COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLVSTRATED JOVRNAL OF ART LITERATVRE & CVRRENT EVENTS

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THE RECENT SNOW-STORM A SNOW-SWEEPER AT WORK

COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL OF ART LITERATURE
AND CURRENT EVENTS

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THE EDITOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY NEW YORK CITY

ROBERT J COLLIER EDITOR

NEW YORK FEBRUARY TWELFTH 1898

THE UNITED STATES AND CHINA

IT is said that the New York Chamber of Commerce intends to petition the Federal Government to the end that measures may be taken to safeguard the treaty privileges of our citizens in China. This petition, if it means anything, contemplates a reversal of our traditional policy and an interposition on our part in Asiatic affairs for the purpose of averting the partition of the Middle Kingdom. We do not believe that Congress or the Federal Executive will pay the slightest heed to a proposal which, if carried out, would subvert the basis of the Monroe Doctrine.

Our Federal Government does not need to be petitioned to secure the observance of our treaties with China, so far as the seaports are concerned which are controlled by Chinese officials. But China cannot enforce those treaties in territories which have been ceded by her to another power. How, for instance, can she enforce them in the island of Formosa, which, by the Treaty of Shimonoseki, has become a part of Japan. An American citizen now visiting Formosa must look for the definition of his rights and privileges, not to our treaty with the Pekin Government, which has ceased to be binding in that island, but to our treaty with the Mikado. The same thing is true of Kiao-Chou Bay, which, although nominally leased, is really ceded, inasmuch as China has renounced in favor of Germany all the powers of sovereignty over the harbor and the circumjacent district. It follows that an American citizen, finding himself in Kiao-Chou, can no longer invoke our treaty with China, but possesses only such rights and privileges as our treaty with Germany gives. If the European powers and Japan should see fit to divide among themselves the whole seacoast of China, our treaties with the last-named country would be operative only in the interior, where the Manchu dynasty might still exercise authority. Our commercial interests might suffer, as they did in Madagascar when the French took possession of that island, and, thereby, put an end to our treaties with the Malagasy Government. For such suffering there is no remedy except that which may be afforded by the conquering power. We once had a treaty with the Dey of Algiers which we extorted with cannon shot, but, since the French conquest of Algeria, our citizens have only such rights and privileges in that country as are guaranteed to them by our treaty with France. We cannot interpose to prevent the conquest or dismemberment of any foreign State on the ground that our sympathies are engaged, or our interests affected, and, at the same time, forbid European powers to intervene on similar pretexts in Central and South America.

From the time when the Monroe Doctrine was first propounded, it has been distinctly recognized as having two sides, and as imposing correlative obligations. It is at once a warning against trespassers, and a self-denying ordinance. It admonishes European powers to let this continent alone, and it pledges our own Government to take no part in Old-World politics. If we wish our prohibition to be respected, we must see to it that our promise is fulfilled. Heretofore, we have been as careful to keep out of quarrels in the Eastern Hemisphere as we have been to protect the American Continent from European aggression. Our citizens were deeply interested in the struggle of the Greeks for independence and in the subsequent uprisings of the Italians, Germans and Hungarians, yet our Government took no overt steps in favor of those combatants for liberty. We made no effort to avert the mutilation of France in 1871, although Frenchmen had rendered us inestimable services in our Revolutionary War.

It is, in fine, a settled principle that our Government will take no part in any wars or in any negotiations intended to bring about or to prevent the conquest or the cession of territory in the Old World. The notion, therefore, that we would cooperate with England and Japan to avert by force the partition of China is preposterous. But, our Government being forbidden by its fundamental policy to resort to force, the *ultima ratio regum*, it could only express a perfunctory regret if the threatened parcellation of the Chinese seacoast should be effected. The New York Chamber of Commerce should know that a nation's dignity is lowered by the expression of opinions which it has no intention of enforcing. We must look the truth in the face. The rights and privileges which our citizens now enjoy by treaty in Chinese seaports will be retained just so long as those seaports continue under Chinese authority, and not a moment longer. From the Russians at Port Arthur, from the Germans at Kiao-Chou, or from the French in Hai-nan, we could no more expect the execution of our treaties with China than we expect it from the English at Hong-Kong. If, at Hong-Kong, we have great liberty of trade, that is because England voluntarily concedes it. There is a report that Germany intends to display equal liberality at Kiao-Chou, but this would be counter to her usual practice, as well as to that of France and Russia. They are all three protectionist countries that like to monopolize their own markets, and the United States have, certainly, no right to criticise them upon that score.

WHO ARE THE GREATEST DRINKERS OF ALCOHOL?

A DISTINGUISHED scientist has maintained that the conquering races of the world are those that consume alcohol in preference to any other stimulant. It is true that all branches of the Aryan stock have evinced a liking for fermented or distilled liquors, while other intoxicants, such as opium, hashish, and the betel nut, are favored by many Oriental peoples. On the other hand, it is a matter of common observation that the red men of America, the negroes of Africa, and the Polynesians of Oceanica drink alcohol to excess when it is brought to them, and, therefore, a relish for that beverage is no proof of an innate capacity for conquest. Bismarck, however, who is fond of ardent spirits, seems to have adopted the scientist's opinion, for he is said to have remarked that beer is for women, wine for men and brandy for heroes. It is undoubtedly a fact that distilled liquor is consumed chiefly in those northern countries whence issued the swarms that overran the Roman Empire, and that to this day the inhabitants of southern Europe, where the Latin element is strong, drink for the most part fermented beverages; that is to say, wine or beer. Apparently, however, this is a case of *post hoc* rather than *propter hoc*, for there is no evidence that the Teutonic peoples learned how to distill alcohol until a period considerably later than their invasion of the Roman provinces. But whether the connection between the consumption of alcohol and efficiency in war be causal or casual, it is interesting to learn what nations are the greatest consumers of alcoholic beverages, and which of the three common forms of this intoxicant is a favorite in each particular country.

An exhaustive collection of data relating to this subject, so far as European countries and the United States are concerned, has been lately made by a Mr. Bateman, the head of the commercial department of the British Board of Trade. The most striking fact brought out by these statistics is the relative insignificance of wine. There is reason to believe that much more wine was drunk proportionally to the population by Englishmen in Falstaff's time than to-day. In 1895 there was not half a gallon of wine per head sold in the United Kingdom; in the United States the quantity consumed was still less; and even in Germany, a wine-growing country, was but a gallon a head. Only in France and parts of Italy and Spain does wine occupy a conspicuous place among the articles of consumption. France, for example, uses nearly thirty gallons a head. We are wont to think that a good deal of champagne is consumed in England; as a matter of fact, notwithstanding the high duty, the amount is almost negligible for revenue purposes, the average consumption, per head of the population, being only about one-seventh of a quart bottle.

Of beer, the greatest consumer is Bavaria, the average quantity drunk per head being fifty gallons a year. This estimate is no doubt trustworthy, being based upon official data; but at first sight one would expect it to be even larger, seeing that infants are not infrequently taught to drink beer by Bavarian mothers. In Germany, considered as a whole, the average consumption of beer is much less than in Belgium, which uses forty-two gallons a head, as against thirty in England and five in France. It seems that in France very little beer is drunk outside of the towns. Americans are supposed to be great beer drinkers, but the figures show that on an average they consume less than fifteen gallons per head. Mr. Bateman points out that of late years the consumption of beer in the United States has not perceptibly increased, if we keep in view the increase of population, while, on the other hand, the use of wine and spirits has been signally diminished. It is a mistake to suppose that distilled liquors are much drunk in England; in 1896 the consump-

tion was about a gallon per head, and there has been scarcely any increase of quantity during ten years. The Dutch and Belgians drink twice as much of distilled liquor as do Englishmen; mostly, in the form of gin. Strange to say, the Frenchman, who is the greatest wine drinker on earth, is also the largest consumer of ardent spirits with the possible exception of the Dane. Of course, French women and children do not frequently use alcohol in this form, and even among adult males the consumption of it is concentrated in the north and northwest Departments. According to the evidence, however, lately produced before a Commission appointed to investigate the subject, each habitual consumer of distilled liquors in France drinks 3,791 small glasses (*petits verres*) in a year, or more than ten every day. This is an amazing exhibit, especially when one keeps in view the fact that the average proof-strength of the spirits sold in France is high. In the Departments of the northwest, we are told that the daily consumption of alcohol absorbs half the average salary of the working population, and that in the Department of the Nord there is one *cabaret* or bar-room for every forty-six persons, or, excluding women and children, for every fifteen. We observe, lastly, that in the Department of the Seine Inferieure many persons drink every day a pint of a deleterious beverage sold for *eau de vie*, which costs the drinker on an average two francs a day.

It is well known that in all countries where alcohol is largely consumed, a considerable part of the public revenue is derived from it. In one way or another, beer, spirits and wine contribute thirty-five per cent to the national income of the United Kingdom; in the United States they pay thirty per cent; in France nineteen, and in Germany seventeen and a half per cent. In Great Britain and Ireland the duty on home-made spirits is about seven times the average first cost of the article. This is a fact which tells heavily against Ireland, for the reason that that country is a much larger consumer of spirits than is England. That a tax is not necessarily just because it is equal in all parts of a given empire can be easily demonstrated; if France and England were under a common government and a tax were laid on tea, England would pay almost the whole of it, while if the tax were laid on coffee, France would have to bear the brunt of the burden.

NEWS FROM THE LAND OF OPHIR

WE hold in our hands a copy of *The Rhodesian Times*, a weekly newspaper published at Salisbury in Mashonaland, the most northerly city—for city it is—inhabited by Englishmen in South Africa. It is, of course, the very ancient gold workings here discovered that have caused competent explorers to identify this region with the "Land of Punt," known to the Egyptians of the so-called New Empire, and also with the Land of Ophir, from which the yellow metal was brought by the ships of Hiram, the great and good friend of Solomon.

In the reign of Queen Hatasu, daughter of Thothmes I. (1600 B.C.), an expedition was dispatched from a port on the Red Sea southward, and after an absence of some years returned. The products of the country which it visited, and which it named the Land of Punt, included specimens of a flora and a fauna identical with those which now exist on the banks of the Zambesi and on the coasts of Mozambique. At that time, and until the Phœnicians established trading posts on the Red Sea, the common carriers between Egypt and the east coast of Africa, on the one hand, and India on the other, were the Axiomites, who inhabited the upland country in the rear of the southwestern angle of the Arabian peninsula, and whose stupendous irrigation works still excite the wonder of the modern hydraulic engineer. In the performance of distributive functions for the peoples bordering on the Indian Ocean they were succeeded by the Phœnicians, and it was a Phœnician vessel in the service of the Pharaoh surnamed Necho which is believed to have circumnavigated Africa in the seventh century B.C., or about twenty-one hundred years before Vasco da Gama. That the circumnavigation took place seems evident to modern readers from the very statement which discredited the voyagers in the eyes of their contemporaries; namely, that during the first half of their voyage they had the rising sun upon their left hand, while during the latter half, until they reached the Straits of Hercules, they had it upon their right. This, which was to the Greeks foolishness, is to the moderns confirmation strong. Now, whether the excavations observed all over Mashonaland, whereby the pioneers, arriving by way of the Zambesi, seem to have extracted almost every jot of the surface gold, were made by the Axiomites or by the Phœnician servants of Egypt, it is thus far impossible to say; but there is scarcely room to doubt that these workings long antedate the Christian era. They certainly were not made by the post-Mohammedan Arabs, whom the Portuguese found settled on many points of the east coast of Africa, because nowhere is there the faintest trace of the worship of Islam. It was in Mashonaland, curiously enough, that Mr. Rider Haggard, some years before the archæological discoveries to which we refer were made, placed the scene of his story, "King Solomon's Mines."

Well, it is from a point not far south of the Zambesi, in the very heart of "Ophir" or "Punt," that we have received a weekly newspaper. The impression produced upon us is more strange than that which we experience when we read the modern Italian journal, which has superseded the *Acta Diurna* that chronicled on the day after its occurrence the assassination of Julius Cæsar.

Naturally, the *Rhodesian Times* pays not the slightest attention to the actual or conjectured events of thousands of years ago. On the contrary, its columns represent the quintessence of modernity, and it is amazing to see how suddenly, in these days of steam and electricity, all the elements of civilization can be transplanted to a South African veldt some two thousand miles north of Cape Town. It is well known that Mashonaland with its adjunct Matabeleland are governed by a chartered company strictly analogous to that by which the settlement at Jamestown was made. More than two centuries, however, were to elapse before the inhabitants of the Old Dominion were to be surrounded by such comforts and luxuries as the denizens of Salisbury and Buluwayo now possess, although these highly civilized communities were only founded a few years ago. For instance, in this newspaper, nominally published on December 3, and undoubtedly printed on the previous day, we find quoted the prices of the Johannesburg Stock Exchange for December 2. In another column we learn the cost of carriage southward to Buluwayo, where, for the moment, the railway ends, and also eastward to Beira, a Portuguese seaport on the east coast of Africa, which is a place of call not only for lines of English steamers, but also for the Messageries Maritimes. Elsewhere in the business notices we find advertised a special whisky ten years old; champagnes, including, particularly, Heidsieck; guaranteed old Cognac, port, sherry and claret, and Manilla cigars. Life and Fire Insurance companies are numerous; so are the pharmacies and the tailoring and dressmaking establishments. The grocers advertise such commodities as fruit salts, capers, Worcestershire sauce, Russian caviare, anchovies, and plum puddings, not to mention the ubiquitous British jams and pickles. Here and there in the advertisements we come on gleams of local color. Thus we read of "merchandise for transport riders," of "kafir meal," "kafir truck," "mealies," and "rapoko." Much space is given to the hostelries; for example, the "Cecil Hotel" at Salisbury is described as "magnificent," and as having good stabling with "boys' accommodation," whatever that may mean. The "Central Hotel" in the same town is recommended on the ground that it possesses a "spacious concert-room adjoining the bar" and gives "smoking concerts every Saturday." Nor are mineral springs and seaside places of resort altogether wanting. For example, we are informed that at Macequece "Kreige's Hotel" is the only one built of brick, and that it offers the luxuries of "sponge, plunge and shower baths" together with a "first-class billiard table." The advertiser adds that the dining-room is "under the supervision of a lady." At Beira, the Portuguese port before referred to, we are informed that "the Beach Hotel" is by far the finest hostelry on the east coast, that there are "special arrangements for ladies with matrons in attendance," and that there is "a steam launch for the convenience of pleasure parties." We observe, moreover, that next to the Avenue Hotel in Salisbury is a species of establishment with the name of which we are not familiar; it is described as the "Avenue divan cigar and toilet club," and the owner begs to inform his customers that he has secured the services of a "First Class Barber and Hairdresser, direct from the Rand Toilet Club, Johannesburg." We note that, even as in Greater New York, the hours for shaving on Sunday are from eight A.M. until one P.M.

