabinet Ministers are responsible to the President alone. At Ottawa they are accountable to the popular branch of the Federal legislature, and, if they lose the confidence of that body, they must either resign or appeal to the electors. Then, again, in the United States the Federal and State judiciaries are separate. In the Dominion there is no such distinction; all judges are appointed by the Governor-general on the recommendation of the Federal Prime Minister. As the Australasian colonies all have governments of the parliamentary type, there is but little doubt that in their Federal constitution, had they established one, they would have conformed to the Canadian rather than to the American precedent. But for the moment there is no prospect of their making a federative experiment.

It seemed otherwise some months ago, when delegates from most of the Australian colonies and from Tasmania took part in a conference held for the purpose of framing a federal organic law. New Zealand, indeed, declined to participate on the ground of too great distance from the Australian continent. The conference, however, made a draft of a constitution which, while following the Dominion system in its principal lines, was thought to contain some improvements, and it was agreed to refer this draft to the colonial legislatures, in order that, if approved by them, it might be submitted to the people for decisive acceptance or rejection, after which a final federal convention might be held. When the draft came up last December in the New South Wales Legislative Council the anti-federalists passed a bill to the effect that eighty thousand electors must vote in favor of the federation project; otherwise, it would be lost. There seems to be no doubt that the large number of affirmative votes required imperils federation even in New South Wales, where the movement for Australian union was first started. The Queensland legislature, after some hesitation, has refused to permit the people to vote on the federation proposal, and therefore that colony also must be counted out. It appears that the Queenslanders do not wish to enter an Australian union until their domestic difficulties have been settled. They desire to divide their colony into two parts, if not three. South Queensland is pastoral; North Queensland is agricultural. The South Queenslanders grow wool; the North Queenslanders grow sugar and other staples, for which coolie labor is desirable. When the subdivision of Queensland is effected, it may be that the present opposition to the federal union of the Australian continent will cease. We should add that West Australia has shown herself but lukewarm toward the movement for confederation. On the other hand, Victoria, South Australia, and Tasmania are committed to the scheme; but they will scarcely undertake to carry it out alone.

It is somewhat remarkable that Victoria, although entering into the movement somewhat tardily, should now show herself the most earnest advocate of federation. It was recognized at the conference that in order to endow the Federal Government with the sinews of war it would be indispensable to give it an exclusive power to levy customs duties throughout the Australian union. Such a concession would at once deprive Victoria of one of the main sources of its revenue; for Victoria, unlike New South Wales, has been persistently protectionist, not scrupling to levy duties upon goods imported from her sister colonies, as well as from the mother country. With such an example of self-sacrifice before them as Victoria afforded, it is remarkable that New South Wales and Queensland should prove recalcitrant.

If Australian union could have been effected, we should probably have seen during the first quarter of the next century a union of the British colonies in South Africa, to which the Hollander republics, namely the Orange Free State and the Transvaal, might eventually have acceded. As it is, the outlook for British federationists must be acknowledged to be very dark.

THE UNITED STATES AND THE PARIS EXPOSITION

CONGRESS will be presently called upon to decide whether the United States shall be represented at the Paris Exposition of 1900 on a scale commensurate with our national importance. The late Moses P. Handy, who had been appointed a Special Commissioner for the purpose of making preliminary arrangements, submitted a report to President McKinley, in which, after announcing that he had secured double the space originally allotted, he recommended that an appropriation of one million dollars be made for the purpose of exhibiting the rank which this country had attained as a producer not only of food staples and raw materials, but also of manufactured articles. Owing to the fact that the Dingley Tariff has, thus far, failed to yield a revenue equal to our current expenditures, the present Congress is disposed to be extremely economical except in the matter of pensions, and there is, therefore, some reason to fear that it may refuse to sanction the appropriation proposed by Mr. Handy and approved by the President. It should be easy, however, to demonstrate that the sum named is small in comparison with that expended by many another nation inferior to the United States in respect of wealth and population, and that a grievous mistake will be made if we miss a precious opportunity of stimulating our export trade.

At the last Paris Exposition, that of 1889, and at the World's Fair held in Chicago five years ago, not only the principal European States, but also Brazil, the Argentine Confederation, Mexico and Japan expended amounts of money relatively larger than the sum which Congress is now requested to appropriate. Brazil and the Argentine Confederation showed themselves particularly lavish, although neither of those countries has anything to exhibit, except the natural products of its fields, its forests and its mines. That would have been true of the United States a quarter of a century ago, for then we manufactured nothing which could compete with similar European commodities in foreign markets. Our export trade at that time was valueless, so far as manufactured articles were concerned. That is by no means the case to-day. There is now scarcely any country on the earth in which there is not an actual or prospective market for the products of American factories and workshops, although we labor under the disadvantage of paying higher wages than are received by workmen in the Old World. The disadvantge is more than counterbalanced by the economy of labor effected through the innumerable applications of that inventive faculty which is characteristic of the American mind. By the combination of superior skill and improved machinery, we are now able to make better and cheaper silks than are produced in France, better and cheaper woolen goods than are made in Germany, better and cheaper linen than comes from the Irish loom, better and cheaper iron and steel than England, herself, can turn out.

So long as our manufacturers had in view only the domestic markets, which they were certain to monopolize through our protective policy, the powers of American inventors were but imperfectly aroused. Our implements, however, and our labor-saving appliances were soon perceived to be so admirable that an export trade in them grew up almost without any conscious or persistent effort on our part. It is, in truth, by sheer dint of merit that American manufactures have found their way into foreign markets. No man, for instance, who has once used an American shovel will ever buy one of any other make. The same thing may be said of American sewing machines, typewriting machines and bicycles. Our billiard-tables are the best and cheapest. We can even manufacture golf clubs so superior to their Scotch counterparts that we are able to sell thousands of them in Great Britain. Our locomotives are acknowledged to be better and cheaper than any made in Europe, and the same thing is true of our stationary engines. We have built some of the fastest vessels afloat, and the day is not distant when we shall wrest from British shipyards the business of creating the navies of the world.

These are facts to which European manufacturers are keenly alive, and they, therefore, will spare no effort to outshine American exhibitors, if possible, at the Paris Exposition. They will endeavor to convince those countries which are large buyers of manufactured articles, that England, Germany and France are, after all, the best purveyors. They may succeed in their attempt, unless adequate measures are taken by our Government to show what the merits of American manufactures are. Such a demonstration requires expenditure, and it must be made betimes. It will not do to postpone the work of organizing and displaying our contributions to the Paris Exposition until our most dangerous competitors have been a year or two in the field. We have but two years before us, and there is not an hour to be lost.

Before the close of the first quarter of the twentieth century, the United States ought to be the largest exporter of manufactures on the globe. Compared with the profit accruing from such a state of things, the outlay of a million dollars for advertising purposes at the Paris Exposition may well seem insignificant.

THE EXODUS TO THE LAND OF GOLD

MOVING CIRCLE CITY TO DAWSON

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 30

IF there be any New Yorker now living who was old enough to take notice half a century ago, he will remember the crowds which gathered on the wharfs when a ship sailed for San Francisco. On the water front of the city by the Golden Gate the same spectacle is now daily exhibited. Last week, five steamers cleared for Dyea and Skagway. In every case a dense crowd of men, women, children, mules, and dogs thronged the wharf, and encumbered the gangways; the piles of boxes, bales, bags, and baskets of food and clothing created so great a blockade that a dozen stalwart policemen found it difficult to keep a pathway open. Every steamer had refused more passengers than it accepted. Those who were disappointed lingered near the vessel in the hope that at the last moment the captain might relent and take one or two more. Men sat disconsolate on heaps of "grub," watching the preparations for departure with a wistful eye. Others, whose gold had been accepted by the agents, and who were the proud possessors of tickets entitling them to a single berth and three meals a day on the voyage to the frozen north, were embracing wives or children, and doing much crying in a quiet way. Among the ticketed passengers were a few women, rather strong of face, and with bulging skirts suggestive of bloomers.

CROSSING LAKE LEBARGE

It was with reluctance that the yelping dogs embarked. Their foresight seemed to warn them that the leather apparatus tied to the bag-mouths prefigured labor to which they had not been trained, and their instinct foreshadowed snow and cold to which they had not been accustomed. Neither the St. Bernard nor the cross-breed known as the Newfoundland are rare in San Francisco; but there are few shivers in California's climate and the canine travelers barked prophetically. As to the mules and burros, they positively refused to embark; so they were hauled on board by ropes fastened to the donkey engine with a stout stevedore on mane and another on tail.

When the hawsers were cast off, and a steamer swung into the stream, the flutter of handkerchiefs on the wharf was energetic but not gay. Stories in the morning papers of men dying of cold and starvation on the passes were not likely to cheer the souls of those who were left behind; as the crowd slowly filed off the wharf it contained many a rueful face.

In a week the argonauts will be landing on the frozen mud at Skagway, with a biting northwest wind cutting their faces, and never-ceasing flurries of snow closing eyes and mouth. Cold we have everywhere; men lose toes from frostbite in the harbor of New York; but the cold of southeastern Alaska is insinuating and inquisitive, with an innate capacity to discover spots which are uncovered by overcoat and blanket, and with an appetite for finger-tips and ears. The first instinct of the Klondyker is to warm himself with a stiff drink of whisky, which generous Skagway is only too ready to supply; but after two or three experiments in this direction the traveler finds that the reaction from spirituous stimulus renders him more *frileux* than before. Shelter abounds, in the form of wooden cabins and canvas tents, and when a big fire of spruce or fir is burning there is no lack of warmth. But the impulse of the Klondyker is to push on; so he essays the climb of the passes—though it snows, and the wind is never weary.

At latest dates—that is to say about January 20—there were from one to two hundred Klondykers camped for the winter on this side the Chilcoot Pass, and some seven hundred on the other side, between the range and Lake Lebarge. Most of these adventurers had brought with them some sort of shelter—either board shanties or tents; but these abodes had proved quite in-

STARTING FOR THE YUKON FROM JUNEAU

sufficient to keep out the cold, and the owners had covered them with several feet of snow. All along the trail, people are spending the winter in these snow houses, and those who have food enough are faring pretty well. Fuel can be gathered at many places in the canyon, and it is wiser to remain in a dugout than to attempt to break a path through snowdrifts which are in places forty feet deep.

When there is a respite from the snowstorms, parties take their courage with both hands and make a dash for the pass. Several have succeeded; but they did not get much further than Lake Lebarge, where they had once more to take refuge in snow huts, which will be their home till May or June. Adventurous travelers, trying to go further, have lost their lives. A poor barber from Juneau, insufficiently clad, pushed on toward Lake Tagish, being bent on shaving the chins of gold-seekers as they passed: his corpse was found in the snow, still grasping in his hand of ice his razor and his strop.

Well-equipped arctic voyagers, with dog trains, are coming out every day or two, having covered the distance from Dawson to Dyea in twenty-two or twenty-three days; they followed the old Dalton trail, and watched their chance of crossing the pass between two snowstorms. But the gold-seekers who are going in will be just as far advanced, if they remain in their snow houses till May, as if they pushed on now. The group of lakes which are the head-waters of the Yukon are in winter a frozen archipelago, each lake being joined to the succeeding one by an outlet, and the whole region being covered by a sheet of snow from five to twenty feet deep. A Hudson's Bay voyageur, with a dog train and snowshoes, can make fair progress over such a country, though he cannot well take with him a larger load than the provisions he needs for the way; but a Klondyker, with one thousand pounds of provisions, clothing and tools, finds that he had better halt at the first spot where he can build a snow house and secure a steady supply of fuel. It was waste of breath to point this out to the travelers who left last week.

A wild idea prevails in some quarters that when the head-waters of the Yukon are reached—that is to say, at the point where the Pelly and the Lewis join to form the great river—it should be possible to walk or sledge on the ice down to Dawson. This notion rests on a misconception of the character of the river. For most of its length it is sluggish; but there are long stretches where it is very rapid, and the current breaks up the ice, and piles it in hummocks as high as the roof of a two-story house. Then again, on both sides, it receives every few miles the waters of confluents. Most of these are creeks whose water flows slowly through swamps, but some of them are the watersheds of small mountain ranges, and their waters rush down with such velocity that they hardly ever freeze over, and when they reach the Yukon they break up the ice and throw it into ridges and mounds, which are practically impassable. One such place is Thirty-Mile River, which is very swift, and was reported by Klondykers who crossed it this month to be still open. Another is the Ice Gorge near Fort Selkirk, at the head-waters of the Yukon. At either place it is as much as a man's life is worth to try to cross, and to draw a loaded sledge over is simply impossible. Here and there, on the Lower Yukon, extreme cold may occur early in the season on a windless night and the river freeze over as smooth as a billiard-table; but after Fort Yukon is passed, the ice is rarely practicable for travel

VIEW ON YUKON

Those who are now going into Alaska may make up their minds that they will not get, this winter, within six hundred miles of their destination; though they will be on the spot ready for action in the early spring.

Preparations for improved methods of crossing the passes when the snow melts are being vigorously prosecuted. Several miles of stout steel wire have been shipped to Skagway. It is announced that a freight road will cross Chilcoot Pass suspended from this wire, which will be hung from piers. Another scheme is to build a tramway across the pass, over which the cars will travel by gravity. Over White's Pass a good corduroy road is expected to be in readiness by the end of May or the beginning of June. When Mr. John Mackay was here last month, engineers connected with the Canadian Pacific laid before him plans for a spur of their line to run into the gold fields; the veteran financier thought he would wait a year before embarking in the enterprise. Parties of Canadian engineers have been in the field for some time, looking for a practicable route by way of the Stickeen Valley. A story has gained circulation that one of these parties is snowed up in a canyon of the Stickeen—a country in which winter promenades are liable to be attended with accidents.

At the other entrance to Alaska, a Government expedition is to explore, this spring, the delta of the Yukon, in the hope of finding a deep channel to the sea. At present nothing is known of the various mouths through which the Yukon empties its waters into the sea, except that they are all shallow and full of bars; thus goods and passengers are landed at St. Michaels for transshipment, and annoying delay results. Mr. John E.

