

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED
JOURNAL OF

ART LITERATURE &
CURRENT EVENTS



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Harold

THE END OF THE OPERA SEASON

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THE EDITOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY NEW YORK CITY

ROBERT J COLLIER EDITOR

NEW YORK FEBRUARY TWENTY-SIXTH 1898

THE DE LOME INCIDENT

ALTHOUGH Señor Dupuy de Lome's resignation has been accepted by his government, and although the scandal occasioned by his letter is popularly supposed to have ended with the diplomatist's departure, the affair is likely to have important consequences. The impertinent reference to President McKinley may perhaps be said to have been atoned for, but it will have left a sting in the memory of our Chief Magistrate, and the next Spanish Minister, though he may show himself as outwardly respectful and deferential as did his predecessor, will encounter less credulity at the White House and at the State Department. It is, however, the admissions made in the letter as to the real state of things in Cuba, and as to the insincerity of the proposals put forward for the purpose of gaining time, that will signally strengthen the friends of the revolutionists in both houses of Congress, and hasten the time when some decisive step for the restoration of peace will be taken by the American Executive.

The letter was addressed, it will be remembered, to a well-known Spanish politician, who is also the editor of a Liberal newspaper published in Madrid. He was sent by Senor Sagasta, the present Prime Minister of Spain, on a confidential mission to the United States and Cuba, and in the discharge of his duty he was expected to confer with the Spanish Minister at Washington. Under such circumstances the correspondence between the two men was likely to contain facts and deductions upon which the Spanish government would be apt to base its policy. These facts and deductions might correspond with the assurances given to our government by the Spanish Minister, or they might prove irreconcilable with them. In this instance, it turned out that Senor Dupuy de Lome had thoroughly satisfied the old definition of a diplomatist; namely, "a man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country." Under his own signature he acknowledged to his correspondent that all of the assertions repeatedly made by him to our government were untrue. For weeks he had been maintaining that the autonomist government, ostensibly established in Cuba, had been entirely successful; yet in his letter he owns that it is a total failure. He had declared that the rebel forces in the field were dwindling, and that in the course of a few weeks the insurrection would be suppressed. So far was such a state of things from being believed by him to exist that he confesses in his letter that, unless the Spaniards in Cuba shall quickly achieve a great military triumph, their cause would be lost. The letter was penned many weeks ago, but no such triumph has been gained. Finally, Senor Dupuy de Lome avows to his correspondent that the negotiations for a reciprocal commercial treaty between Cuba and the United States were not seriously intended, but were simply meant to amuse our government and to defer its recognition of the Cubans as belligerents. It is taken for granted, moreover, in the letter that these truths were perfectly known by the person addressed, who was then inspecting the situation in the island, and that they were no less familiar to the authorities at Madrid. In view of these disclosures, it will scarcely be possible for De Lome's successor to delude President McKinley and the officials of the State Department touching those matters: he will discover that De Lome's revelations have tied his tongue and spiked his guns. It will also be difficult for Senator Hale, Speaker Reed and the other partisans of Spain in Congress to resist much longer the popular pressure to which they will be exposed. Unless they adopt a course of conduct opposite to that which they have hitherto pursued, they will be regarded as willful accomplices in a conspiracy to gull the government and people of the United States. They cannot afford to be so regarded, and, consequently, they are likely to seize the first opportunity to express regret that they should have been completely deceived by the Spanish diplomatist. That is, indeed, the only way in which they can clear their own skirts of suspicion. With the

pro-Spanish party in Congress virtually annihilated by the exposure of De Lome's duplicity, we can scarcely believe that further obstruction will be offered to the passage by the House of Representatives of the belligerency resolution already adopted by the Senate.

It is absurd for Prime Minister Sagasta to say, as he is reported to have said, that he, for his part, would not have made use of a stolen private letter. The implication is that President McKinley did something which Castilian honor would not tolerate. As a matter of fact, our government neither took measures to secure the letter, nor published it when secured. The document was abstracted by agents of the Cuban junta, and was published in *fac simile* by a New York newspaper. Once spread broadcast over the land, the letter could no longer be described as private, and the author of its expressions of contempt for our Chief Magistrate could not possibly be regarded as a *persona grata* at the White House. Had the expressions been disavowed by De Lome, the case might have been different, but from the moment that their authorship was acknowledged he ceased to be capable of rendering any service to his country in Washington.

The incident cannot be looked upon as closed until the Sagasta Cabinet has formally repudiated De Lome's assertion that the projects of autonomy and reciprocity were never honestly intended to be carried out, but were meant simply to gain time. Thus far, its envoy's derelictions have been dealt with very lightly by the Madrid government. The Prime Minister was requested to recall him, which would have put an end to his diplomatic career; instead of doing this, Senor Sagasta saw fit to accept his resignation, which leaves the offensive minister eligible to another diplomatic post. That is, to be sure, a matter which we might pass over, because President McKinley is undoubtedly too magnanimous to cherish personal resentment. We cannot, however, carry on negotiations respecting a reciprocity treaty with Cuba, nor can we continue to regard the autonomous government of that island as durably established, unless his government disavows De Lome's avowal that both regimes were designed to be only temporary, and had merely a dilatory purpose. The most unequivocal disclaimer of that assertion must be made if our government is to persist in a friendly attitude toward Spain, and we take for granted that such a disclaimer will be proffered without delay.

JAPAN COMES FORWARD

AT last, if any news from China can be trusted, we have a definite and decisive fact which, to a large extent, clears up the situation in the Far East. While the Middle Kingdom, worried by the conditions attached to the offered loan, hesitated to borrow from a European power the money needed to pay the remnant of the war indemnity still due to Japan, the Mikado has suddenly announced that she need not pay it at all, inasmuch as he has determined to retain permanently the naval fortress of Wei-Hai-Wei, which hitherto he has been holding temporarily as a pledge. *J'y suis, j'y reste*, is his declaration, and it is one of the utmost moment to China and to all of the European powers which are interested in the fate of the Celestial Empire.

To appreciate the significance of this announcement, we must go back two or three years and recall the terms of the original treaty of Shimonoseki. When the negotiations antecedent to that treaty began, the Japanese were masters of the two naval strongholds, Port Arthur and Wei-Hai-Wei, which absolutely dominated the entrance to the Gulf of Pe-chi-li, and, consequently, the entrance by sea to Tientsin and Peking. Moreover, the Japanese then had in Manchuria and in the Liau-tung Peninsula two victorious armies which within thirty days might have converged at the eastern end of the Great Wall, and thence have advanced upon the Chinese capital. Had that movement been carried out, the Mikado would have been, at this moment, reigning over the Celestial Empire. It was largely through the friendly offices of the United States that at this juncture the Tokio government was persuaded to listen to overtures for peace. Potent, however, as American influence seems to have been, the treaty of Shimonoseki, which involved a striking exhibition of magnanimity on the part of Japan, would never have been signed but for the attempt to assassinate Li Hung Chang, the Chinese plenipotentiary, while he was on Japanese soil. That treaty, besides renouncing all Chinese claims of suzerainty over Corea and thereby practically leaving the Hermit Kingdom at the mercy of the Mikado, ceded to Japan the whole of the region stretching from Corea to the Great Wall, including the strategically valuable peninsula of Liau-tung and the naval stronghold of Port Arthur. In addition, Japan was to have the fruitful and populous island of Formosa and a money indemnity, for the payment of which the naval fortress of Wei-Hai-Wei in the province of Shan-tung was to be retained as security. This was much less than was hoped for by patriotic Japanese in lieu of a career of conquest which had been uninterrupted, but, at all events, it promised to transform Japan from an insular into a continental power; blocked the southeastern advance of Russia; and made the Mikado heir-presumptive to the Celestial Empire. Such was the treaty, but it did not stand, owing to the intervention of the Czar, for whom it was a matter of vital moment

that the Trans-Siberian railway, then in process of construction, should find a Pacific terminus, not in Vladivostok, which is inaccessible during the winter months, but in some more southerly, ice-free port. Russia, backed by both France and Germany, which were rivals for the Czar's good-will, insisted that the treaty should be so revised that Japan, in consideration of an extra pecuniary indemnity, should give back all the mainland territory which had been ceded by China. It was at the time impossible for the Japanese fleet to make head against the combined naval forces of the three interposing powers, and, accordingly, the Japanese armies were ordered to evacuate Manchuria and Korea. A detachment, however, was permitted to garrison Wei-Hai-Wei in China proper, until the promised indemnity should be fully paid. Such seemed to be the melancholy end of the Japanese hope to acquire preponderance in Eastern Asia and the hegemony of the Mongolian race.

Let us note briefly the events which have followed. One half of the original indemnity designated by the Shimonoseki treaty, and the whole of the extra indemnity which was supposed to be an equivalent for the revision of that instrument, were duly paid to Japan, the money being procured by China through the friendly offices of the Czar, who, for his part, received compensation in the shape of concessions giving him virtual control of Chinese Manchuria, together with Port Arthur for a naval station. Then, after a considerable interval, Germany, availing herself of a convenient pretext, seized Kiao-Chow Bay, from which can be made easily accessible the coal mines of the province of Shan-tung. This move on the part of Kaiser Wilhelm II. constrained the Czar to occupy Port Arthur, though undoubtedly he would have preferred to wait for the completion of the Trans-Siberian railway before disclosing the extent of his designs, which, we can now see, must contemplate ascendancy in the whole of the territory ceded by the treaty of Shimonoseki, but retroceded by Japan. Then came the high-spirited speech of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, in which he said that England would never permit the dismemberment of China, or the establishment of "spheres of influence" in her territory. There is no doubt that, if the British government had persisted in this attitude, it would have had the assistance of Japan, and that the two powers together could have compelled the renunciation of Port Arthur by Russia and that of Kiao-Chow by Germany.

Lord Salisbury, however, is not of the stuff whereof his ancestors, Lord Burleigh and Sir William Cecil, were made, and he would rather back down than fight. Naturally, the Tokio government, finding that England did not seriously mean to oppose the partition of China, determined to have her share of the spoils, and, accordingly, let it be known in Peking that it did not want the rest of the pecuniary indemnity, but, in lieu of it, would retain Wei-Hai-Wei, which, next to Port Arthur, is the most desirable strategic point on the Chinese coast.

The gist of the week's news is that the division of the Chinese littoral has already begun, and that the Middle Kingdom is destined to undergo the fate of Poland.

THE ZOLA TRIAL

THE trial of M. Émile Zola, at the hour when we write, is not ended, and it is still possible that the jury will convict him, without regard to the evidence produced. Jurors in France, as elsewhere, are apt to reflect not so much the impression made on spectators in the court-room, as the opinions formed by the community at large and supposed to be disclosed by the press. What those opinions really are neither the jurors nor any one else in the French capital has an opportunity of discovering, for, with the exception of M. Clemenceau's paper, *L'Aurore*, all the Paris journals have combined to vilify Zola, to denounce him as the tool of a Hebrew syndicate, and to suppress, distort or misinterpret all testimony favorable to him that has been brought out upon the trial.

It matters not much how the jury may decide; all the facts revealed upon the witness stand will be ultimately spread before the people, who are almost certain to undergo the reaction observed on the part of the audience in the court-room, which, as the trial has progressed, has veered from an attitude of violent antagonism toward the accused to one of irrepressible sympathy. The testimony undoubtedly shows that Zola was right in assuming each of the three principal positions taken by him in the memorable letter of accusation, which he addressed to the Ministry and to the military authorities. He asserted, first, that Dreyfus was wrongfully condemned, having been convicted on a piece of documentary evidence not produced at the court-martial and exhibited to the accused and his counsel, but withheld from them and secretly examined by the judges; secondly, that the trial of the soi-disant Count Esterhazy, believed by the friends of Dreyfus to be the real offender, was conducted in such a way as to render inevitable the exculpation of the accused and to leave the stigma of treason indelibly fastened upon Dreyfus; thirdly, that the high military authorities composing the general staff, having deliberately or inadvertently committed a wrongful act in the condemnation of Dreyfus, have deemed it indispensable to avert an exposure of their error, lest the prestige of the general staff should suffer in the eyes of the rank and file, and the discipline and efficiency of the army be seriously im-

paired. Touching this last point, it should be remarked that there are, apparently, thousands of French patriots who hold that it is better that one innocent man should be subjected to infamy and torment than that the safety of the country should be jeopardized by the loss of confidence in the army. They accept, in other words, the maxim of dubious morality, that it is permissible to do evil that good may come. As a matter of fact, good is never the outcome, when the evil quality of the antecedent act is once widely recognized. It is human to err, but inhuman to persist in torturing the victim of your error. The chiefs of the French army would have suffered comparatively little had they given Dreyfus a new trial the moment they began to entertain doubts of his guilt. They would thus have done their best to atone for a deplorable mistake, and the rank and file would have placed abiding faith in their conscientiousness and sense of justice. As it is, the military authorities have brought on the very calamity they professed a wish to avoid, for the fact has been unmistakably disclosed during the Zola trial that they did come to entertain doubts concerning the guilt of Dreyfus, and, for that reason, instructed Colonel Picquart to conduct a second investigation. When they found, however, that the new researches were likely to substantiate their suspicions, and to prove that a guiltless man had been made the victim of hideous injustice, they shuddered at the possible effect upon the public mind, stopped the inquiry, and endeavored to hush up Colonel Picquart's discoveries. It was too late, however. Enough had leaked out to put the friends of Dreyfus on the aggressive, and thus, by the fatal logic of ill-doing, the men who had sentenced him were driven from one wrong to another. Having condemned the innocent, they considered themselves obliged to absolve the guilty, and, finally, to arrest for defamation Emile Zola, who had boldly summoned them to account, and who had appealed to the public conscience.