Does this journal from the Land of Ophir confine itself to local news? On the contrary, it contains no fewer than four columns of telegrams from all parts of the world, including not only Natal, the Transvaal, the Cape Colony, and Zanzibar, but England, Germany, Austria, Turkey, India, China, Guiana, Egypt, Uganda, the west coast of Africa, and the Klondyke. There are even society items; for instance, some one wires from Buluwayo that "The Hon. Mrs. Lawley has left for England, returning next year with her children." Above all, the *Rhodesian Times* contains a leading article of the regulation length, one column and a quarter, and couched in the ponderous style of the London *Times*. Faithful to its eponym, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, this organ of Mashonaland reminds us that we have heard of a stiff-necked generation that stoned its prophets and inquires whether England is going to repeat the performance. For its own part, it announces the intention of standing firmly by Mr. Rhodes, who has stood so firmly by Rhodesia. It is high time, it says, that the injustice which is being done to the country, no less than to the man, should come to an end, and that the promoter of the Jameson raid should be once more officially recognized as the head and controlling spirit of the Chartered Company, and that the honor which is withheld from him should be at length paid to him ungrudgingly. Even thus, we may be certain, would a newspaper published at Calcutta in the latter part of the last century have spoken of Warren Hastings.

THE DRAMA

KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE—*A VIRGINIA COURTSHIP*

A Romantic Comedy in Three Acts *By Eugene W Presbey*

THE best word one can say for Mr. Crane's new venture is, "Harmless." Prettily staged, not badly acted, it is perpetually on the point of enlisting interest, eliciting applause. Beyond that it never goes. Situation after situation passes, leaving the audience cold. Not a thrill abides, apparently, in the well-tried dramatic devices on which Mr. Presbey builds. In vain does he invoke the Masters, in vain call out upon distinguished precedent. Mediocrity smothers, in "A Virginia Courtship," even Sheridan.

The story, such as it is, revolves round the love affairs of a fiery-tempered, soft-hearted old Virginian, Major Fairfax, and his son Tom. With the assistance of an amiable, if designing widow, and an equally designing, obligingly ungrateful adopted son, a semblance of difficulty is cast for a moment over their true love's course. The author contrives, incidentally, to exploit the especial mannerisms of Mr. Crane, who manages now and then, through a touch of farce, to be, as the irascible Major, almost amusing. Obviously, however, Mr. Crane's

ACT II—"*YOU! UNGRATEFUL DOG!*"

MAJOR FAIRFAX (MR CRANE)

shortcomings as an actor, his lack of grace and finish, the grotesqueness of gesture and coarseness of characterization that deface nearly all his work, are unduly accented by the playwright's clumsy craftsmanship. Such a travesty upon courtliness of manners, such extravagant anachronism of dress and diction have not been seen upon the stage for many a day. Nor has a New York audience often sat through a "romantic comedy" professedly amusing, that contained less food for laughter, less occasion even for a smile. A perverse genius seems to rule Mr. Presbey's wit, extracting the point from each of his innocuous jokes, as it deprives his "situations," each in turn, of the expected *coup*. Yet the material to Mr. Presbey's hand is excellent. The scene where the Major, discovering that he has "called out" his lady love instead of an imagined rival, is rallied by his friends and the lady herself, might, in good hands, furnish an exquisite bit of comedy. In Mr. Presbey's it is merely tedious. More, it is annoying to see such possibilities stupidly disregarded, so excellent a situation bungled, mishandled, spoiled. The one thoroughly commendable feature of the performance was the acting of Miss Percy Haswell. Always an airily attractive figure, she endowed the colorless and characterless Prudence Robert with something of her own winsome grace. Miss Irish as Madame Constance Robert (Prudence's mother) was competent and pleasing. The other members of the cast were thoroughly in touch with the pervasive mediocrity of the performance.

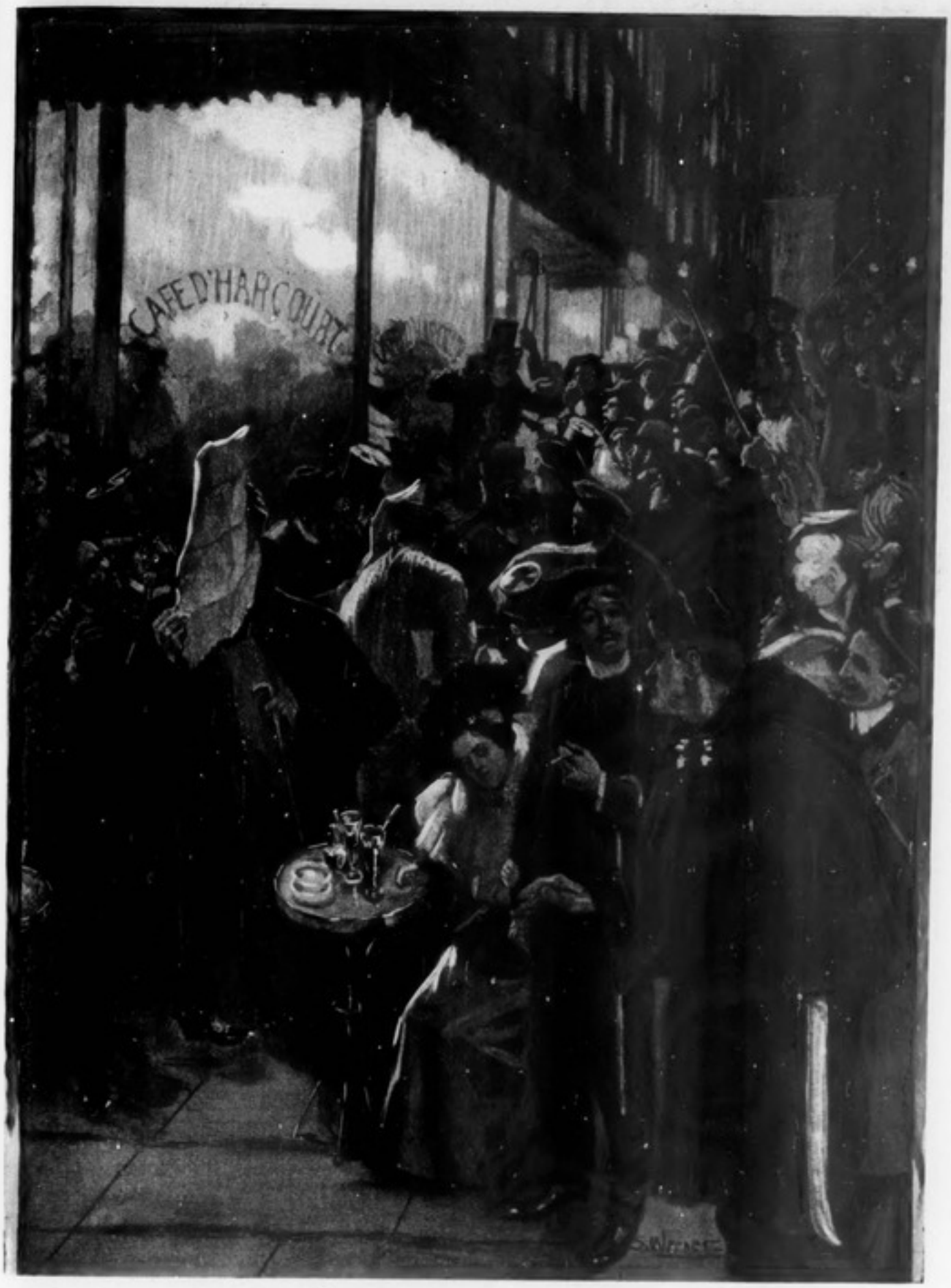
Nothing, perhaps, better illustrates the pass to which, in New York, the playwright's art is come, than that two Broadway playhouses should purvey, respectively, the one filth, the other pap, and find a public patient to swallow both.

"A Virginia Courtship" is, after all, but a door removed from "The Conquerors." Patchwork both, each makes its obvious bid for the favor of a public ready-made. One plays, indeed, into the other's hand. "What a relief after that horrid 'Conquerors'!" sighs Materfamilias, as, with her daughters in tow, she glides contentedly over Mr. Presbey's safer waters. "There's something *to* this," Paterfamilias exclaims, nudging his neighbor and smacking salacious lips over Mr. Potter's stiffer brew. Flaring Virtue and Rampant Vice act on their time-worn farce; the authors simply pull their puppet strings, the managers rake in their profits, the Public gapes and pays, and every one is happy. Except, now and then, the Public. A note of unrest, soon smothered, a voice of rebellion, quickly silenced, is sometimes heard. But the great foolish Public flocks to this theatre like lambs to the slaughter, bleating meek protest.

Were either Mr. Presbey's play or Mr. Potter's redeemed by the vaguest literary virtues, were the dialogue in either less insufferably dull, were the tameness of the lines punctuated by a single epigram, we might forget for a moment that the first was a watery rendering of Sheridan, the second a vulgar version of Sardou.

As it is, we shrug our shoulders, forswear for the fourth time both Knickerbocker and Empire, and, according to our lights, frequent "Wax Works" at the Eden Musee or "Charmion" at Koster's.

SONG IN ACT I—"*SADDLE, WHIP, AND REIN*"



WHERE FRENCH STUDENTS "DEMONSTRATE"—Of whatever may interest Paris the students of the Latin Quarter take tumultuous notice. Much attention is paid to the doings of these young men, partly because the student class is representative of all parts of France, but largely for the reason that the demonstrations are made with all possible publicity. Above is pictured the scene of an outbreak that followed the late rehearing of the Dreyfus case

ON THE MORN OF SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY

The east was all pinky and pearly,
The earth was in ermine array,
When out I went eager and early
On the morn of Saint Valentine's Day.
I thought (or was fancy so tricksy?)
A sparrow hid high in the pine
Out-caroled, the pert little pixy,
"O will you, O will you be mine?"

You've heard of the adage—it's olden—
That he will be hers, and for aye,
Who's first by a maiden beholden
On the morn of Saint Valentine's Day;
I knew the old saying, and that is
The reason my footsteps were drawa
Toward where the sweet Sylvia's lattice
Looked forth on the flush of the dawn.

She came ere the aureate glory
Of sun-break had goldened the skies,
And O what a rapturous story
I read in her heavenly eyes!
A smile, and a hand-wave, and after,
Behold she was gone like a ray!
But life has welled over with laughter
Since the morn of Saint Valentine's Day.

CLINTON SCOLLARD

AT CHINA'S BACK DOOR

ALTHOUGH the quarreling of Western nations in the East is nominally over portions of northern China and its seacoast, there is more earnestness—because more trade at stake—in the strife between France and Great Britain for possession or at least business control of southwestern China. The two provinces of Sze-Chuen and Yun-nan, the latter bordering on Burmah (British) and Tonkin (French) are known to contain about quarter of the people of the Empire.

Friction became so great over this inland district that war between England and France seemed imminent in 1893, and was averted only by the protest of Germany. Both powers then fell to intriguing with China, and in 1895 France obtained a bit of territory which China had promised not to alienate without Britain's consent. The latter power at once demanded satisfaction, which it obtained in the form of a perpetual lease of some Chinese territory on the Salween River, east of the Irrawaddy and consequently nearer Yun-nan; she also secured trade rights in Yun-nan, and the opening, to trade, of the Tse-Kiang, the southernmost river of China, for about two hundred miles from its mouth, where is the British city of Hong-Kong, which is also a military and naval post. The Tse-Kiang rises in the province of Yun-nan. In Sze-Chuen, the other coveted province, rises the Yang-tse-Kiang, at the mouth of which is Shanghai, practically an English city. Britain has consular and trading posts far up both rivers, and she is said to have also a concession to push a railway into China from Bhamo, in Burmah, to which important border town the railway tidewater is almost, if not entirely, completed; so it would seem that Britain has a long start of France in the race for whatever business may be done with the southwestern provinces.

But France objects to being outwitted in this manner. Like Russia, she desires territory as well as trade. Thus far she has less value to show, in the way of colonies and "spheres of influence," than any other of the land-grabbing powers, for Algeria and the Saraha domain are practically worthless, Madagascar promises to be a continual drain on the French treasury, and the west African colonies consist of areas as uninviting to emigrants and traders as any in Africa. No savage tribes with valuable lands remain to be looted, so France's only chances of obtaining new domains of permanent value lie in the possibility of concessions from nations that are weak or distracted. Hence her persistent hold for years upon Tonkin, the most sickly and worthless portion of southern China, yet at the door of rich Chinese provinces: hence, too, the continual augmentation of her fleet in Chinese waters and the sending out of Admiral de Beaumont, who is believed to be her ablest naval commander. France is more likely than Russia to begin hostilities in Chinese waters.

A REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN

PORFIRIO DIAZ, President of Mexico, is about to visit the United States, the people of which should give him a hearty welcome, for there is not in the Western Hemisphere any man who has done more for a nation, or more largely illustrated the capabilities of a patriot and a ruler.

In the fifty years that followed the downfall of Spanish control of Mexico, our sister republic had fully fifty different rulers, five times fifty revolutions, and became the most notable illustration of the supposed incapacity of Spanish Americans for self-government. In no other American nation was there so little protection for life, property and business, or a higher percentage of indolence and ignorance. Since Diaz assumed the presidency in 1876, to be regularly elected a year later and to hold the office until the present time, except for a single period of four years, Mexico has become peaceful, progressive and prosperous, and all observers agree in attributing the change to Diaz.

This remarkable man appears to the beholder a Spaniard of the highest type, although he has some Indian blood in his veins. In youth he studied for the priesthood and then for the law; became a soldier when an American army entered his country in 1848, and in twenty years became the highest military commander in Mexico, although in the meantime he gave much attention to law and agriculture and served his country in Congress and other political positions. It was he who with a patriot army occupied the national capital the day after the unfortunate Maximilian was shot. Maximilian had offered to recognize him as President; so had Bazaine, commander of the French troops whom the Third Napoleon sent to Mexico; but Diaz remained true to President Juarez, whose protege he was. Juarez in his later years allowed the country and its affairs to become disorganized; his successor did worse, so one day in 1876 Diaz organized a revolution and in less than a year became President.

PRESIDENT DIAZ

His worst enemies admit that Diaz has lived solely for Mexico and not at all for himself, and that his mental grasp of all interests of the republic is of phenomenal force. He has given Mexico good roads, railways, schools and telegraphs, promoted all manufacturing, agricultural and commercial interests, made the public credit good, avoided trouble with the mosquito-like republics at the south and the great republic at the north, put down brigandage, killed off all disturbing elements, and made his country as peaceful as the best portion of the United States. Time was when bands of highwaymen infested the main traveled roads of Mexico, robbed stages and killed the passengers, but Diaz established a highway police force and charged it to run down suspicious characters; the result is that "hold-ups" are far more common in the United States than in Mexico and train robberies are unknown. Thieves and murderers are shot at sight—not arrested and given every possible legal chance to escape.

Diaz's personal career has been as full of thrilling and romantic incidents as ever were attributed to a novelist's hero, yet at sixty-eight years of age he is strong, alert, graceful, and handsome, his appearance belying his years. No period of our own national history has developed a character so many-sided.