NULATO A TRADING STATION ON THE LOWER YUKON

CONFLUENCE OF THE YUKON AND KLONDYKE RIVERS

McGrath of St. Louis, who did some surveying several years ago in Alaska—being employed by the Coast Survey—formed the opinion that there was a deep channel, and that by improving it sea-going ships could ascend the river as far as Nulato, or even Minook.

One of the most novel plans of getting into the Yukon country has been devised by George T. Glover of Chicago. He claims to have invented a snow-traction locomotive, to weigh about eight tons and to haul a dead weight of one hundred tons. With this machine he says he has been experimenting for years, and now believes he has made it a practical success. He announces that he will leave Portland, Ore., on February 15, and will be prepared to haul freight over the pass before the end of the month.

Of the population which had collected at Dawson, Circle City, and the intervening camps, about five hundred had left before Christmas, terrorstricken by the stories of impending famine. Owners of dog-teams were charging from five hundred to one thousand dollars for hauling outfits from Dawson to Dyea; the owners of the outfits trudged by the side of the sledges, and took their chances of getting across the Thirty-Mile and the gorges. Nothing is so dispiriting as the long monotonous winter days in the Arctic, when the sun rises at 11 A.M. and sets at 1 P.M., and the interminable stretch of gloom is only relieved by a cold white moon revolving in melancholy state, as if in derision of the folly of mortals. Miners who own "locations," or who have secured jobs at one dollar an hour, have something to divert their thoughts; those who are idle seem to be sinking into a condition of apathy and mental torpor. It is terrible to live in a place where nothing ever happens; where the only change from day to day is the direction of the wind, and the fluctuations of the thermometer. Under such a strain the soberest are driven to the saloon, where vile whisky sells at fifty cents a glass. There are at Dawson a dozen such places, which are generally crowded for the sake of warmth; their proprietors announce, probably with good reason, that their supply of liquor is running short.

Thus far there has been no scarcity of food, though famine prices have prevailed. Moose and caribou were abundant in the early weeks of December; the high prices which their meat commanded incited the Indians to unusual energy in hunting. Flour has sold as high as fifty dollars a sack and as low as ten dollars; the two great trading companies have generally been willing to supply their customers at the lower figure, while speculators have exacted all they could get. There has always been a fair supply of bacon, beans, and coffee. Mr. Rank of Oakland, who has just come back, says that thus far there has been no scarcity of fresh meat, and he thinks that there is enough bacon and beans to feed all the people till spring, though such a diet will not be wholesome when the sun grows warm. At Fort Yukon there is a large reserve of food; a party of miners left Dawson a few weeks ago to loot the store, but were driven off by Captain Ray of the army, who held the crowd at bay with his revolver.

No article of food is so much wanted at present at Dawson as evaporated vegetables. The doctors cry aloud for them to avert scurvy in the spring. Evaporated onions are especially in demand; they command fifty cents a pound at Seattle, and they are actually being imported from Germany. Carloads of evaporated potatoes, sweet potatoes, carrots, squash, and parsnips are being prepared for shipment; vegetable evaporators are being erected at all the cities on the Sound. Evaporated potatoes are selling at fifteen cents a pound, and other vegetables, except onions, at twenty-five to thirty cents. It is reckoned that one hundred and thirty-five pounds of evaporated vegetables will supply two men with all the vegetable food they need for a year, and will protect them from the diseases which follow the exclusive use of a meat diet, especially a diet of salt meat. Alaska cannot be relied upon to produce any vegetable food, although in some of the valleys on the Upper Yukon scanty crops of small potatoes have been raised.

All accounts agree that the mines show no signs of exhaustion. Even allowing for exaggeration by operators who have properties for sale there must be vast quantities of gold in and above the ground. Several accounts agree that there are already ten million dollars' worth of dust and nuggets at Dawson awaiting shipment. Eldorado and Bonanza seem to be just as rich as ever. One day last month three hundred and eighty-five dollars in coarse gold was taken out of a single bucket of dirt on one of those creeks. Since the beginning of winter we have no reports from the mines on the Indian or the Stewart or the Pelly, or the other affluents of the Upper Yukon. In those camps the miners are shut out from civilization, and will remain buried until next spring. But the spirits of the returning miners are invariably buoyant; their faith in the new Eldorado is unshaken. This is the more remarkable as the history of all new mining regions is checkered by the doleful tales of discouraged gold-seekers who croak that the new field is a humbug. In the first year of the Frazer River boom there were as many disbelievers as believers; the streets of San Francisco swarmed with miners who had been to Frazer River, and pronounced its gravel barren; while in fact it has continued from that day to this to furnish a regular gold output of no mean proportions.

The stories of discoveries of gold in place, that is to say, in quartz veins, thus far lack confirmation. It is fairly presumable that somewhere on the head-waters of the streams whose gravel is gold-bearing there may be veins of quartz and slate which carry the precious metal. But they have not yet been found. Nor is it absolutely certain that they will ever be found. During the placer era in California, a belief prevailed that by following the course of the living and dead rivers up the side of the Sierra the prospector would find the source of the gold, and millions of money and thousands of lives were expended in the search; but it was fruitless. No gold was ever found on the top of the Sierra, or within one thousand feet of the top on the western side; above a certain height on the slope the trail was lost. Men of science thus concluded that the fountain of gold, from which the nuggets and the dust had been eroded, had been buried in some convulsion of nature when the earth took on its present shape. It may be so in Alaska. It is evident from the fossils of that region that the portion of the continent lying west of the Rocky Mountains has been subject to many alternate ages of depression and elevation; in one of these the source of the gold may have been buried.

Per contra, the miners on Stewart River say that for years they have been in the habit of "sniping" the bars. When they had exhausted the surface of a bar they left it and attacked a bar higher up; when this was stripped of surface gold they tried a third, still higher up; and that sometimes they would return to the first, and find it as rich as it had been when they mined it two or three years before. If this be true, the effusion of the precious metal must still be going on, and the waters of the auriferous streams must still be carrying gold down to the valley of the Yukon as they did in past ages. It is for geologists to say whether this is possible or probable.

The United States Government would fulfill a simple duty by ordering some preliminary surveys of the country west of the Yukon. A map is being prepared of the region east of that river by the Canadian Government. The Coast Survey Department could not better use the coming summer than by making a series of surveys to complete the work. KLONDYKER.

STREET-CLEANERS HEAPING SNOW FOR THE WAGONS

DUMPING INTO THE RIVER

HOW NEW YORK DISPOSES OF ITS SNOW

ZOLA, DREYFUS, PARIS, AND FRANCE

WHEN the novelist was arraigned, on the 7th inst., his task was, practically, to prove the truth of his charge that in the proceedings against Major Count Esterhazy, charged with the offense for which Captain Dreyfus was condemned, the decision was not according to evidence or the oaths of members of the court, but was in compliance with orders from the government.

Zola's list of witnesses created a great sensation, for among the persons summoned were members of the German, Austrian, Russian, Spanish and Italian embassies to France—all of whom could decline on the ground of diplomatic privilege. General Billot, the French Minister of War, was also summoned, as were his predecessor and M. Casimir-Perier, a former President of France, who took the stand, but startled the court and spectators by saying: "I cannot swear to tell the truth because I cannot do so. It is my duty not to tell it."

M MELINE, PREMIER

The most important testimony elicited in the early stages of the trial was that of Senator Scheurer-Kestner, not long ago Vice-President of the Senate, who declared that Colonel Picquart, who after the trial of Dreyfus became the chief of the (military) Bureau of Information, discovered that the memoranda that caused all the trouble was not in the handwriting of Dreyfus. M. Scheurer-Kestner further testified that he had himself submitted some of Esterhazy's penmanship to the famous expert, Bertillon, who declared it was by the same hand that wrote the memoranda; that Colonel Picquart submitted the proof to his superior officer, General Gonse, and then to the Minister of War. (Colonel Picquart has since been placed in arrest, where he still remains.) The witness said further that he also had gone to the Minister of War, an old friend, begging him to take the initiative in the matter: "I gave him a fortnight to make up his mind," continued the Senator, "during which time I was abused as a Prussian."

These statements seem not to have astonished the court or the spectators. The witness has a high reputation for veracity, but he has some Hebrew blood in his veins; besides, Paris has already decided that whatever the army does is right, or at least is to be upheld.

Another witness of high repute and personal prominence—M. Trarieux, ex-Minister of Justice—expressed his belief in the illegality of the Dreyfus trial and the necessity for a revision. With admirable clearness and in judicial form he detailed the reasons of his conviction that Dreyfus was unjustly condemned. M. Trarieux also affirmed that there was a mere semblance of a hearing at the Esterhazy court-martial; charges so serious, and from such a source, would seem to call for emphatic denial were they untrue, but the denial was not made, although it is true that General Mercier, late Minister of War, had already said "What I can affirm is that Dreyfus is a traitor and was justly and legally condemned"—an assertion that elicited loud cheers.

The nature of the manifestations of the auditors, as the various soldiers who took the witness-stand said the little they were allowed to say and dodged what would have been their duty to say in any truly modern court, showed that the majority of the people support the Government in its defense of what France believes to be its own sole trustworthy defense—the army. Thus believing, the French people care little whether their high military officers told the truth from the witness-stand. In time of war a soldier is excused for lying, stealing, manslaughter — anything, so long as there is the excuse that the country is in danger and for its safety the moral law has to be broken. Ever since the Franco-Prussian War, which ended more than a quarter of a century ago, it has been the fashion in France to believe the country in danger; if only the Republic seemed to be threatened not half of the people would care, but all factions love France and look apprehensively toward the German border. Whatever injures the prestige of the army injures France; consequently if Dreyfus was unjustly condemned and Esterhazy unjustly cleared, France expects soldiers to lie—to perjure themselves—persistently, bravely, superbly, for the reputation of the army from which were drawn the members of the Dreyfus and Esterhazy courts-martial. Really, it is the army, not Zola, that is on trial; as the president of the court said Frenchily and pithily last week, "There is no Zola affair."

GENERAL ZURLINDEN, COMMANDANT OF PARIS

Yet the French officers were unable to avoid doing some damage to their own cause. One of them admitted that Colonel Picquart, chief of the Bureau of Information, had been sent out of the country because he favored a rehearing of the Dreyfus case. Probably no listener doubted that no opinions on the subject were more likely to be correct than those of the custodian of all of the Republic's military secrets. Another officer became so violent in an altercation with the defendant's counsel that the court-room became the scene of disorder so great that the entire assemblage was driven out at the point of the bayonet—an astounding incident to persons who believe all they have heard regarding manners and courtesy in the greatest city on the Continent, and the supposed respect of the military for the civil power.

GENERAL BILLOT, MINISTER OF WAR

Quite as uneasy, probably, as Zola himself are the four men whose portraits we give—M. Méline, the French Premier, or "Président du Conseil," by whose direction Zola's arraignment was ordered, General Billot, Minister of War, who must be restive under the charges which Zola has made against him, and which he dare not answer, and the Commandant of Paris and the Préfect of Police—two officials who must between them suppress any violence that may result from the Zola case. Paris now seems to side with the government regarding the Dreyfus affair, but Paris is excitable, and the excitement may reach the dangerous human mass that composes the Paris mob. This sides with no one, nor with anything; its hand is against the government, the state, the army, society, property, and life itself. No military governor or police official breathes freely in Paris when there is a possibility that the mob may be aroused.

The violence displayed in the Palace of Justice and in presence of the court before the Zola trial had concluded its third day showed how inflammable were several classes, each of which believes itself quite as good as the best. When intelligent men, almost all of them members of the learned professions, fall to blows in a court-room, and must be clubbed and prodded by policemen and soldiers, what may not be expected of the rabble?

Indirectly the fact was brought out that Major Paty du Clam, toward whom M. Zola was specially vindictive in the letter that led to the trial, and who was the originator of the Dreyfus case, was from the first determined to find Dreyfus guilty and that he lacked evidence upon which to do so. Mme. Dreyfus, prevented from telling her story in court, made the following statement, in the course of an interview, to David Christie Murray, the novelist:

"Major Paty du Clam came to me with M. Cochefert, head of the Detective Department, announced my husband's arrest and searched the house for evidence. Their theory was that he had taken precautions before arrest and put in safekeeping all incriminating documents. They forbade me to speak a word concerning either the news or their search to any living person. The Commandant [du Clam] came alone next time, and for fifteen days and every day he said to me that my husband was a scoundrel and a traitor, and that he was a vile fellow and a vile husband. I was threatened and cajoled and generally tortured by this strange officer daily for seventeen days, he hoping to get from me some confession of my husband's guilt. But I revealed nothing, for I had nothing to reveal.

M CHARLES BLANC, PREFECT OF POLICE

"Major Paty du Clam persisted in his attacks all through the inquiry, even after the condemnation of my husband, when my heart was torn with anguish. He said to me: 'He denies it, but I shall yet make him cough up what he has on his stomach.' In every letter I have received from my husband since his incarceration he has protested innocence, and I believe him from the bottom of my soul."

Readers of COLLIER'S WEEKLY may anticipate some interesting pictures of scenes incident to the Zola trial; the WEEKLY has a special artist and correspondent in the court-room.

OUR NOTE-BOOK

BY EDGAR SALTUS

MR. PARKER'S bill, which provides that candidates for matrimony shall, in accordance with their physical condition, be passed or refused, is an attempt at legislation chimerical and sane. It won't work, and it ought to. The civilization of any given race rests on a handful of fundamental ideas. These ideas, which have slowly elaborated, are equally slow to disappear. Manifestly errors to the erudite, to the masses they are manifest truths. The latter have always clung to the past, to theories that have been dissipated, to faiths that have gone. As a consequence the difficulty of eliminating an old idea is equaled only by the diffiiculty of establishing a new one. Both require time. One might almost say they require cataclysms. In any event they require revolutions. In the sphere of life to which it has pleased God to call us—and in which we diligently shirk as many duties as we can—it has, since the memory of man runs not to the contrary, been a fundamental idea that everything should be done to encourage matrimony, and that whatever may be construed as a deterrent is adverse to public policy. This idea is not merely a general sentiment, it is a general law. The result has been the erection and maintenance of hospitals and prisons. Should Mr. Parker's bill be enacted, and its provisions be adopted throughout the land, in a few generations these buildings would constitute the monuments of an unregretted past. It would be the end of disease and the end of crime. Such a future is, of course, chimerical, and that for the reason that an enactment of this character is insufficient. It is not a question of statute, but of sentiment. The idea must become fundamental, and from a theory develop into an instinct. The history of the evolution of humanity shows that such processes have occurred, shows that a practice recognized as ethical may alter, shows that an abhorrence of it may be generated and transmitted, and shows, too, just how long it takes. There was an epoch when a little thing like miscegenation and when other little things of the same category were matters of course. Today they are infrequent. It is not enactments which have made them so. Their infrequence is due to an idea blind at first, feeble yet obstinate, which, gaining strength with the years, graduated into a general sentiment of inherited repulsion. Mr. Parker's bill is not even a step toward a similar result. But it is the protoplasm of a potentiality, one which will diffuse, permeate, find its proper soil, take root and gradually expand into one of those instincts which are shared by civilized men. When that time comes it will not bring with it the ideal perhaps, for that is beyond our reach, but it will fetter disease, frustrate crime, and produce a race that may possess fresh ardors, new enthusiasms, and senses that will win victories of which science does not dream.