Zola has done in this century what Voltaire did in the last, when he persistently exposed the frightful miscarriage of justice in the case of Calas. In that matter both Church and State believed themselves to be deeply interested in averting a disclosure of the truth, and many years elapsed before Voltaire's pleadings at the bar of public justice were brought to a triumphant close. The result was a catastrophe, amid which Church and State went down. It will surprise nobody if like consequences should eventually follow the egregious blunder committed by the Ministerial and military authorities in the Dreyfus case. Truth may not always be victorious, but let it once acquire a certain momentum, and it is sure to prevail. M. Zola may possibly be convicted of technical defamation, and may be condemned to a small fine and a short term of imprisonment. But he will emerge from his jail a far more imposing personality than he entered it; and for him who, but yesterday, was a man of letters, may be reserved a great political role. The Meline Ministry may be able to avoid immediate downfall, though even this is doubtful, and the members of the general staff may, for a while, be shielded from public execration and contempt. But permanent escape is, for any of them, impossible. The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small.

What connection has the Dreyfus case with the anti-Semitic agitation? We cannot believe that, originally, there was any connection at all. To us it is incredible that men of honor, which officers of the French army must be presumed to be, could have deliberately made of Captain Dreyfus the scapegoat for another's crime, merely because he happened to be a Jew. We are willing to assume that they caused his arrest because, on the face of things, such evidence as existed pointed in his direction, and we can now understand why it did so point, because it has been shown that his handwriting closely resembled Count Esterhazy's. The idea of using the popular prejudice against Jews to avert the consequences of a possible error did not probably occur to the War Office, until the suspicion dawned on them that the wrong man had been condemned. We do not hesitate to say that, if Dreyfus had been a Christian, and the same reasons had been brought forward for holding that a mistake had been committed, no power on earth could have prevented him from obtaining a new trial. No Ministerial or military intrigues, no fear of impairing the prestige of the army, no dread of weakening the Russian Alliance, should it turn out that the act of treason was suborned by Russia, would have availed to rob a deeply injured citizen of rehabilitation and redress. The most dastardly and shameful element in the whole Dreyfus affair is the willingness evinced by French Generals to mask their own misdoings behind the maleficent cloud of religious bigotry and race antipathy. It was a cowardly act to proceed on the assumption that, because Dreyfus was a Jew, the Paris populace would believe him guilty. That is precisely the way in which the Catholics argued in the last century about Calas. He was a Protestant, they said; consequently, he must be capable of every enormity, and he was justly done to death. That is a dangerous way to argue, as the persecutors of Calas learned; and our own belief is that the Dreyfus case, when it has been sifted to the bottom, will deliver the *coup de grace* to the anti-Semitic agitation.

NEXT WEEK there will appear in COLLIER'S WEEKLY a series of sketches of the Zola trial made in the court-room by Mr. Henry Mayer, our special correspondent.—EDITOR.

THE DRAMA

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—MARY STUART



T WERE not unwise in the managers of those theatres from which the lyrical drama is excluded, to abolish the orchestra, according to the classic example of the *Théâtre Français*. For then a tragedy of infinite pathos could never be ushered in by a giggling musical prologue, such as Nicolai's sprightly, trivial overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor." The connection between fat Mistress Ford's washbasket and unhappy Queen Mary's bloody scaffold is not obvious to the unsophisticated. A lesser grievance is the meagerness of the properties displayed on the small stage of the Fifth Avenue Theatre on this occasion. But as, in fine, "the play's the thing," we condone the absence of gorgeous upholstery. To speak truth, a "council chamber in the palace of Westminster" may have been a forlorn, cheerless apartment in the days of Good Queen Bess. We do protest, however, against the anachronism of a *coiffure à la boulevardier 1898* on the heads of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and Sir Edward Mortimer. Mr. Haworth personifies the fire-spitting Mortimer with a great amount of dash, but the energy of his wild eloquence is offset by unrefined, unfinished gestures. His performance stands above Mr. Loneragan's, who, although he reflects the courtliness and polish of the exquisite sham, Leicester, falls short of strong effect because he neglects by-play, assumes a monotonous regularity of intonation, and ignores the art of pausing; he seems unaware of the terrible loquacity of closed lips. Mr. Harris's Paulet, the blunt English soldier, loyal to his queen and to his enemies acrimonious, surly, incorruptible, is a most satisfactory piece of work. The remaining parts are fairly well done.

Respect for the past achievements of Madame Modjeska, and gratitude to that talented woman for her assiduous pursuit of high dramatic ideals, preclude criticism of her acting in the day of her decadence. Age has so taken possession of her voice, manner, and appearance, as to make illusion—the very essence of the actor's craft—impossible. Inborn dramatic instinct and intellectual grasp of the author's meaning are a thousand times suggested, but the physical power of actual accomplishment is gone—alas! Only at the close of the moving scene with Elizabeth, in the forest, is Madame Modjeska's former excellence repeated.

"*Maria Stuart*" is by some called a political, by others a religious, tragedy. But it is something besides. The kernel of the play is the downfall of a noble nature, all too yielding and sensitive and passionate, overmastered by circumstances with which it could not cope; but the crime committed under the sway of love-passion is expiated, and with death comes transfiguration. The rocky firmness of soul and the circumspect reserve of the self-dependent Elizabeth are quite wanting in Mary. Apart from the religious disqualification, no more unsuitable ruler could have been given the English people than Mary, entitled by her birth to that high office, but whose want of the very qualities of Elizabeth which helped England on to greatness had contributed to the Scottish queen's disastrous flight from her country. Thus Elizabeth's victory over Mary stands in the light of political necessity. Yet Mary's unfortunate situation arouses our sympathy, kept aglow by fear as to her fate, whereas we are repelled by Elizabeth's selfishness and jealous hatred. The glorification of adulterous uxoricide may appear a desecration of the drama; so base a criminal may seem unworthy of a single warm heart-throb. But must not a repentant sinner, fallen a prey to the violence of her own passions, incurring the forfeiture of a brilliant material career, supporting the wrath of her own conscience, visited by bodily discomfort and mental agony—must she not evoke our pity? The weight of her offenses is mitigated in that they occurred long years ago, and by appearing in the company of sorrowful regret and overwhelming misfortune. Why, indeed, may this penitent sinner have no place on the stage if the playwright have the power to exalt her chastisement to the dignity of a tragic poem? It is, besides, not Schiller's object to present Mary a pattern of womanhood; he demonstrates how, through moral courage and religious faith, she frees herself from the thralldom of spiritual degradation, and conquers herself—a victory doubly hard-won over innate perversity and passionateness. But this matter by no means exhausts the dramatic interest of "*Maria Stuart*," the lively pulsation, progressive march and compact unity of which rest upon the political complications surrounding her fate. History offered the poet substance enough to restrict attention to the comparative individualities of the two queens, but his purpose is to increase sympathy for Mary by bringing into the play factional machinations to which she at last succumbs.

The action is tense from the beginning. In the first act, great skill is employed in the marshaling of personalities and events to be noted for the proper comprehension of the story, and leading phrases are thrown out as guides to the future happenings. The judicial proceedings are not enacted, but their course and result are advertised when Burleigh announces the death-sentence. The climactic episode of the drama occurs in the

fourth scene of the third act, when, in the forest of Fotheringhay, the queens are brought face to face—by the device of Leicester, who wishes to maintain himself in the good graces of both, and is determined to exploit to his own advantage the important results that must spring from so auspicious an encounter. Elizabeth, far from approaching her royal prisoner in a conciliatory mode, treats her with sneering disdain; her offensive conduct culminates in a too transparent play upon words, hinting at the enjoyment of Mary's promiscuous favor by Rizzio, Darnley, Bothwell, and perhaps other gallants.

The English metrical version of "*Maria Stuart*" presented at the Fifth Avenue Theatre follows the original text with great exactness of translation, and is commendable for its elevated, poetic diction. But the performance is impoverished by curtailment. The state reception of the French ambassadors, Aubespine and Bellièvre, emphasizes the political significance of Mary's captivity, and aids to exculpate Elizabeth from the stigma of purely personal malice by showing what foreign influences, contrary to the prejudices of her own ministers and people, are working upon her mind. As this idea, however, is enveloped in court ceremony and diplomatic debate, we more readily excuse its omission than that of Mortimer's fierce love-declaration in the third act, an episode which clearly proves that Mary has turned away from the world and the flesh, has repressed all sensual inclinations, has emptied her heart of the images of men, and has made it a temple of God. That episode discloses, too, a prayerful spirit acknowledging, and resigned to, inevitable and just retribution. We miss, in addition, the eleventh scene of Act IV., a masterly exposition of Elizabeth's craftiness.

A WONDERFUL OCEAN RESCUE

WHEN the steamer *Veendam* came to grief on the night of Sunday the 6th inst. and three of the eight compartments of the vessel filled with water, so that the vessel was sinking rapidly by the stern, more than two hundred men, women, and children seemed in danger of death. Boats were made ready to leave the ship, but there had been a great storm, the sea was still running high, and the nearest land was the west coast of Ireland, almost five hundred miles away.

Rockets and other distress signals were used and attracted the attention of American liner *St. Louis*, bound westward as was the *Veendam*. According to the captain of the wrecked vessel, only thirteen minutes elapsed between the sighting of the *St. Louis* and the beginning of the transfer of the *Veendam's* passengers to the boats of the *St. Louis*. The first of the *St. Louis's* boats to reach the wreck was that of First Officer Segrave, with a volunteer crew of eight men. The vessels were about a quarter of a mile apart, each with sea anchors out, yet they drifted more than a mile apart before the work of rescue was completed.

"Women and children first" is the rule in all rescues at sea; the boats' officers of the *St. Louis* improved it by first taking off twenty children, principally small ones, and only five women, the first passenger being a howling baby. The swell of the sea was so great, even on the lee or sheltered side of the wreck, that it was unsafe for a boat to touch the vessel; so the passengers, large and small, were lowered singly by a line, one end of which was passed around the body, just under the arms. The passengers, most of whom were in the steerage, had been roused from sleep by the shock of the accident; they appeared on deck in their night clothing and when they attempted to get other garments the water had invaded their quarters, but the rescuers covered them with tarpaulins, and the passengers and crew of the *St. Louis* did all in their power to make good deficiencies.

The work of rescue continued for about three hours; most of it was done by officers and crew of the *St. Louis*, for the *Veendam's* men were so greatly needed at the pumps that only enough of them could be spared to man a single boat for the transfer of passengers. The moon was shining, but moonlight is no substitute for daylight. Every detail of the work was attended by great danger: the sea was so rough that each ship lost a boat while lowering; ships' boats are made to endure almost anything, but when the stout boats mentioned were dashed by the sea against the steamers' sides they were crushed as if they had been eggshells. Even as they lay alongside, fended by oars and boathooks, they rose and fell violently while the living freight, a single life at a time, was lowered to them. After a boatload had been obtained came the trip to the *St. Louis*—a few cramped carmen, in open boats heavily loaded, making their way over a stretch of sea rougher than any decked yacht would care to encounter. Yet when the *Veendam's* captain, after taking the wise precaution to fire the wreck, stepped into the last boat there was no one left on his ship, nor had any one been lost or even injured in the course of removal.

When one considers the circumstances—the rough sea, the semi-darkness and the consequent dangers of removing the people from the wrecked ship, reaching the *St. Louis*, and putting the wrecked passengers and sailors aboard—the *Veendam* rescue takes rank among the greatest and most successful ever made; it is also a high honor to American seamen in general and particularly to the officers and men of the *St. Louis*. —(See illustration on page 9.)



J. V. Starnes

MODJESKA AS MARY STUART.—IN ACT IV OF SCHILLER'S DRAMA, "MARIA STUART," QUEEN ELIZABETH MEETS IN THE FOREST HER ROYAL PRISONER, MARY, LATE QUEEN OF SCOTS, AND AN ANIMATED INTERCHANGE OF INVECTIVE ENSUES, MARY'S REFLECTIONS UPON ELIZABETH'S ORIGIN DOING MUCH TOWARD DETERMINING HER OWN DOOM

NEW YORK'S DOG SHOW



MALTESE TERRIER—"BLAU"

and so have the entries and began at Madison Square Garden last Monday there were on view seventeen hundred dogs—about a hundred more than were exhibited last year. It was supposed that the new rules of classification would decrease the number of exhibits, for these rules abolished the "champion" classes in which many fine animals have for years competed with one another but against no new rivals. Now that champions must take their chances with younger dogs, many of them are being kept at home, yet the aggregate exhibit has increased, as already noted.

The largest class this year is of Great Danes—"melancholy Danes," as they have been called because of the serious visages which they usually display; there are ninety of these, most of them being as large as calves. The Danes are gaining rapidly in repute as watchdogs and personal escorts.

St. Bernards and mastiffs maintain their old prominence in public esteem and for exhibition purposes, and their quality and cost increase steadily. No other class of dogs has received so much attention from American breeders as the St. Bernard, and as a result the stock from some American kennels is in high demand in Europe, although the largest St. Bernard in the world is said to be Lord Brassey, sent over from England to the present exhibition. Among other dogs of large size at the show are the Russian wolf-hounds—a class represented by some very fine specimens.

Greyhounds also are shown in fair numbers and of fine quality, although when bench-shows began in New York the greyhound had little or no standing, being regarded more as a curiosity than as an animal possessing valuable qualities. Since coursing came into fashion anew the speed and endurance of the greyhound have become generally known, and now there are long-distance riders, drivers and bicyclists who will not have any dog other than the greyhound to follow them. It has been recalled that greyhounds were the only dogs that the Emperor Charlemagne allowed to be in his presence; perhaps the emperor, like most great rulers of the Christian era, had read the works of Xenophon, who wrote of the greyhound: "This animal is so pleasing that whoever sees it forgets everything else that he is most attached to."

A specially interesting feature of some past exhibitions was

J. Pierpont Morgan's lot of collies; these dogs are absent this year, but there is a fine lot of the same species from San Francisco.

The French bulldogs are receiving enough attention to make them conceited; for there was a special exhibition of them early in February, by the French Bulldog Club, and there are many exhibits of their class at the Madison Square Garden, where the serious question of tulip ears vs. rose ears is again discussed to the weariness of visitors who have ears of their

own and eyes for more than one kind of dog.