OUR NOTE-BOOK

BY EDGAR SALTUS

ATTORNEY-GENERAL GRIGGS' festival, which is to occur at the Astoria next week, and at which the guests are to be served to the tune of a hundred dollars a piece, has drawn from Charles, the Delmonico chef, a menu arithmetically corroborative and teutonesquely replete. He presupposes on the part of the thirty gentlemen who are to be present an individual capacity to absorb four bottles of wine and one bottle of brandy. There is nothing festive in that. It is a feat. Gargantua never did better, and I am sure could not have done as well. In his pantagruelian days there was no Duff Gordon sherry at twenty dollars a bottle, there was no Dagonet champagne at sixteen, there was no Martell at ten. Even otherwise he would not have touched them. Such a mixture would make a mad dog blush. And when to them you add a bottle of Lafite and another of Steinberger you have a dose that would do up Fitzsimmons. In the rest of the menu there is nothing to betoken the presence of the high muse of Savarin or of Brisse. The art of dining is absent. The gourmand is there, not the gourmet. There are twenty courses—a succession of inapposite dishes, which, set before an orgiac Roman, would cause two things: first, the production of the red feathers, and, second, the crucifixion of the chef. I wish M. Charles no such fate. But I could wish him a trifle less *pot-au-feu*. I appreciate the fact that his menu is problematic, designed merely to show how a hundred dollars may be engulfed. But the result could have been reached less circuitously. For instance, instead of the other truck, he might have suggested a bottle of Johannisberger—not the green seal or the blue, or even their imitations, but the real Simon pure; and with that at the first crack he would have hit the hundred dollar mark. If further effort seemed necessary, what would be the matter with strawberry soup? Nothing indeed except the ability to prepare it. Then, instead of the shad which he has indicated, why not sturgeon cooked in garum? Afterward sora tongues flavored with cinnamon would be better than any Mousseline that could be served. For relevé, instead of venison, I would dish up a splendid boar, the legs curled inward, the eyes half closed, and from which, when carved, truffles would fall and thrushes fly. For roast instead of canvasback, a royal cygnet, the neck arched, the feathers replaced, an orchid in its beak, would be less fatiguing, more enticing, more sumptuous, more classic, and more chaste. In lieu of nonpareil salad I should offer alligator-pears. And for sweets a single dish—zabalione, of which the constituents are plovers' eggs whipped with champagne into an ethereal foam. There is a repast that would cost more than a hundred dollars, and from which the participant would arise like a fighting cock and not like a drunken loon. Am I wrong, Vatel? Shade of Vitellius, have I erred?

A NEWSPAPER IDEA CORRECTED

Lady Murray is a gentlewoman of the old school. According to recent advices from Nice she is at present actively engaged there in superintending a home—not for herself, but for indigent authors. How large the home is to be is left to the imagination. It has been assumed that it will reach from one end of the Corniche to the other, extend back into the uplands of Grasse, and stretch out into the Mediterranean. But that is a newspaper idea. A turret with two bow windows will suffice. However it may have been in the days of Grubb Street, there are no indigent authors now. In default of other material there is not one who can't write a check. The deponent has even encountered those who had lost the ability to write anything else. The dimensions of Lady Murray's undenominational home need not therefore be extensive. The idea to the contrary is due to a misconception. There is a supposition abroad that an author is a person who produces books. These books may meet every kind of reception—except perusal—and the person producing them will regard himself, and even induce others to regard him, as one of the guild. That may be originality, but it is not authorship. Bores are plentiful, commentators abound, authors are scarce. There are many echoes, said Goethe, but voices are few. And necessarily. Authors are creators. They don't content themselves with producing books, they vivify the minds of man. When Lady Murray counts up how many do that and how many of them need her undenominational home, even a little turret may seem very big.

A TRAGEDY IN WONDERLAND

Lewis Carroll is dead. The obituary is labeled with the name of the Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson. To the world at large the latter was unknown, but the former charmed all childhood, childhood young, childhood old, everybody and every one who have anything which still responds to charm within them. The late Master of Baliol used to say that no man could call himself educated who had not read Boswell. By the same token no man may describe himself as well read who has neglected "Alice in Wonderland." There are people who came to read it to their grandchildren and who remained to read it for themselves. The Queen of England is a case in point. She was so delighted with the story that she asked for a copy of Carroll's next book. What she got was "An Elementary Treatise on Determinants"—a work which could have been accompanied by another still more severe, entitled "A Syllabus of Plain Algebraic Geometry." The fact has its significance. To make nonsense palatable logic is a prerequisite. A case not parallel, but cognate, is Boccaccio. "Alice" was written for the daughter of the Dean of Christ Church. The "Decameron" was written for a little Neapolitan princess. Boccaccio is known, not because of his erudition, which was encyclopædic, not because of his treatises, which were unique, nor yet because of his resuscitation of Homer—which is ignored, but simply and solely because of that handful of tales. Books have their destinies. Alice has hers. Its mission was to charm. What higher one could it have? The death of Lewis Carroll means drawn blinds in the nursery, mourning in the schoolroom, the passing of the author into another and more wonderful land.

A MATTER OF TASTE

Mr. Stephen Phillips' verse, which the London Academy regards as the most meritorious work of the past year, and which it crowned with the laurels of a hundred guinea check, sounds, from the samples provided, not cheap, but trite, unassertive and husky. The *enjambé*, too, which Mr. Phillips affects, or perhaps is unable to avoid, while permissible in French, in English distresses. Beside the wares which have been brought by Mr. Brennan, Mr. Mifflin and Mr. Merrill, his runes ring thin. But oyez. A young person is telling Apollo her objections to his suit:

> "I should expect thee by the Western ray,
> Faded, not sure of thee, with desperate smiles,
> And pitiful devices of my dress
> Or fashion of my hair: thou wouldst grow kind;
> Most bitter to a woman that was loved.
> I must ensnare thee to my arms, and touch
> Thy pity, to but hold thee to my heart.
> But if I live with Idas, then we two
> On the low earth shall prosper hand in hand,
> In odors of the open field, and live
> In peaceful noises of the farm, and watch
> The pastoral fields burned by the setting sun.
> And he shall give me passionate children, not
> Some radiant god that will despise me quite,
> But clambering limbs and little hearts that err."

Etc., etc. Tastes differ of course. But if verse of that quality is to be crowned, fame is getting pretty easy.

THE ABILITY TO ENTERTAIN

Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, in a recent address to the University Settlement Society, stated that the present accumulation of local wealth is such as was never anticipated in the wildest dreams of man. Being extremely wealthy himself, Mr. Hewitt ought to know what he is talking about. As a matter of fact, however, the wealth of local plutocrats, however enviable, is genteel poverty in comparison to the magnificence that was. The wealth of Mr. Hewitt combined with that of the Astors, Vanderbilts, Goulds, Goelets and Rhinelanders is a hundred times less than what Assurbanipal possessed, a thousand times less than what he dreamed of possessing. That is a long time ago. More recently Crassus declared that no man could be accounted rich who was unable to keep an army in his pay. An army consisted of ten legions. A legion consisted of five thousand men. Cæsar spent more money than the Astors have saved. He owed more than the Vanderbilts could conveniently scrape together. Caligula in the second year of his reign spent the equivalent of a hundred million dollars. In the third year he spent two hundred million. Had he not been eliminated he would have got away with a billion. Prodigality of this kind, however it may be viewed, is at least evidence of wealth accumulated in larger proportions than is common to-day. Perhaps, then, Mr. Hewitt in speaking of the wildest dreams of man meant modern man. In which case he is quite right. Dumas did his best for Monte Cristo, and yet the amount the latter received would to-day just about enable him to entertain. A penny less and he would be pinched. It is not alone wealth that has increased; values have, to such an extent even that between being very rich and starving to death there is now not much more than the choice.

THE TURNING OF THE ROAD

Mr. Hewitt, on the same occasion, also stated that the world is improving day by day. On that point, even for purposes journalistic, it is impossible to disagree with him. The era is one of progress. And high time, too. Scientifically the world is on the run. As one looks back into years that relatively are but yesterday it seems just emerging from an unenchanted sleep. It is historical to regard the Dark Ages as remote. They are very neighborly. We have not fully issued from their shadows yet. In the chartless morrow which the future has in charge

posterity will recognize the fact. It will regard us with the same amusement, perhaps with the same pity, which children evoke. There is so much we might do did we know but how. To posterity that knowledge will come. And it is precisely the dawn of that knowledge which marks the progress of the present day. This is the turning of the road. Just a little beyond is the point where ignorance shall be left behind, pain too, and disease no longer exist. In that resplendent to-morrow justice will be inherent, art a plaything, learning a birthright, even envy may have disappeared. In place of the sufferings of today there will be surcease. Man will no longer labor. Electricity will be his servant, machinery his slave. He will sequestrate time and abolish space. Mars will yield to him its secrets, the Infinite its mystery, and Death its sting. Mr. Hewitt is quite right. The world is improving day by day. But it is not sufficient that the improvement should be noticeable. It should get on faster. The ratio of its progress must proceed not arithmetically alone, but geometrically, if any of those now living are to see it effect more than the turning of the road.

A STORY WRITTEN WITH A SCALPEL

D'Annunzio's "Innocente," published last week under the title of "The Intruder," is a story at once extremely simple and extremely complex. In it two people love and torture each other so realistically that the reader agonizes with them. It is written with a scalpel. You see the fibers curl, the nerves exposed. You hear the cries of the victims, you want to get away from them and you can't. To accomplish that is to approach very closely to the perfection of art. D'Annunzio has done so. This book, which is his masterpiece and which, parenthetically, made his reputation, is, in power of analysis—in the detention and display of the fugitive impression—unexceeded except by Dostoievsky's "Crime and Punishment." In the latter, though the analysis is more poignant, it is attenuated by a smile, the subjects decline to take themselves seriously. There is nothing of that sort here. And very properly. The racial difference between Slavs and Latins is distinct. Where the former think the latter feel. And do we not know life to be farce or tragedy according to the point of view? The book, however, has a defect. The plot turns on an erring husband's forgiveness of his erring wife. That is Tolstoism—an attitude which, if good in art, is bad in practice. It is the irreproachable alone who have the right to forgive. A faithful wife who forgives a faithless husband is admirable, but a faithless husband's forgiveness of a faithless wife is complaisance when it does not happen to be complicity. It is there that the story trips. Yet eliminate the forgiveness and there would be no story to tell. Otherwise it is worth reading. In it there is a note new to fiction; or, perhaps it would be more exact to say there is an old note raised to a height which it has never reached before. Had D'Annunzio been able to prolong it he would be the foremost novelist of the day.

THE MISSION OF D'ANNUNZIO

"The Intruder," as is the case with D'Annunzio's other and less noteworthy tales, turns exclusively on love and the affiliated distempers. Of art he has little to say, of religion still less, of gold nothing at all. In that respect he is pagan. It is in his treatment of love—and the affiliated distempers—that he is modern. This end of the century is smitten with elegantiasis. He is aware of it. Primeval Adam and primitive Eve circulate as before, but fashion has decreed that they shall be beautifully attired. The history of Cupid is identical. He is just the same vicious little chap that he used to be, but his wardrobe is complete. He never utters a word that could not be shrieked through a ballroom. Were it otherwise he would be shown the door. All of which D'Annunzio has appreciated, as Zola has not, and in filtering love—together with the affiliated distempers—through his pages he presents it in a form which, while hardly *ad usum puellarum*, need not keep Mr. Comstock awake. Whether the form be palatable or the reverse must depend on the reader. In any event, as the ingredients are drawn not from the imagination but from life, their value is psychologically exact. As pages turn and faces emerge, which, if they do not reek with blood will drip with tears, always you catch the echo of a refrain—*Sono l'Amore, difida di me.* Melancholy sits brooding through them all. They don't make you much in love with love. That is the lesson which it has been D'Annunzio's mission to teach and according to his lights he has taught it.

THE SUBSIDENCE OF TULLE

Rosita Mauri's retirement leaves the stage bare of ballerines. She is the last on the list of the great danseuses who, beginning with the Camargo and continuing on through Taglioni and Fanny Elssler, charmed the world—a world less utilitarian and more debonair than our own. Mdlle. Mauri represented traditions which this country never possessed and which Europe is forgetting. With her departs the ultimate vision of the *juventus mundi*. But everything is possible. In the last few years there has been a revival of pantomime, and it may be that the years to come will witness a restoration of the ballet. Considered as a form of entertainment it is too charming to be lost. It was invented in Egypt. There when the temples were deserted the young priestesses danced and the worshipers returned. Presently India felt the need of them. Krishna was given a troop of bayaderes. Thence they passed to Greece. Olympus was turned into a fancy ball. Forgotten in the Middle Ages, they emerged with the Renaissance. Already at Joyous Gard, unless it happened to be at Camelot—in matters of this kind it were pedantic to be precise—Merlin had danced like a withered leaf before the king. The fashion spread. In the old prints there are pictures of monarchs ermined, sceptered and crowned, eying from high thrones the mouse-like feet of coryphées. Those were the good old days. From court the ballet passed to the stage. In the evolution was the *pas seul*. That which had been a spectacle the Camargo turned into an art. With Mauri its glory disappears. The loss here will be slight. It is twenty years since New York has had so much as a reflection of it.

A CONTEMPORARY VIEW OF THE PAST

Mr. Thomas Hodgkin contributes to the current "Contemporary" a paper in which from the fall of Rome he deduces a lesson for England. The conclusion does not concern us. The premises do. They concern every nation. The factors which Mr. Hodgkin recites as the reason of Rome's fall are the oppression of the middle class, the manner in which the army was recruited, the fashion in which the purple was bestowed and the fact that it was slavery on which her civilization was built. With every deference to Mr. Hodgkin, these things may have been contributory but they were not the cause. The final factor in particular, while generally accepted, is invalid. Comparatively speaking it is not so long ago that a sect of sophists advanced the theory of equality. That theory, highly attractive to the masses, ended by rooting itself in their minds and soon bore fruit. It shook the basis of society, created revolutions, convulsed Europe and this country as well. It was the birthday of Socialism. The contrary theory may seem iniquitous, but it is worse to fancy that all men are created equal and that it is only institutions which prevent them from so being. Nonetheless the fancy charmed. The remedy was so simple. That which was needed was merely the remodelment of existing institutions and the equipping of all men with an identical education. It may be whimsical to note that an education which is beneficial to some is harmful to others. But such is the case. It may be whimsical, also, to note that for equality to exist there must be parity—not of intelligence, for that is chimerical, but—of ignorance. Yet such is also the case. Rome, however old she may have grown, was afflicted with no such senilia. It was not modern ideas of inequality which induced her fall. The cause was elsewhere.

A TIP TO THE CONSUMER

Italy, at the time to which Mr. Hodgkin refers, was uncultivated. There were extensive estates, but there was no agriculture. There was no traffic. The census was made up of soldiers, millionaires, philosophers and lazzaroni. The merchant and the farmer were absent. Rome's resources were in remote commercial centers, in taxes and in tribute. Save her strength she had nothing of her own. Her religion, literature, art, thought, corruption and luxury had come from abroad, her wealth from pillage and exaction. In Greece were her artists, in Africa, Gaul and Spain her agriculturists, in Asia her artisans. Her own breasts were sterile. When she gave birth it was to a litter of monsters. Sometimes to a genius, by accident to a poet. She consumed, she did not produce. It was because of that she fell.