THE COMMENDABLE MR CLARK

Mr. W. A. Clark, who at a recent auction paid a trifle over forty thousand for a Fortuny, is an American of a type still encounterable in French fiction, but which here it will take the Klondyke to revive. Long ago he started barefooted from a Pennsylvania village, a pick over his shoulder, hope in his heart, youth in his face, and the world before him. When he returned he was thirty times a millionaire. There are years between those sentences, tenebrous vicissitudes, the regulation ups and downs. The first claim he staked was at Butte. It was a store. There he sold shirts, gunpowder, Yankee notions, whisky—whatever miners would buy. When they balked he went over the trails on foot, peddling from camp to camp. On one of these trips he learned of a copper mine. It was undeveloped. But hope was still in his heart, youth still in his face. He returned to Butte, sold the store, and with the proceeds purchased the mine. How to work it he did not know. To find out he came to New York, took a course at Columbia, and when equipped went back. The mine, though copper, was so rich that it might have been gold. To it he added another and more to both. Presently he discovered that Montana held other interests—railroads, newspapers, politics. Presently, too, he discovered that he was a big man in a small place. It was then that he revisited that Pennsylvania village. He was bigger there than at Butte. Ten years ago he bought a house in this city. So large is New York that it was not until he purchased that picture that his presence was noticed. That though may be due to the fact that he had omitted to be blackmailed, neglected actresses, declined to be a pillar of the church, avoided conspicuous funerals, and altogether behaved like a man of sense. "Choosing the Model" is the name of the picture which he bought. Young men in search of one might go further and fare worse. Mr. Clark represents all the elements which have made our country what it is—pluck, determination, discrimination, level-headedness, simplicity, strength and success. That Fortuny should have been knocked down to Fortunatus must seem very fit.

THE ELEMENTS OF BEAUTY

Mr. Le Galienne has landed here with a doctrine of the beautiful. Whether that doctrine concerns love, literature, life, or all three, one may surmise and yet not quite know. He is reported to have announced that beauty is the one real thing worth striving for, but that in which beauty consists he is not reported to have defined. It may be that he was not asked. Had he been it is permissible to assume that he would have remembered his Aristotle and suggested that the question be left to the blind. But if his portraits resemble him, it is equally permissible to assume that he would have forgotten his Pope and neglected to maintain that Beauty draws us with a single hair. And yet again he might have. A scholar who believes that he has done better by Omar than Fitzgerald must have a great gift for paradox. In the circumstances this gentleman may be profitably urged to be more explicit. Doctrines are nice things to carry about, but definitions are even more convenient. Besides, unless I am in error, the creed has been expounded before. Its canons were set by Plato. They consist in measure and proportion. Considered in the abstract, beauty is harmony. In the concrete it is what we think it is. Socially Gautier declared it to be that which constitutes aristocracy in women precisely as intellect constitutes aristocracy in men. Historically it induced the fall of Troy. Heraldically its patent of nobility is to be useless. Locally it is not omnipresent. If Mr. Le Galienne is ready, able and willing to increase it, may the freedom of the city be his.

MORE AMERICAN HUMOR

Harper & Brothers have pursued, captured and flayed a Teuton pirate. After the high-handed fashion of his tribe he had presumed to print an unauthorized translation of one of General Lew Wallace's remarkable novels. But he reckoned without the Harpers. They strung him up in Karlsruhe, pilloried him there in the Court of Appeals, forced him to disgorge, then keelhauled him, left him for dead and be hanged to him ever after. And quite right too. A writer's ideas, or that which passes for such, should be recognized as his own and his rights in them protected. They constitute his capital. He derives an income not from stocks, but from stories. His bank is his brain. Another may build for himself treasures where thieves break in and steal. But even so it does not alarm him very much. He nas had them registered. They are so much beautifully engraved waste paper in the burglars' hands. What is more, if he catches the cracksmen he can shake the handcuffs at them and throw them into stripes. Those treasures are his personal property, the law protects his ownership. Why should not the law protect his neighbor's ideas? Are they not property too, and, however poor, at least his own? Are they not also sometimes—though not often—more valuable than treasures of any kind? Look at Columbus. He produced one, borrowed a boat on it and brought back a world. The pursuit, capture and flaying of that pirate was therefore commendable in every way. But the law which effected it is the most sublime double-shuffle ever seen. Under its provisions an American is protected and a foreigner is not. Unauthorized translations of a German novel might appear here, and unless the author had gone through an unnecessary, cumbersome, expensive and preliminary rigmarole he could whistle for a hearing in the courts. That may not be a fine sample of honesty, but it is a good example of humor.

THE CHARMS OF NEWPORT

Mr. Potter Palmer, having recently purchased a dozen acres at Newport, will, it is announced, erect there the usual summer home. That he should do so concerns no one but himself. But why any one should want to is a different guitar. Newport is stuffy and hot. The village smells of New England. It has streets that could be duplicated in Norwich, others as unlovely as any at Cape Cod. On Bellevue Avenue and thereabout property is rated at one hundred and fifty thousand the acre. You may rent there if you like a very fine house. For six weeks it will cost fifteen thousand dollars. There is no reason for such values. The advantages are not compensatory. Newport has not the charm of the country. It lacks the enticements of town. There is no scenery. There is no snap. Were half a dozen families to go basking elsewhere the place would share the fate of any other whaling town from which the whalers have gone. It was the big fish at made them prosperous. It is the big fish that make Newport what it is. Nothing else. Wakehurst, Mr. Van Alen's seat, which in design and appointments is the most satisfactory residence there, has not a glimpse of the sea. The Breakers, the seat of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, is finer and more unhomelike than many a royal palace. So too is Marble House. The one fronts, the other gores on the ocean. And yet if their occupants wish for a dip they must go a mile away. On Bellevue Avenue there is no bathing of course. By way of compensation the majority of the villas are so neighborly that they have the air of being semi-detached. The others have the prosperous look which you encounter in Western towns. Where is

the charm in that? From no point of view may the naked eye discern one feature, even climatic, which allures. The sole attraction is the society. That is indeed unique. Never perhaps save in the petty and pretty Italian courts of earlier days has there been gathered together a set of people so rich, so good-looking, so idle, so profoundly uninterested in anything but themselves, as those who congregate there each summer. It is a privilege, of course, to be in such fine company. It is like lolling in a club of millionaires where a few of the members think and none have emotions. Such a pastime may be sedative, but it is hardly exhilarating; yet such is the sum and substance of Newport life.

A BOURBON BEAUTY

The Infanta Elvire, who eloped after matured deliberation, appears to have repented in haste. It is but little over a year ago that she took the bit in her pretty teeth, yet now, according to recent dispatches, already she is divorced. Love's young dream must have turned into a nightmare. For that, however, she is less to blame than her father. Not content with living down to the worst Bourbon traditions, and as a consequence setting her a series of object lessons which her maiden meditations might better have been spared, he left her, unprotected save by her rank, to run wild in Rome. With the exception of Naples, society there is the most corrupt in Europe. Presently he wanted to marry her off. The man whom he had on hand was not to her liking. Don Carlos insisted. Dona Elvire rebelled. Meanwhile she had met Folchi. She sat down, thought it all over, and then sang to him "Ernani, involami." It was disreputable of Folchi to have listened, but possibly he had never heard the aria before, possibly too his experience with princesses was limited. In any event, hurrah boys, and off they went. There was the opportunity for Don Carlos to have remembered that other Don Carlos who, kneeling at the tomb of Charlemagne, exclaimed:

"Je t'ai crié: 'Par ou faut-il que je commence?'
Et tu m'as répondu; 'Mon fils, par la clémence!' "

But not a bit of it. In order to play the king he omitted to act like a man of the world. Instead of fixing matters up he issued a pronunciamento, instead of showing clemency he caused disgrace, not forgetting incidentally to pocket the girl's inheritance. The whole proceeding was entirely Bourbon and thoroughly bad taste. The result was that the girl, who, however misguided, had family precedents to go by, and who, totally apart from that, was but seeking that happiness to which even a peasant may aspire, lost not alone her position, but her bread and butter. In the circumstances the result was inevitable. What the climax will be time alone may tell; but just for the sake of her youth and beauty one may hope it will differ from that of her cousin, who eloped also, and who, six or eights months ago, died an outcast, though a princess, in the squalor of a Parisian slum.

WAGNER AT THE METROPOLITAN

Mr. Damrosch's revival of the "Nibelungen" has not pleased the local critics. But it filled the house. M. Lostalot, the French critic, after listening to "Parcifal," characterized it with some scorn as a light opera. One wondered what would have satisfied M. Lostalot. One wonders, too, what the local critics would like. In Berlin, ages ago, I heard the tetralogy described as the Niegelungen. The jest, like the epoch, has passed. At the time the work was ignored. When it ceased to be it was insulted. Yet that was natural. It seemed to be a novelty, and novelty has the misfortune to vex. But the novelty resided almost wholly in the partition. The "Nibelungen" is but the scenario for sumptuous scores. Its origin is uncertain. What we know of the folk-lore of the Teutons comes to us through the Sagas of the Norse. Their gods were the same, they were the gods of the Aryans, the gods of primitive earth. It was in their migration through Scythia and over the Baltic that they lost the nimbus which they had got on the uplands of Asia, and with which they glittered in India and in Greece. With tattered furs and tangled hair, monstrous and gloomy, they emerged in that chaotic cosmogony, the Edda. Yet even through that mist it is easy to recognize Jupiter in Odin, Venus in Freia. Around them in the winds and tempests flit their nine daughters, the Walkure. On one side are terrible giants, on the other malignant dwarfs, while, like an aurora borealis shuttling the opacity of a Northern night, suddenly there gleams the legend of Siegfried awaking Brunehilde, asleep behind a rampart of flame. It is in this wise that, in the Norse myth, the solar radiance of Aryan conceptions becomes centered in Siegfried, god of Spring, transformed into a hero, and Brunehilde, daughter of divinities, changed into heroine. Before this brilliant couple the old gods retreat. It is the Gotterdammerung—the twilight in which they disappear. Wagner was the first to dramatize this mythology. He gave it life and sense. To chaos he brought order, to discord harmony. The abuse with which the effort was greeted ceased long ago. However imperfect Mr. Damrosch's rendition may be, it is better than none at all, better at least than "Faust," and perhaps not as bad as "Carmen."

AN INDECENT ACT

Victor Hugo's correspondence, now in process of publication, might be better destroyed. The final volume contains particulars of his existence in Brussels. It appears that he lived there at the rate of sixty cents a day. Whose business is that? Besides, Balzac did better. At one time the latter's expenses reached in round numbers the equivalent of three dollars and thirty cents a month. It was not on what he eat that he lived, but on what he dreamed. He had two ambitions—to be famous and to be loved. He achieved them both and died of a broken heart. Hugo's career was more successful. When he died a nation put on mourning. He represented the glare of genius at its apogee. It should be noted, however, that his name rhymes with ego, not richly perhaps, but well. In his later years he resided in the Avenue d'Eylau. By way of compliment the municipality rechristened the street Avenue Victor Hugo. Said Vacquerie, "Nonsense, they should call Paris Hugoville." Said Hugo, "They will." In those two words is his picture. Even in simplicity he was excessive. Though a millionaire, he rode on the knife board of an omnibus. Analyze his works, and for every *coup de theâtre* you will encounter some similar antithesis—a beauty in love with a monster, a valet aspiring to a queen, convicts nobler than prelates, kings baser than slaves. In his verse there is the same machinery. As his works so his days. It has been alleged that this was a trick, and it may be that such was the case. But in that event how curious it is that no one else has ever been able to perform it. The fashion in which he lived, what he did, and what he omitted, do not concern posterity. The publication of these letters is not a service. In reading them you have the gentlemanly feeling that you are listening behind a door. Greatness is too rare to be foreshortened. It should glow on heights inaccessible and remote. The exposure of the poet in his slippers is always an indecent act.

BLANQUI AND BUNYAN

Mark Twain is reported to have been recently praising the pleasures of prison life. He cited Bunyan in his cell as an example of a man enjoying every variety of temptation and every possible danger without any other inconvenience than that of getting them safely in black and white. Blanqui did more. With a geography he achieved the impossible. Though in a cell he promenaded the globe. With an astronomy he multiplied that cell beyond the calculable. According to the seasons he journeyed with the stars. Without instruments, without charts, without books, he followed Thales, Pythagoras, Copernicus and Galileo, and brought back an hypothesis which has the merit of being poetic and exact—the theory that the universe must be infinite, for the reason that if an infinite universe is incomprehensible a finite universe is absurd. He may have experienced, as others have, the disquieting sensation of being able to formulate a problem and unable to solve it, but in that case he must have consoled himself, as others also have, with the reflection that our ignorance is infinite too, that there is the mystery, that were ignorance eliminated there would be no mystery at all. And so the days fell by. The prison doors opened at last, but only because he had been elected deputy to the National Assembly of France. As a form of release it was as novel as it was fitting. Blanqui emerged with a geography in one hand, an astronomy in the other. They are not text-books to-day, but with them he must have had as good a time as did Bunyan. Let me commend him to the attention of Mr. Clemens.