Foxhounds are shown in large numbers, there being no breed for which demand for good specimens is larger or more steady. Almost as attractive is the section occupied by setters; and the older class of bulldogs—animals of evil repute and largely used for illegal fighting, although as affectionate and even-tempered as any dogs in the world—are present in great numbers.

In all the terrier classes the exhibition is better than usual, Boston and bull-terriers being numerous, and some of the favorite foreign strains being better represented than ever before.

To the amusement and somewhat to the amazement of men who like dogs, the various classes of poodles still hold their own. The graces and other "points" of poodles seem invisible to many men except the judges at the shows, but woman's interest remains unabated, and the poodle section is thronged at

times when the larger dogs are receiving little attention. At present the favorite poodle appears to be of the curly-haired variety—perhaps because the coats of these are easier kept in curls than in cords, perhaps because of their antiquity, for in ancient Rome bass-reliefs dating from the reign of Augustus Caesar show curly poodles exactly like those exhibited in bench-shows to-day.

A great bench-show of dogs at New York or elsewhere is always the signal for an outbreak of well-meant editorials and even sermons—always in the more sparsely settled portions of the country—against what some good people insist upon regarding as sinful extravagance and an indulgence in profitless luxury. Years ago there were similar manifestations against horse shows and the great prices paid for individual horses.

Yet through the prominence which exhibitions gave to meritorious animals, as well as the competition that was stimulated by prizes, the horse shows were the sole cause of a sudden and remarkable improvement of all classes of horseflesh throughout the United States—a country that twenty-five years ago had a meaner average of horses than any civilized country but Iceland, although Americans had been more dependent than any other people upon the horse as a common carrier.

The dog may not seem comparable in economic value with the horse, yet he is the only generally acceptable animal substitute for man in the capacity of sentinel, guardian and companion, and is also the only known superior of man in point of loyalty. Before the bench-shows began, almost all American dogs were mongrels and the few that were of good blood had so little care that they were unworthy representatives of their ancestors. Some of the exhibits at the earlier shows were so bad that the exhibitors were overwhelmed with humiliation over their own ignorance, but to-day the points of a dog of any breed generally esteemed are known by every one interested in the subject, and underbreds, mixed bloods and mongrels are disappearing. The watchdog that could merely bark and whine has been largely replaced by an animal stronger than a man: the mastiff, St. Bernard or Dane that accompanies woman or child is of more protection than a policeman, and there are hunting dogs that do not tire before their masters. Improvements so nu-



BOSTON TERRIER—"SQUANTO"



ST BERNARD—"LORD TENNYSON"



COCKER SPANIEL PUPS



ENGLISH SETTER—"CACTUS"

merous and notable are worth all they have cost—so say the men and women who are paying for the modern dog: if they and the dealers do not complain it would seem that the dog shows and their patrons are not in need of criticism.

Although a dog show at New York always attracts many visitors from other cities, nine-tenths of the people who throng the great exhibition room are residents of New



ENGLISH GREYHOUND—"PEMBROKE PIONEER"



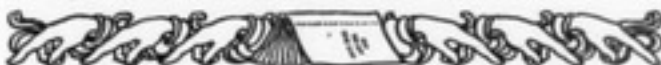
ENGLISH BLOODHOUNDS

York—a city peculiarly unsuited to the keeping of dogs. Probably there are more horse-owners than dog-owners in the metropolis, yet the dog show is always popular with every class that can afford the price of admission. Nowhere else—not even at the race-track—can be seen so many and widely varying types of the *genus homo* jostle

one another in the avenues or alleys that divide the classes of exhibits as a city dog show, and, as at many exhibitions of other kinds, the best judgment and taste is often shown by visitors having the plainest clothes and the least money.



BRITISH BULLDOG



OUR NOTE-BOOK

BY EDGAR SALTUS



BARON HARDEN-HICKEY, who killed himself ten days ago, was at odds with the epoch. In an age less complex he would have been a pirate, and a very good pirate too; failing that, a crusader. Where he got his title no one knew, and, except Inspector Byrnes, no one, to my knowledge, ever asked. Henchman to the Comte de Chambord, a fervent Catholic, a poet at his hours and always a scholar, he was doubly dangerous; his pen stung as promptly as did his sword. A dozen years ago he had the formidable reputation of being one of the wittiest men in Paris and the crack duelist of France. He had more enemies than he knew by sight. But their quality was superior. A stranger to them, he was a stranger to his friends, a stranger to himself, yet most conspicuously a stranger to his epoch. He was a survival, as lost on the boulevards as D'Artagnan would be. He had beliefs in an age which has dissipated them and faiths in a land from which they have gone. Therewith he was antithesis personified. He edited a comic paper and wrote a book on metaphysics. He looked like a musketeer, acted like a debutante, talked like Aristophanes, and lived like a sage. That was a long time ago. Presently the Catholic turned Buddhist. At Andilly, where he had a species of chateau, he built a temple, decorated it with the lotus, installed the wheel of prayers, and entertained Colonel Olcott. After Buddha he took to Voltaire. Restless as a panther, haunted by the past, pursued by visions of Chambord, he needed a cause or a flag for which to fight. It was the inability to find either that changed the zealot into an infidel and which ultimately brought to him the dream of founding a monarchy for himself. "There is nothing worth living for," he once confided to the deponent, "and, what is worse, nothing worth dying for either." But that, too, is a long time ago. It was on a journey to this country that he met the young gentlewoman who became his wife. But it was after he reached this country that he met her father, and it was after meeting the latter that he met Inspector Byrnes—a meeting, parenthetically, in which the Inspector met his match. Then, out of idleness, or perhaps to amuse his bride, he wrote a tract on suicide. Hardly had it issued from the press before the idea of a monarchy at Trinidad was hatched. Entirely opera-bouffe he entered into it with a seriousness which impressed even himself. Recently he appears to have had an eye on Hawaii. No matter. He never did an ungracious deed; he never thought of one, either. When he died his triple blazon of gentleman, soldier, and poet was unsullied and intact.

THE DREYFUS CASE

M. Raoul Allier provides in the current issue of the "Revue de Paris" a summary of the matter of Calas recently cited in this column, but, curiously enough, without a single reference to Zola and Dreyfus. The analogy, however, is striking. It is an example of the fashion in which history repeats itself, and literature, too. The difference is in the method. Voltaire said *Pourquoi*, Zola cried *J'accuse*. The one investigated, the other arraigned. The complaint is identical. Both demanded justice. Each denounced a procedure which convicted without display of proofs. "Why," asked Voltaire, "are documents withheld

where a sentence is pronounced? Why should evidence be secret and conviction public? Why was it that in Rome, from which almost all our jurisprudence comes, no criminal could be tried in private? The judges," he continues, "reply that the custom has ceased. But, monsters that they are, that custom they should re-establish. They owe an account of the blood that they shed. Why is it that it is so easy for them to oppress, so difficult for others to aid? It is not sympathy merely that a victim needs, it is succor. You ask me why I meddle in this case: it is because no one else has. I have found in the desert an Israelite dripping with blood, suffer that I pour a little oil on his wounds. Be the Levite if you wish, but let me be the Samaritan." Zola, unable to do better, endeavored to do as well. Ethically it is to his honor, commercially to his advantage. No "Débâcle," however telling, no "Assommoir," however direct, could have advertised him so well.

EN ROUTE POUR LA TRAPPE

Huysmans' latest and final work, "La Cathédrale," has just appeared. I say final for two reasons: first, because it closes the most curious series of novels ever written, and second, because he is about to retire into the Trappist monastery of Solesmes. Years ago Huysmans was known to the few as a writer who in a style of tormented polish produced at laborious intervals masterpieces of indecency, relieved, however, and accentuated by horror. That was Huysmans *première manière*. Subsequently there came from him bundles of criticism entirely direct but unexceeded in brutality. There was no envy in them, but each dripped with insult and high disdain. As mere examples of what prose can be they are classic. Then came the present series. The initial volume, "Là-Bas," a study of the Black Mass, is the cry of a soul endeavoring, perhaps, to believe but wallowing in the orgies of Satanism. The second, "En Route," is a study of mysticism. The last, "La Cathédrale," is an analysis of what it is technical to term the Vocation. All three are gemmed with a brilliance of expression that is unique. Interesting in themselves, they are doubly so from the fact that in their preparation the atheist became a Catholic, that from the blasphemous emerged the monk. Huysmans, it is rumored, dreams now of rewriting the Lives of the Saints. The originals he has had symbolically bound, the women in white vellum, the martyrs in red, the illustrious and penitent sinners in black. In the latter hue his biography, I assume, will appear. Meanwhile he has in hand a life of Ledwige, a Dutch saint, whose ulcers, he declares in "La Cathédrale," "exhaled an odor of sublimate of cinnamon" and who appears to have passed her entire existence in the gloom of a cave. For this saint he entertains real veneration. Last summer he went to Schiedam, where the cave is, solely that he might describe how it looks. It is difficult to be more conscientious. But Huysmans has always been that. A government clerk for a quarter of a century, he was decorated with the Legion of Honor a few years ago—not for his works, but for his deeds. It was a reward for punctuality. Every morning at nine o'clock to the second, there he was at his desk. Hereafter that desk is to be deserted. From the uproar of Paris he passes into the silence of Solesmes. During all the turmoil of *là-bas* he was *en route* for that cloister. May he rest there in peace. He deserves to. Of Christians there are many; the apostle is rare.

A MELODRAMA AT COURT

Count de Lichtevelde, the Belgian Minister at Washington, has been officially notified that Prince Albert of Flanders is about to sail for this country. Prince Albert will be the guest of the nation. As he is young, modest, and heir-presumptive to the throne of a friendly power, there is no reason why he should

not be becomingly received. The fact that he is the nephew of his uncle need not disturb any one very much. Besides, he can't help it. Then, too, it is rumored, though with what truth is problematic, that were it not for his uncle he would not hold the position which he now enjoys. The King of Belgium has no sons. His brother, the Count of Flanders, had two. Of these, the elder, named Boudouin—after that anterior Boudouin, better known as Bras de Fer, who, a thousand years ago, ran off with Judith, daughter of the King of France—was the presumptive heir. The latter, envious of the reputation which the Prince of Orange—Lemons to the ladies of the ballet—had managed to accumulate, set out, at a comparatively tender age, to surpass him. He did not get very far. During the progress of his earliest efforts, suddenly, without a monition, there exploded in Belgium a scandal, similar in proportion, in nature and mystery, to that which but a little before had burst in Austria. Like Rudolph, who was Crown Prince there, Boudouin was shot. The usual gagging of the Continental press ensued. There were gossips who, not knowing the facts, attributed the shooting to a jealous husband. But there were others—whether better informed or not has never been demonstrated—who attributed the shooting to an infuriated king. The story may not be true, but if it is there is no melodrama that can touch it. In any event it put Prince Albert into Prince Boudouin's shoes. No plain man need envy him. Monarchy as a trade is not what it used to be. There are thinkers who regard it as a species of gout from which Europe can and will be cured by efficacious doses of democracy. It may be that they are right. When the history of Europe is finally written it will be in three chapters: Paganism, Imperialism, Freedom. May Prince Albert and the rest of us see it.

THE PEERAGE VERSUS THE PHAROHS

A Pharaoh, one of the Rameses, or, rather, what remained of him, or, more precisely, all that could be alleged to be left of him, was recently knocked down in London to an American. The incident, promptly cabled here, occasioned in the columns of the local and learned press a ripple of archaeological comment. Personally, if I may venture to refer to myself, I thought it a good subject for a paragraph. I saw a chance to unload a lot of lore. I let it slip, however. Just why I don't remember. Perhaps because I forgot. And now see how kind fate can be. The Royal Antiquarian Society has just lodged with the British Government a protest against a form of convict labor in Egypt which has grown up under English auspices. It appears that in one prison alone twelve hundred convicts are actively engaged in the production of modern antiques, bogus Pharaohs and imitation Rameses. These manufactured mummies, the report

states, are largely purchased by Americans, from whom, it adds, there is an increasing demand for full-fledged sarcophagi. After all, why not? If you don't know the difference, a false Rameses is as good as a genuine. And even if you do, what odds does it make? Besides, the impostors must be more durable and by the same token cheaper than the real; in short, better in every way. Now why this solicitude on the part of the Royal Antiquarian Society? There is a mouse somewhere unless it happens to be a rat. Since when has a protest of this character been lodged in our behalf? There must be a reason for it, and there is. The Royal Antiquarian Society is interested in the preservation of the peerage. It is a year and a day since there has been a good old-fashioned international match. American dollars have been diverted from darkest Mayfair into brightest Egypt. In the demand for lords there has been corresponding decrease. And high time, too. Better a bogus Pharaoh in the house, particularly in a mummified and convenient shape, than a live Englishman with a title.