THE UTILITY OF A TITLE

The bill recently submitted to the Italian Parliament, whereby in exchange for coin titles may be obtained, is a step in the right direction. Honorifics and dignities do not—to the knowledge of the deponent at least—tend to lessen the length of the ears, but they have the same charm for some people that toys have for all children. Those whom they pleasure should be enabled to buy. It is the rates that require consideration. The title of Prince, for instance, for which eight thousand dollars is asked, is at once very cheap and very dear. Very cheap when it is remembered that in the Italy of antiquity it cost almost three times that amount to become a knight, very dear when it is recognized that it can be had for much less. For a hundred dollars there are a hundred Italian princes ready and willing to supply it. The process of transference, legally catalogued as adoption, has been performed time and again. Then there are the titles known as that of the Holy Roman Empire. They are not for sale. But they are frequently and commendably bestowed on those who show themselves liberal in their charities. Thereby hangs a tale. A lady of this city, who shall be nameless, secured, for reasons which it is unnecessary to relate, the annulment of a marriage previously contracted. This lady entertained a theory to the effect that a woman who marries a second time does not deserve to have lost her first husband. Armed with that theory she journeyed abroad. Then discovering that the name she bore—at arms-length—had its disadvantages, she purchased the right to be addressed as Princess (della Luna Bianca). A year passed. Two, it may be. Ultimately it fell about that at some function or other a gentleman who had been gazing musingly at her caused himself to be introduced. "Am I in error," he asked, "in fancying that at some time, somewhere, I have enjoyed the honor of seeing you?" The lady smiled and tapped him with her fan. "Why, not at all; don't you remember? You used to be my husband."

THE BABY'S SOWING

My little girl with the dark-brown hair
Where never a gleam of gold is found,
Knelt down at the edge of a flower-bed where
She had hid a seed in the ground.

"And what are you planting, my little girl?"
I asked, as I took her wee, brown hand.
"A lily housed 'neath a roof of pearl
With her foot pressed close to the sand?

"A rose to peep through her lattic of leaves
Half-seen, like a red-lipped Spanish maid?
Gay golden-rod standing straight as she weaves
Her yellow hair in a braid?

"A morning-glory hand over hand
Climbing up her ladder to see the sun?
What sweet surprise has my baby planned
When the growing-time is done?"

She smiled, and the joy of that rapturous smile
Ran silently through the sound of her words,
"It was bird-seed I planted, and, after a while,
There will grow a flock of birds."

CURTIS MAY.

UNDER THE SUN

IT WAS pleasant to see Richard Strauss—not of Vienna but Kapellmeister at Munich—conducting the Colonne orchestra the other day, and to note how generously his Paris audience received him, his compositions, and his blonde wife in white, who sang some of his songs—works of a rather more intellectual than magnetic order. The development of his Symphonic Poem, *Death and Transfiguration*, was exceedingly impressive, even though—in point of mystic music—one would prefer to listen to a single phrase of the Grail *motif* or—in attenuated degree—to the close of Rubinstein's *Christus*.

A few years since, public sentiment would have been outraged by M. Colonne's gracious invitations to foreign Kapellmeisters; Mottl, Levi and others. Hence it seemed a not insignificant moment when Strauss on the platform raised his bâton, and those dense rows of men, their chins caressing their violins, their eyes fixed upon the stranger, sat motionless awaiting his signal. Among them were Frenchmen *pur sang*, Celtic ears and eyebrows, Semitic noses, German craniums, prominent Spanish and Italian types. Apparently, representatives of at least half a dozen races sat fiddling together before the Lord—all as one man possessed by the mighty spirit of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony.

German music is peacefully besieging Paris. The *Maîtres Chanteurs* at the Opera draw enthusiastic houses. Ancient Nuremberg, transplanted to the heart of France, seems quite at home. It is not conceivable that a more delightful *Hans Sachs* than Delmas, in point of voice, method, personality and artistic grasp of the character, can exist upon this imperfect planet. Alvarez sings exceedingly well. His *Walther* is decidedly better than his *Tannhäuser*—more sincere, less stagey. The orchestra, the costumes, the strikingly rich and artistic stage-setting, are all surprisingly satisfactory. Some few details—which at the moment it is unnecessary to accentuate—one may be permitted to prefer as rendered in the land where *Die Meistersinger* grew. Renaud and Vaguet as *Beckmesser* and *David* are excellent, and the worthy old burghers sitting in judgment successfully Teutonic in mien and aspect. But *Eva* and *Magdalene* never fail to suggest French origin, or, at least, French breeding.—In precisely this respect they would greatly please the London critic who—poor lamb—went all the way to Bayreuth to discover and solemnly complain that *Parsifal* was "well given but *very German*." This dictum was actually printed by the trusting sheet that paid the young man's expenses.—As a whole *Les Maîtres Chanteurs* in Paris is a beautiful and brilliant interpretation. Even the French text—which one dreaded—has sometimes, for instance when *Walther* sings:

"Ainsi l'Avril dit au bois—"

a lovely effect.

In the foyer a group of Frenchmen were overheard expressing themselves warmly. It was "interesting—strongly interesting," they declared, but so strange, so intense, it left them no time to digest their impressions. The whole audience appeared to be more or less in this mood—expectant, excited, tense. It is true one cannot swallow Wagner at a gulp.

Thus art blesses and unites. While English and German journalists not long ago were exchanging bloodthirsty invective, English painters were quietly carrying off medals at a Berlin exposition; at a Munich one, a whole hall was reserved for Watt's great pictures. Science, too, for the most part, ignores petty geographical distinctions. All over the world astronomers on their silent towers, scientists in the solitude of their laboratories, pursue with endless patience their noble and unfaltering search for truth, and hail with acclamations every secret wrested from nature, whoever may chance first to make it manifest. Honorable commerce with far-reaching arms binds peoples together. What, then, disintegrates? . . Is not one arrant mischief-maker the license, not the freedom, of the press? How many tadpoles under its manipulations swell to snorting dragons! Indeed we have no reason at all times and seasons to bless Friend Gutenberg.

The Paris Press just now may be likened to a witch's caldron in which are bubbling all sorts of infamies and loathsome ingredients. The sad Esterhazy-Dreyfus business—which, let us hope, will be settled long before this sees print—is already more than sufficiently exploited. After all, what can one say about it except if Dreyfus be innocent let him be rehabilitated with the utmost speed and thoroughness. Should he again be proved guilty, surely his punishment was and is too cruel for any conceivable human crime. Why give this man all the contumely there is?

At the terrible scene of his military degradation, he strode, it is said, down the front—bareheaded, ghastly pale, stripped of sword, epaulets and stripes, yet erect, looking every man in the eyes, and continually protesting: "I am innocent—innocent!"

Which proves nothing, of course. But for guilt—what singular demeanor, what agonized insistence, what undaunted mendacity.

Meanwhile, for consolation, our old friends, the little carts full of big heavenly violets with stems a third of a yard long and masses of tearoses in pure perfection, stand on sunny street-corners where the workaday world passes—honest, dutiful, with fine serious faces.—Why are people prone to imagine that the French perpetually grin?

Dante—so runs the old tale—was once asked if there were not in the world more bad than good monks, more venal than just judges, more cowards than brave men.

"No," he exclaimed, that somber face of his suddenly illumined, "in spite of human frailty, there are more good men than rascals. Is not our philosophy always seeking to probe the origin of evil? *Now*, did evil preponderate, we should be continually asking how good ever came into the world."

An unwonted figure, in truth, as leader of the optimist faction. Yet under this immortal ægis, one may boldly declare Paris, too, is a world where good is stronger than evil. People who come from afar for the express purpose of gloating over its hackneyed and flaunting naughtiness will be apt to find what their hearts desire. This cannot prevent other eyes from perceiving no more lack of integrity here than elsewhere, no dearth of fundamental wholesomeness. Everything depends upon the point of view. . . And a few score things in Paris even the champion grumbler must concede are not successfuly transplanted or imitated. Among them is the best aspect of the French stage—a truism, but one that asserts itself with renewed freshness every time one crosses the Channel.

Edward Carpenter remarks somewhere—approximately—that the utmost height reached by the average British matron upon parting with a son setting forth for the antipodes is:

"Don't forget your flannels, Charlie."

Now, what we call "gush", is, I suppose, emotion in the wrong place, but paucity of emotion is no less an evil. Obviously such a thing as mannerism exists; but there is also something akin to no manners at all which, I am instructed by English authorities of the first magnitude, is at present assiduously cultivated by London society.—"God knows that all sorts of gentlemen knock at the door."—The English express some things uncommonly well: courage, for instance, and—cricket. But tenderness? *Passez outre.*

One is led to inquire—with no little solicitude—does habitual and cultivated undemonstrativeness gradually undermine the gentler emotions? Does a sort of atrophy of the affections ensue? Or why is the average British face—particularly the feminine face—on the stage, the place where we fondly hope the mysterious springs of human action will be revealed, not systematically concealed from us—so wooden? Why has it so often the unblinking waxen charm of the doll in the coiffeur's window? One would reluctantly admit that Frenchwomen possess more tenderness than their Anglo-Saxon sisters. But like Artemas and his "gift of eloquence" they haven't it "about" them. Observe no reference is made to the person whom you honor with your special homage. There are several actors of light and leading in London whose names you may supply at will. Yet often one fears that they appear the greater because their support is—less. . . Mr. Forbes Robertson is *hors concours*. One may

have seen many Hamlets for many years in many lands—clever, memorable figures: yet never a Hamlet at once so intellectual and so appealingly human and lovable as Forbes Robertson's.

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It would almost seem that luxurious appointments—the most modern effects of lights, color, drapery and upholstery in an auditorium—must exert a persuasive or hypnotic influence upon the public's judgment of stage-business. At all events few persons have the effrontery to go to a gem of a theatre and call the play puerile, the acting crude. What people, whom we admire and respect, deign to approve, if seen across footlights, is altogether incredible. One is involuntarily reminded of Heine's cynical *mot:* "It is impossible to underestimate the stupidity of your audience."

At a charmingly decorated London theatre, crowded with a brilliant and fashionable throng flashing with jewels and gleaming with evening-shoulders, a curtain-raiser was given in which appeared a returned Australian.

He and another man occupied the stage. Seated right and left they indulged in reminiscence sufficiently tedious and bluff. Suddenly apropos of next to nothing, the Australian performed a breakdown, if that be the technical name for this species of art. No doubt there are places and times when such gymnastics would be desirable. But in that resplendent frame, the looming black figure hopping with wiry pertinacity on one spot and jerking angular knee-joints with the grace of a pocket-knife or a mannikin worked by a string, seemed aggressively irrelevant. If one goes to a music-hall it is at one's own risk and one accepts the consequences. In its own way and on its own ground it may be a quite legitimate sort of entertainment. But this, an' it please you, was the Criterion Theatre, where guileless strangers were hoping to contemplate English art. All the world knows that Mr. Wyndham is an agreeable and experienced actor: an artist. Not quite all the world can comprehend why he permits the ever-advancing music-hall to usurp for one instant his influential stage. . . One takes a group of small folk to the Christmas play at Drury Lane—a fairy tale, presumably full of grace and innocent fun; actually, gross and vulgarized beyond recognition by music-hall couplets, costumes, leers, and kicks. Even the children's laughter that peals forth, delicious and indefatigable, every time that clown slaps clown, fails to respond to the still more violent jokes upon a lower and uncomprehended plane, and gradually dies away, while the serious little faces gaze blank and bewildered upon the ungay gayety. Indisputably, upward the Star of Empire—the London "Empire"—takes its flight. One never knows where next one may meet its baneful ray. . . The saddest part of this tale is that the gathering of adults blinked complacently at that man—and encored him. Upon second thought, Mr. Wyndham may be justified. I never happened to know a returned Australian. Perhaps he is subject to such attacks.

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Facial expression on the French stage is apt to be reasonable, simple and swift. You see a thought born. Under your gaze it intelligently lives and grows. It leaps from a face and evokes from another countenance a response also fraught with life and meaning. This sounds easy enough, but it is rare—and it is art.

In M. Jean Richepin's charming drama in verse, *Le Chemineau* at the Odéon, *Toinette*, the peasant heroine (Mme. Segond-Weber), opens a door, steps out of a barn, and is suddenly in the presence of the lover who, without malice, simply because his roving fit was strong upon him, deserted her twenty years gone. There are complications which render this meeting momentous.

We all know the "long-lost" stage-business: the heaves, the panting, the glare, the quivering hand upon the bursting heart. That is one sort of acting. We know another sort—quite modern, in which the face looks as sweetly vacuous as before.

Toinette comes out into the sunlight, sees a strange man standing in her path and innocently advances. Presently she stops short. A glimmering of the truth dawns upon her. Startled inquiry, amazement, incredulity, gradual recognition flits over her face: and with her certainty, the old memories, the old grief and despair, the old love reawaken—strong and silent. Meanwhile she has not moved. She stands rigid and straight, her arms hanging at her sides. No respiratory gymnastics take place. I should say she holds her breath. Not a grimace. But in these brief moments, all that is suggested, and more, are mutely, powerfully and swiftly proclaimed. . . And she is not an Eleanora Duse. There is but one Duse. Mme. Segond-Weber is merely an artist of distinction out of the many in Paris.

Suddenly, having borne beyond her strength, she drops upon a bench, and after a moment, with that unreasoning nervous irritation which frequently follows tense emotion, she breaks out:

"But why don't you speak? Why do you stand there silent? Say something."

In her briefest ministrations to the husband—now paralyzed—whom she married when *Chemineau* abandoned her, *Toinette* discreetly makes manifest a deep, sweet nature. She has never loved *François*. She told him she would do her best; she has done it. Affection, above all, pity and protection hover with her about the helpless man's chair. Her hands tell you whole histories. The cheerful little pat of encouragement which, having put the invalid to rights, she finally gives his motionless fingers, is exquisitely natural and womanly.

The *Chemineau*, a glorified tramp—a genial, jovial, picturesque, sunny rogue—in his youth sings charming songs; wants to enjoy not one landscape but all the landscapes there are; works a bit, loves a lass, and roams off to work and love—a little—elsewhere. The play is a veritable chapter of peasant-life, a presentation of grinding facts, as well as a pretty picture of wheatfields and poppies in the sunshine. The actors dress, speak and look like peasants. M. Decori, the *Chemineau*, is a so delightful and poetical vagabond, he makes one impatient of roofs and eager to move on. "Wander forth," says the Koran, "God's earth is rich and spacious."

✦

Even within the classic precincts of the *Comédie française* bow-legged and knock-kneed men enjoy their worldwide privilege of figuring as the body-guard of monarchs, and circular cambric billows, stretched tight, do furiously rage and toss. If the mounting of M. Armand Sylvestre's drama in verse, *Tristan de Léonois*, is rather meager, that is a trifle soon forgotten in the charm of the old story and of Mdlle. Bartet's exquisite portrayal of the *douce Yseult*. Except her noble *Antigone*, I know nothing which she delineates with more grace and distinction.

M. Lambert having regular features and large soft eyes, with which attractions we naturally infer all the knights of the Round Table must have been equipped, the better to enact their idyls and romaunts, looks his *Tristan*, and ably plays the part. It is not M. Lambert's fault that his lines are somewhat hysterical. Wagner's treatment of this theme leaves the lover at least a man—a strong knight though swayed by a fateful passion. But all the strength and principle possessed by this willowy hero seem to be carried about in his friend *Gorlois's* waistcoat pocket. *Gorlois* takes out a pinch from time to time and presents it. "Do have a scruple," he seems to say. "It is your own brand, you know."