NOWI TEHUHONEVAKE

Mr. Caton Woodville will, I trust, permit me to give him a tip. This gentleman's pictures of war are sufficiently stirring, his soldiers and sailors are splendid men. But here is something which might eclipse them all. Nowi Tehuhonevake is preparing to visit England. Mr. Woodville may not know who Nowi is. For that matter England may be equally uninformed. No matter. By the time Nowi, gleaming with paint and gorgeous with feathers, reaches Buckingham Palace every one will be aware that an Iroquois chief has come for a pow-wow with the Queen. There is Mr. Woodville's opportunity, and what better one could an artist ask—the portrayal of a savage and a sovereign, the premordial and the august, nature in her infancy, civilization at its apogee, a man and a woman, the one but a trapper, the other an empress, two people separated as immeasurably as is a glowworm from a star, yet face to face, and both equal in the sight of God.

OUR DILAPIDATED NAVAL ACADEMY

THE Naval Academy at Annapolis is on the verge of falling to pieces. In buildings now ramshackle through age—buildings put up in the forties, fifties and sixties, never intended to be used more than a few years, with plaster dropping from the ceilings at times, just grazing some cadet's head, and with a host of inconveniences, such as cramped accommodations and some of the recitation-rooms up in garrets—future naval officers are now receiving their training. That the professors, with an armory whose walls are so battered that they have to be propped up and a boathouse too small by half for the drills as they are now given, can work out the naval curriculum satisfactorily is a high tribute to their ability.

The condition of the famous old Academy has long been growing worse, the current appropriations not affording enough money for mere necessary patching. Three winters ago matters were so serious that Congress was implored to come to the rescue. Detailed recommendations were made, showing that hardly a building on the grounds was fit to stand, and a complete new Academy was suggested, to be built gradually—piece by piece, if Congress so willed. But some new buildings were immediately and imperatively necessary—this was the unanimous cry of the officials, who dwelt on the bad sanitation, danger to professors and students, and the disgraceful appearance of the old, gray, tottering structures.

Nevertheless, no money for repairs was voted. The recommendations were passed over with little show of interest. Even the following notice from the report of the Board of Survey made at that time—and many other buildings are condemned in the same fashion—brought forth no legislative response:

"(5) *Stribling Row, Nos. 37, 38, 39, and 41.*—A row of brick buildings with slate roofs, built for midshipmen's quarters from 1849 to 1856. This row consists of two blocks, two stories high, 78 by 24 feet, with attic; one block three stories high, 44 by 44 feet, with attic, and two blocks three stories high, 78 by 24 feet, with attic. The foundations have settled, the walls are cracked, wooden braces have been placed between the two three-story blocks, and the buildings are all in a badly dilapidated condition, going to pieces. They are of no value, the material not being worth the cost of removal. It is recommended that they be torn down."

This, as well, had no effect:

"(7) *Seamanship Building, No. 43.*—Formerly the mess hall. Built in 1846 and enlarged in 1853. It is a two-story brick building, with basement, 126 by 37 feet, slate roof. It is unfit for its present purposes, and the foundations have settled and the walls cracked to such an extent as to render the building unsafe. It is of no value, the material not being worth the cost of removal. It is recommended that it be torn down."

Three years have come and gone since then, and the Academy, on the finest site a sea-school of instruction ever had, still waits for repairs—bare repairs—let alone improvements, let alone a group of new buildings, with proper working space for the busy cadets, such as the American navy should certainly have. Why this has not already come, why those that can bring it about lag and delay, is a mystery. Especially is it so when appreciation of "sea power" is generally acknowledged to be the trend of the twentieth century, when, as seems almost certain, the great battles will be waged by warships and commanders, not by armies on land.

Once again the movement for the reconstruction of Annapolis has arisen, and this time it seems to have a chance of life and success. A measure is being actively pushed to the attention of Congress, and is now in the hands of the proper committee. Naval experts are impressing upon all Washington the importance of this work so long delayed. The Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Theodore Roosevelt, is behind it, and with his well-known earnestness is demanding that the cause be heard and the plea granted. One million dollars is wanted at once, and the plan of rehabilitation as laid out by Captain Cooper, the present superintendent, provides for a group of buildings and a campus that will be creditable if not sufficient.

Meanwhile Annapolis and its cadets and instructors are waiting and working with all the fortitude they can summon. Week after week the buildings grow more shaky and more untenable. One of the old structures has succumbed—the old Recitation

ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY HON THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Hall, alongside of Stribling Row. In its place the authorities on the spot are putting up all they have money and time to erect (for the Academy cannot exist for months without a recitation building), what is nothing else than a frame barn. An awkward, unsuitable structure, it stands out grimly on the smooth green lawn, directly in front of the parade ground, in the very center of the Academy's land, a blot and a disfigurer of beauty, and an illustration of what successive careless Congresses may bring about.

The building of this barn, much as it is to be deplored, was an absolute necessity. Dilapidated buildings are nothing new at Annapolis, and successive classes of cadets have accepted them cheerfully; but the old Recitation Hall was seen this fall to be little more than a fast crumbling ruin. How important it was to the work of the Academy may be judged from the fact that in it three-quarters of the recitations were heard. Built in 1854, it should, under ordinary circumstances, have lasted longer; but, like all the other buildings, it was hastily erected, not intended for long-continued use. Our picture, taken very recently, shows workmen engaged in tearing down the semi-ruin. When they began their work they discovered that the roof had been all that held the walls together, and spars joined by ropes had to be set to keep these walls from falling in a heap at once.

All this may read like an exaggeration; but it is a simple statement of fact. The cadets will not be very much more comfortable in their barn, though they will be safer there. A great many of the recitations for months have been held in attics, or wherever a class could find a spare corner. Sometimes a class has been forced to find a different meeting-place each day. In the three-story, pretentious building known as the "Quarters," up in the badly lighted garrets, any number of classes now come together. The garrets are divided off into "rooms," so called, by sails strung up, and the boys have to recite in low tones so as not to disturb the classes in adjoining rooms. In the illustration these quarters will be seen behind the new barn. They constitute the very best building of the Academy as it now is, but there is danger even here. The porticoes on the east side have been declared unsafe, although the building dates back only to 1869, and its cost was one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

To fully comprehend the condition of Annapolis close attention must be paid to the armory. This and the boathouse constitute the most important buildings of the Acade-

THE BOATHOUSE

THE ARMORY

my; for the science of war and the art of seamanship are studied within their walls. Imposing, though of but one story, two hundred and fifty feet long by eighty-two wide, and built as late as 1881, this structure is going rapidly to destruction. The cadets still drill in it and take their fencing lessons there, for the reason that they have no other place to perform these duties; but they step across the armory's threshold at their peril. The walls have cracked and settled; they are propped up, on the outside, with great beams. But naval experts shake their heads at this building, braced even in this way.

The boathouse is assuredly going to pieces, too. Its foundations are giving way and portions of its outer walls are braced. No amount of repairing would make this building sufficient for its purpose. However good it may have been when first erected, it has long outlived its usefulness. Drills cannot be conducted properly within its narrow limits. More than a dozen boats are now lying bottom up on the grounds for lack of space inside. These inadequate accommodations are handicapping the cadets mightily, and it is a matter of wonder that in such discouraging circumstances they can learn small-boat seamanship at all.

The other buildings are all of a piece; hardly one that does not show the ravages of time. Stribling Row should serve a dispossess notice on each of its residents and turn them out instanter into a new set of houses. The reader may judge of the general condition of the Row when he is told that during a blow several weeks ago a pillar of one of the porticoes, that reach to the roof (as will be seen by our illustration), was blown several degrees out of plumb, and still remains in that position. Within, these houses, picturesque though they are to look at, are shaky, inconvenient, lacking the modern improvements and, at best, not fit for dwelling purposes.

In passable condition are the Boiler House and the Engineering Building, and some of the smaller structures as well. That is, they serve their purpose to-day, though none of them is in anything like good repair and all are eyesores; still they are not dangerous to enter or remain in. The plan devised by Captain Cooper and the architect Ernest Flagg, called into consultation a couple of years ago, calls for the razing to the ground of all

"THE BARN" OR NEW RECITATION HALL

these and for many changes that will make the Academy equal to its requirements. Assistant Secretary Theodore Roosevelt calls for fifty thousand dollars to reconstruct the sea wall, six hundred thousand dollars for a new armory and a new boathouse, sixty thousand dollars for new officers' quarters, one hundred thousand dollars for a new power-house, ninety thousand dollars for electric light wiring and removing old buildings. Mr. Roosevelt, who may now be regarded as the head of the new Annapolis movement, with the entire approval of Secretary of the Navy Long, says:

"In three cases the present buildings are unsafe and have been condemned. We cannot continue to use them very much longer. They must be replaced. When replaced, the work should certainly be done in permanent form and in such shape as ultimately to fit in with the general scheme presented by Captain Cooper."

It goes without saying that any work so necessary as the training of young men who are to officer our navy should be done properly. Aside from the salaries of the instructors at Annapolis, a naval cadet's four years' course at the Academy costs the nation about four thousand dollars. Therefore, any means or facilities of instruction that are inadequate or defective cannot be excused on the ground of economy, for they imply the most inexcusable form of extravagance, which is waste. No course of study is harder and more exacting than that of our naval cadets, nor is there any branch of the public service in which more responsibility is placed, at times, upon very young men than the navy. The improvements asked are solely for the purpose of bringing the cadets to the highest attainable degree of proficiency in their profession. Similar improvements have been made at West Point, when asked for; they should no longer be withheld from Annapolis.

THE OLD RECITATION HALL

Clyde O. DeLand.

WASHINGTON'S LAST BIRTHNIGHT BALL AT ALEXANDRIA

AN IMPOSSIBLE HOUSE-PARTY

By CAROLINE and ALICE DUER

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

IT WILL never be known how long Nero slept before he was awakened by low voices at no great distance, which for some time had been mingling with his dreams.

"One thing is decided," said a voice that Nero recognized as Napoleon's. "He must not live to see the morning."

"After all, it would have been better to have poisoned the old molly-coddle's milk," returned Alexander.

At this Nero's hair, which had risen from his head at the first sentence, returned to its normal position, for he knew it was of Washington that they spoke. He dropped back into the hammock, finding that his interest in their conversation was a less personal one than he had at first feared, but he thought it was as well to be thoroughly *au courant* with the plot that Alexander was rapidly sketching to the other two.

Washington, it appeared, was to receive, presently, a note purporting to come from Cleopatra, inviting him to an immediate interview in the conservatory, where, instead of the lady of his affections, he would find the three conspirators prepared to dispatch him without further delay. The execution of this plan was rendered easier by the fact that Cleopatra usually employed a typewriter (the unfortunate individual being always destroyed and replaced after any particularly compromising correspondence), and Napoleon, who had lately become very proficient on this instrument, undertook the preparation of the counterfeit letter. This being arranged, they hastened into the house, passing so close to Nero that he heard the gentle Horatius murmuring to himself that he hoped the American would have the fortitude to die without rousing the household.

After their departure Nero lay still, and it was some time before he fully realized the sinister importance of the conversation to which he had just been so unwilling an auditor. Slowly it dawned upon his cloudy brain that the plot was not of a gentlemanly nature. He could not help feeling that there ought not to be any assassination at a house-party, unless the host set the example; it was not courteous, and it looked countrified and as if they did not know any better. Besides, he found nothing personally objectionable in Washington, except his habit of drinking milk at all hours. He had no foolish prejudice against removing inconvenient people – indeed, he was honest enough to admit to himself that, had Alexander invited *him* to join the fun, he would have enjoyed the prospect; but, as they had pointedly left him out, "May the lightning of Jupiter strike me if I do not spoil their sport," he muttered, as he struggled to his feet, and zigzagged into the house.

The house was in almost complete darkness, but, snatching his bedroom candle from the hall table, he lighted it from the lamp on the newel-post and began to ascend the stairs, with the kindly intention of warning the general of his danger. On reaching the landing, however, he sat down to consider whether he should turn to the left or the right, on gaining the gallery; but the more he considered the more undecided he became. All he could remember was that it was the *third* door, and, repeating this to himself, he fell into a stupor, from which he was roused by the wax from his negligently held candle dropping into his shoe. Rising hastily, he stumbled up the remaining stairs, and, without further deliberation, he opened the third door to his right.