FASHION AND THE BAHAMAS

Mr. Henry M. Flagler's purchase of the old Victoria Hotel at Nassau, together with the better part of the island, has been effected, it is announced, with a view to turning the place into a winter resort. Mr. Flagler has money enough to turn it into a summer resort. He has money enough to efface it from the map. He has not only money in plenty, he has plenty of taste. With his wealth, ability and ideas he has but a check-book to wave and the site is transformed into an Eden in duodecimo, a paradise issuing from the sea. The location is delightful. It is not remote, neither is it neighborly. Too far to attract the excursionist, it is not far enough to deter the leisured. In addition, nature, while not there at her best perhaps, is rarely disagreeable. At this season there is a procession of mellow noons, languid dusks, and of nights fed with starlight and enchantment. When Mr. Flagler has done with it, it ought to be just the place for a honeymoon, and if he will throw in a taste of Monte Carlo, just a breath of Ostend, a little vice and general deviltry, he will get the old people, too. But even so I doubt if they return. One visit will suffice. Fashion will be unencounterable. It is not the allurements of nature or the enticements of a casino that make a resort. It is the presence of Society, and never since that element came into being has it adopted an island as a habitat. Sicily, Corsica, Majorca, the Canaries, any one of these and of a dozen other islands could for mere charm double discount all the Bahamas put together, and no amount of advertising, no amount of enterprise, no combination of attractions, has in any one of them ever succeeded in securing the presence



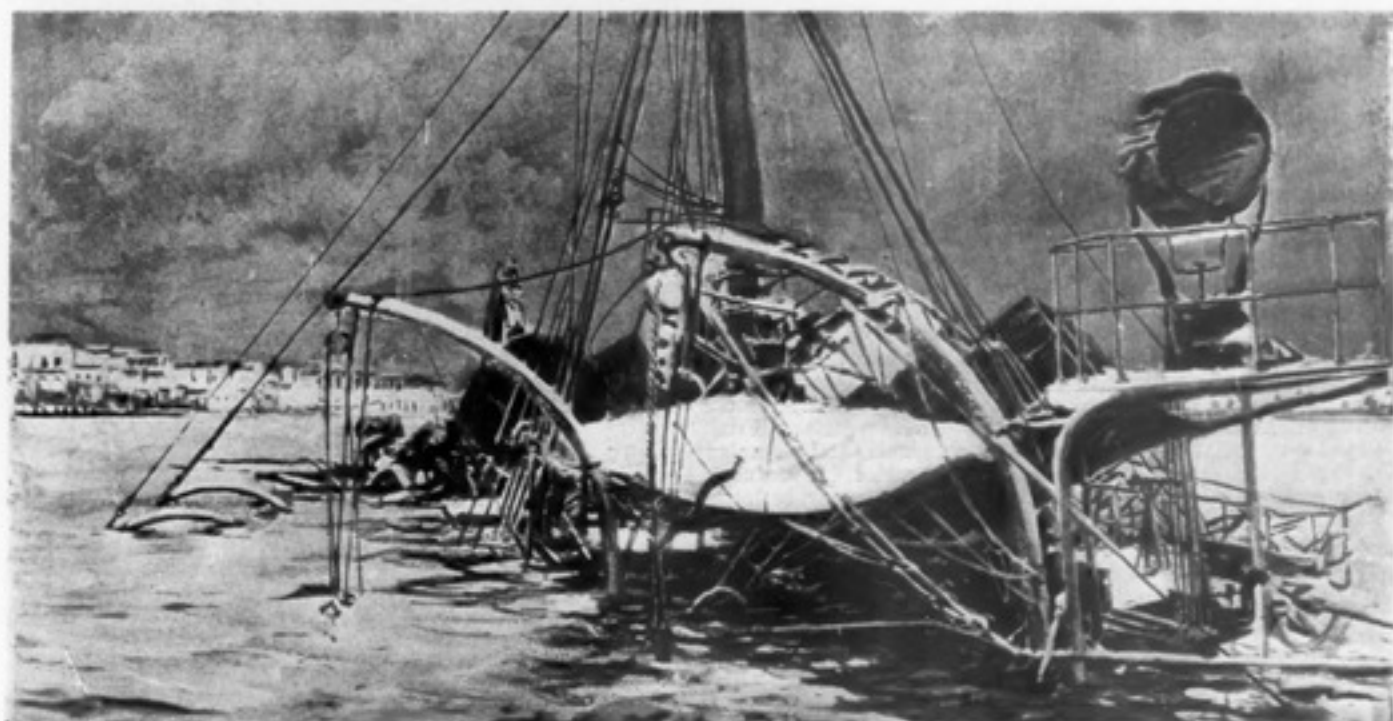
THE "VIZCAYA"—This fine Spanish armored cruiser, now visiting American ports, was completed about four years ago. Her speed is within a knot or two of that of the "New York" or "Brooklyn," but she is much smaller than either of these vessels, the displacements being as follows: "Vizcaya," 4650 tons; "New York," 8500 tons; "Brooklyn," 9915 tons. The armament, also, of the two American cruisers is much the heavier, although in the "Vizcaya's" main battery are two eleven-inch rifles.



FROM STARBOARD SIDE OF QUARTER-DECK LOOKING FORWARD



FROM STARBOARD QUARTER LOOKING FORWARD



THE "MAINE" AS SHE APPEARED IN HAVANA HARBOR THE MORNING AFTER THE EXPLOSION

By courtesy of the "New York Herald"

of Fashion even as a transient guest. Lesbos, indeed, did better, but that was twenty-five hundred years ago, and besides, in those days Society was recruited from those who thought and not from those who didn't. Times have changed. Customs, too. Nowadays Fashion as locally composed does not mind a vestibule limited, but if to reach a winter resort it is obliged to go by sea, then, until times change again and customs with them, it will prefer the Riviera every trip.

THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING ELSEWHERE

Assemblyman Pappa Poppa Weller of New Jersey has been studying either Argentina or the Justinian Code, and it may be both. Recently he submitted to the Legislature a bill whereby any and every bachelor shall be taxed. A similar enactment assessed the wicked and dissolute celibates of Rome. The latter married just enough to avoid trouble and then went back to their debauches. Let Mr. P. P. Weller look out or the result may be the same in Jersey. Down in Argentina matters are worse. The country is being deserted. And no wonder. On the 1st of January a year ago it was enacted that persons of either sex who, without legitimate motive, rejected addresses and continued contumaciously unmarried should pay five hundred dollars for the benefit of the person, male or female, whom they had refused. What may be alleged as a legitimate motive for rejecting addresses is not decided yet. It ought to be. Thrice armed is he who has his refusal just. The deponent, for instance, would regard his motive for rejecting addresses as quite legitimate if the lady's views on orthodoxy differed from his own. Yet the law might not uphold him and she might hold him up. Then, too, he would object to receiving attentions from ladies who wrote to authors for their autograph. Yet ladies with such propensities could sue for his hand and sue him besides. At the rate of five hundred apiece it would not take over two thousand to bankrupt him. As a result he has kept aloof from Argentina. As a result, too, others have fled. Let the Legislature over the way look out. Mr. P. Poppa Weller's bill is but a wedge for just some such law as that. Give him rope enough and that part of Jersey which is not part of Greater New York will be part and parcel of the desert.

A CONTRIBUTION TO PSYCHOLOGY

Professor Titchener of Cornell has produced what appears to be a brand-new theory. It is to the effect that, like the concepts of time and space, memory is an illusion. Considered as a theory the proposition is entertaining. Considered as a contribution to psychology it has the value of a zero from which the periphery has been eliminated. Nature forgets. So, too, does genius. The inability to remember is at once the appanage and the secret of whoso and whatsoever creates. The average mind is unfortunately retentive. Every savage has a memory that is a mile long. "Avoid as you would a cobra," said Schopenhauer, "an injury to the self-esteem of an inferior: he will treasure it." And necessarily. Injuries are engraved on metal, kindnesses are writ in sand. As with injuries so with events. From the creative mind they disappear as utterly as they do from the face of Nature. The latter knows no past. As Balzac noted: "Each hour she recommences the mysteries of her indefatigable parturitions." Some one asked Goethe who he was. "I wish I knew," he answered. Put such a question to a conductor on a Broadway cable car and he will tell you like a shot. He is cocksure. He knows all about himself. He can give you his history from the cradle up. Goethe couldn't. There are machines that surpass him. But they are machines. It is for this reason that Owen Meredith described Memory as a cup-bearer to the gods, painted her with downward eyes, outheld his heart and asked her to pour deep and long. It may be great to remember, but it is godlike to forget. In the circumstances Professor Titchener's theory is, I fear, destined to oblivion.

PEGAMOID AND FINE LINEN

The "Budapesti Naplo" asked recently what sort of a person the twentieth century woman will be. As no direct reply has been forthcoming I may venture to suggest that she will be pegamoidesque. Legicographically the term is undefinable. Socially, commercially, scientifically and chemically it is new. Pegamoid is a product, the result of a secret process, which is capable of utilization more manifold than is manifest to-day. Impervious to water, impervious to acids, impervious to stains, antiseptic, noncorrosive, incorruptible, if it does not fill a long-felt want, it is because its possibilities have been unforeseen. Even as yet they are inchoate. There is no telling all that pegamoid will do. What it has accomplished is another guitar. From eggs to corsets it preserves everything imaginable and a number of things that are not. Its resources are as varied. It produces, for instance, the ideal shoe, one which is at once absolutely waterproof, entirely flexible, and which does not heat the foot. If it did but that it would deserve a medal. It does more. It enables a lady to face a blizzard in velvets and to return her temper improved and her frock unmarred. What it does for

velvets it does for bank-notes, for the foundations of buildings, for hats, for posters, for the keels of men-of-war. Everything, from the paper on the wall to the kitchen stove, it preserves from wear, from tear, from microbes, humidity and dirt. It is in pegamoid and fine linen that the woman of the twentieth century will appear. If the manufacturers do not discover how to supply her with a pegamoid reputation, she will, and, once applied to her looks and disposition, we shall hate her for having no faults.

THE VILLAGE OF DEMON FLOWERS

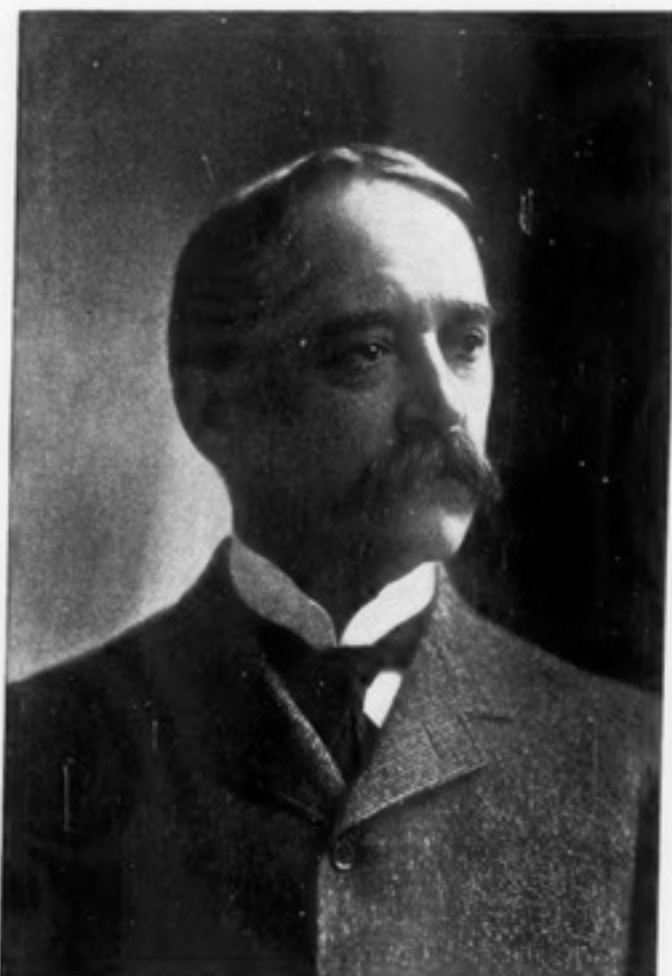
M. Serge Balaguine, a Russian explorer of Brazil, states in an interview recently published in the "Gaulois" that a few degrees below the equator he discovered a forest of flowers that prevented him from approaching them. With every deference to M. Balaguine that forest seems to have been discovered before. Over two years ago there appeared in the San Francisco "Examiner" an account provided by a bulb-hunter returning from the same region who declared that after noticing in a forest an odor, vague and sweet at first, but which increased as he advanced, ultimately he reached a clearing, and there straight ahead was a wilderness of orchids. Trees were loaded with them, underbrush was covered with them, they trailed on the ground, mounted in beckoning contortions, dangled from branches, fell in sheets, and elongated and expanded as far as the eye could reach. A breeze passed, and they swayed with it, moving with a life of their own, dancing in the glare of the equatorial sun, and as they danced exhaling an odor that protected them more sheerly than a wall. In vain did that hunter endeavor to approach. There was a veil of perfumed chloroform through which he could see, but through which, try as he might, he could not pass. It held him back more effectually than bayonets, and it was torture to him to see those flowers and to feel that before he could reach them he must die, suffocated by the very splendors for which he was in search, poisoned by floral jewels such as no one perhaps had seen before. At the time the place was known as the village of the demon flowers. Let me signal the name to M. Balaguine.

THE DOT ON THE I

"Cyrano de Bergerac," a five-act play in verse recently produced in Paris, and which has received an applause louder than has greeted anything that has appeared there since the successes of Victor Hugo, contains the following definition of a kiss:

"A pink dot on the *i* of the verb *aimer*."

De Musset was nearly murdered for less. He had the audacity to suspend a moon over a spire "like a dot on an *i*." That which was innovation in his day has become classic in ours.



L. E. McCOMAS, SENATOR-ELECT FROM MARYLAND

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WHY OPDYKE WENT TO EUROPE

BY GERALDINE BONNER



IT WAS nearly midnight in a cafe on the Avenue. Three men sat over the coffee and cigarettes that topped off a light supper.

Outside there was the edge of winter in the air, and the roll and rumble of a stream of carriages, most of them going up-town. They came onward up the length of the wide street like some big, advancing animals, staring in front of them with their two lamps for eyes.

Opdyke, the Western man, was more interested in the dark-and-light flashing panorama without than in the even splendor within. He said he could see a lot of men in dress suits, eating and smoking, whenever he wanted, even in the West. But the moving ebb and flow of the darkling Avenue held him, and he turned in his chair, and, never very talkative, became musingly preoccupied.

Hallan and Danby, the two New Yorkers, found his interest in the gleaming transit of the carriages amusingly provincial. They talked together through the standing layers of smoke, while the Western man's cigarette burned itself away, sending up a thin white thread from the edge of his plate.

"There's a party going on up there," he said suddenly, making a vague gesture toward the upper end of the city; "those carriages are full of dressed-up women."

"A party! there are half a dozen," said Hallan; "the first blood of the season is drawn to-night."

"There's a big one on at the Van Meyerincks," said Danby; "Mrs. Van Meyerinck's daughter comes out, or gets married, or divorced, or something. It's in honor of some family ceremonial. They've issued eight hundred invitations. The Van Meyerincks are a little new and they do things on a massive scale."

The Western man seemed interested. "I'd like to go," he said; "those women look very pretty."