Not having taken the precaution to be off with the old love before he is on with the new, *Tristan* is in an obviously awkward predicament between two good, adorable and adoring women. Indeed his wife, *Dame Oriane*, nearly crushes him with magnanimity. The chief characters of this play all suffer from the *mal d'aimer* and are in woful plight. Still *Tristan* need not whimper. Then we might be able to receive with something better than a smile of polite incredulity the tales of his prowess—behind the scenes—which occasionally reach our ears: how with visor down and lance poised he rushes upon the enemy, single-handed turns the tide of battle, and inspires with fresh courage the retreating forces of his sovereign lord King Mark. (If they were the men whom we have seen holding up the wings, no wonder they ran.)

"No, no," we say, shaking our heads seriously, "this cannot be! The *preux chevalier* who regains lost battles is not the elegiac swain whom for some time now we have been attentively observing with our new Flammarion opera-glass. Mistaken identity."

In the great scene where King Mark, his seigneurs, chevaliers and heralds degrade poor *Tristan*, proclaim him dead to knighthood, to his vows, cast him out from among his peers and forbid him to fight for his endangered land, his wretchedness becomes still more clamorous. Particularly because they tell him he is no better than a woman. After this fiendish insult, they fling a distaff at him and bid him spin his shroud.—A distaff is indeed a disheartening implement. Had they but provided him with a sewing-machine. Men run that very well when they give their minds to it.

And when *Tristan* at intervals "braces up" and appears to derive a certain consolation from the thought that in higher spheres a love "sublime, august, austere" will unite him and the fair *Yseult* forever, even then we are skeptical; by no means of the possible existence of a sublimated passion, but again of our friend *Tristan*. We do not imagine that is the sort of thing he wants or will want in any conceivable lapse of time. If, as we venture to believe, nature in the invisible as in the visible world does not proceed by jumps, he will require a few æons of higher education before he really dotes upon the austere.

But this is a thankless return for a charming evening spent with one of the world's great love-stories, and among old Irish and Breton kings, knights in armor, tournaments, magic in full potency, and visions of the souls of mighty dead Druids sweeping along obscure skies. Mdlle. Lara as the *Fée Urgande*, crowned with mistletoe, in her hand a golden sickle, and invoking in the heart of an oak forest the spirits of ancient Brittany—the genii of earth, air and sea—is an entrancing figure.

The protagonists even in their most tragic moments refrain from gasps and puffs of anguish, and from burying their noses in each other's shoulders. Their whole personalities are exquisite love-poems breathing longing, sorrow, ardor, reverence, and a sort of mystic ecstasy. And ah, the clinging, yearning hands—how sensitive, how charged with subtle currents!

The language rises at times to lovely levels and, rendered in the delicious voices and delicate methods of the *Théatre français*, is fascinating to the last solemn moment when *Gorlois* proclaims: "*Tristan de Léonois, Tristan le preux est mort.*"

PARIS, JANUARY, 1898. BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD.

A MEDIÆVAL LOVE-MESSAGE

AN IMPOSSIBLE HOUSE-PARTY

By CAROLINE and ALICE DUER

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

THE first of the heroes to put in an appearance was Alexander, of whom Mr. Fugit inquired, as he entered the hall, "Did you have a good run?"

"Pretty fair, pretty fair," returned the Greek. "It doesn't seem very stiff after the Macedonian country." (What new country ever was as stiff as that to which a sportsman is accustomed?) "Do you know where I can find Napoleon?"

"Here I am," cried Bonaparte, hastening up. "Come to the library with me; I want a word with you and Horatius."

"Do you know," cried Horatius, almost before they entered the room, but Alexander interrupted him:

"One moment, my dear fellow," he said. "In the most unexpected manner and on authority which I cannot but consider as reliable, I have become the possessor of a secret of the gravest importance. Cleopatra and Washington—"

"That is it!" cried the simple Horatius; "they are going to make war on us. Tiberius Gracchi told me just now; is that where you heard it?"

"I did not mention my informant," returned Alexander haughtily.

"For my part," said Napoleon, "I am quite at liberty to say that I had the news in a cipher dispatch from Fouche." This, as the reader knows, was totally untrue; but the emperor was fond of advertising his police department.

At this Horatius was utterly silenced, feeling that his news sounded like the merest gossip beside such official information. The other two, therefore, who had entirely deceived each other, took complete control of the discussion.

"We must get that Yankee out of the way, and then unite against Cleopatra," said Napoleon. "Of course you would make me commander-in-chief of the allies?"

"After your Moscow fiasco—certainly not," returned Alexander.

"I did not sit down and weep because there were no more worlds to conquer, when there was the best part of five continents which I had not so much as seen," said the Corsican bitterly. Horatius hastened to interpose:

"There wouldn't be any war, you know," he said gently, "if Washington were out of the way."

"True, true," answered Bonaparte, who was pacing up and down the room in an excited manner. "The only question is how to dispose of him. What should you say to arresting him after the feast and having him shot at daybreak?"

"I HAD THE NEWS IN A CIPHER DISPATCH FROM FOUCHE," SAID NAPOLEON

"It doesn't seem very practicable, does it?" answered the Greek. "What do you think of poisoning him at the feast?"

"It doesn't seem very hospitable," said Horatius gravely.

"And perhaps you have something better to suggest," said Alexander sharply; "it is so easy to find fault."

"Yes, I have," returned Horatius, plucking up spirit, and feeling that after all a hero was almost as good as a king. "Let us wait till he retires from the banquet, and then, going to his door, we will summon him to come out and fight us singly or together, as best pleases him. This gives him, at least, the chance of dying like a hero, as you may remember I have myself remarked in verse:

"'And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds?'

And you know, Alexander," he added modestly, "men have triumphed against worse odds than three to one."

"Pooh! ridiculous!" said the Greek contemptuously. "What should we do if he wouldn't open his door? Rouse the whole house, I suppose, by breaking it down."

At this moment the butler entered to inquire if Alexander wished the peacocks served with or without their tails.

"With them, of course," answered Alexander crossly; "I perceive that my presence is necessary in the kitchen if the cook needs information on so simple a point. We shall hear more of this matter anon, however. Meet me on the veranda after the banquet is over and we will decide on an immediate course of action."

With these words he hastened away, and Horatius and Napoleon, after exchanging the grip of the free-masons, of which society they were both members, retired to their apartments to array themselves for the feast, whence they did not emerge until the gong called them to the banquet-hall.

How shall I describe the scene that burst upon the view of the delighted company! In the center of the table an artificial fountain of the clearest brown soup played incessantly, and fell hissing and bubbling in an amber shower into the silver bowl below, in which floated innumerable poached eggs, while a silver ladle at the plate of each guest allowed each one to help himself to as much as he might desire. This fountain was so cunningly devised that on the appearance of the fish course it stopped playing soup and began showering champagne into a crystal basin, which had mysteriously replaced the silver bowl. The table was liter-

ally covered with roses, from among which peeped many-colored electric lights. At one end the peacocks nestled in a smilax nest, while at the other was placed a boned boar, in a golden jelly. As a modest compliment to Washington, designed before his perfidy became known, a *vol-au-vent* of young American eagles, surmounted by the Stars and Stripes, was steaming before his plate, while a nougat fortress, bristling with chocolate guns, crowned with a laurel wreath and bearing the appropriate motto, "So should desert in arms be crowned," was placed in front of Napoleon. The table groaned beneath the weight of four immense golden Cupids, holding dishes piled high with the finest California fruits, and the latest Parisian novelties in sweetmeats and mottoes. Alexander's good taste had directed everything. Napoleon's Mamaluke and Nero's Domesticus Valeticus (the latter attired in light-blue trunks and bronze paint) stood on each side of the portal and presented the guests as they entered with illuminated menus. Nor was this all. Each lady found at her place a jeweled miniature of Alexander on Bucephalus, while on the napkin of each gentleman was perched a rose and myrtle wreath, which, in obedience to a nod from their host, they immediately donned.

ELIZABETH FAVORED THEM WITH "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN"

The magnificence of the feast was heightened by the beautiful apparel of the ladies. Not feeling competent to do them justice myself, I am indebted to the "Weekly Liar," the local paper, for the following accurate description:

"WHAT THEY WORE.

"The Queen of England.—A gorgeous brocade, covered with a delicate pattern of eyes and ears, which seemed significant of H.M.'s alertness. Two coiled serpents were worked upon the royal sleeves. An elaborate headdress of pearls fastened an enormous feather.

"Queen of Scotland.—A Worth creation of black velvet and lace. Pearl ornaments.

"Queen of Egypt.—A voluminous azure veil, studded with jewels. H.M. wore the historic headdress of Egypt.

"Mrs. Gracchus, one of the most popular married belles of Rome, Italy, was attired in French gray, and wore no jewels.

"Mrs. Fugit, the wife of our fellow-townsman, wore blue satin, and one enormous diamond in her hair.

"The Emperor of France.—His favorite uniform. H.I.M. wore all his decorations.

"Emperor of Rome.—A pure white toga and roses.

"King of Macedon.—A Poole toga, and gold ornaments.

"General Washington.—Black coat and waistcoat, black satin knee-breeches and diamond buckles. The general's hair was done in a queue.

"Masters T. and C. Gracchus.—Lord Fauntleroy suits, lace collars.

"Mr. Fugit.—Dress-clothes. We notice that our fellow-townsman has lately grown a beard. Well done, Tempus!"

The arrangement of the table had been somewhat upset by the presence of the Gracchi, who had been neither invited nor expected, but with whom Alexander did not care to dispute.

Another incident also served to mar slightly the early part of the evening. The gentle Stuart, not knowing that Diogenes had scorned to attend the feast, begged Alexander to send him a plate of ortalons, a delicacy which had commended itself to her own palate. The dainty was accordingly dispatched to him by Domesticus Valeticus, but to the surprise of all present they were promptly hurled back through the window, accompanied by a note containing the mystic words: "A C. does not make a G. of his S.," which Alexander, who understood his friend better than the others, interpreted to mean, "A cynic does not make a god of his stomach."

After this all went merry as a marriage bell, for two courses and a half. But while the guests were still enjoying the Roman punch, Washington, who feared he had neglected his neighbor Cornelia, turned to her, and with a winning smile begged her to pull a motto with him. After the explosion, he presented her with the verses it contained, judging (although he was unacquainted with the French language in which they were written) that they were probably of a complimentary nature. To his consternation, however, she immediately burst into floods of tears and left the table, and it was whispered among the other guests that the motto which the general had offered her had been of too amorous a nature for a Roman matron to receive with equanimity. Feeling that such grief was best soothed by solitude, nobody followed her, and the banquet continued with redoubled merriment.

But now I am sorry to say that Nero, taking advantage of the absence of their mother, began to incite the little Gracchi to drink far more wine than was prudent, and indeed the judgment of the emperor must have been somewhat clouded by his own potations or he would never have been so thoughtless. After their third glasses the little boys became very noisy, Tiberius insisting on singing comic songs, while Caius attempted to balance his plate on his nose, in imitation of a clown he had seen at the circus. The crash of the falling china attracted Nero's attention again, and he immediately refilled their glasses. After this, Tiberius, beating the table with his spoon to attract attention, proposed the health of Bucephalus, the best horse in the world, and ended by loudly announcing his intention of hunting the following day. At this Alexander looked very uneasy, and Caius, who had been galloping round the table on all fours, barking like a dog, assumed an upright position. Going up to his brother, he smote him between the eyes, declaring that he meant to ride the horse himself. Tiberius, without wasting words, got his brother by the hair, and the dispute that ensued was so painful to Alexander that he ordered Domesticus to take them to their mother, hoping they might distract her mind from any other woe.

After this songs and speeches became the order of the day. After much persuasion and some coyness, Elizabeth favored them with "God Save the Queen." The company by this time was not censorious, or else the uncertainty of the queen's melody would scarcely have been atoned for by the volume of the royal voice, but as it was she sat down amid a round of applause, and indeed there were tears in the eyes of many of her listeners. The fair Stuart then sweetly warbled one of her native ballads, beginning,

"My heart is sair for somebody,"

with so much feeling, that each of the gentlemen felt that the others *could* not but notice the personal application of her song.

After this Nero rose to his feet with a hesitation, which was due, doubtless, to timidity, and addressed the table in the following words:

"Dear frenge, I assure you it is no 'zaggeration to say that I have never enjoyed a feast as much, partrickularly the fountain. From time immorial, hunters have loved to lave their burning brows in cool and sparkling liquid, and I am no 'xeption to the rule. Some of us," he added reproachfully, looking at Washington, who had drunk nothing more fiery than a glass of milk —"some of us have not been content with laving their brows. Some of us, I fear, will scarcely be prudent to rise to drink the health I shall now proposh—Our generous Host." He ended with a bow that landed him in his chair. Here some confusion was caused by the fact that both Alexander and Mr. Fugit rose to return thanks, but as soon as it appeared that the former was intended, he replied in a few graceful words, and the ladies soon afterward leaving the table, the gentlemen lighted their cigars. Before long, however, Washington slipped away, which rendered the heroes so uneasy that Alexander at once gave the signal to join the ladies, not observing that Nero was in no condition to follow him. Indeed, that jovial emperor was slumbering peacefully with his head beside his plate, in which attitude he remained until roused by Domesticus Valeticus, who had come to assist to clear the table, when, stumbling out on the veranda, he threw himself into the nearest hammock and continued his sleep undisturbed.

(*Concluded next week.*)

HAWTHORNE'S VITASCOPE

TO ENHANCE the dramatic effect of her denouement, Destiny is perhaps putting us off our guard with songs of peace. The general political situation is just now devoid of new or exhilarating features; and the direction in which the fateful cat will jump is still hidden from us. But beneath the surface of smoothness we may surmise a close and desperate struggle to gain time and position. Whoever, by lack of nerve or patience, makes the first mistake, will have hard work to retrieve it. Per contra, whoever gets in the first telling blow will be apt to find things coming his way. And yet there may be disappointments in store for those prophets who base their predictions on the logic of events. All alike accept Napoleon's saying, that God is on the side of the strongest battalions. None believes that God will venture to support a weak right against a powerful wrong, or that He would win if He did. Nevertheless, even agnostics admit that there is a Power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness in the long run. And, taking a broad view of the affairs of the world, we see wrongs intrenched on all sides, none of which is in secure harmony with any other. The evils that oppress the nations are mutually hostile. It is the fate of all selfishness; there is not room in the planet, nor in the universe, for the complete satisfaction of two selfish persons; much less of a dozen selfish peoples. For a time, by a careful system of compromises, they will rub along together; but at last the unconscious drift of events, as well as increasing hatreds and inflammations, bring about a collision, and passion usurps the throne of prudence. Measured by the length of men's lives, the Devil reigns long; but after all he is an illegitimate ruler, and must sooner or later suffer overthrow. And at the present juncture the intelligence of the world has so far outstripped its circumstances that it is enabled to criticise the latter; it perceives the anachronism of many abuses, and asks why they should not be removed. In other words, the sense of justice in man, and the desire for freedom, always latent, begin to stir toward action. The close of one century and the beginning of another, though purely arbitrary, help change to its birth; just as we make good resolutions on the first day of the New Year. Let the turn in chronology, we say, coincide with some purification of the moral atmosphere. Consequently the fact that it will soon be nineteen hundred A.D. is a distinct additional menace to the continued stability of misgovernments and impositions of all kinds. Let us make a clearance now, we cry, else we may have to endure for another hundred years. It is a sort of superstition, no doubt; but not all superstitions are all evil.