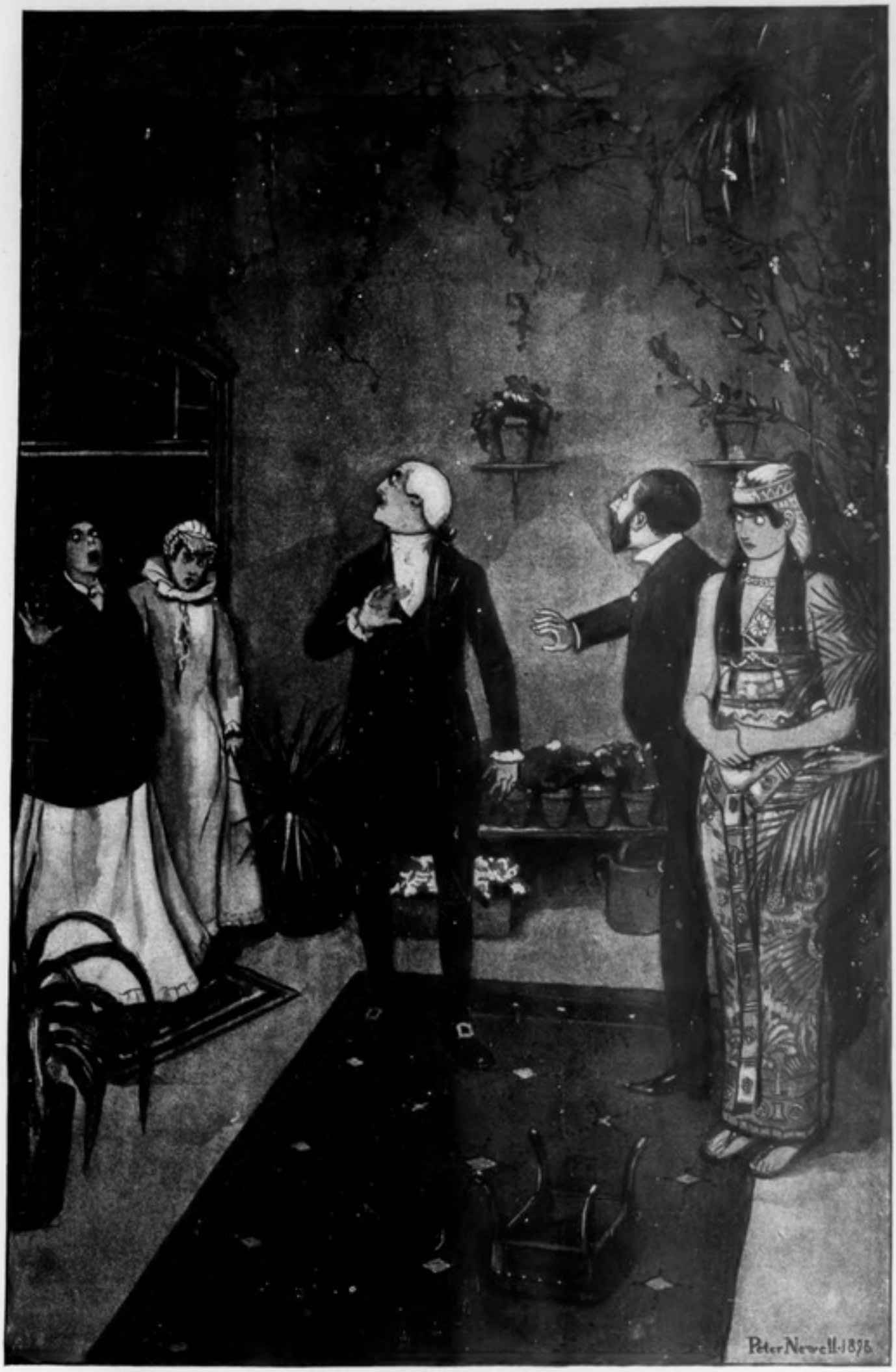
But the emperor had made an unfortunate mistake. The third door to the right led to the apartment of the English queen, and greatly surprised was Elizabeth to feel herself shaken by the shoulder and to hear herself loudly assured that she was in the greatest danger and about to be murdered in the conservatory by three gentlemen who should be nameless. Her intrepid spirit did not desert her, although she was but half-awake.

"I am, am I?" she cried, snatching up her scepter, which was hanging at the foot of the bed beside her crown and wig. "I'll settle one of them now, then;" and so saying, she dealt the well-meaning emperor so shrewd a blow that his candle dropped from his hand and rolled unheeded against the bed-curtains, as he fled precipitately from the room. Once safely in the hall, he remembered his candle; but, shaking his fist at the door, he muttered a hope that the ungrateful ruffian would be burned in his bed, and determined to go and solace his soul with a little music. Meantime Elizabeth, with a placid and self-satisfied smile, composed herself to slumber again, where we must leave her to follow the fortunes of the three conspirators.

THE EMPEROR MADE AN UNFORTUNATE MISTAKE

. . . . .

The fateful letter was indited and already on its way when the three stealthily approached the conservatory to select a convenient ambush. Quietly they felt their way through the semi-obscurity of the drawing-room (Horatius barking his honest shins against every article of furniture with which he came in contact), and from there they went into the Louis XV. room, and from there into the picture gallery, and from there into the Chinese room, and from there into the billiard-room, and from there into the Turkish room, and *then* they came to the conservatory!!



AT THIS INSTANT A PIERCING SHRIEK RANG THROUGH THE SILENT HOUSE, AND MRS FUGIT, HER HUSBAND'S PEA-JACKET HASTILY THROWN OVER HER NIGHT-ATTIRE AND DRAGGING THE SCOTTISH QUEEN BY THE HAND, RUSHED INTO THE CONSERVATORY

What was their horror to perceive that it was *already* tenanted by Cleopatra, and they could scarcely believe their eyes when they saw that her companion was none other than their esteemed and hitherto respected Mr. Fugit.

The Egyptian queen was reclining with easy grace among the cushions of a bamboo settee, and toying with the lovelocks of the Lothario, who was sitting on a footstool at her feet.

"Tempus," said the queen, "we must say good-by to-night. I go to-morrow, and before the world we must part as strangers."

"I hate the thought of parting; do not let us think of it," returned Mr. Fugit, who was nothing if not modern. "When you are gone I shall have nothing left to live for."

"You forget your wife," said Cleopatra, without that tact which usually distinguished her.

"Do not remind me of it, at such a moment," he answered passionately. "Let us forget that there is any one in the world but ourselves."

"Then," said the queen, "for half an hour I will forget my hated rival."

"And I," said Mr. Fugit heroically, "will forget all mine—past, present, and to come."

"Hush, foolish one, you have no present rivals," said Cleopatra evasively.

"Have I not?" returned he, frowning. "Every man in this house is or would be my rival if he could. Washington is already your devoted slave, and I believe that Napoleon, Alexander, Nero, and Horatius only wait for a sign from you to throw themselves at your feet."

"Is there room for such a number, do you think?" said the queen, laughing, as she glanced down at her small feet. "Horatius!" she added scornfully, "as if I would waste a thought on him—a brave, well-meaning muff, fit only for domestic life and war."

"Which are sometimes the same," put in Mr. Fugit; while Alexander, in the next room, nudged Napoleon and murmured, "There's one for Horry." And the hero drew himself up so haughtily that his helmet smote against the glass chandelier with a tinkle which caused the hearts of the three conspirators to beat as one. The noise, however, did not reach the ears of Cleopatra, who continued: "Nero is dull when he is sober and devilish when he is drunk. Alexander's head is completely turned, and Napoleon is a little bully, who owes most of his character to his cocked-hat; as for Washington—" She paused.

"Yes," interposed Mr. Fugit bitterly, "I should like to know how you account for your encouragement of that hard-featured general."

"You can hardly accuse me of feeling any sentiment for a gentleman of so unromantic an exterior," said Cleopatra soothingly. "I am not particular, but I do draw the line at false teeth. No, the relation is purely platonic, and dictated by the soundest policy. But if it would make you any happier, my Tempus, I will give him a hint how distasteful his company is to me."

"It is not needed, madame," cried a voice from the darkness; and, utterly unconscious of the proximity of the three conspirators, and scattering Turkish tables in his impetuous entrance, Washington stood before them. "False one," he went on with so spirited a gesture that Mr. Fugit, fearing violence, felt it incumbent on him to support the queen with one arm while he warded off the excited general with the other—"false one, you will never again have occasion to find my presence distasteful. From henceforth we are strangers." At these words the three conspirators shook each other warmly and silently by the hand. Their plans had succeeded without bloodshed. But at this instant a piercing shriek rang through the silent house, and Mrs. Fugit, her husband's pea-jacket hastily thrown over her night-attire and dragging the Scottish queen by the hand, rushed into the conservatory.

"Tempus," she began, "the house is on—" But the words froze on her lips as she observed her husband's attitude, and with a low moan, and a true dramatic instinct, she gazed wildly about her, and fainted into the arms of General Washington.

And now the sound of slamming doors, the hum of excited voices, the scuffling of bedroom slippers, nay even the patter of bare feet, was heard through the house, and Caius Gracchus, in the comfortable canton-flannel combinations which maternal love had provided for him, now dashed in, clasping a strong tin box in his arms.

"Some one has set the house on fire," cried the ingenuous child, capering about in undisguised merriment. "You'd better all come out on the lawn if you want to see the fun. Tiberius says that Queen Elizabeth is coming down a ladder backward. I would not miss it for forty dollars."

It was but too true. When the three conspirators, Cleopatra, Mary, Mr. Fugit, and Washington (still bearing the unconscious form of his hostess), reached the lawn they found that the two upper stories were already obscured by a dense smoke. The servants were running distractedly to and fro, while the head gardener was holding a ladder, down which the English queen was rapidly descending, clad in a red duffle dressing-gown and carrying the crown-jewels, done up in a chamois-bag. This sight so appealed to the Gracchi that their little sides ached with a merriment which even the knowledge that their mother was still unrescued from the burning building failed to overshadow. And indeed, as that noble lady had declined to leave her apartment until fully dressed, and refused absolutely to come down the ladder (alleging that a Roman matron would rather die), she seemed in danger of perishing from an attack of over-modesty. So hopeless, indeed, did her position seem to those without; and her little sons, now grown very grave, were hotly disputing the inheritance, when their mother suddenly appeared beside them, dressed even to her gloves and veil, and leaning on the arm of the "cordon bleu," who had directed her to a side stairway.

All this time the men from the stable were attempting to put out the fire with the garden hose, but with little success; and even the pails of water which Mr. Fugit unceasingly directed at the front windows seemed to have but small effect. Diogenes, when asked to assist with the others in this good work, merely removed his tub to a safer distance, and, continuing to observe the fire through a pair of opera-glasses, remarked that he had had sense enough to live in a tub himself, and did not intend to endanger his life to oblige those who were foolish enough to prefer houses. Besides, he added, true philosophy had taught him to look unmoved even upon the sorrows of others.

And now the strains of "Home, sweet home," smote upon the ears of the assembled company, and they observed Nero, still crowned with roses, standing in the door of the summer-house, and executing the most melodious variations on his fiddle.

And here, grouped about the blackened ruins of Ballycatchem, we must leave them, having done our best to explain the much-discussed question why Egypt is not to-day one of the United States, and why the papers are full of dark hints of the Tempus Fugit divorce.

THE END

MEN MANNERS AND MOODS

LXXIX

THE "Four Hundred" is quite well known here. The British smile, when reference is made to that renowned clique, is a study in polite scorn. They may hold this American trait or that as worthy of high esteem. On the other hand they may ridicule some of our crudities, as I chanced to hear a group of them doing, at a popular London club, the other evening. They were quite unaware that I hailed from the very land of which they were speaking, as I sat with my back to them and quietly wrote a letter. One told of having seen, at the Capitol in Washington, many placards bearing this legend: "*Gentlemen will please use the spittoons.*" The recorded observation, however, took place fourteen years ago, and it may not be true of to-day. Nevertheless, it was copiously laughed at. Then some one else declared that he had been bitterly bored at the Palmer House in Chicago. No sooner had he entered his room there than he found himself confronted with the information that the hotel would not be responsible for guests' boots if left outside the doors. This roused another vigorous laugh, while the gentleman went on to the effect that he had been traveling all day, that his boots were very muddy, and that he was forced, next morning, to make one of a long train of persons and take his turn with the porter's blacking and brush. . . Ordinarily it is only our foibles and vulgarities, petty or emphatic, that the English ever ridicule. For the magnitude of our country, its prodigious advance in all progressive and civilized directions, its faculties of invention and discovery, its rapid marches along the roadways of education and science, they seldom have any words but those of florid praise. They have poked fun at us as a nation, it is true, but never half so strenuously as they have poked it at France or Germany. There could not be a more grave mistake than to suppose that they despise us. But with one thing about us they have no patience—none whatever. I mean our efforts to found an aristocracy, whether it be of money or birth.

And who can blame them for their contempt? Who can wonder that they regard our "Four Hundred" as the pompous joke that it is? I told an Englishman, yesterday, that reports had reached me from New York with respect to our exclusives having shrunk into the number of "Seventy-Five," and Homeric mirth attacked him. They think the whole thing piercingly funny, and who shall say that they are wrong? Our "great ladies" in New York, who shut their doors to Mrs. Trumpery Trash and open them to Mrs. Folderol Flash, they regard with supreme amusement whenever indifference allows them to notice such doings at all. Their attitude, taken in a general sense, is simply this: "You taught us, a century ago, when you managed to get rid of our rule, that caste, above all things on earth, should never crop out among you. Now, when we look with amazement on your tendency to exploit and develop it, you answer us

in the oddest of strains. You tell us that we have all that sort of humbug, and ask us if you haven't the same right to it. Of course you haven't, for you are breaking your word as a democracy to the entire Old World from which you separated with such fine phrases—those wherein liberty, equality and fraternity were so magniloquently intertangled. *Our* aristocracy, with their airs and assumptions, were inherited by us. They are, in the main, about a thousand years old. *Yours* are the manufacture of yesterday. You have women, over there in New York and Boston and Philadelphia and even Chicago, who strike us as mightily droll. Why not? Because, in plain terms, we can't help considering them brummagem imitations of our own duchesses, marchionesses, countesses. Why should you resent our judgment? Would you purchase a Sèvres cup or a Dresden plate if you thought it spurious? And is not your attempt at playing patricians the most spurious one conceivable? We don't specially respect our own 'lords and ladies'; but we permit them to exist and often to make geese of themselves (or something a good deal worse) because they are *plantés la*—because feudalism and superstition brought them upon us—because to do away with them would entail a revolution, shaking our country to its roots. It is a fact that we jeer at the men of our own land who gain new titles; we are in spirit far more democratic than you. Our society, as it exists to-day, is a vast concourse of gentlefolk. You have no society, so far as we can learn; you have only a collection of plutocratic strugglers; and these, if we are not mistaken, have pushed to the wall even those who had some vague claim to birth—this feature being especially noticeable in your New York, where the families descended from your early Dutch immigrants (plain and ordinary enough persons even as late as sixty years ago) have been superseded by rich upstarts, the bold and saucy human products of your railroad and mining gamesters."