The others laughed. They had lived in New York all their lives, were good-looking and gentlemanly, but they had never attended these revels of the socially elect and never aspired to the honor.

"I don't see what's to prevent any one from going who wants to," said the Western man, after they had attempted to convince him of the futility of his desire. "How is it possible for a woman to know eight hundred faces? There could be dozens of thieves and impostors among her guests, and Mrs. Van Meyerinck would never find it out till she began to miss her spoons and her diamonds."

"That sounds reasonable enough," retorted Danby; "but let the thieves and impostors try it and they'll see it's not as easy as it looks. It takes more than a dress suit and unlimited cheek to get into a house like that."

The Western man leaned forward, with his elbows on the table and his chin on his hands. "I'll bet you five hundred dollars that I'll go to Mrs. Van Meyerinck's to-night, spend an hour or two there, eat supper, speak to her, and come away. And there won't be a question asked or a doubt expressed of my right to be there."

His companions took the bet with enthusiasm. "What will you say when some pampered menial looks doubtfully at you and asks you your name?" asked Danby.

"They won't. The pampered menial can't remember eight hundred faces any more than the hostess. I'll be one of the people both have forgotten. And I'll prove to you beyond a doubt that any man who is decently dressed can go to any ball in New York. And any thief can enter in the same way and rob at his ease."

The idea seized them with the fascination of risk and adventure. They called for the check and paid, and, struggling into their overcoats in the hall, emerged into the sharp air of the streets. They would meet at the same place the next night for dinner and listen to Opdyke's experiences.

The dark line of the Avenue stretched before them, touched with yellow dots of light on either side. The glaring-eyed carriages came rolling up from every direction, all making for a point where a crowding procession of them slowly defiled before a canvas archway. This was the entrance to Mrs. Van Meyerinck's. The Western man, glimpsing up at the house, saw a vast, many-storied pile with innumerable long, narrow windows gleaming on its wide face.

The carriages, disgorging radiant figures, blocked the entrance, and the Western man, with some other revelers on foot, had to press in sidewise where the policeman pushed about the crowd. He gave a backward nod and smile at the faces of his two friends, and walked up the canvas tunnel in the wake of two muffled female figures. Then the great door swung back and, on the heels of the cloaked women, he entered a dazzling, flower-scented hallway.

His path was waylaid with obsequious servants who conducted him hither and thither, removed his coat, and set him on the right course for the finding of the hostess. Such fears as he had had of detection and ignominious expulsion began to give way in the excitement and splendor of the scene. People seemed

to block staircase and hall and doorway in scintillating, rustling, radiant crowds. He had never seen such beautiful women, or such bare shoulders, or such enormous jewels.

Following the lead of a slow-moving throng, he was conducted with safety to the side of Mrs. Van Meyerinck. As he approached he saw her at the end of the long, shining, garlanded room, through which breathed a sighing of soft music. She was a handsome woman, stout, flushed, and middle-aged. Her jewels were amazing, and the Western man, who had had no previous acquaintance with ladies who wore crowns like queens, was amazed at the ornament which adorned the top of her head, in size about like a teacup and incrustated with gems of astonishing luster.

By her side stood a young girl, who already looked pale and tired. To Opdyke's eyes, accustomed to full-blown women of eighteen, she looked like a very little girl indeed, with her thin, white neck and her delicate, child's face. He thought she was a dear little girl, and she looked at him with a shy, soft smile and extended a welcoming hand.

As he turned away he heard her say: "Mamma, who is that very handsome man? I don't know him."

To which the mother answered, with a shrug of her broad shoulders: "Good heavens, how should I know! I can't be expected to remember who all these people are."

He roamed about the rooms after this and enjoyed himself greatly. He did not think he would like this sort of thing every evening, but it was very amusing once in a way. No one disturbed or appeared to notice him. Once a sorrow-faced, dispirited man addressed him with some vague words of welcome, and he concluded that this must be Mr. Van Meyerinck.

When the amusement of watching the dancers began to pale he tried supper, which he took alone standing by a buffet. While thus engaged a beautiful lady accosted him by some one else's name and spoke to him for a moment with archness and gayety. Then she drifted away on the arm of her cavalier, leaving Opdyke greatly relieved, for he did not wish to risk discovery by any conversation. He lingered by the buffet, where he drank some more champagne and decided that, having fairly won his bet, he could now go home.

Before leaving he thought he would make the tour of the numerous rooms that opened from each other in dazzling vista, and by his description prove to his friends how complete and extensive had been his invasion of the house.

He passed swiftly at first through one or two small apartments, where couples sat on divans and where unattached men like himself strolled about admiring the pictures. He thought he had made the transit of all these Chinese rooms and Moorish rooms and Japanese rooms and Louis Quinze rooms when he noticed another doorway hung with dark drapery and beyond it a glimpse of palms bathed in an even, pink glow.

The light in the room was faint and was absorbed by the somber reddish hangings and obscured by the thick pink bulbs—like some kind of hanging tropical flowers—that it shone through. For the moment he thought the place was empty. Then he heard a voice speaking low, and looking in its direction saw a man and a woman sitting on a divan. The man had his head close to his companion's, and it was he who spoke in a concentrated, whispering voice. As the Western man looked he saw that he took her by the arm in a tense grip and shook her a little. Then he rose and rapidly and noiselessly left the room by another entrance concealed by hangings.

The intruder, who had seen all this in the first moment of entrance, would have gone, too, but his glance, lingering in mechanical curiosity upon the woman, was caught by hers and held by one of those indescribable, piercing, electric currents which eye darts into eye. He felt the silken material of the curtain that he held slipping through his fingers, and he stood and stared into the eyes of the woman on the divan.

She had moved when her companion left and was sitting forward, resting her weight on one hand, palm downward on the cushions. Her shoulders were white as ivory against the dull red background. Her face was white, and the jewels she wore round her neck winked in the light as her hurried breathing shook them. But her eyes as they met Opdyke's were the only things about her he noticed. They were full of an agony of terror.

"Don't go," she whispered, just loud enough for him to hear; "don't go."

Opdyke came toward her. "What can I do for you?" he said. "Are you sick?"

"No—not sick—not sick," she answered, leaning further forward and sending her fluttering whisper toward him. "But I want you to help me. You came just when I wanted you. It's Fate."

He had reached the divan, and she put up her hands and clutched his with a grip as eloquent of terror as the look in her eyes.

"Don't be so frightened," he said. "Keep cool, and I'll do anything I can for you."

He thought she was ill and suffering—faint, perhaps—and that the man had left her to get her something to drink.



—Hans Sonntag Jr.—

DESTRUCTION OF UNITED STATES



UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP "MAINE" IN HAVANA HARBOR TUESDAY NIGHT, FEBRUARY FIFTEENTH

DRAWN FROM SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPHS

"Get me away from here," she gasped, "get me away! Anywhere—but now—now—"

"But your friend? He'll be back in a minute."

"That's it—that's just it! He'll be back in a minute, and then it's too late. I'll have to—I'll have to do it! Oh, help me get away!" she cried, rising to her feet and gripping his arm with a frantic pressure. "Help me, and you will be rewarded; help me—I can't stay—"

She almost seized him in her arms as if she intended dragging him to the door.

The Western man had never seen any one under the influence of such fear and excitement. The thought darted across his mind that she was mad. But he had seen mad people and she did not look like one.

"You will—you will?" she urged. "I know you're good. I can see it in your face. I've seen too many bad faces not to know a good one.—I can't go alone. He'll find me! I'm so afraid—some one must help me. Oh, it's not that I'm so wicked, only weak and so afraid!" She wrung her hands as she cried out these broken sentences.

Opdyke saw that she was past the influence of argument or reason: She was in the power of elemental passions. "All right!" he said. "Get your things. You can tell me afterward where you want to go."

Without waiting for him to finish she made a reeling rush for the door her companion had left by. Opdyke made his exit by the other door, found the dressing-rooms, and coated and hat in hand was back again at the very instant that she pushed aside the hangings which concealed the opposite doorway. Her evening dress was hidden by a long, purplish cloak with clasps of silver set with some dull, purple-colored stones.

"Come, come!" she cried, holding her hand out toward him. "I know the way out. This way we won't meet many people." She grasped his hand and led him out of the room, and along passages and down stairways he had not seen before. Unlike himself, she was evidently an habituée of the house. It was lucky she did not intrust him with the task of making a swift and surreptitious exit.

They debouched upon an illuminated hallway and then through a wide portico out upon a short flight of steps that gave on the side street. There were a few loiterers about, and on the Avenue the rumble of carriages and the moving glare of lamps showed that there were guests still in transit. On the upper step his companion paused, looked rapidly up and down the street, and then turned to him a pale, dazed face.

"Your carriage?" he asked. "Give me the number or the name and I'll have it here in a moment."

She shook her head and said: "I have none. But get yours; get some one else's—anything, only don't let's wait."

A special policeman, strolling about to maintain order, caught sight of them, and his experienced eye read trouble in their undecided attitudes. He advanced, Opdyke hastening his approach with an imperious gesture.

"A carriage—any one will do. This lady is ill and can't stand. A hack, a hansom—anything."

The man departed running. His figure turned the corner, and in a moment an augmenting rattle told that he was prepared for such an emergency. The two lumps of a hack suddenly sent their cylinders of light ahead of them as the vehicle turned the corner and bore down on the side portico.

The woman gave a gasp of relief which Opdyke answered with a smothered ejaculation. She had communicated her state of tense excitement to him. He found himself half carrying her down the steps, and as the hack drew up he wrenched the door open before the wheels had come to a standstill. She had sufficient strength left to spring in without assistance. In the darkness of the hack seat she seemed to drop together in a limp, pale-colored heap. The Western man, holding the door open, said in a low voice: "Where shall I tell the man to drive? I am sorry to have to ask you, but you must give me your address."

She answered with a faint broken sound. He could not make out whether she was trying to say something, or had fainted with a command on her lips. There was nothing for it but to stay by her and see her through. He sprang into the carriage and called through the window to the driver: "Drive on—up the Avenue. I'll tell you presently where to go."

The man mounted his seat, and the carriage turned sharply and then rolled heavily forward.

The Western man looked at his companion in hesitating inquiry. She lay back in her corner just as she had fallen. Every time they passed a lamp he could see the silk of her skirt and the heavy folds of her purple cloak as it fell open over her knees. But the rest of her figure was in obscurity. Presently, as she made neither sound nor movement, he said: "Where shall I tell the man to go?"

She moved, evidently rousing herself from the collapsed state of complete exhaustion. She drew a deep, quivering breath and her silks rustled delicately. Then her voice came with a note of dead, dolorous hopelessness: "I don't know."

"You don't know?" Opdyke could not help repeating, so unpleasantly was he affected by the remark. "But you must know. Where do you live? What is the number of your home?"

"I don't live anywhere. I have no home. I—I—oh! I don't know. I don't know what to do. There's no place for me—no place anywhere!"

She made as if to sit up, then fell back again in an abandonment of despair. Her hands, which she had raised with a passionate gesture, dropped in her lap, and, as another lamp flashed its light in the window, the Western man saw them lying there, small and half curled up, in the limpness of heavy prostration. One of them was ungloved, and it sparkled with rings. Opdyke leaned a little forward and tried to speak cheerfully:

"You must not be so down on your luck. I don't know what's making you so miserable, but I don't believe it's as bad as you think it is. You must have come from somewhere to-night to go to that ball. Tell me the place and I'll take you back there."

She sat up as if galvanized by this remark. The ungloved hand lying in the light closed like a trap.

"No—no—don't say that," she said in a throaty, strained whisper; "I can't go back there—I can't! Don't make me. Don't ask me. I'm—I'm so afraid. It's"—she leaned forward and brought her face near the window, and Opdyke saw again the uncanny look in her eyes—"it's dangerous! I never can go back there. They might"—she dropped her voice to the lowest key audible—"they might even try to kill me!"

She shuddered and put her hands over her face. Opdyke leaned back in silence, feeling very uncomfortable. Whatever was causing her terror, whether the cause was real or fanciful, the effect was sufficiently vivid to impress him. It sounded very like insanity, but she did not seem to him like a person whose mind is deranged.

"Very well," he said quietly, "if you feel that way you'd better not go back there. Can you suggest anywhere else where I could take you? Have you friends or relatives in the city? I'm sure you must have friends."

"I know no one here," she answered. Then suddenly, in a voice of utter despair, she added, as if to herself: "I wish I could die!"

Opdyke did not reply. He began to feel that he was close to something which, if it was not insanity, was very near to tragedy. He had to help this poor creature who had thrown herself upon his protection with such desperate abandon. In his darkened corner he ran over the possible places where he could seek a refuge for her. He saw himself applying for asylum at any of the hotels he knew, escorting her in in the panoply of her splendid, unbonneted, bejeweled evening dress. The thing was not to be thought of. He was a stranger in the city, with no intimate female friendships to rely on for assistance in this hour of extremity. He thought vaguely of Danby and Hallan, his only acquaintances. But how could they help him?

He began to realize the true bearings of his situation. As far as he could see, there was nothing for it but to leave her at a hospital or police station, and then go himself and insert advertisements in all the evening papers. And then suddenly, in this moment of distraction, he thought of a plan.

His old nurse, Bridget Conroy, had married some years before and settled in New York. Both he and his sister had corresponded with Bridget, who had virtually brought them up. The old Irish woman loved him as only old nurses can love. She would take the fair anonymous in, asking no questions and requiring no certificate of character. He remembered her address, as he had looked it up that very evening, intending to go and see her on the morrow. The thought lightened the burden of responsibility which had oppressed him, and he felt cheerful and relieved.

Turning to his companion he explained his idea in a few words. She made no response, sitting with her head sunk down on the cushions in the corner. As she expressed no unwillingness to trust herself to Mrs. Conroy, he supposed her satisfied and pulled the strap to arrest the attention of the driver. The man repeated the address, whipped up his horses, and the carriage rolled onward at a livelier pace.