Partisan politicians dread nothing so much as mugwumpery—the breaking of party lines. But mugwumpery, in its essence, is nothing but life chipping the eggshell of death; spirit superseding formula. Its exponents are not always the wisest or the best men in the community; their aims may often be personal and selfish; but the principle on which they act is in the abstract always beneficent. If we would see the result of a civilization devoid of mugwumpery, we have but to look at China—the standing example of arrested development in the modern world. But even China is beginning to peck at the shell now; and there are mugwumps of all degrees and descriptions all over Europe. Parallax is avouched in human nature, the old constellations are losing their configuration of centuries, and the stars begin to combine in new relations. There is in mankind a mysterious quality or capacity which enables them to outgrow conditions; the sources of change are hidden, and the progress may be slow as the movement of glaciers; but the transformations are finally vast and complete. We try to account for the phenomenon by referring back from one detail to another; but the real secret is as inaccessible as that of the origin of life. Bacon, we say, invented inductive reasoning, Galileo discovered the earth's motion, Harvey showed the circulation of the blood, Davy invented the safety-lamp, Newton formulated the law of gravitation, Shakespeare wrote "Hamlet," Kant, Hegel and Schopenhauer solved Creation in three different directions, Tesla gave us light and motion, and Croker gave us his toy cur to be Chief Magistrate of Greater New York. And thus, we conclude, the Nineteenth Century became what it is. But no: we ignore the real truth underlying these various manifestations. These men of light and leading were but channels through which the deeper purpose accomplished itself; they were creatures, not creators. We may trace our advance from guide-post to guide-post, but the motive-power that urged us along the line is the mystery. Here we are; but what brought us hither? What brought the stellar universe to this point in space?

The little, visible chain of cause and effect continues its process on the surface of experience; but ever and anon things take an unexpected turn, and we remark, truly enough, that the cause of this turn had escaped our notice, but that the law remains unaltered. Yes, the cause is very recondite indeed; its return is remote beyond our thought. Such causes may be noted in the retrospect, but to forecast them has never been within the power of mortal intelligence. Yet, in the depths of our unconscious life there may be a premonition—a subtle disturbance of spiritual atmospheres—a doubtful apprehension of culminating circumstances—which admonish a sense above our mortal senses. In the darkness beats a pulse of dawn; in the winter throbs a faith in summer; the bonds of despotism cannot bind the belief in freedom. For man is made in God's image, and in spite of himself, and of transient seemings, he cannot withhold himself from the conviction that toward God all orbits tend. And, to come back to the question of the present week and century, if you inquire and listen in any mixed company, you will find, dimly hovering among them, a feeling that some great change is at hand, and that when we have passed through it, we shall find ourselves disembarrassed of several antiquated burdens, and endowed with some new treasures. But no improvements of this kind are contained in the programmes of the Great Powers who are now clutching at China, or creeping to knife one another in the back. Their aim, and that of the unseen drift of things, are twain. Seldom or never have they been truly at one; but at this moment the discrepancy is more than common plain. And when thieves fall out, honest men may come by their own; while the rulers of Europe are preoccupied with one another's throats, the people of Europe may find opportunity to kick them back, forever, into the Erebus from which they came. Can any one state what particular benefit, during the last three or four generations, any ruler has done to his people? Well, Napoleon III., assisted by Baron Haussmann, improved the streets of Paris; and it is said that the personal influence of Victoria has kept down the dissoluteness of the English court. The Czar of Russia emancipated his serfs, though he did not abolish Siberia. One or two sovereigns abdicated, which was well so far as they were concerned; but they did not carry their thrones with them.—Can anything else be mentioned? A splendid record, is it not? Heap all these "benefits" together, and multiply them by ten thousand, and what sort of a figure would they cut beside a sewing-machine, a typewriter, a telephone, an electric light? The chance thought of a mind of genius has a value superior to all the labors of all the monarchies of a thousand years. And the genius enriches, not impoverishes us, and does us no harm to balance his good. He is a king who makes kings out of all his subjects, instead of keeping them slaves. His kingdom is not confined by geographical or political boundaries, but encircles the globe; and a dozen geniuses may be ruling the same people at the same time, and yet there will be no disagreements and collisions. There is no Whig or Tory, no Liberal or Conservative, no Democrat or Republican, in their systems of government; they keep no standing armies to protect them, nor any diplomatic corps to lie for them. On the other hand, however, they cannot point to a long line of distinguished thieves as their ancestors, by whose divine right they rule. They just growed independently, like Topsy. Their state is not supported by revenues, but they work for their living. They do not wear crowns on their heads, but only brains inside them. Their effect is not to emphasize class distinctions, but to obliterate them. Their tendency is, by increasing the number of noble men, to diminish that of noblemen. In short, the two forms of dynasty are as unlike as black and white. But Little William of Germany is just as proud of himself as if he were living in the tenth century, where he belongs; and the Germans, reputed an enlightened people, put up with the squalid little monster. Here in New York, we similarly put up with Croker's cur, as well we might, after having helped Croker to "elect" him. Europe, at least, may plead that she is only continuing an already established abuse; but we here in America have no such excuse for our disgrace; we create a fresh one out of whole cloth the moment the former one is worn out. No, we are not showing the way to better things, though to do so is the only pretext on which we can claim the right to exist as a nation at all. On the contrary, we are gradually raising up a form of despotism even more vulgar and mischievous than the old kind in the East. We are ruled by Trusts and Bosses, and by Toy Curs and Old Ladies whose strings the Trusts and Bosses pull. Then where is that new light of hope we were gossiping of?

"What is the matter, John?"—"I'm hungry, sir."—"What makes you hungry?"—"I've had nothing to eat, sir."—"Well, here's a picture of a roast sirloin and vegetables, painted by an eminent European artist."—"That won't fill my belly, sir."—"Well, here is a bag full of stones and serpents."—"I can't eat them, sir."—"Well, what are you going to do, then?"—"I'm going to get honest food, sir, if I have to break your head for it."

THE SEARCH FOR THE ABSOLUTE

It is creditable to human nature that whatever good it has, it will demand something better before long. You may call it idle dissatisfaction, but it is the soul of progress. Walk about New York and mark—as you still may on the same block—the house of forty or fifty years ago standing at the foot of the Tower of Babylon of to-day. We may build twice as high ten years hence; but probably that fad will reach its limit soon, and

we shall pick up some other. The splendor of hotel decoration is another example of the determination of each of us to surpass his predecessor; and it, also, has doubtless approached its apogee. The competition is very sharp while it lasts, and improvement advances with giant strides; then all at once it is at an end, and some other race begins. We never go forward all along the line, or with any idea of systematic and co-operative progress; almost all our development has been the result of private enterprise; and that, of course, is the reason why New York, for example, has such a scrappy and hodge-podge appearance, even in its most commendable regions. Mr. Smith wants a better house than Mr. Jones's; so he builds one which makes Jones's look shabby enough. The fact that the disproportion between the two edifices makes the street in which both stand look ridiculous, is not considered by Mr. Smith; all he thinks of and cares about is, to get ahead of his neighbor. This is not amiable in Mr. Smith, yet it has its good side; for when Jones dies, and somebody wants to build on the site of his residence, this newcomer will feel obliged to equal, at least, the Smith architectural standard. In short, give us time, and we will become sufficiently uniform for decency; we might hasten the process by co-operation, but it is likely that the standard will finally be higher by leaving it to be settled by individual enterprise; and after all, there is time enough for almost anything except the salvation of souls. Economy is not in our blood, except when the Toy Cur has to do with the School Commissioners; and even that blood will be upon the Cur's sole head.

But houses are not my theme. Besides beating the world in the matter of tall buildings, we are also ahead in magazines and weeklies. I can remember when "Harper's" was, comparatively, a rather shabby-looking periodical, with illustrations which would now be despised by the "Police Gazette." But the "Century" appeared, and the competition between it and its predecessor brought on an era of picture making and fine printing such as would have been unimaginable three decades since. Had the quality of the writing improved in like measure, we should have long since surpassed Greece and Rome, to say nothing of Elizabeth.

But it now seems as if the magazine had become as pretty as art and nature can allow; and we must stop trying to improve them (except in the minor matter of the quality of the literary contributions) and apply our ingenuity to something else. To go further in magazining would seem almost as hopeless as lifting one's self by the waistband of one's breeches. The latter feat is now seldom attempted by practical men, tradition and mathematics being distinctly unfavorable to it; the same may be said of Perpetual Motion; though there would now seem to be a party disposed to seek it through the door of the Fourth Dimension. And the world loves the Perpetual-Motion man, just as it loves a lover; it fondly smiles upon his hopes, remembering how it hoped, itself, in its infancy. Mr. Keely is still the prophet of a select few; but he is thought kindly of by many who are convinced he will never succeed in his undertakings. He is the heir of a long line of Searchers for the Absolute, who, if they have done no other good in the world, have at least kept alive the thirst for transcendental knowledge and power which avouch the presence of infinity in our finiteness.

With a like half-hopeful, half-compassionate interest do we follow the efforts of the Man in the Newspapers who, every year or so, believes he has found out how to make gold out of a lower metal; or how to prolong human life on the physical plane; or how to justify the ways of God to Man. It is all one or another phase of the pathetic human craving for an impossible perfection —impossible, that is, in this world, but, we may still hope, to be fulfilled in some other. There is no branch of human activity in which this craving does not transpire. During the madness of the South Sea Bubble in London, when all sorts of wildcat schemes were on the market, there appeared an advertisement calling for subscriptions to the stock of a New Enterprise: "but no one is to know what it is." We are told that the stock was speedily bought up by an eager and delighted public. Presumably the promoter in this case was a conscious swindler; but it is conceivable that he may have been merely crazed by the prevailing excitement, and have thought that of all possible enterprises the one which neither he nor anybody else could imagine must necessarily be the best.

And thus, by a devious path, I am brought at last to my quarry. We all know and have profited by the cheap, good magazine; the thing which sells for less than a third the price of the "Century," and yet appears to be, for all practical purposes, just as good. We buy it by the half-million, and never regret the dime it costs us. It is obviously impossible to make so good a magazine pay by selling it; the more you sell, the more you run in debt to your printer, paper manufacturer and even author and artist; were it not for the modern advertiser, the thing would be suicidal. But thanks to the advertiser, there it is, illustrated by the leading artists, written by the foremost authors, and published by the most public-spirited of publishers. Is it not good? Can there—how can there—be anything better? How can you get anything better than the best? Mr. Stevenson has indeed ceased to be prolific; but Mr. Kipling is still to the fore, as well as the immortal Weyman, and the ultra-immortal Barrie, Barr, and some other men or Scotchmen whose names at this moment escape me. If these persons are now producing the best tales or articles which money and ambition can induce them to achieve, how are they to improve upon their output? You may perhaps say that there is still a chance to get articles on subjects of general and acute interest which have not yet been canvassed. Well, it is a very remote chance, to say the best of it. Biographical sketches of all the great men of the past, and the greater men of the present, with the complete series of their daguerreotypes and photographs, never before published—have been done. The discoveries of science have not only been chronicled and explained down to the marvel of yesterday, but papers have been written to show what science intends to do to-morrow and next year. The ends of the earth have been explored and described for the dime magazine; the mysteries of the occult have been portrayed; social problems have been exploited and settled; really, the universe contains nothing which has not been more or less a topic in these all-embracing pages, sold for ten cents. "I'll set a bourne how far to be beloved," says Cleopatra to Antony, in the course of some badinage on the bank of Nile. "Then must thou needs find out new Heavens, new Earth," rejoins the gallant Triumvir. And not less must that editor do, who would set a bourne for the ten-cent magazine beyond that which it has now attained. Most editors, still in possession of their sanity, would, one would think, be content to keep to the level they have already reached. Vaulting ambition may o'erleap its sell, and fall on the other side. Something so super-excellent may at last be perpetrated in the shape of a magazine, that not a copy of it will ever find a purchaser. Of course, something might yet be done in the way of lowering the price; in fact it is highly probable that any of the popular magazines could easily afford to pay subscribers four or five dollars a year for taking them. But apart from this, invention itself fails to suggest anything. Such, at least, is the conclusion of the ordinary mind.

Not ordinary, therefore, can be the mind of the ten-cent magazine editor who has just gone abroad, partly, as he asserts, for a "rest"; but incidentally, for a purpose as incompatible with rest, in any human sense of the word, as a dairy farm from the Milky Way. He proposes nothing less than to think out, in some awful solitude, the idea of a New Magazine; not a new magazine in the common acceptation of the term; indeed, he fails himself in the attempt to define to his eager interviewer exactly what he *does* mean; but, at all events, a New Magazine which shall be new with a newness hitherto unimagined. It is to embody a new expression of the state and philosophy of the Age; it is to be unlike any predecessor; it is to be so new that "nobody can know what it is." So incomparably new shall this New Magazine be, that it will not supersede even the new magazine which this editor had already founded; it can stand side by side with that without interfering with it; it is in another class; in a different sphere; in a Fourth Dimension. The difficulty is that it will be too new; we shall not recognize it for a magazine when we see it, nor believe it to be one even when we are assured that such is the fact. It will require us to fundamentally alter our conception of what a magazine may be; to admit that our previous notions on the subject have been scandalously inaccurate; it may, indeed, necessitate a remodeling of Creation itself, in order to afford proper novelties for the pages of the new periodical. I say "pages"; but how do I know that the physical as well as the intellectual composition of the new magazine may not be changed past recognition? Perhaps it will come to us in the form of a box of jujubes, saturated by some new scientific process with the thought-vibrations of authors; you put these in your mouth, and absorb through the nerves of the tongue and palate the wisdom and imagination which their brains have furnished us withal. Or it may assume the shape of a new kind of magnet, which shall throw us into an agreeable hypnotic sleep or trance, during which we shall be brought into direct connection with all the superior thought of the age, and assimilate whatever of it may best suit our requirements. Or will it be an improved species of ear-trumpet, applying which to our Eustachian Tube, we shall be enabled to hear all that is best and newest in the lucubrations of mankind? I know not: we must await the editor's return from the Mount of Vision. After he has rested there, he will let us know—provided he finds out himself.