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From New York snobbery to London poverty seems indeed a far cry. A sense of the latter grows upon me as I stay here longer and watch the wretches in tatters who wander through thriftiest parts of the town, with their horribly haggard faces and the accent of utter despair in every movement of their shambling feet. You sometimes ask yourself, with a kind of reflected despair, for the solution of this grisly problem. In a country so splendidly governed as England, why should such numberless instances of human degradation be forever lighted on? Is it free trade that can possibly have brought about this calamitous curse? Are the Cobdenites wrong and the Protectionists right? Would it be better, after all, if the manufacturers *did* pocket a tariff surplus, or whatever one chooses to call it, and higher wages made worthier men? I am no politician, thank heaven, and I have seldom met one who was not more or less disingenuous and self-serving. But the manufacturers here, as it now stands, are a rich and flourishing lot. Free trade has certainly proved a solid enough sort of protection for *them;* and they who affirm that "protection does not protect" might here profitably observe how much misery coexists with its reverse. . . A ghastly episode has of late come to my knowledge. At Shoreditch, a few days ago, died a little boy, aged two years. An inquiry was held at the Coroner's Court concerning his death. The child's mother, described as a "thinly clad woman," stated that her child had been suffering from whooping-cough, but that she and her husband were too poor to call in a doctor. "I kept it warm," she told the coroner, "but on Wednesday morning it died." Soon it transpired that both she and her husband were slipper-makers. I should say that it might take a great deal of London misery to surprise a Shoreditch coroner; but this official gave a bewildered stare when the woman told him that *if she and her husband kept steadily at it for eighteen hours they could do a dozen pairs.* "Shameful!" exclaimed one of the jurors; "that is not twopence an hour!" The coroner's officer then said that he chanced to know of their having spent the last twopence they had in the world for brandy with which to moisten their dying child's lips. "Their life must be worse than slavery," another juror cried. "They wear their fingers to the bone to let other people roll in wealth." . . This has a strong socialistic sound. I do not say that in America there are not cases which parallel the one just cited. But are they not rarer? English civilization reaches such high heights that one cannot help marveling at the low depths which underlie it.

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Here in England, as yonder in America, authors, editors and publishers all seem to be pulling three different ways. The authors are willing to write short stories for the editors, provided the publishers will afterward bring them out in book form—say a volume of from five to eight. But the publishers frown and protest, declaring that everything except the long, sustained work of fiction is death to their trade. Meanwhile the editors, for *their* part, shake obstinate heads. "It is becoming death to *our* trade," they assert, "to bring out serials. People are growing tired of them in journals and magazines. The reading world grows a busier one every day. It wants brief and stirring stories, not longer, at the longest, than ten thousand words." But the author hugs to himself that Byronic axiom, however delusive, "a book's a book." He knows very well that *his* book may prove as ephemeral as an April snowfall, but he craves the book, notwithstanding, and he detests the idea of being merely seen on pages more transient still. The whole controversy, if such it may be called, seems pointing toward a single disclosure. Has the novel, as a form of literature, ceased to attract? It is only about three hundred years old among English-speaking races. Has it now really had its day? Twenty years ago the masses of violent "incidents," the pseudo-historic narratives, palpably resultant from diligent "cramming" and little more, could not have got themselves into print. Contemporaneousness was demanded; for there, as truly it had been decided, could accuracy, authenticity, veracity, alone be found. This *fanfare* of Sylvanus Cobb's "plots," commingled with almost slavish imitations of Stevenson's "style," betokens a most serious decadence. It looks very much as if the novel were fated to "go." But what can possibly supersede it? Poetry? Publishers hate it as a clothes-dealer hates a moth. History and biography? In this department fifty failures can always be counted to one success. Drama? The wisest of us babble about its regeneration and go to see the "Geisha Girl" afterward. Philosophy? Probably Mr. Herbert Spencer, giant of thought, has to-day an income at which many a half-fledged stockbroker would sneer. . . And so, if the novel really does die, who can foretell its conceivable successor? . . But whatever *should* follow, those who have any love or pity for the vast army of literary workers should pray that it may prove something at least as lucrative as the novel. For this, through a period of almost fifty years, has saved many a writer from starvation, put bread into the mouths of their children, given them courage, strength and hope. Grub Street was long ago demolished. Are they going to rebuild it in a series of doleful flats—four liliputian steam-heated apartments, with bathroom not included? Fate forbid!

✦

London teems with clubs of all kinds, as everybody is aware. They represent countless phases of this vast metropolitan life. I had the pleasure, not long ago, of being present at a dining club which calls itself "The Odd Volumes," and is now about fourteen years old. Those who compose it are termed "the Sette," each member being an Odd Volume, and the name of the organization having a droll yet scholarly origin. Twenty-one was the primary number composing the club, and twenty-one is the number of volumes of the Variorum Shakespeare of 1821. Meetings are held on the first Friday of every month, and these are not only festal but highly oratoric. Some of the "rules" are very amusing to read. For example: "Any Odd Volume losing his temper and failing to recover it, shall be fined by the president the sum of five shillings." Again: "Any Odd Volume giving to another *unasked* advice shall be fined five shillings." And still again: "No Odd Volume shall talk *unasked* on any subject he understands." When we come to the heading, Rule 16, we read: "There shall be no Rule 16," and so on, in frolicsome flow. . . Not a few of the speeches were admirable. The president of the Sette requires some member, at each gathering, to read a composition of his own. The other evening Dr. John Todhunter (author of that beautiful Irish poem "Maveen," which Mr. Saltus quoted a few weeks back in these columns) read an intensely literary and delightful essay. Afterward discussion followed, and poor Dr. Todhunter had to stand some playful abuse for presuming to speak against the English Fog as not being the most picturesque and winsome addition to the winding waters of Old Father Thames. As I sat and listened, I could not help feeling a keen sense of the rich yet delicate refinement investing the whole affair. In our own country anything at all resembling it must inevitably have savored of coarseness. It might have gone on very well for a certain length of time, but presently there would have occurred some false note, some jar of discord. But here, as it struck me, the wines and tobacco only made the banquet merrier, without taking from it a whit of its essential culture and distinction. Songs were sung, mostly charming, and these, if I mistake not, were always the offspring of two Odd Volumes' musical and poetic talents.

✦

The Tatton-Sykes case ended yesterday. It has been a very malodorous matter, but also it has been peculiarly strange. Here is a bill-discounter named Jay, suing a millionaire baronet and his fashionable wife for the recovery of almost sixteen thousand pounds, principal and interest. Personally Jay has not appeared against the two defendants. He has only been represented by witnesses who have made it clear that Lady Sykes presented him with five promissory notes, which he discounted for her at the terribly usurious rate of sixty per cent. Lady Sykes coolly got up in court and stated that the signatures were those of her husband. She moreover described that gentleman as one of the morosest of bears, which he probably is, and one of the most metallic of misers, which he probably is besides. Nevertheless, though bear and miser amalgamated, this is no reason why he should have his name forged by his wife. Such a crime Sir Tatton's evidence points so conclusively to her having done, that it looks very much as though the glooms of Newgate or Hollywell prison might soon engulf her patrician head. She is one of the Cavendish-Bentinck family, is a kinswoman of the Duke of Portland, and married, some time ago, a man twenty-

five years her senior, a baronet of old lineage and the possessor of immense estates in York. From a perfectly cold-blooded marriage this hideous affair sprang. New Yorkers will remember Lady Sykes, about twelve years ago, as glimmering night after night through the Four Hundred, and making intimacies with many of its grandees. Just now she reminds you of some person in one of Miss Braddon's novels. Her arrest and trial seem imminent. Not only that, but commonest justice appears crying for them. Lord William Neville has been permitted to leave the country, and his dishonor has apparently been winked at. There are grumblings at this. No possible excuse presents itself for Lady Sykes. A madness of extravagance, a passionate love for horse-racing, seems to have been the motive of her conduct.

If there had chanced to be a young, unmarried Duke of Devonshire now alive, what a tempting "plum" he would have made for an American railway or mining-stock "monarch," with a daughter for sale! Still, it is doubtful if any such grandee would lend himself to an offer of even this unworldly and disinterested kind. It is all very well for seedy and impoverished young dukes to go and scrutinize the "western market," but when they don't want lucre they usually content themselves with love. The Duke of Portland did. He wedded the girl of his heart, and a very beautiful girl she is said to have been. The Duke of Devonshire, for years before he "succeeded," had shown the utmost devotion to the Duchess of Manchester, and their romantic attachment was continuously the talk of London. Soon after she became a widow he married her. He was about sixty years old when this marriage occurred. It is improbable that any direct heir will be born from it. Meanwhile Mr. Victor Cavendish, M.P., is the heir-presumptive. The "expectations" of this gentleman may indeed be called colossal. If he outlives his kinsman he will become Duke of Devonshire, Marquis of Hartington, Earl of Devonshire and Burlington, and Baron Cavendish of Hardwicke and Keighley. He will also be the possessor of no less than seven splendid abodes: Devonshire House, in Piccadilly, close to the lovely old Green Park; Chatsworth in Derbyshire, a dream of romantic grandeur and charm; Hardwicke Hall, in Derbyshire also; Compton Place, near the seacoast of Sussex; Bolton Abbey, in Yorkshire; Holker Hall, in the enchanting "lake country" of Westmoreland, and a wonderful Irish seat in Waterford, called Lismore, on the river Blackwater, which I remember reading of and hearing of since a boy. . . Long ago, when the present Duke was a diplomat in Washington, during the hottest ferment of our Civil War, serving at the British Embassy under the name of Marquis of Hartington, his then courtesy title, a rather dramatic tale was widely circulated concerning him. At a ball in the White House he chose to wear a Confederate badge, and while he danced about with this defiant emblem glaring from the lapel of his coat, a Northern lady, of principles markedly Federal, tore it off and stamped upon it in patriotic ire. Of course, to round the story off, he should have married the lady (who, as report ran, was young and single); but he went on living for many years afterward until the woman of his choice at last clad matrimony with the one irresistible sanction. Would that all foreign noblemen would be guided by similar instincts! It would certainly save us, on either side the Atlantic, from an enormous amount of cynic jeer and scoff, and certain high-minded people would not be pierced by the mournful disgust which recent international marriages have with good reason evoked.

I looked about, not long ago, for some flowers to send a friend who was ill. My search was one continual disappointment. Why is it that London possesses no creditable flowers at her shops during the entire winter season? I have before spoken of the ugliness with which all bouquets and funeral offerings are constructed. But the absence of even passably good flowers I wholly fail to understand. It is doubtful if one could obtain to-day a single rich, red Jacqueminot rose without paying for it some prodigious price. White and pink roses are shown you, but they are mostly poor bedraggled things, and by no means cheap. Surely a vast number of people are now in town who desire something far finer. The climate *this* year can be no excuse for so pitiful a shortcoming, since not a flake of snow has yet fallen, and east winds have blown, when active at all, with a phenomenal mildness. In the streets one sees violets being vended for a penny a bunch, but they are almost scentless, of a monotonous purple, and scarcely hint of any kinship whatever with those fragrant and heaven-tinted blooms cherished by thousands in all temperate lands. The calla lily, always an unengaging and graceless flower, has a wilted aspect that is often dingy as well. Those Easter lilies which are so profuse in New York are here both infrequent and shabby. For "La France" and "Cornelia Cook" and "Catherine Mermet" roses you search in vain. Lilies-of-the-valley alone seem abundant, for some curious reason, among all those choicer products which a daintier floral taste may crave. I begin to think that the dullness of a London winter turns people indifferent in this particular regard, and that the brighter vernal and summer months are solely stimulative to popular demand. The shop-windows of the florists, now, make you think of those in Broadway during July and August. They who know London in the spring know, of course, how lavishly all its grimness of stone and stucco seems to break forth into color and perfume. But meanwhile where are its hothouse exotics, needing for their tendance so much less care than ours, which iciest spleens of frost so incessantly threaten? Are they hidden off in the country, to gladden still more vividly the pomps of house-parties at manorial halls? Or are their charms of efflorescence deftly delayed by cautious gardeners till they may burst in one great glory upon those fashionable throngs who inundate London from May till midsummer? If two affirmative answers were given these queries, there would be in either, I surmise, a strong touch of truth.

Death loves, they say, a shining mark. Of late, in England, it has stricken down an unprecedented number of eminent men. I hardly ever take up a newspaper that I have not cause to note this melancholy fact. Within one week Stacy Marks, the famed painter, Lewis Carroll, the unique humorist, Mr. Villiers, the tried statesman, and Henry George Liddell, the scholar of broad renown, have all passed away. True, these four were in every case men of advanced age, and Dean Liddell had reached his eighty-seventh year. I well recall that in my youthful days nearly all the Greek I ever learned was imparted to me from that amazing fountain-head of learning, the dictionary created by Liddell and his fellow-worker, Dr. Scott. The late Professor Drisler, of Columbia College, edited for use in American schools this very notable work. I imagine that his chief office, however, was that of condensation and abbreviation. At Oxford a rumor got about that Dr. Scott had done a great deal more in the preparation of this prized volume than Dr. Liddell. Hence the epigram, circulated by a mischievous student:

"Two men wrote a lexicon,
Liddell and Scott.
One half was clever
And one half was not.
Give me the answer, boys,
Quick of this riddle—
Which was by Scott
And which by Liddell?"

Though a man of immense learning and flawless repute, it is probable that Dr. Liddell had in his composition some marked traces of both snob and prig. During the many years that he was Dean of Christ Church College, the deanery continued to be a social center. Here royalty not seldom paid visits, for Liddell and his wife were each *persona grata* in court circles. He was at one time chaplain to the Prince Consort, and during the stay of the Prince of Wales as an undergraduate at Oxford he revealed, it is said, an extraordinary amount of tact. Ruskin declared of him that "he was the only man at Oxford, among the masters of my day, who knew anything about art." Nevertheless, Dr. Liddell, with all his graces and attainments, was not popular. Once the students climbed over the walls of his garden and ruined it; once again they brought out the statues from it and calcined them to ashes in Peckwater Quad. Perhaps an occasional caustic turn may have caused him to be disliked. A young Oxonian was boastful of his erudition in the Dean's presence. "What Sophocles do you know?" he asked. "Oh, all," was the answer. "Really?" said Dr. Liddell; "I wish I could say the same." From one of the most celebrated pundits in Europe this was certainly a "scorcher."

EDGAR FAWCETT.

London, January 26, 1898.

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE OF THE EQUITABLE SOCIETY

A most successful past history; an unassailable present condition, and the prospect of a still more successful future. These are the signs one reads in the annual statement of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, published to-day.

The successful past is shown by the fact that the business methods of the Society have been so popular that the Equitable's outstanding insurance now amounts to $951,165,837.00. During 1897 the Society wrote $156,955,693.00 of new assurance and paid to policy-holders $21,106,314.14.

Its present condition is shown by the following figures:—

Assets, $236,876,308.04; Surplus, $50,543,174.84; Income, $48,572,269.53.