Opdyke sank back with a deep, thankful sigh. "You'll be perfectly safe at Bridget's," he said. "She's a good, honest old Irish woman, who will not bother you with questions or—"

The carriage lurched on a stone, throwing the figure of the woman toward him. It moved with a peculiar, heavy inertness. At the same moment they turned a corner and a lamp flashed a broad beam of light obliquely through the window. Opdyke saw her face, white, the chin up, the mouth a little open, the eyelids half down. Her head swayed on her neck with an uncertain, oscillating movement. For one frightful instant he thought she was dead. Then he touched her and felt that she was warm and nerveless. She had fainted.

He tried to make her as comfortable as possible, rolled the rug up under her head, and moved to the seat beside her. He did not think they could be very far from Bridget's, who lived somewhere in the upper end of town, as they had been driving for some time and at a rapid pace. He noticed, too, that the lines of level fronting houses were giving way to more scattered dwellings, irregular and detached. A great flat building loomed up past him on one hand, and then a piece of land littered with the debris of building, then the skeleton of a spreading structure, through the interstices of which he saw the stars.

The hack turned a corner, bumped violently over a length of uneven cobbles, and drew up at a three-story building flanked on one side by a shop and on the other by a vacant lot.

Opdyke opened the door and the driver descended.

"It's one of them flats," said the man, indicating the house. Opdyke got out and studied the numbers. The man was right; it was the lower flat, and he began an assault upon the electric bell. He pressed it a dozen times with no response.

The driver, who had remounted his box, looked from the perch with interest, and finally said: "You'll never wake up anybody at this hour of the night with an electric bell. Knock and keep on knocking till you break the door down."

Opdyke obeyed. He felt that he would break the door down rather than resume his drive with the fair, homeless unknown.

"Kick!" shouted the driver, much interested.

Opdyke kicked. Then he knocked on the windows. The night resounded with the fury of his assault.

Of a sudden a window in the flat above was thrown up noisily and a white shape appeared. In a voice of deep masculine disgust it demanded: "What the devil's the matter?"

Opdyke stepped back from a window he had been trying to force up. "I'm trying to wake Mrs. Conroy," he answered.

"Trying to wake Mrs. Conroy?" retorted the white figure ironically. "Are you under the impression that the noise you're making can only be heard by Mrs. Conroy? I should say you were trying to wake up the entire population of Harlem."

"Well," said Opdyke, "I daresay I'm doing that, too. But I only want to wake Mrs. Conroy."

"I should think," replied the other, "that if she lives in the city and you keep it up long enough you'll probably succeed in waking her. But you might spare the neighborhood. She doesn't live here any more."

Opdyke's arm, raised mechanically for another attempt upon the window, fell heavily to his side. "For Heaven's sake, then, where does she live?" he exclaimed.

The wrath of the man at the window seemed to be appeased by the stranger's evident distress. "I don't know," he answered. "But—wait a moment." He turned from the window and seemed to hold a conference with some one in the back part of the room. Then he came forward again: "She left here about two weeks ago. She went in a hurry because her husband was taken ill. My wife says they were going to one of the suburbs, but she can't remember whether it was Orange or Staten Island, or somewhere round Bay Ridge, or—"

"Good-night," cried Opdyke. "I'm sorry I waked you. Thank you."

The window shut with a clatter, and Opdyke turned and made his way down the steps. There was a faint pallor of gray breaking through the blackness of the sky. In this eerie light he saw with a sensation of misery the dark bulk of the hack, the tired horses with their drooping heads, and the driver huddled up, napping, on his box.

As he stepped from the stairway to the pavement the pale square of the carriage window was obscured by a shape, and a frightened voice cried: "What is it? What has happened? I am all mixed up!"

In the ugly gray light she leaned out of the window and stared at the Western man with a scared, confused expression. For the first time he vaguely noticed that she was pretty and evidently younger than he had supposed, for her face, exposed to the disfiguring light of dawn, was fresh and unlined.

"What has happened?" she repeated, as she drew back from the door to let him in; "what is this place?"

"It's the house of an old Irish woman I was going to leave you with," he answered, opening the door; "but she isn't there any more."

"Oh!" she said, subsiding into her corner. He could not tell whether the monosyllable betokened relief or disappointment.

The grinding of the opening door awakened the driver. "Where to?" he cried, in as wakeful a voice as he could assume.

"Oh, anywhere!—Drive on—drive down the Avenue again," cried the desperate Opdyke; and, getting in, he slammed the door and sank down in dogged despair. The carriage turned cumbrously and once again they were off.

The silence of utter dejection held Opdyke. With his collar turned up and his hat over his eyes, he sat and looked out of the window at the dreary landscape, slowly growing out of the mystic darkness of the night. The thin gray atmosphere, clarified and paled with every succeeding minute, revealing the squalid chaos of a city in process of construction. Now and then he shot a side look at his companion, where she sat muffled to the eyes in her cloak. The chivalrous and romantic sentiments she had inspired when darkness and lamplight lent their glamour to the hour, now in the growing light of day began to give way to a feeling of exasperation. Unless she was mad, her behavior was unaccountably unreasonable. Day was at hand. What was he to do with her?

He leaned forward and spoke, gently but as firmly as he he could:

"It will soon be daylight. You can't go about the streets in that dress. Please try and collect your thoughts and suggest to me some place to take you."

She started, and, raising her head, looked at him over the folds of her cloak like a frightened rabbit.

"Take me?" she repeated. Then she leaned forward, looked out of the window and looked back at him, exclaiming—

"Why, it's almost day! It will soon be morning!"

She glanced down at her skirt of pale colored brocade showing between the loose-hanging fronts of her cloak. Then, like an actor in a pantomime, she felt at her hair, in which a diamond comb was loosely caught, and gave a frightened clutch at her neck, where more gems glittered.

These investigating gestures seemed to convey to her dazed understanding the incongruity of her attire with the approaching day. Suddenly, with a stifled sob, she let her head drop forward in her hands and tears ran through her fingers.

Opdyke was at his wit's end. He saw hysterics added to the terrors of the coming morning.

"Don't cry," he said soothingly. "Try and control yourself. I know it's been a very trying experience for you, and that you feel tired and frightened. If only," he urged persuasively, "you could think of some place where I could leave you—a hotel, a boarding-house, a friend's house. Couldn't I even take you back to Mrs. Van Meyerinck's? You must know her quite well; you seemed to be so familiar with the house."

She raised her face and stared at him. Her eyes, through standing tears, were piercing and intelligent. The vague terror of the past night was no longer in their depths, but a vivid, questioning terror of him.

"No—no!" she cried hoarsely. "Anywhere but there. Death would be better than that. Oh—no—no—not there!" and she fell back against the cushions, and drawing her cloak over her face wept behind it.

Opdyke made no rejoinder. He looked out of the window and thought. They were on the Avenue, and the great, silent houses slept behind their shutters. But in an hour more the bustle of awakening day would shake the city from its torpor. And then were he and his purple-cloaked anonymous to wander on all day in this hack, in a mad ride like a second Wilhelm and Lenore?

A figure strolling along, bulky, and thick-waisted through the gloom, struck his eye, and he leaned forward watching it mechanically. It turned and presented to his gaze the familiar, gold-buttoned facade of a policeman. The man caught his eye, and Opdyke, without knowing why, drew back guiltily into the interior of the carriage.

But the sight of this defender of metropolitan peace brought with it a sudden flash of illuminating light. It was yet too early for the possibility of collecting a crowd. He had money in plenty with him. The man at least could suggest something decent and seemly to be done with the unknown lady; could tell him—a stranger in the city—some place of refuge and security where she could be lodged. He looked at her charily, but she lay back motionless, concealed behind her cloak. She was either sleeping or in tears.

He pulled the strap gently, and in a low voice ordered the driver to stop at the corner. The carriage turned in toward the curb and came to a standstill with a creaking jolt. The woman had evidently been in a light sleep, for she started up, throwing back her cloak with a gesture of wild alarm. In her pale and richly-robed dishevelment she looked very pretty.

"What is it?" she cried. "Where are we?"

"Keep perfectly cool," said Opdyke, opening the door. "I'm going to find out from a person here whom—I know, of a safe and respectable place to take you. Sit still and go to sleep if you want. I'll see that everything is all right. You can trust to me."

"I know that," she said; and for the first time he noticed that her voice was even-toned and normal.

"Where are we?" she asked, leaning forward to peer out. Opdyke, not knowing, looked about him and then at her. Afterward he knew that the expression he saw in her eyes, which made him realize that she was perfectly sane, was a look of recognition, and behind it a look of relief. She evidently knew the city as she had known Mrs. Van Meyerinck's house.

With a cautioning word to her, he alighted and walked up the street to where he had seen the policeman. Once he looked back and saw her face at the window watching him, and the rounded back of the driver already slumbering on his box. The next moment the policeman loomed up, rolling drowsily forward through the mists of dawn.

Opdyke hailed him, and then, under the man's slow, exploring eye, began to realize the improbabilities of his story. He hastily explained that he wished an asylum for a lady who was ill, homeless and friendless.

The policeman, balancing first on his toes and then on his heels, surveyed him with a glance of musing disbelief.

"Ain't she got no home nor friends?" he inquired.

"None whatever," said Opdyke eagerly; "she's a stranger in the city as I am."

"Is she sick?" said the policeman.

"No," said Opdyke, controlling his rising irritation, "but—but—I'm not sure about her mind."

Then, feeling in his pocket, he gathered up at random a fistful of money and pressed it into the hand of the incredulous questioner.

"Good heavens!" he said in a low voice, as he felt the policeman's thick fingers contracting over the loose silver, "there must be some better place than a police station where a lady in such a predicament can find refuge?"

"Is she really crazy?" asked the policeman, a warming gleam



SHE PUT UP HER HANDS AND CLUTCHED HIS WITH A LOOK ELOQUENT OF TERROR

beginning to diffuse itself over the cold disfavor of his countenance.

"No—she's not at all crazy; I never said she was," said Opdyke, exasperated; "but she's not—not—"

"Not all there!" suggested the other. "Where does she come from?"

He moved forward toward where the hack stood up in the dimness of the raw daylight.

"I don't know," said Opdyke sullenly. He felt he would stand anything from this man if he would only help him to find a shelter for the distressed and unreasonable lady.

"What's her name?"

"I don't know," reiterated Opdyke.

The policeman emitted a soft whistle, which sounded portentously loud in the chill silence of the street. But he said no more, and they approached the carriage.

"I think she's probably sleeping," said Opdyke; and, with the policeman at his heels, he went to the window and looked in.

The hack was empty!

Opdyke drew back and turned round with a pale, blank face. The man behind him was looking over his shoulder, peering curiously into the dark depths of the carriage. They looked into each other's eyes.

"Well?" said the preserver of metropolitan peace; and there was a smile lurking in his eyes.

Opdyke woke the driver. "Where is she?" he cried, excited past all discretion. "Where did she go?"

"Has she gone?" said the driver with a little air of forced interest. "Well, I'll be jiggered!" he exclaimed, bending down to look into the empty hack, "so she has!"

And he straightened himself and gave a great yawn.

"Better get in and go quietly home," said the policeman, quite thawed, as one who is confronted with a familiar vagary of human nature. "A good sleep's what you want. Don't want to let your nerves break up this way."

"But—?" Opdyke stood looking down the cross street and down and up the Avenue. Was she hiding in some cellar stairway, or had she entered one of the houses? By running very rapidly she might have got out of sight round the first corner. In imagination he saw her passing through the shadows, a swift, purple-swathed figure.

He appealed to the policeman: "What's to be done? She's in evening dress! She's got no hat on! She's half crazy about something—I don't know what. What'll I do?"

"You get in here and drive home as quickly as you can," said that functionary, patting him on the shoulder paternally. "Y'ain't no call to bother about her—whether she's dead or alive," he added in low-toned incredulity.

He took Opdyke by the arm and gently directed him toward the open door of the hack.

"Where do you live?" he asked, as the door slammed on the young man.

Opdyke repeated the name of his hotel, and, as the policeman gave it with some murmured instructions to the driver, he cried:

"Look out for her, won't you? She may be wandering round these streets somewhere. She's a lady, and I tell you her mind's queer. If you see her—"

The policeman appeased his anxiety with a soothing nod and a down-sweeping, silencing gesture of a large, hairy fist with extended fingers. The hack once more started, and Opdyke fell back on the cushions with closed eyes. It was sunrise when he reached his rooms, and throwing off his clothes fell into bed, and slept till the autumn evening was closing in, frosty-breathed, still and red.

At half-past six he walked down the Avenue from his hotel to his rendezvous at the cafe. He felt as if the adventures of the past night had been some wild, phantasmagoric dream. Would the others believe it? Or should he tell them? He had won his bet honestly, but whether to shake their faith in him by retelling his subsequent wanderings was a point upon which he was undecided. As the cafe came into view he suddenly made up his mind that he would not tell them. Let the desperate woman and her unrevealed secret remain a mystery.

He entered the glare of the room, blinking a little and threading his way between the tables to that one by the window where he saw his two friends already seated.

As he approached, Danby saw him and said a hasty word to Hallan, who was reading the evening paper. Then Opdyke drew near, smiling in his triumph.

"Enter the conqueror!" he said, dropping into the third seat.

"I hardly expected you," said Danby. "Wasn't it rather rash of you to come?"

The Western man looked from one to the other. Both looked grave, almost alarmed. "What's the matter?" he asked, startled by the two solemn faces.

"Haven't you seen the evening paper?" said Hallan.

"No—I haven't seen anything. I only woke up about an hour ago. Good heavens, what's happened?"

Hallan handed the paper to him, and, with a cautious glance at the surrounding tables, indicated a heading. It ran:

"THREE MEMBERS OF A WELL-KNOWN GANG OF JEWEL ROBBERS ALMOST CAUGHT AT MRS. VAN MEYERINCK'S BALL.
"A Man And A Woman Make Their Escape in Alarm."

"The third member of the party leaves later and without the swag."