But, seriously, there is something touching in this, as well as characteristic of our age. The Search for the Absolute is half a farce, but the other half of it is a tragedy. Our valiant little editor needs a rest, it is to be feared, more than he imagines. Not on this side of the Veil will he find that in search of which he goes forth. But, as a typical American man of business, resolved to surpass all rivals, he was bound to search for it. There is a New Magazine somewhere; but no mortal hand ever has turned or will turn its mystic pages. Its contributors do not live in America, or even in England or Scotland. Its Editor has no standing in our society, or rating in our business circles. In order to become subscribers to it we have to pay in other than gold and silver coin. And before we can read it, we shall have to learn a language which is not spoken or written on this earth. Meanwhile 'tis no harm if our anticipation of its perfections makes us nobly discontented with what we have already got.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

MEN MANNERS AND MOODS

LXXVIII

IF you journey, in winter, as far as fifty miles out of London, you begin to realize how miserably unfortunate is the locality of this huge town. For some special reason fogs love to brood over it and rains to drench it. Not that the rest of the island is by any means free from rain. But the English country in winter is for weeks at a time filled with charm. I noticed this only a day or two ago, while speeding in the train back from a sojourn in Sussex. The skies, though gray, were "higher up" than those of London; the atmosphere, though damp, was not smoky. The black traceries of naked tree-boughs wrought trellices and networks and tangles untold. On the clean-cut thorny hedgerows you could fancy those blossoms whose pallor and fragrance would soon break forth once more. Now and then a red-brick house floated up to you and vanished, its gables mantled in the heavy dark emerald of their ivy, its dooryard brightened with laurels, in clusters glossy and hale. Now and then, too, a pool burned out wan, like a monstrous moonstone, from the sward of some meadow. These pools are one of England's tenderest and most delicate graces: and her landscape possesses many. They are like brimmed goblets held up by the brown hands of earth-gods dwelling below her rich soil, that beast and bird may come and drink therefrom at will. But of all her winter beauties the amplitudes of her turf, now russet and now green, not seldom a sweet interminglement of either, are fairest to view. What makes the American winter so austere, so repellent, is its crude hardness. The ground, so to speak, locks its lips and clinches its hands. Your footsteps ring on the frozen ground as though they smote iron. The heaven is often blue, but with the azure of ice. Here, as it seems to me, in spite of muddy roads and occasional east winds and frequent rains, the glory of spring is nearly always a lurking and mysterious force. I mean, of course, in the midland and southern counties, for with those of the north I am unfamiliar; and lots of folk who dwell there in winter wish themselves, no doubt, as unfamiliar as am I.

The "celebrated fugitive," as somebody recently called Oscar Wilde, once wrote a very brilliant essay in which he declared that most fiction was merely the "Art of Lying." We all read it; we all relished it; and the spice of truth in it we all confessed. About twenty years ago some novelist or some newspaper clique (heaven knows just which it was) invented the idea that America is a far more feverish, sordid and rapid-living country than England. International observation has of late tempted me to deny this, in these very columns, and now comes Mr. Max O'Rell, who knows both New York and London as thoroughly as he knows many other important matters, to corroborate my statements. Mr. O'Rell deplores the absence of gayety in London, of *fêtes* and holidays there, of leisureful intervals and occasional cessations from toil. "In the main," says a popular journal, "Max O'Rell is right." And then it adds: "Here we cannot spare time from everlasting money-making. . . We gobble down a few indigestible materials at a luncheon counter and rush off to the eternal business again. . . Our national heaviness and rudeness are due in no small degree to this neglect of leisure and this swinish way of living. Compare our dirty, sodden public-houses, too, at the street corners with the pleasant *café* or beer-garden of France, Germany, of nearly every Continental country. What a contrast! To quote Bible language, What is the use of gaining the whole world and losing our souls? Of what avail is it to us that British ships traverse every sea, that British trade chokes up rivers and ports, that British interests are pushed everywhere at all costs, if the mass of our people live dreary, sordid lives in dirty 'hell holes,' as Matthew Arnold called our large towns, and if the British middle-class man has destroyed heart, intellect, and simple human feeling in the pursuit of money-grubbing?" Strong words, these, yet doubtless well-deserved. But where now is the veracity in stating that we Americans are money-grubbers above (or below) the rest of the world? Our national faults may be conspicuous, but they are not so in any mercenary sense. The great trouble with us (when we are contrasted with England) is our prodigious and shameless use of money in politics. But to say that we love money more, struggle for it more, spoil and degrade more our lives in the search of it, are greater slaves to the follies and iniquities that worship of it begets, is to trifle fatuously with truth.

The latest number of the *Mercure de Paris* contains an *enquête* on the subject of Alsace-Lorraine which, as a friend writes me from Paris, has created great excitement throughout Germany and France. The *Mercure* has put four rather drastic questions to "Frenchmen of every age, every condition and every kind of opinion." These are the questions, translated freely for eyes American:

I. Are we in a state of mental repose on the subject of the Treaty of Frankfort?

II. Do people think any the less about the Alsace-Lorraine matter, although (reversing the counsel of Gambetta) they are always talking about it so much?

III. Does anybody predict a time when people will regard the war of 1870—1871 as no more than a purely historical event?

IV. If a war should arise between the two nations (France and Germany) would the idea of it receive to-day in France a favorable welcome?

To these inquiries flock scores of answers. Many of them are from the cleverest and most brilliant men in France. A few are sensible (granting that *Le Patriotisme* and *La Gloire* are not quite everything in this vale of tears), and a good many of them are exceedingly silly. I mean, by this, that they wave the odious torch of *La Revanche* with that epileptic frenzy of which the French seem chiefly, among all Latin races, to have caught the most pyrotechnic secret. "*Sans doute les esprits se sont apaisés,*" says one respondent; "*mais l'oubli n'est pas venu.*" And another, M. Henry Houssaye, a member of the French Academy, declares: "*Je n'ai jamais partagé l'opinion*"— But I will put his highly peaceful sentiment into English: "I have never shared the popular belief that if Prussia had not exacted a cession of territory from us, all would have been forgotten." Even so capable and brainful a man as Jules Claretie, also a member of the French Academy, besides being manager of the *Comédie Française*, writes of *la plaie*—the "national wound"—"*Elle est douloureuse toujours; elle le sera éternellement.*" And hundreds of others make the same bellicose assertions.

Of course the *Mercure de France* has had none but commercial motives in this wide-searching *enquête*. It is a magazine that does not commercially exist, like our own "Harper's," and "Century," and "Scribner's," on advertisements and pictures alone. For that matter, I don't know a single French magazine that does. The French, after all, have taste; let us concede them that possession, however we may be prone to scold them. But in their politics, in their warfare, in their "revenges," they have no taste whatever. There they are always doing things unspeakably barbaric, babyish, or both. Every keen-brained man of them to-day knows perfectly well that those two fertile and beautiful Rhine provinces, Alsace and Lorraine, were for centuries a part of Germany, and that their restitution after Sedan was simply giving to Cæsar his own. In early ages the Alemanni and other tribes from beyond the Rhine occupied and completely Germanized this region. Far later, at the peace of Westphalia, a part of it was ceded to France; and in 1681 the rapacious and insolent *Grand Monarque* seized Strasbourg treacherously at a time of peace. In 1697 the treaty of Ryswick robbed Germany of both these treasured Rhenish jewels. Always afterward the Germans lamented their loss with dolorous plaints. Geographically and racially they were both Teuton, and their tenure by France was no less a rankling wound than the fact that they had been ignominiously surrendered to her in time of disaster. . . The present attitude of France, therefore, is nonsensical in every way. She does not deserve to have the provinces back, and all just-minded people (perhaps not a few of her own) hope that she may never re-secure them. For many a year she has made Germany a butt of ridicule when not trying to cut her throat. Ths stupidities and highfalutinisms of the present Emperor prove a new calamity to his land. For now, instead of being forced to pay Frederick the Noble her reluctant reverence, France can wreak her scorn on his giddy and silly son.

London is buzzing with gossip on a subject both pathetic and droll. It is said that the late Duchess of Teck left no less than thirty thousand pounds' worth of debts. These were contracted, the tale goes, by her mania for indiscriminate charities. It is quite probable that the amount may have been exaggerated. Still, even half that sum would place her recent Richmond residence, White Lodge, under the hammer. She was the mother of the Duchess of York, who may one day—and perhaps at not a very distant day, either—be queen of England. Surely Victoria should prevent its being ever affirmed that the abode and belongings of her royal successor were "sold out at auction." Everybody knows that the Tecks struggled with poverty for years. They were forced to leave Kensington Palace, a part of which the Queen had allowed them to occupy, and where she herself was born. They lived abroad, in Italy, for some time, and there is no record whatever that the Queen, with her huge income, helped them in their later pecuniary ills. When they returned to England and made White Lodge their dwelling, they continued to be lamentably poor. Victoria, however parsimonious may or may not have been her conduct hitherto, will no doubt now endeavor to quench a rather malodorous scandal. Mean-

while we learn that her Majesty has just decided on a most amazing step. She desires that her birthplace, Kensington Palace, shall, after sedulous restoration, be opened to the public. Since George III. ascended the throne in 1760, no English monarch has ever lived there. The Princess Louise and her husband, the Marquis of Lorne, now inhabit there a certain suite of rooms. It is an excessively ugly building, looked at from the outside—a low, red-brick, rambling affair, that one might easily take for a barracks, a hospital, anything rather than the historic biding-place of royalty. And yet William III. and his wife, Mary II., both passed a great deal of their reigns in it, and both died there of the same disease—small-pox. Queen Anne died within its walls, and so did her husband, Prince George of Denmark. Macaulay has forcefully described the deathbed of William III. His friends Albemarle and Bentinck stand near him—the latter that somewhat plain Dutch gentleman who crossed with him from Holland in 1688, and who was by that time created Earl of Portland, predecessor of a line of dukes. And while the poor King lay dying, the famous Bishop Burnet and the almost equally famous Bishop Tillotson read solemn mortuary prayers. The Queen has ordered that the State Rooms of the palace now be thrown open. Since 1760 these have remained closed. Moreover, Sir Christopher Wren's banqueting-hall shall be carefully restored, and all these attractions will no doubt delight Yankeedom, when it streams over next summer, considerably more than Londoners themselves. I never go into Westminster Abbey without meeting at least ten people who talk as if they might have hailed from East Gomorrah, Illinois.

"Why," asked a Londoner, the other day, "are you Americans always 'mistering' one another?—and 'mistering' us English chaps besides? Here we don familiarity as soon as possible, if we like a man and want him for an acquaintance. Talk about American bluffness, and all that! It's *Mr.* Brown, *Mr.* Jones, *Mr.* Robinson, with you, till everything's blue!" . . I mused, and replied that perhaps we Americans "mistered" one another far less than we did Englishmen. And the truth is, we often surprise the latter by showing them an unforeseen self-restraint. They have heard about our "hail fellow well met" deportment and they are at a loss to account for our reserve, our almost ceremonial phlegm. But we, on the other hand, have heard of their alleged statements that we are always wanting to shake hands with persons, and that our manners betoken that lack of repose which stamps the caste of Chicago and New York. Hence mutual mistrusts and misunderstandings. The Englishman often wonders that we should be so "confoundedly" uncordial, and we in turn often wonder that he should prove so amazingly approachable. Later we begin to realize that he may have deep funds of *hauteur* to draw upon in the case of those who bore him or whom he sees some good reason for not wishing to cultivate, but that he is frankly *bon camarade* where personal respect and liking have once been roused. . . The English have an odd way of writing to any one at all celebrated. They then drop the "Mr." most decidedly, and address you by your full name. For instance, I am sure that "My dear Alfred Tennyson" was very frequently written by people whom Tennyson knew but slightly in the days before he became a peer; and in like way "my dear Herbert Spencer," "my dear Charles Robert Darwin," past all doubt.

Of course, when the Throne once grants you a title all this is changed. The form of epistolary address to a Duke is "My Lord Duke," to a Marquis, an Earl, a Baron (unless I am wrong), "My Lord," and even a Baronet, I believe, has the right to resent being called "My dear Sir George or Sir John" except by his intimate friends. In these respects the English are extreme sticklers for etiquette. What royalty has given you they accord you in full measure. But the royal family itself has long ago relegated high-sounding titles to state occasions only. The Queen and all her feminine relations are spoken to as "ma'am." The Prince of Wales and all his male kindred are called simply "sir." While the Dukes of Portland, Buccleuch, Devonshire, and others, will constantly receive "Yes, your Grace" or "No, your Grace," from every servant in their employ, there is not a servant at Sandringham who is expected to give the Prince of Wales more than "Yes, sir," or "No, sir." This from came in, I believe, with the later Georges and William IV., and its introduction is at least one thing creditable to a line of monarchs renowned for neither modesty nor good sense. . . I sometimes ask myself, however, whence has been derived the curious English use of "thank you." For example, you seat yourself to lunch or dine at a restaurant, and discover that your napkin has been overlooked. You remind the waiter of this fact; he brings the absent commodity, and while laying it beside your plate murmurs "thank you." Lately I had a check cashed in a banking-house here. The clerk pushed toward me from behind his grating one of those great handfuls of gold which I am well known to receive in such unstinted opulence from my vast financial resources. As he did so "thank you" fell from his lips. There is the funny point about it all: you are *given something*, and it is accompanied by a "thank you"! For my own part, I can't help a desire, in these pecuniary cases, to exclaim "Oh, don't mention it," while yearning to show some sign, also, that my rather passive act of recipiency is one which I should be perfectly willing to repeat. . . Again, say that you are leaving a shop, after having made there some sort of purchase. You are asked the usual tedious question if there is not "anything else" you would like to buy. You answer "no," and ten to one are the chances that you receive the politest sort of "thank you." Not only in London do you find this oddly mistaken use of the phrase, but "far from the madding crowd," at small country inns, where the "h's" of the landladies seem visibly to drop on the roast beef she serves you, and to lie there like little tangible signs of culinary decoration.

Yesterday I dropped into the Dowdeswell Galleries in Bond Street and saw "Ecce Homo," the last great picture that poor Munkacsy will ever paint. In fact he will doubtless never lift brush to canvas again; for just as he had finished the work to which he gave such prodigal thought and labor he was seized by a most disastrous collapse, and one, we are told, in whose night of gloom can shine no faintest star of help. The originality of Munkacsy is not dominant, nor is he by any means a remarkable colorist. But he understands exceedingly well how to paint the human figure both in action and repose, and he can group and mass with excellent skill. "Ecce Homo" represents Christ after the flagellation and crowning with thorns. He stands mocked at by a huge rabble of people in the portico of the Prætorium. The expression of his face is rapt and soulful, but it is by no means sublime. To compare it to that of Rembrandt's Christ (which certain people have done) strikes me as ridiculous. This picture, as every one knows, is one of a trilogy, "Christ Before Pilate" and "Christ on Calvary" being the other two. Between these latter "Ecce Homo" occupies, most surely, a middle place. Munkacsy's idea seems to have been that to paint with an air of perfect verisimilitude three of the most important scenes in the life of Christ would be an achievement of supreme value. As a result of this creed he has perpetrated merely a handsome failure. And why? Because the whole story is one that comes to all ardent believers literally soaked in faith, as the bread of sacrament is soaked in its wine. Then, too, Munkacsy shows an irritating audacity rather than a brave ambition. He has chosen subjects which the greatest painters on earth have chosen before him—painters whose grandeurs and simplicities he cannot touch, and whose genius should be a thing for him to revere rather than emulate. Moreover, he has striven to invest the Crucifixion and like episodes with modern feeling. The Vatican, the Uffizi, the Pitti, the galleries of Venice and of Dresden, the great artistic splendors of Spain, should, I think, have taught him a wiser lesson. There is no "modern feeling" that can at all successfully be brought to bear upon these essentially religious concepts. They belong to passion and sentiment, in painting, or they become triviality. Compared with Raphael, Michelangelo, Correggio, Murillo, and hosts of his superiors, Munkacsy *is* trivial. One simply asks one's self, in regarding all his industry, ambition and talent: "Why did he try to do it all in the new way, since in the old way it has been done so immeasurably better, and since there was no way except the old one in which to do it at all?"