The absolute security of the future of the Equitable is shown by its present condition, by the character of the men who form its directorate and official force, and above all by the fact that it is prepared, above all institutions of its kind, to weather the storm and stress that may come in the future. This is assured by the fact that the Society is the strongest institution of the kind in the world, having more than fifty million dollars of surplus over all liabilities.

One of the advantages of a large surplus is that the company having it is prepared for a change of standard if such should eventually seem advisable, and the Equitable would in such case still have a surplus of nearly thirty million dollars, assuming that the rate of interest on investments should decline even as low as 3 per cent.

THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL STATEMENT OF

The Equitable Life Assurance Society

Of the United States.

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1897.

ASSETS.

Bonds and Mortgages	$36,175,726.10
Real Estate, including the Equitable Building and purchases under foreclosure of mortgages	26,622,906.53
United States Stocks, State and City Stocks and other investments, as per market quotations Dec. 31, 1897 (market value over cost, $7,496,631.93)	126,237,940.98
Loans secured by Bonds and Stocks (market value Dec. 31, 1897, $14,976,578.00)	12,051,800.00
Real Estate outside the State of New York, including purchases under foreclosure and office buildings	13,790,363.58
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest,	16,267,823.23
Balances due from agents	459,058.67
Interest and Rents due and accrued	588,746.05
Premiums due and unreported, less cost of collection	2,483,313.00
Deferred Premiums, less cost of collection	2,198,609.00
Total Assets	$236,876,308.04

We hereby certify that, after a personal examination of the securities and accounts described in the foregoing statement for the year 1897, we find the same to be true and correct as stated. The stocks and bonds in the above statements are valued at the market price December 31, 1897.

Francis W. Jackson, Auditor. A. W. Maine, 2nd Auditor.

LIABILITIES.

Reserve (or Assurance Fund) on all existing policies, on the Legal Standard on which it is calculated that future interest earnings will be at the rate of 4%	$184,191,538.00
All other Liabilities	2,141,595.20
Total Liabilities	$186,333,133.20
Surplus	$50,543,174.84

INCOME.

Premium Receipts	$38,563,273.65
Cash received for Interest and from other sources	10,008,995.88
Income	$48,572,269.53

DISBURSEMENTS.

Death Claims	$11,723,453.58
Matured and Discounted Endowments	1,160,578.65
Annuities	515,692.00
Surrender Values	3,157,494.68
Matured Tontine Values	2,205,199.00
Dividends paid to Policy-Holders	2,343,896.23
Paid Policy-Holders	$21,106,314.14
Commissions, advertising, postage and exchange	4,624,913.04
All other payments: Taxes, salaries, medical examinations, general expenses, &c.	3,912,050.43
Contingent Guarantee Fund	3,500,000.00
Disbursements	$33,143,277.61

ASSURANCE.

INSTALMENT POLICIES STATED AT THEIR COMMUTED VALUES.

Outstanding Assurance	$951,165,837.00
New Assurance written in 1897	$156,955,693.00
Proposals for Assurance Examined and Declined	$24,491,973.00

We, the undersigned, appointed by the Board of Directors of the Equitable Society, in accordance with its by-laws, to revise and verify all its affairs for the year 1897, hereby certify that we have, in person, carefully examined the accounts, and counted and examined in detail the Assets of the Society, and do hereby certify that the foregoing statement thereof is true and correct as stated.

E. Boudinot Colt, T. S. Young, G. W. Carleton, H. J. Fairchild, } Special Committee of the Board of Directors.

The average rate of Interest earned on the Assets of the Society in 1897 was 4.606.

On a calculation that the Society will receive only 4% as its future average rate of interest, the surplus, after deducting all liabilities, is $50,543,174.84.

On a calculation that the Society will receive only 3% as its future average rate of interest, the surplus, after deducting all liabilities, is $29,014,300.00.

The surplus of the Society is greater than the surplus of any other life assurance company in the United States or Europe, on similar computations.

Whatever percentage of interest the Society may receive in the future in excess of the rate used in the above computation, is accumulated and invested for the greater increase of its surplus for the benefit of its policy-holders. An apportionment of profits will be made as usual to policy-holders during the year 1898 in the manner specified in their respective policies.

We hereby certify to the correctness of the above statement.

George W. Phillips, Actuary. J. G. Van Cise, Assistant Actuary.

STATE OF NEW YORK, INSURANCE DEPARTMENT, ALBANY, FEBRUARY 1, 1898.

I hereby certify that, in accordance with the provisions of Section Eighty-four of the Insurance Law of the State of New York, I have caused the policy obligations of The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, outstanding on the 31st day of December, 1897, to be valued as per the Combined Experience Table of Mortality, at four per cent. interest, and I certify the same to be $184,191,538.00.

Louis F. Payn, *Superintendent of Insurance.*

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DRAWN BY JOHN LA FARGE

THE TURN OF THE SCREW

BY HENRY JAMES

PART SECOND

IV

IT WAS not that I didn't wait, on this occasion, for more, for I was rooted as deeply as I was shaken. Was there a "secret" at Bly—a mystery of Udolpho or an insane, an unmentionable relative kept in unsuspected confinement? I can't say how long I turned it over, nor how long, in a confusion of curiosity and dread, I remained where I had had my collision; I only recall that when I re-entered the house darkness had quite closed in. Agitation, in the interval, certainly had held me and driven me, for I must, in circling about the place, have walked three miles; but I was to be, later on, so much more overwhelmed that this mere dawn of alarm was a comparatively human chill. The most singular part of it in fact—singular as the rest had been—was the part I became, in the hall, aware of in meeting Mrs. Grose. This picture comes back to me in the general train—the impression, as I received it on my return, of the wide white paneled space, bright in the lamplight and with its portraits and red carpet, and of the good surprised look of my friend, which immediately told me she had missed me. It came to me straightway, under her contact, that, with plain heartiness, mere relieved anxiety at my appearance, she knew nothing whatever that could bear upon the incident I had there ready for her. I had not suspected in advance that her comfortable face would pull me up, and I somehow measured the importance of what I had seen by my thus finding myself hesitate to mention it. Scarce anything in the whole history seems to me so odd as this fact that my real beginning of fear was one, as I may say, with the instinct of sparing my companion. On the spot, accordingly, in the pleasant hall and with her eyes on me, I, for a reason that I couldn't then have phrased, achieved an inward revolution—offered a vague pretext for my lateness and, with the plea of the beauty of the night and of the heavy dew and wet feet, went as soon as possible to my room.

Here it was another affair; here, for many days after, it was a queer affair enough. There were hours, from day to day—or at least there were moments, snatched even from clear duties—when I had to shut myself up to think. It was not so much yet that I was more nervous than I could bear to be as that I was remarkably afraid of becoming so; for the truth I had now to turn over was, simply and clearly, the truth that I could arrive at no account whatever of the visitor with whom I had been so inexplicably and yet, as it seemed to me, so intimately concerned. It took little time to see that I could sound without forms of inquiry and without exciting remark any domestic complication. The shock I had suffered must have sharpened all my senses; I felt sure, at the end of three days and as the result of mere closer attention, that I had not been practiced upon by the servants nor made the object of any "game". Of whatever it was that I knew, nothing was known around me. There was but one sane inference: some one had taken a liberty rather gross. That was what, repeatedly, I slipped into my room and locked the door to say to myself. We had been, collectively, subject to an intrusion; some unscrupulous traveler, curious in old houses, had made his way in unobserved, enjoyed the prospect from the best point of view and then stolen out as he came. If he had given me such a bold hard stare, that was but a part of his indiscretion. The good thing, after all, was that we should surely see no more of him.

This was not so good a thing, I admit, as not to leave me to feel that what, essentially, made nothing else much signify was simply my charming work. My charming work was just my life with Miles and Flora, and nothing so made me like it as precisely to feel that I could throw myself into it in trouble. The attraction of my small charges was a constant delight; it made me wonder afresh at the vanity of my original fears, the distaste I had begun by entertaining for the probable gray prose of my office. There was to be no gray prose, it appeared, and no long grind; so how could work not be charming that presented itself as daily beauty? It was all the romance of the nursery and the poetry of the schoolroom. I don't mean by this, of course, that we studied only fiction and verse; I mean that I can express no otherwise the sort of interest my companions inspired. How can I describe that except by saying that instead of growing used to them—and it's a wonder for a governess: I call the sisterhood to witness!—I made constant fresh discoveries. There was one direction, assuredly, in which these discoveries stopped: deep obscurity continued to cover the region of the boy's conduct at school. It had been promptly given me, I have noted, to face that mystery without a pang. Perhaps even it would be nearer the truth to say that—without a word—he himself had cleared it up. He had made the whole charge absurd. My conclusion bloomed there with the real rose-flush of his innocence: he was only too fine and fair for the little horried, unclean school-world, and he had paid a price for it. I reflected acutely that the sense of such differences, such superiorities of quality, always, on the part of the majority—which could include even stupid, sordid head-masters—turns straight to the vindictive.

Both the children had a gentleness (it was their only fault, and it never made Miles a muff,) that kept them—how shall I express it?—almost impersonal and certainly quite unpunishable. They were like the cherubs of the anecdote, who had—morally, at any rate—nothing to spank! I remember feeling with Miles in especial as if he had had, as it were, no history. We expect of a child no long one, but there was in this beautiful little boy something extraordinarily sensitive, yet extraordinarily happy, that, more than in any creature of his age I have seen, struck me as beginning anew each day. He had never for a second suffered. I took this as a direct disproof of his having really been chastised. If he had been wicked he would have "caught" it, and I should have caught it by the rebound—I should have found the trace. I found nothing at all, and he was therefore an angel. He never spoke of his school, never mentioned a comrade nor a master; and I, for my part, was quite too much disgusted to allude to them. Of course I was under the spell, and the wonderful part is that, even at the time, I perfectly knew I was. But I gave myself up to it; it was an antidote to any uneasiness, and I had more worries than one. I was in receipt in these days of disturbing letters from home, where things were not going well. But with my children, what things in the world mattered? That was the question I used to put to my scrappy retirements. I was dazzled by their loveliness.

There was a Sunday—to get on—when it rained with such force and for so many hours that there could be no procession to church; in consequence of which, as the day declined, I had arranged with Mrs. Grose that, should the evening show improvement, we would attend together the late service. The rain hap-

pily stopped, and I prepared for our walk, which, through the park and by the good road to the village, would be a matter of twenty minutes. Coming down stairs to meet my colleague in the hall, I remembered a pair of gloves that had required three stitches and that had received them—with a publicity perhaps not edifying—while I sat with the children at their tea, served on Sundays, by exception, in that cold clean temple of mahogany and brass, the "grown-up" dining-room. The gloves had been dropped there, and I turned in to recover them. The day was gray enough, but the afternoon light still lingered, and it enabled me, on crossing the threshold, not only to recognize, on a chair near the wide window, then closed, the articles I wanted, but to become aware of a person on the other side of the window and looking straight in. One step into the room had sufficed; my vision was instantaneous; it was all there. The person looking straight in was the person who had already appeared to me. He appeared thus again with I won't say greater distinctness, for that was impossible, but with a nearness that represented a forward stride in our intercourse and made me, as I met him, catch my breath and turn cold. He was the same—he was the same, and seen, this time, as he had been before, from the waist up, the window, though the dining-room was on the ground-floor, not going down to the terrace on which he stood. His face was close to the glass, yet the effect of this better view was, strangely, only to prove to me how intense the former had been. He remained but a few seconds—long enough to show me that he also saw and recognized; but it was as if I had been looking at him for years and had known him always. Something, however, happened this time that had not happened before; his stare into my face, through the glass and across the room, was as deep and hard as then, but it quitted me for a moment during which I could still watch it, see it fix successively several other things. On the spot there came to me the added shock of a certitude that it was not for me he had come there. He had come for some one else.

The flash of this knowledge—for it was knowledge in the midst of dread—produced in me the most extraordinary effect, started, as I stood there, a sudden vibration of duty and courage. I say courage because I was beyond all doubt already far gone. I bounded straight out of the door again, reached that of the house, got, in an instant, upon the drive, and, passing along the terrace as fast as I could rush, turned a corner and came full in sight. But it was in sight of nothing now—my visitor had vanished. I stopped, I almost dropped, with the real relief of this; but I took in the whole scene—I gave him time to reappear. I call it time, but how long was it? I can't speak to the purpose to-day of the duration of these things. That kind of measure must have left me: they couldn't have lasted as they actually appeared to me to last. The terrace and the whole place, the lawn and the garden beyond it, all I could see of the park, were empty with a great emptiness. There were shrubberies and big trees, but I remember the clear assurance I felt that none of them concealed him. He was there or was not there; not there if I didn't see him. I got hold of this; then, instinctively, instead of returning as I had come, I went to the window. It was confusedly present to me that I ought to place myself where he had stood. I did so; I applied my face to the pane and looked, as he had looked, into the room. As if, at this moment, to show me exactly what his range had been, Mrs. Grose, as I had done for himself just before, came in from the hall. With this I had the full image of a repetition of what had already occurred. She saw me as I had seen my own visitant; she pulled up short as I had done; I gave her something of the shock that I had received. She turned white, and this made me ask myself if I had blanched as much. She stared, in short, and retreated on just *my* lines, and I knew she had then passed out and come round to me and that I should presently meet her. I remained where I was, and while I waited I thought of more things than one. But there's only one I take space to mention. I wondered why *she* should be scared.

V

Oh, she let me know as soon as, round the corner of the house, she loomed again into view. "What in the name of goodness is the matter—?" She was now flushed and out of breath.

I said nothing till she came quite near. "With me?" I must have made a wonderful face. "Do I show it?"

"You're as white as a sheet. You look awful."

I considered; I could meet on this, without scruple, any innocence. My need to respect the bloom of Mrs. Grose's had dropped, without a rustle, from my shoulders, and if I wavered for the instant it was not with what I kept back. I put out my hand to her and she took it; I held her hard a little, liking to feel her close to me. There was a kind of support in the shy heave of her surprise. "You came for me for church, of course, but I can't go."

"Has anything happened?"

"Yes. You must know now.—Did I look very queer?"

"Through this window? Dreadful!"