Opdyke settled himself back in his chair and his eye ran down the column:

"The detectives placed about the Van Meyerinck mansion last night very nearly succeeded in apprehending three members of the gang of jewel robbers who have lately committed so many depredations in the houses of the rich. These clever workers first began their operations two years ago at the De Courcey Courtland's Ball. Their method of procedure was simple and effective. They worked in couples, a man and a woman, entering as guests and trusting to their fashionable appearance and the density of the crowd to pass unchallenged. In the course of the evening, the woman, having free access to the ladies' apartments, committed the thefts. An absolute knowledge of the location of the jewels, combined with the trust her own elegant air and appearance inspired in the servants, made this a more or less simple operation.

"It was expected that at the Van Meyerinck's Ball an attempt would be made upon such of the famous Van Meyerinck jewels as were not worn by the hostess. This supposition was borne out by subsequent events. Detective Atkinson, detailed upon the case, saw the man suspected as the head of the gang enter the house at about midnight. He was accompanied by a woman, evidently a new member of the fraternity, as she was a stranger to both Detectives Atkinson and Ryan—the latter being within the mansion. Whether the woman's courage failed, or whether some fear of discovery or physical disability overcame her, it is certain that she made no attempt upon the jewels, and that, about two hours after his entrance, her companion was seen to leave the house alone.

"Some light is thrown upon their movements by Policeman O'Grady, who was in charge of the side door of the mansion. At about two in the morning he was attracted by a man and a woman, who made a hurried exit from the side portico and ordered him to call a cab in great haste. O'Grady said that the woman seemed ill and that both she and her companion labored under great excitement. He attempted to ascertain the address given, but noticed that the man would give none in his hearing.

O'Grady's description of the woman answered directly to both Atkinson's and Ryan's. The man he describes as of singularly distinguished appearance, wearing a pointed beard and being fully six feet two in height. Mr. and Mrs. Van Meyerinck and Miss Van Meyerinck said this morning that they had noticed this man and had no recollection of ever having seen him before. The detectives are certain that he is a third member of the gang, and that, had not their plans miscarried, they would have made a clean sweep of the Van Meyerinck pearls. Search is now being instituted for the hackman whom O'Grady procured for the couple."

Opdyke looked up. His two friends were staring at him with inquiring eyes.

"What'll you do?" asked Danby.

"Go to Europe," said Hallan with low-toned urgency. "I've just been looking over the shipping ads. and the *Auraria* sails at five to-morrow morning. I'm sure you can get a berth if you pay enough.

"Better go," urged Danby. "Of course you can clear yourself and all that sort of thing, but it's such a confoundedly ugly looking affair. And they'll find that hackman to-morrow."

"All right," said Opdyke. "I've no objection to going to Europe. But I'll have to hurry.—Waiter, the check."

They rose hastily and made their way into the hall, ordering the man in attendance to call a cab.

The messenger's form, flitting through alternate patches of light and darkness, sped across the street to where a line of carriages stood against the shadowy background of the park. There was a moment's pause, and then one of the vehicles detached itself from the line and came rattling toward them. Hallan and Danby hurried forward to meet it. Opdyke followed more slowly.

"So that's the solution of the problem," he said to himself.

"It was just pure fright. Her nerve gave out. But who did she go to? Where is she now? Why did—?"

"Hurry up, Opdyke!" called Hallan impatiently, "get in. Don't you understand that you've not a moment to lose?"

OUR GREATEST NAVAL DISASTER

THE loss of the *Maine* is the greatest naval disaster ever experienced by the United States. No vessel lost in action in any of our wars was half as costly as the *Maine*, either in construction or armament, nor was the loss of life on any of them so great. Our two vessels wrecked by hurricane in Samoan waters a few years ago were together less valuable than the *Maine's* armament alone, and the greater part of their crews escaped.

The *Maine* was the first modern battleship launched in the United States, and although rated officially as second-class, she was greatly the superior, for offense or defense, to any of the cruisers of our White Squadron, for her vital parts were protected by a belt of armor, her guns were in armored turrets, and four of the guns were of 10-inch caliber; nothing greater than 8-inch guns had at that date been mounted on any cruiser.

The *Maine* was built at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, by government workmen, many of whom had served in the navy. At the same time the *Texas*, of nearly the same model and displacement as the *Maine*, was under construction at the Norfolk Navy Yard, and there was much rivalry between the two yards as to which should work most rapidly. The *Maine* was first to enter the water, and on the occasion of the launching the Brooklyn Navy Yard was crowded as it never was before or since; although the day was in mid-November (1890) and very raw, all points of view were closely packed with people for hours, and when the great hull slid down the ways there arose a roar of approval that was heard on the New York side of the river. She was completed and placed in commission late in 1894, having previously shown a trial speed of more than seventeen knots—as good a record as had been made by battleships of any class and nation.

The *Maine's* extreme length was 350 feet, extreme breadth 57 feet, and mean draught about 21 feet. Her armor belt above the water-line was about twelve inches thick, and protected the engines and turret machinery. The turrets, of which there were two, were protected by steel armor a foot thick. Her displacement was 6,682 tons and her indicated horse-power 9,293.

All modern naval vessels are in many particulars experimental and liable to unexpected and disabling accidents, of which the *Maine* had her full share. Nevertheless, she had been almost continuously in service ever since she was placed in commission and her loss at the present time is irreparable.

When the circumstances of the disaster are considered, the restraint of the American people appears remarkable and in the highest degree praiseworthy.



MUSIC BY NEEDLE-POINT

APPARENTLY the most distinguished and attentive musical audience of the season was one that filled the great Astor Gallery of the Waldorf-Astoria last week and closely observed the recording and repeating, by gramophone, of recitations and

of vocal and instrumental music. Humanity loves mystery, so although the principle and working of the gramophone were lucidly explained, the seven hundred men and women who heard the Grace Church Choir, the Banda Rossa, and some individual artists speak and sing there, listened as wonderingly to the gramophone's repetitions as if a genuine and extremely entertaining witch were imprisoned between the needle and its tiny vibrator.



SEÑOR DON JUAN DU BOSCH, SPAIN'S CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES AT WASHINGTON



MEN MANNERS AND MOODS

LXXX



THE "Sykes Case," as it is now called, has roused hot wrath here. Multitudes who air what are called liberal views think it an outrage that because a woman forger has had a ducal grandfather she should escape punishment. Still, it is quite possible that she will not escape. Only yesterday the London public was showing, by certain covert snarls, its disapprobation of Lord William Nevill's having found refuge on the Continent; and now he has been arrested and must soon defend himself against a degrading charge. Lady Sykes's head (who knows?) may be the next to fall. Meanwhile, the real *chose jugée*, many radical thinkers aver, is being studiously shirked. They claim that society here has lived at an infamous rate of extravagance. "Crowds of idle, worthless people of the 'smart' set," we hear, "who on both occasions" (*in re Nevill and Sykes*) "filled the court, constituted a further revelation of the canker in English society, which, nevertheless, with its unblushing effrontery, thrusts itself forward as the *moral leader of the world*." I imagine that the radicals make a very palpable hit just there. For it cannot be denied that England does commit herself to a tremendous moral pose. She disseminates "Christian doctrines" throughout numberless Oriental lands. The name of her Asian, African, Japanese, Chinese missionaries indeed is legion. As soon as she "conquers" a country with her warships she at once begins to "civilize" it by means of prayer-books and hymn-singing. The parson always follows the pillage. Naturally, he comes later, but he always comes. "We venture," says a somewhat bold London publication, "to suggest a new society for the conversion to something like decency of our fashionable heathen at home. The Sykes case has disclosed facts at which any decent Kaffir or Nubian would blush." Then it proceeds to speak of "a fashionable woman who has lived at a rate of extravagance shameful to think of, has raised money through Jewish money-lenders without her husband's knowledge, and has presented bills on which her husband's name was forged. What a picture of English Society!" it adds, with magisterial disgust. And then comes this bellicose paragraph, which I cannot refrain from quoting, since it may convince certain prejudiced American readers how fiercely certain aristocratic laxities are opposed and condemned in a country which has been so often accused of condoning and winking at them. Nothing was ever more unfair than such an accusation, and the following little diatribe is only one of many others which reveal "the lie of the land," as they term it here, though not the faintest pun is intended:

"Now, we suggest the formation of a Society to redeem these barbarians, as Matthew Arnold called them. It might take the form of a company, as companies are now the order of the day, and the zest for the pursuit of morality might be combined with the eagerness for dividends, so that John Bull's twofold passion for money and morals might be satisfied. A few pious peers might be made directors and, of course, the episcopal bench, which is in the closest touch with 'Society,' would not be unrepresented. A big capital could soon be raised when it was known that the object of the company was the salvation of people with titles and the shares would speedily be at a premium. Select 'at homes' got up by the company, with tea and muffins and a white-handed bishop to talk to dukes on the state of their souls, and afterward a general distribution of nice little tracts, written in such a way as not to offend ears polite. Here is an opening for capital and enterprise."

Both Americans and English will be equally interested, I think, in a book which Messrs. Methuen & Co. of London have just issued—a novel, called "Josiah's Wife," by Miss Norma Lorimer, who is also the author of another novel, "A Sweet Disorder," issued in London about two years ago, and with distinctive success. "Josiah's Wife" has a fresh and curious *donnée*. Its heroine is the fair and high-bred wife of an exceedingly plain British tradesman, of large means, living in Boston, Massachusetts. Her husband is goodness itself to her, but she cannot endure him. Indeed, she married him only to provide a luxurious home for her invalid mother, though immediately afterward that mother died. One redeeming circumstance exists, however—she is absolutely indifferent to everybody else. Her husband sends her for a trip to Europe, in hope that the change may do something for their strained relations. While sketching at a ruined monastery in Sicily (charmingly described, and an abode where she is staying in the rooms of the caretaker) she meets a "smart" Englishman—Walter Norris—who is immensely attracted by her beauty and her wonderfully strong individualism. This leads to his visiting her at home, when she returns to the United States, with the unforeseen result that he becomes so impressed by the sterling qualities of Josiah that he carries him off, without his wife, to the Manor House in England. After staying there for some time he becomes in manners and appearance the gentleman that he has always been in heart.

How, on his return to America, a mistake drifts them yet further apart, and how, eventually, the husband with whom she has fallen in love is restored to her, is told with unusual *esprit*. It is a most piquant book, and it has a most novel subject. The author, Miss Lorimer, may be remembered by more than a single person who reads these lines. A few years ago she spent several months in New York, where her mental and conversational graces pleasantly conspired with a very winning face to secure for her numerous friends. Not long ago, here in London, I held an interesting talk with her about travel in general, and I then felt tempted to ask her if there were any parts of the globe which perchance she had not seen. Unlike many wanderers, she has both visited and studied China, and it was most interesting to hear her praises of the artistic superexcellence of a country which nowadays (in this respect as in others) everybody subordinates to Japan.

I have lately witnessed, with great admiration and pleasure, the performance of "Julius Caesar," presented by Mr. Beerbohm Tree at his new and attractive playhouse, "Her Majesty's Theatre." It is a fact that in London this noble drama has not been seen for over forty years upon the stage of any West End theatre, if we except the rendition of it by the Saxe-Meiningen Company at Drury Lane in 1881. To my own thinking it is the best of all plays ever written by Shakespeare. I do not mean, by this, that it is half so well constructed as "Othello," or that it possesses as much poetic potency as either "Hamlet" or "Macbeth." But it is more dramatic and theatric, in a combined sense; it is actable beyond them all. *Caesar*, *Mark Antony*, *Brutus* and *Cassius* are all parts which an artist of the highest repute need not hesitate to perform. Then, too, it is all molded after a model of grandeur that leaves it lofty and alone, even among other works rivalingly grand. "King Lear," I cannot help believing, does not touch it for true sublimity. Of course it is an intensely difficult play to produce, in the present age of decorative demand. But Mr. Beerbohm Tree has grappled with all such impediments, and conquered them in magnificent style. From first to last he has woven an illusion of incomparable vividness and strength. Mr. Tree has preferred to assume the *role of Antony*. At first his personation will surprise Americans, who are sure, I should say, to see it at some future time in their own land. It is not the fiery *Antony* to which they have been accustomed. The tumultuously eloquent speech over *Caesar's* dead body in the senate-chamber was seldom, I think, delivered with so much restraint. But, none the less, it is a most telling piece of art, all masterfully thought-out from start to finish.

Never, as it seems to me, has a finer scene been written by man than that of *Mark Antony's* address to the mob. He himself has spoken but a while ago of loosing the dogs of war, and with what consummate skill does he now unite their knotted tethers! The gradual conversion of the mob is drama in its purest essence. It is also the best of poetry, and lastly it is satire of the most withering kind. What a comment on human nature! The worst of cynics might have written it if it had not also required the wisest of philosophers. To all the brilliance and subtlety of this episode Mr. Tree rises handsomely equal. No one can dispute the firmness of his grasp, though there may be some who maintain that it is not sufficiently feverish. The tradition is that *Antony* should foam at the mouth somewhat, if not exorbitantly. Mr. Tree prefers the less epileptic method. Besides, rant has gone completely out of fashion on the English stage, though I fear that impetuosity is too often so termed. *Antony's* later historic madness for Cleopatra has round him an atmosphere of fervor and recklessness. Hence for years excitability was the accepted key in which his character has practically been pitched by those who exploited it. If Mr. Tree chooses to wrap his demeanor in a relative repose he certainly invests it also with an appealing melancholy. You feel that he dearly loved the dead friend whose fate he holds in such abhorrence, and for whose glorious past he pleads in periods capable of swaying a populace as wind sways a field of grain. The figure that he presents is now dilated by indignation, now constrained by sorrow. . . . A very striking figure, too, is that of *Caesar*, played (and exceedingly well) by Mr. Charles Fulton. He looks the part to perfection. In visage he almost is *Caesar*. It would have been hard to find a better man in so important a place. *Brutus*, too, is rendered with fine efficiency by Mr. Lewis. He is dowered with a resonant and rhythmic voice, and a presence of much virile accent. At times he brings to one memories of the lamented Terriss, whom he slightly resembles. Mr. Franklin McLeay, as *Cassius*, constantly reminded me of our own well-beloved Lawrence Barrett, whom I saw years ago in the same part, and whom it suited with an almost faultless felicity. . . . Of the entire cast in "Julius Caesar" at "Her Majesty's" I can scarcely say too commending things. Mrs. Tree has been put into the small part of *Lucius*, servant to *Brutus*, though I should fancy that *Calpurnia* or *Portia* would be more in her legitimate line. To the whole entertainment one instinctively utters "Bravo" at the *finis*; and I am confident that this enthusiastic verdict will hereafter be repeated by all fair-minded American critics, provided any such choice products are still beamed upon by our visiting Yankee moon.