One morning last week, London, at ten o'clock, was dark as midnight. Lights gleamed from every window; the cabs rolled to and fro with their lamps illumined; the sky overhead was inky. On the previous evening I had been dining with some friends at the Savoy Hotel. The large banqueting-hall was crowded with handsome women, some of whom wore splendid jewels, and with men to whom their tailors had been modishly kind. "Talk of London in the season," I ruminated, sipping the *Irroy brut* of my host; "it is really 'the season' here all the year round." I caught a glimpse of Sir Arthur Sullivan at one table, and of other notabilities elsewhere. Later, while being driven in a cab toward Portland Place, I observed the extreme clearness of the sky and the mild salubriousness of atmosphere suggesting early autumn far more than midwinter. But ah, fickle London! In a few hours, as a felicitous poet once put it,

"The blackness of the darkness
Was darkness to be felt."

Still, by noon people began to extinguish their lamps and gas-jets. The afternoon was soft and gray; no rain had fallen; suave breezes floated through street and square. All in all, this winter has thus far been the most gracious for many years. Not a hint of snow or sleet has yet been seen in London. One should not cry before one is out of the woods, for half of January is yet to come, and all of February, and all of treacherous and capricious March. But it is true that our present conditions of weather have not been equaled for clemency *during the past five-and-twenty years!* Formerly, throughout that long interval, snow fell in thirteen Novembers and even in six Octobers. Fog, this winter, has been in excess of the average, and the great throng of grumblers have uttered their plaints against it alike from mansion and hovel.

LONDON, JANUARY 19, 1898. EDGAR FAWCETT.

DRAWN BY JOHN LA FARGE

THE TURN OF THE SCREW

BY HENRY JAMES

III

HER thus turning her back on me was fortunately not, for my just preoccupations, a snub that could check the growth of our mutual esteem. We met, after I had brought home little Miles, more intimately than ever on the ground of my stupefaction, my general emotion: so monstrous was I then ready to pronounce it that such a child as had now been revealed to me should be under an interdict. I felt, as he stood wistfully looking out for me (I was a little late on the scene,) before the door of the inn at which the coach had put him down—I felt that I had seen him, on the instant, without and within, in the same great glow of freshness, the same positive fragrance of purity, in which I had, from the first moment, seen his little sister. He was incredibly beautiful, and Mrs. Grose had put her finger on it: everything but a sort of passion of tenderness for him was swept away by his presence. What I then and there took him to my heart for was something divine that I have never found to the same degree in any child—his indescribable little air of knowing nothing in the world but love. It would have been impossible to carry a bad name with a greater sweetness of innocence, and by the time I had got back to Bly with him I remained merely bewildered—so far, that is, as I was not outraged—by the sense of the horrible letter locked up, in my room, in a drawer. As soon as I could compass a private word with Mrs. Grose I declared to her that it was grotesque.

She promptly understood me. "You mean the cruel charge—?"

"It doesn't live an instant. My dear woman, *look* at him!"

She smiled at my pretension to have discovered his charm. "I assure you, Miss, I do nothing else! What will you say, then?" she immediately added.

"In answer to the letter?" I had made up my mind. "Nothing."

"And to his uncle?"

I was incisive. "Nothing."

"And to the boy himself?"

I was wonderful. "Nothing."

She gave with her apron a great wipe to her mouth. "Then I'll stand by you. We'll see it out."

"We'll see it out!" I ardently echoed, giving her my hand to make it a vow.

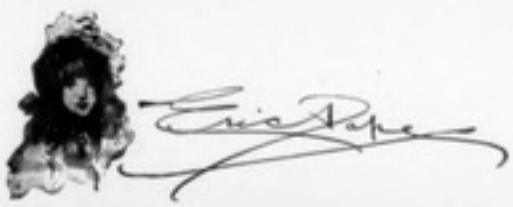
She held me there a moment, then whisked up her apron again with her detached hand. "Would you mind, Miss, if I used the freedom—"

"To kiss me? No!" I took the good creature in my arms and, after we had embraced like sisters, felt still more fortified and indignant.

This, at all events, was for the time; a time so full that, as I recall the way it went, reminds me of all the art I now need to make it a little distinct. What I look back at with amazement is the situation I accepted. I had undertaken, with my companion, to see it out, and I was under a charm, apparently, that could smooth away the extent and the far and difficult connections of such an effort. I was lifted aloft on a great wave of infatuation and pity. I found it simple, in my ignorance, my confusion, and perhaps my conceit, to assume that I could deal with a boy whose education for the world was all on the point of beginning. I am unable even to remember at this day what proposal I framed for the end of his holidays and the resumption of his studies. Lessons with me indeed, that charming summer, we all had a theory that he was to have; but I now feel that, for a considerable time, the lessons must have been rather my own. I learned something—at first certainly—that had not been one of the teachings of my old small, smothered life; learned to be amused, and even amusing, and not to think for the morrow. It was the first time, in a manner, that I had known space and air and freedom, all the music of summer and all the mystery of nature. And then there was consideration—and consideration was sweet. Oh, it was a trap—not designed, but deep—to my imagination, to my delicacy, perhaps to my vanity; to whatever, in me, was most excitable. The best way to picture it all is to say that I was off my guard. They gave me so little trouble—they were of a gentleness so extraordinary. I used to speculate—but even this with a dim disconnectedness—as to how the rough future (for all futures are rough!) would handle them and might bruise them. They had the bloom of health and happiness; and yet, as if I had been in charge of a pair of little grandees, of princes of the blood, for whom everything, to be right, would have to be inclosed and protected, the only form that, in my fancy, the after-years could take for them was that of a romantic, a really royal extension of the garden and the park. It may be, of course, above all, that what suddenly broke into this gives the previous time a spell of stillness—that hush in which something gathers or crouches. The change was actually like the spring of a beast.

In the first weeks the days were long; they often, at their finest, gave me what I used to call my own hour, the hour when, for my pupils, tea-time and bed-time having come and gone, I had, before my final retirement, a small interval alone. Much as I liked my companions, this hour was the thing in the day I liked most; and I liked it best of all when, as the light faded—or rather, I should say, the day lingered and the last calls of the last birds sounded, in a flushed sky, from the old trees—I could take a turn in the grounds and enjoy, almost with a sense of property that amused and flattered me, the beauty and dignity of the place. It was a pleasure at these moments to feel myself tranquil and justified; doubtless perhaps also to reflect that by my discretion, my quiet good sense and general high propriety, I was giving pleasure—if he ever thought of it!—to the person to whose pressure I had responded. What I was doing was what he had earnestly hoped and directly asked of me, and that I *could*, after all, do it proved even a greater joy than I had expected. I dare say I fancied myself, in short, a remarkable young woman and took comfort in the faith that this would more publicly appear. Well, I needed to be remarkable to offer a front to the remarkable things that presently gave their first sign.

It was plump, one afternoon, in the middle of my very hour: the children were tucked away and I had come out for my stroll. One of the thoughts that, as I don't in the least shrink now from noting, used to be with me in these wanderings was that it would be as charming as a charming story suddenly to meet some one. Some one would appear there at the turn of a path and would stand before me and smile and approve. I didn't ask more than that—I only asked that he should *know*, and the only way to be sure he knew would be to see it, and the kind light of it, in his handsome face. That was exactly present to me—by which I mean the face was—when, on the first of these occasions, at the end of a long June day, I stopped short on emerging from



HE DID STAND THERE!—BUT HIGH UP, BEYOND THE LAWN AND AT THE VERY TOP OF THE TOWER . . .

one of the plantations and coming into view of the house. What arrested me on the spot—and with a shock much greater than any vision had allowed for—was the sense that my imagination had, in a flash, turned real. He did stand there!—but high up, beyond the lawn and at the very top of the tower to which, on that first morning, little Flora had conducted me. This tower was one of a pair—square, incongruous, crenelated structures—that were distinguished, for some reason, though I could see little difference, as the new and the old. They flanked opposite ends of the house and were probably architectural absurdities, redeemed in a measure indeed by not being wholly disengaged nor of a height too pretentious, dating, in their gingerbread antiquity, from a romantic revival that was already a respectable past. I admired them, had fancies about them, for we could all profit in a degree, especially when they loomed through the dusk, by the grandeur of their actual battlements; yet it was not at such an elevation that the figure I had so often invoked seemed most in place.

It produced in me, this figure, in the clear twilight, I remember, two distinct gasps of emotion, which were, sharply, the shocks of my first and of my second surprise. My second was a violent perception of the mistake of my first: the man who met my eyes was not the person I had precipitately supposed. There came to me thus a bewilderment of vision of which, after these years, there is no living view that I can hope to give. An unknown man in a lonely place is a permitted object of fear to a young woman privately bred; and the figure that faced me was—a few more seconds assured me—as little any one else I knew as it was the image that had been in my mind. I had not seen it in Harley Street—I had not seen it anywhere. The place, moreover, in the strangest way in the world, had, on the instant and by the very fact of its appearance, become lonely. To myself at least, making my statement here with a deliberation with which I have never made it, the whole feeling of the moment returns. It was as if, while I took in—what I did take in—all the rest of the scene had been stricken with death. I can hear again, as I write, the intense hush in which the sounds of evening dropped. The rooks stopped cawing in the golden sky and the friendly hour lost, for the minute, all its voice. But there was no other change in nature, unless indeed it were a change that I saw with a stranger sharpness. The gold was still in the sky, the clearness in the air, and the man who looked at me over the battlements was as definite as a picture in a frame. That's how I thought, with extraordinary quickness, of each person that he might have been and that he was not. We were confronted across our distance quite long enough for me to ask myself with intensity who then he was and to feel, as an effect of my inability to say, a wonder that in a few instants more became intense.

The great question, or one of these, is, afterward, I know, with regard to certain matters, the question of how long they have lasted. Well, this matter of mine, think what you will of it, lasted while I caught at a dozen possibilities, none of which made a difference for the better, that I could see, in there having been in the house—and for how long, above all?—a person of whom I was in ignorance. It lasted while I just bridled a little with the sense that my office demanded that there should be no such ignorance and no such person. It lasted while this visitant, at all events—and there was a touch of the strange freedom, as I remember, in the sign of familiarity of his wearing no hat—seemed to fix me, from his position, with just the question, just the scrutiny through the fading light, that his own presence provoked. We were too far apart to call to each other, but there was a moment at which, at shorter range, some challenge between us, breaking the hush, would have been the right result of our straight mutual stare. He was in one of the angles, the one away from the house, very erect, as it struck me, and with both hands on the ledge. So I saw him as I see the letters I form on this page; then, exactly, after a minute, as if to add to the spectacle, he slowly changed his place—passed, looking at me hard all the while, to the opposite corner of the platform. Yes, I had the sharpest sense that, during this transit, he never took his eyes from me, and I can see at this moment the way his hand, as he went, passed from one of the crenelations to the next. He stopped at the other corner, but less long, and even as he turned away still markedly fixed me. He turned away; that was all I knew.

(To be continued.)

OUR FASHION LETTER

MY DEAR MAY:

It is delightful to see the new summer shirtwaists. They make one wish for the sunny warm weather when blouses and skirts will be the order of the day, and furs be discarded. What a wonderful life the shirtwaist has had! Fashions come and go, but the shirtwaist goes on forever.

The new shirtwaists are new in only one sense. They are made as before, only much better in cut and finish; the English shirts, made with plain yoke, collar and cuffs, are admitted quite the best in this style; they fit close to the figure and are the delight of the "tailor-built" girl. Shirtwaists which are more in the blouse style are literally covered with tucks; some have only tucked yokes and sleeves—such wee tucks they are in most cases; the blouses with broader tucks in rows of threes and fives are charming for long-waisted, slim girls, but most unbecoming to any one inclined to be stout, especially when each tuck has a piping above in a contrasting color. There are shirred yokes and sleeves and bodices trimmed with a frill of embroidery down the left side. Quite a pretty effect and finish to the shirtwaist is a frill slightly fulled on to the belt; it gives a softer appearance than a plain belt of leather, petersham or velvet.

The majority of shirtwaists have detachable collars, white and colored, and all sleeves are decidedly smaller. The Roman striped shirtwaist is the newest, and those in gorgeous plaids are quite the most startling; but in cottons are not so vivid as their predecessors in silk. Checks, both large and small, are seen in black and white and colors, and the plaids in "diamonds" instead of "squares" are a distinct change. There are very few stripes, and their absence from Fashion's list will make them more desirable. I think the brilliant colorings of the plaids will soon weary the eye; besides, what an abundant supply one would require of them, for anything conspicuous so soon becomes common. The materials include ordinary shirtings, duck, thick gingham, pique, madras, dimity, corded batiste and lawn, and each is delightfully fresh and cool-looking.

The new organdies and printed mulls, which must be made over a color, are the most charmingly effective dainty bodices one can imagine, but of course are not for morning or ordinary wear.

With the arrival of shirtwaists there is naturally a rush for something new in belts, and of all the varieties I think the "miniature" belt is the most beautiful. It is composed of miniatures connected with gilt chains; the clasps of enamel studded with imitation emeralds and garnets. There are many styles in leather belts, narrow and broad, plain and jeweled clasps, and the jewels of the clasp match the colors of the leathers; with red leather the clasps are studded with rubies, with blue they are studded with turquoise, and the tans have topaz. The girdle, which is newer than a belt, is about four inches wide and made of soft silk in plaids and Roman stripes; it should fasten in front with a buckle. A quaint and pretty

THERE are three important things in a man's life—when he is born, when he marries, and when he dies. And even then his own importance is overshadowed by the curiosity to know if he is a boy or a girl, what the bride wore, and what he left in his will.

idea is to have tiny buckles matching the large front one, to act as clasps at the sides and back.

A black velvet belt which I saw had a white enamel and gilt buckle set with turquoise in front; dotted round are small enameled clasps connected by gilt chains, and fastened here and there to the velvet with a large turquoise. A novel buckle, and one peculiarly adapted to mourning wear, is of cut jet. Another buckle much in vogue, of gold, looks like a coiled snake, the fiery eyes of garnets with a large emerald set deep into the crown of the head.

UNDERCLOTHING. — The most perfect arrangement for underclothing is to have sets trimmed with the same lace and ribboned with the same color, nightdress, chemise and drawers, and in many instances the camisole, to match. It's quite amazing how the fashion in these garments changes. Nightdresses, cut square at the neck and daintily trimmed with lace and insertion, made in the Empire style, with sashes of ribbon or fine lawn coming from just under the arms and tied in a bow in the center, are quite new. Talking of nightdresses makes one think of my suggestion in connection with a trousseau for one of the spring brides. The honeymoon is to be spent abroad and I suggested that some sets of pyjamas be added to the stock of underclothing. For traveling they are invaluable. One has so little time to spare in these days of rush that most of the traveling is done at night. Many ladies disrobe and wear their ordinary night attire on a sleeping car; how much more decent pyjamas would be! They are made of silk, either white or colored, with Turkish trousers, and a loose jacket or sacque almost to the knees, large turned-down collar trimmed with lace, which is used for a cascade down the front, and frills at the wrists and edge of the skirt. A loose girdle is worn or not, as fancy dictates. In the Red Sea and Indian Ocean most ladies wear these pyjamas on board ship, and feel quite comforted that they can sleep without covering despite the fact that the doctor makes a tour of inspection of the cabins when their occupants are abed.

Yours always,
MARJORIE.

The man who stole the first Chainless Bike forgot that the Chainless Dog was invented long before.