"Well," I said, "I've been frightened." Mrs. Grose's eyes expressed plainly that *she* had no wish to be, yet also that she knew too well her place not to be ready to share with me any marked inconvenience. Oh, it was quite settled that she *must* share! "Just what you saw from the dining-room a minute ago was the effect of that. What *I* saw—just before—was much worse."

Her hand tightened. "What was it?"

"An extraordinary man. Looking in."

"What extraordinary man?"

"I haven't the least idea."

Mrs. Grose gazed round us in vain. "Then where is he gone?"

"I know still less."

"Have you seen him before?"

"Yes—once. On the old tower."

She could only look at me harder. "Do you mean he's a stranger?"

"Oh, very much!"

"You didn't tell me?"

"No—for reasons. But now that you've guessed—!"

Mrs. Grose's round eyes encountered this charge. "Ah, I haven't guessed!" she said very simply. "How can I if *you* don't imagine?"

"I don't in the very least."

"You've seen him nowhere but on the tower?"

"And on this spot just now."

Mrs. Grose looked round again. "What was he doing on th tower?"

"Only standing there and looking down at me."

She thought a minute. "Was he a gentleman?"

I found I had no need to think. "No." She gazed in deeper wonder. "No."

"Then nobody about the place? Nobody from the village?"

"Nobody—nobody. I didn't tell you, but I made sure."

She breathed a vague relief: this was, oddly, so much to the good. It only went indeed a little way. "But if he isn't a gentleman—"

"What *is* he? He's a horror."

"A horror?"

"He's—God help me if I know *what* he is!"

Mrs. Grose looked round once more; she fixed her eyes on the duskier distance, then, pulling herself together, turned to me with abrupt inconsequence. "It's time we should be at church."

"Oh, I'm not fit for church!"

"Won't it do you good?"

"It won't do *them*—!" I nodded at the house.

"The children?"

"I can't leave them now."

"You're afraid—?"

I spoke boldly. "I'm afraid of *him*."

Mrs. Grose's large face showed me, at this, for the first time, the far-away faint glimmer of a consciousness more acute: I somehow made out in it the delayed dawn of an idea I myself had not given her and that was as yet quite obscure to me. It comes back to me that I thought instantly of this as something I could get from her; and I felt it to be connected with the desire she presently showed to know more. "When was it—on the tower?"

"About the middle of the month. At this same hour."

"Almost at dark," said Mrs. Grose.

"Oh no, not nearly. I saw him as I see you."

"Then how did he get in?"

"And how did he get out?" I laughed. "I had no opportunity to ask him! This evening, you see," I pursued, "he has not been able to get in."

"He only peeps?"

"I hope it will be confined to that!" She had now let go my hand; she turned away a little. I waited an instant; then I brought out: "Go to church. Good-by. I must watch."

Slowly she faced me again. "Do you fear for *them*?"

We met in another long look. "Don't *you*?" Instead of answering she came nearer to the window and, for a minute, applied her face to the glass. "You see how he could see," I meanwhile went on.

She didn't move. "How long was he here?"

"Till I came out. I came to meet him."

Mrs. Grose at last turned round, and there was still more in her face. "*I* couldn't have come out."

"Neither could I!" I laughed again. "But I did come. I have my duty."

"So have I mine," she replied; after which she added: "What is he like?"

"I've been dying to tell you. But he's like nobody."

"Nobody?" she echoed.

"He has no hat." Then seeing in her face that she already, in this, with a deeper dismay, found a touch of picture, I quickly added stroke to stroke. "He has red hair, very red, close-curling and a pale face, long in shape, with straight, good features and little, rather queer whiskers that are as red as his hair. His eyebrows are, somehow, darker; they look particularly arched and as if they might move a good deal. His eyes are sharp, strange—awfully; but I only know clearly that they're rather small and very fixed. His mouth's wide, and his lips are thin,

and except for his little whiskers he's quite clean-shaven. He gives me a sort of sense of looking like an actor."

"An actor!" It was impossible to resemble one less, at least, than Mrs. Grose at that moment.

"I've never seen one, but so I suppose them. He's tall, active, erect," I continued; "but never—no, never!—a gentleman."

My companion's face had blanched as I went on; her round eyes started and her mild mouth gaped. "A gentleman?" she gasped, confounded, stupefied: "a gentleman *he?*"

"You know him then?"

She visibly tried to hold herself. "But he *is* handsome?"

I saw the way to help her. "Remarkably!"

"And dressed—?"

"In somebody's clothes. They're smart, but they're not his own."

She broke into a breathless affirmative groan. "They're the master's!"

I caught it up. "You *do* know him?"

She faltered but a second. "Quint!" she cried.

"Quint?"

"Peter Quint—his own man, his valet, when he was here!"

"When the master was?"

Gaping still, but meeting me, she pieced it all together. "He never wore his hat, but he did wear—well, there were waistcoats missed! They were both here—last year. Then the master went, and Quint was alone."

I followed, but halting a little. "Alone?"

"Alone with *us*." Then, as from a deeper depth, "In charge," she added.

"And what became of him?"

She hung fire so long that I was still more mystified. "He went too," she brought out at last.

"Went where?"

Her expression, at this, became extraordinary. "God knows where! He died."

"Died?" I almost shrieked.

She seemed fairly to square herself, plant herself more firmly to articulate the wonder of it. "Yes. Yes. Quint is dead."

(*To be continued.*)

OUR FASHION LETTER

MY DEAR MAY:

At this mid-season there is a lull in the world of Fashion, for it is too early to definitely state what styles will be adopted for spring and summer wear; but that those who are fortunate enough to be wending their way toward the Sunny South must have light garments, it seems a pity that we should have feasted our eyes on the lovely organdies, challies, Swiss lawns and light silks, which we cannot wear here for many weeks to come. Many new tailor-made dresses are already seen, but they differ very little from those of last year; the skirts are narrower and more cleanly cut over the hips, the coats are a trifle longer and the sleeves decidedly smaller. A gray covert-cloth gown I saw has this closely fitting skirt with the coat cut on the blazer pattern, well open in front, and turned back with revers, showing the tight-fitting waistcoat of white cloth embroidered with narrow black braid, which is high to the throat. A small toque of white cloth, spangled with jet and finished at the side with a group of black tips, was worn with this costume. Gray used alone or combined with black and white is charming. A gown of cashmere in the new blue gray has for a novelty a blouse of jet over the loose-fitting bodice; it is really a long jet fringe which is joined into a beading at the neck, square back and front, and hangs to the waist, where it is fixed tight at the sides and back, but bags in front; it is fastened at the shoulders with straps of jet and bows of black satin ribbon. A girdle of jet network encircles the waist and hangs to the hem of the skirt at the side. The blouses in black braids are on the same principle, and make a very becoming decoration for the bodice; the braid is crossed in lattice fashion and finished at the shoulders with bows of ribbon or brooches in antique designs.

A revival of the trimmed skirt will bring cheer to the hearts of the slender women, and this is what is predicted—skirts ruffled and flounced; but I fear they will be very common, and unless made by a very clever dressmaker they will be the most unsightly things. Some have the flounces put on straight round the skirt from waist to hem or shaped so as to meet in a point in front. The flounces themselves vary as much as the arrangement of them. There are vandyked flounces, those cut in scallops, and those which are pinked and put on in box-plaits, and others quite plain with the French roll at the edge. The widths vary, too, according to the taste of the wearer. These flounced skirts, which have the fullness well kept to the back, are made separate from the lining, which entails much extra labor; for the lining fits as perfectly as the skirt itself and is generally finished with an accordeon-plaited flounce and trimmed with a ruffle; these linings are put into the same waist-belt as the gown skirt. Flounces and ruches look well only in soft goods, such as silks and summer materials; in cloths they drag in an ugly, ungraceful fashion. Skirts of velvet trimmed with ruches or flounces of fine net or chiffon are worn with bodices made of these last-named delicate fabrics in the evening and are very popular.

Everything that tends to make the figure slim just below the waist is eagerly sought after, as that is the chief aim at present; hence the certain amount of popularity gained by these flounced skirts. We must congratulate ourselves on the disappearance of the very large sleeves; for if women continued to wear them puffed out six or eight inches beyond the outline of the shoulder, and also donned the much-flounced skirt, what deformities they would look!

The coat sleeve when of a moderate size is the neatest in appearance and most comfortable, but should it become very tight the old difficulty will return; we shall not be able to raise our arms to either pin on our hat or tie our veil when completely dressed. To such a plight we must not come again. And this reminds me of the newest veils, which will certainly make *young* women a thing of beauty if not a *joy* forever. They are of the most delicate cobwebby fish-net, in pink and white, with close black dots and border of fine lace in black or white, and are most becoming, though women who have passed their palmiest days will be wise if they cling to the all black veil, and wiser still if they wear no veil at all. In spite of the danger to our eyesight we still prefer dotted veils, and this season the dots are closer than ever. The veils of fine Brussels net or tulle are the least injurious to the eye, but not so becoming to the face, and therefore rarely seen. So we shall go on gratifying our own vanity and helping to fill the pockets of the oculists.

A new fad is to have the corset and silk petticoat exactly matching in color and material, and when carried out in all cases becomes an expensive luxury, to be indulged in only by those blessed with long purses. The craze may have a good result, for many who are not able to gratify this latest whim may take the bull by the horns and discard the corset altogether, to the delight of all gifted with common-sense and the wish to see our women lithe and strong as they should be.

That "women are queer cattle" is certainly true. We all know that these "cases of bone" (as corsets are called) inclose with their stiff, unyielding ribs that part of the body which contains the many marvelously constructed vital organs on which we depend for our lives. The lower part of the lungs, the heart, the stomach, and many other organs which are surrounded by the muscles of the waist, are caged in by the corset; there is no room for the ribs to expand and allow the lungs to fill with pure air, the pressure prevents the heart from doing its proper work, and, as for the stomach! it's so pressed down that it's wonderful if any woman is ever free from indigestion. If women were told that by climbing to the top of Mont Blanc they would become strong, healthy and beautiful, every one would try her hardest to achieve this feat, for there is not one among us who does not wish to be "fair of face and form"; *but* when it comes to such a simple act as giving up wearing a garment which is dangerous as well as unnatural, they won't make the small effort required. If the waist muscles, instead of being cramped up, were kept free by proper and regular exercise, the organs under them would be strong, the back as straight as an arrow, and a woman's walk full of grace. The exercises to be

practiced night and morning are very simple, but must be done slowly. Children don't wear corsets, so why do their mothers allow them to begin the use of such an unhealthy article of dress. A bodice which is used merely as a support for petticoats, etc., is all that is required, and if women will give up wearing these "bone cases" there will be no tired backs, and with the death of the corset we should return to the loose flowing draperies of old which are most graceful and comfortable. Our nearest approach to this much-to-be-desired style is the tea-gown, which suggests looseness but is often merely a tight-fitting dress called by another name.

Tea-gowns which are made of soft clinging materials and hang loosely to the feet are designed for true comfort and are very picturesque. One made in white camel's-hair cloth has a plain square yoke back and front, from which the gown falls in straight folds. A large square turned-down collar with wide-plaited frill is of reseda green silk and entirely covers the plain yoke, the frill falling over the sleeves, which are very full, and finished at the wrist with a ruche of chiffon, which also adorns the neck. The skirt is finished with a ruche of silk, and a girdle of green cord and cut beads quaintly twisted is loosely knotted at the waist and reaches the hem of the skirt. This style copied in velvet, Liberty silk or nun's veiling would be equally charming. I saw many more elaborate gowns in brocades and satins which I will describe next week, for matinees and neglige sacks must have a small place this week. The daintiest are made of India silks and crepe de chines in delicate shades and profusely trimmed with fine lace. The most useful sack, which is intended for lounging and not worn when receiving visitors, is of eiderdown, plainly made and simply bound with ribbon. A charming matinee or reading jacket is made in flame-colored Liberty silk, in a very novel fashion. The back fits closely to the figure, the long fronts are loose from the side seams and extend down to pointed tabs and are knotted at the waist; the edges of the fronts are trimmed with fine lace put on in cascade form; the large loose collar is tucked and edged with lace which falls over the shoulders; the full sleeves are finished at the wrists with a frill of lace, and at the waist there is a deep frill of the silk slightly fulled on.

The old custom of sending a greeting to one's lover on St. Valentine's Day has almost quite died out; but the day itself is not forgotten, and is generally made an excuse for present-giving, whether the gift is a basket of flowers or something more costly. Though there can be no language prettier than that of flowers, the significance attached to certain gems makes them the bearers of many unspoken messages. I am not well versed in gem-lore, but know enough to wish to know much more. When in England, in the Isle of Wight, I searched the pebbly beach of Shanklin, which is rich in amethysts, crystals, agates, carnelians, and jaspers, and found some splendid specimens. It's a most interesting amusement: the stones "in the rough" are so different from the cut, polished gems we admire. You know of the good luck attached to the wearer of the "birth-stone." For February the stone is the amethyst, which means sincerity and should always be worn by those born in the second month of the year. A new fad is to have cents with the different stones for the months of the year punched in them. There are stones for each day in the week, and for Monday white stones are ordained, crystals or moonstones, but not diamonds; and this brings me back to the point. A present which is designed for a lady whose birthday comes on St. Valentine's Day is a seal; the initials are cut in the large amethyst, the handle is of flawless crystal and looks most fascinating, and in the top is mounted a tiny miniature of her baby girl. The greatest charm of this gift lies in the fact that it shows how much thought has been displayed in the desire to give happiness. You and many others wishing that your gift to some dear one will act as a talisman and bringer of good luck will be glad to know the birth-stones and their meanings:

January: the garnet, signifying fidelity and constancy. February: amethyst—sincerity; or pearl—freedom from care. March: blood stone—courage. April: diamond—innocence. May: emerald—success in love. June: agate—health. July: ruby—contentment. August: moonstone—hope. September: sapphire—success in speculations. October: opal—faith. November: topaz—fortitude. December: turquoise—prosperity and success. For Monday, moonstone or crystal; Tuesday, ruby; Wednesday, turquoise or sapphire; Thursday, garnet; Friday, emerald; Saturday, amethyst; Sunday, chrysoprase. With so many mascots we should go through the world as happy as the proverbial sand-boy.

Yours always,

MARJORIE.

THE MUSICIAN HAS AN INSPIRATION