One of England's cheeriest winter charms may be found in the frequency of her dooryard evergreens, both rural and urban. Of course, in the country, these growths are a continual pleasure. But here, in London, you light upon them wherever the stingy clutch of "property value" permits. This, in many a haunt within a half-hour drive to the Criterion or the York Monument, may be achieved. Fir-trees are frequent; jungles of glossy laurels abound. As for ivy, it imperishably drapes many an old red-brick wall—this ivy whose tender ubiquity is even a more lovable quality of English soil than her superb yet more mutable oaks. However foggy or inclement the day, if you walk far enough into suburban London you can catch green glimpses of this incomparable vine. We never have it in America as they have it here; and I recall once writing about it, from my own western survey, in verses which yet haunt my vainglorious memory after no meager lapse of years. Of course they who have not seen the opulence of this adorable English vine can form no real estimate of what I mean in the simple yet pregnant title of

IVY.

Ill canst thou bide in alien lands like these,
Whose home lies overseas,
Among manorial halls, parks, wide and fair,
Churches antique, and where
Long hedges flower in May, and one can hark
To carolings from old England's lovely lark.

Ill canst thou bide where memories are so brief,
Thou that hast bathed thy leaf
Deep in the shadowy past, and known strange things
Of crumbled queens and kings;
Thou whose green kindred, in years half forgot,
Robed the gray battlements of Camelot.

Through all thy fibers' intricate expanse
Hast thou breathed sweet romance;
Ladies that long are dust hast thou beheld
Through dreamy days of old;
Watched in gay castle-courts the merry lights
Bathe gaudy banners and resplendent knights.

And thou hast seen, on ancient lordly lawns,
The timorous dappled fawns;
Heard pensive pages with their suave lutes play
Some low Provençal lay;
Marked beauteous dames through arras'd chambers glide
With lazy and graceful staghounds at their side.

And thou hast gazed on splendid cavalcades
Of nobles, matrons, maids,
Winding from castle gates on breezy morns,
With golden peals of horns,
In velvet and brocade, in plumes and silk,
With falcons, and with falcons white as milk.

Through convent casements thou hast peered, and there
Viewed the meek nun at prayer;
Seen, through rich panes, dyed purple, gold and rose,
Monks read old folios;
On abbey walls heard wild laughs thrill thy vine
When the fat tonsured priests quaffed ruby wine.

O ivy, having lived in times like these,
Here art thou ill at ease;
For thou art one with ages passed away,
We are of yesterday!
Short retrospect, slight ancestry is ours,
But thy dark leaves clothe history's haughty towers!

Still, if the ivy of England may be called its one most enduring and representative product, I should urge for another evergreen, ceaselessly thrifty here, a transatlantic fame of unquestionable range. Box grows in countless gardens of England, yet I cannot affirm that I have ever seen it attain here a luxuriance more appreciable than that which has blessed it in our own drier and seemingly less nutritious clime. Italy has it in almost monstrous bosks; but to Italy one willingly grants every conceivable beauty, both arboreal and floral. From a purely native sweep of vision I once gave myself headway in another lyric, which perhaps I may be allowed to transcribe. Its poor cadences have now and then rung in my ears while I have paused at the gateways of half-suburban villas, whose miniature lawns were gladdened, even below dismallest skies, by its tender fascination. Somehow, at these times I could not forget that I long ago gave it a voice, however frail and thin, and made it a kind of rhyming bit of colloquialism, named

BOX.

The path, from porch to gate I rim,
In rounded clusters rising trim.
With changeless mien, I lift serene
My small bright leaves of dusky green.

I droop not under blinding heat,
Nor shrink from savage cold and sleet;

When o'er me flow pale shrouds of snow,
My patient verdure thrives below.

I cannot lure the dainty bee;
No breeze of summer sighs for me;
In somber mood I drowse and brood,
With memory-haunted quietude.

For though I guard a sturdy strength,
My life has known unwonted length;
Fair days or dark I mutely mark,
The garden's tranquil patriarch.

That white-haired lady, frail of form,
Who seeks the porch when suns are warm,
Hath near me smiled, a blithesome child,
With tangled ringlets tossing wild.

As years went on, with air sedate,
She met her love at yonder gate.
I saw him bring, one night in spring,
The precious gold betrothal ring.

To church along this path she went,
A twelvemonth later, well content.
With peerless charm, in sweet alarm,
She leaned upon her father's arm.

Again to church, when years had fled,
In widow's dress, with bended head,
I saw her guide, at either side,
Her black-robed children, pensive-eyed.

These children now are dames and men,
But I to-day am young as then;
And yet each rose that near me blows
Laughs lightly at my prim repose.

Ah, giddy flowers that briefly live,
Your thoughtless whispers I forgive,
Since calmly I, as years go by,
In damask thousands watch you die!

I am told that a certain class of effeminate young men have now either ceased to deport themselves ridiculously or have quite vanished from London society. Perhaps Mr. Hichens's trenchant satire of the "Green Carnation" did this salutary work. Perhaps there was another and still more cogent reason for the change—who shall say? But everybody agrees that it is a most refreshing one. Many of these persons were no doubt harmless enough, but their affectations, I learn, had grown deadly tedious to sensible men and women alike. It was not merely that some of them wore stays, and others painted their faces, or put dark marks below their eyes; it was very often, as well, the obnoxious ideas to which they gave vent. Their paradoxes grew more and more absurd. I hear that they cultivated, at one time, a fad for the commoner music-halls, and that it was quite usual to hear one of the clique exclaim: "I adore what is vulgar! Nothing on earth is so refined as vulgarity—and nothing on earth is so vulgar as refinement!" But now the grave of their little vogue has been deeply dug, and on its erected slab *Requiescat*, and not *Resurgam*, is writ.

LONDON, FEBRUARY 2, 1906.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

CARGO

Oh, I have a little ship
In the bay, in the bay,
And to-morrow morning we
Sail away, sail away.

Have you aught of cargo, then,
Pretty maid, pretty maid?
State it quickly ere the stern
Anchor's weighed, anchor's weighed.

For my little ship will sail
Weal or woe, weal or woe,
And we never turn again
Once we go, once we go.

Oh, my heart's a little ship
In the bay, in the bay,
And to-morrow morning we
Sail away, sail away.

Have you aught of love for freight,
Pretty maid, pretty maid?
Tell me, sweetheart, ere the stern
Anchor's weighed, anchor's weighed.

For my little ship will sail
Weal or woe, weal or woe,
And we never come again
Once we go, once we go.

AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.



DRAWN BY JOHN LA FARGE

LA FARGE 98

THE TURN OF THE SCREW

BY HENRY JAMES

VI



IT TOOK of course more than that particular passage to place us together in presence of what we had now to live with as we could—my dreadful liability to impressions of the order so vividly exemplified, and my companion's knowledge, henceforth—a knowledge half consternation and half compassion—of that liability. There had been, this evening, after the revelation that left me, for an hour, so stupefied—there had been, for either of us, no attendance on any service but a little service of tears and vows, of prayers and promises, a climax to the series of mutual challenges and pledges that had straightway ensued on our retreating together to Mrs. Grose's room and shutting ourselves up there to have everything out. The result of our having everything out was simply to reduce our situation to the last rigor of its elements. She herself had seen nothing, not the shadow of a shadow, and nobody in the house but the governess was in the governess's plight; yet she accepted without directly impugning my sanity the truth as I gave it to her, and ended by showing me, on this ground, an awe-stricken tenderness, an expression of the sense of my more than questionable privilege, of which the very breath has remained with me as that of the sweetest of human charities.

What was settled between us, accordingly, that night, was that we thought we might bear things together; and I was not even sure that, in spite of her exemption, it was she who had the best of the burden. I knew at this hour, I think, as well as I knew later what I was capable of meeting to protect my pupils; but it took me some time to be wholly sure of what my honest ally was prepared for to keep terms with so compromising a contact. I was queer company enough—quite as queer as the company I received; but as I trace over what we went through I see how much common ground we must have found in the one idea that, by good fortune, *could* steady us. It was the idea, the second movement, that led me straight out, as I may say, of the inner chamber of my dread. I could take the air in the court, at least, and there Mrs. Grose could join me. Perfectly can I recall now the particular way strength came to me before we separated for the night. We had gone over and over every feature of what I had seen.

"He was looking for some one else, you say—some one who was not you?"

"He was looking for little Miles." A portentous clearness now possessed me. "That's whom he was looking for."

"But how do you know?"

"I know, I know, I know!" My exaltation grew. "And you know, my dear!"

She didn't deny this, but I required, I felt, not even so much telling as that. She resumed in a moment, at any rate: "What if he should see him?"

"Little Miles? That's what he wants!"

She looked immensely scared again. "The child?"

"Heaven forbid! The man. He wants to appear to them."

That he might was an awful conception, and yet, somehow, I could keep it at bay; which, moreover, as we lingered there, was what I succeeded in practically proving. I had an absolute certainty that I should see again what I had already seen, but something within me said that by offering myself bravely as the sole subject of such experience, by accepting, by inviting, by surmounting it all, I should serve as an expiatory victim and guard the tranquillity of my companions. The children, in especial, I should thus fence about and absolutely save. I recall one of the last things I said that night to Mrs. Grose.

"It does strike me that my pupils have never mentioned—"

She looked at me hard as I musingly pulled up. "His having been here and the time they were with him?"

"The time they were with him, and his name, his presence, his history, in any way."

"Oh, the little lady doesn't remember. She never heard or knew."

"The circumstances of his death?" I thought with some intensity. "Perhaps not. But Miles would remember—Miles would know."

"Ah, don't try him!" broke from Mrs. Grose.

I returned her the look she had given me. "Don't be afraid. I continued to think. "It is rather odd."

"That he has never spoken of him?"

"Never by the least allusion. And you tell me they were 'great friends?'"

"Oh, it wasn't him!" Mrs. Grose with emphasis declared.

"It was Quint's own fancy. To play with him, I mean—to spoil him." She paused a moment; then she added: "Quint was much too free."

This gave me, straight from my vision of his face—such a face!—a sudden sickness of disgust. "Too free with my boy?"

"Too free with every one!"

I forbore, for the moment, to analyze this description further than by the reflection that a part of it applied to several of the members of the household, of the half-dozen maids and men, who were still of our little colony. But there was everything, for our apprehension, in the lucky fact that no discomfortable legend, no perturbation of the kitchen, had ever, within any one's memory, attached to the kind old place. It had neither bad name nor ill fame, and Mrs. Grose, most apparently, only desired to cling to me and to quake in silence. I even put her, the very last thing of all, to the test. It was when, at midnight, she had her hand on my door to take leave. "I have it from you then—for it's of great importance—that he was definitely and admittedly bad?"

"Oh, not admittedly. I knew it—but the master didn't."

"And you never told him?"

"Well, he didn't like tale-bearing—he hated complaints. He was terribly short with anything of that kind, and if people were all right to him—"

"He wouldn't be bothered with more?" This squared well enough with my impression of him: he was not a trouble-loving gentleman, nor so very particular, perhaps, about some of the company he himself kept. All the same, I pressed my interlocutress. "I promise you I would have told!"

She felt my discrimination. "I daresay I was wrong. But, really, I was afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"Of things that man could do. Quint was so clever—he was so deep."

I took this in still more than, probably, I showed. "You weren't afraid of anything else? Not of his effect—?"

"His effect?" she repeated with an uneasy face and waiting while I faltered.

"On innocent little precious lives. They were in your charge."

"No, they were *not* in mine!" she roundly and distressfully returned. "The master believed in him and placed him here because he was supposed not to be well and the country so good for him. So he had everything to say. Yes"—she let me have it—"even about *them*."

"Them—that creature?" I had to smother a kind of howl. "And you could bear it?"

"No, I couldn't—and I can't now!" And the poor woman burst into tears.

A rigid control, from the next day, was, as I have said, to follow them; yet how often and how passionately, for a week, we came back together to the subject! Much as we had discussed it that Sunday night, I was, in the immediate later hours in especial—for it may be imagined whether I slept, still haunted with the shadow of something she had not told me. I myself had kept back nothing, but there was a word Mrs. Grose had kept back. I was sure, moreover, by morning, that this was not from a failure of frankness, but because on every side there were fears. It seems to me indeed, in retrospect, that by the time the morrow's sun was high I had restlessly read into the facts before us almost all the meaning they were to receive from subsequent and more cruel occurrences. What they gave me above all was just the sinister figure of the living man—the dead one would keep a while!—and of the months he had continuously passed at Bly, which, added up, made a formidable stretch. The limit of this evil time had arrived only when, on the dawn of a winter's morning, Peter Quint was found, by a laborer going to early work, stone dead on the road from the village: a catastrophe explained—superficially at least—by a visible wound to his head; such a wound as might have been produced—and as, on the final evidence *had* been—by a fatal slip, in the dark and after leaving the public-house, on the steepish icy slope, a wrong path altogether, at the bottom of which he lay. The icy slope, the turn mistaken at night and in liquor, accounted for much—practically, in the end and after the inquest and boundless chatter, for everything; but there had been matters in his life—strange passages and perils, secrets, disorders, vices more than suspected—that would have accounted for a good deal more.

I scarce know how to put my story into words that shall be a credible picture of my state of mind; but I was, in these days, literally able to find a joy in the particular miracle of courage the occasion demanded of me. I now saw that I had been asked for a service admirable and difficult; and there would be a greatness in letting it be seen—oh, in the right quarter!—that I could succeed where many another girl might have failed. It was an immense help to me—I confess I rather applaud myself as I look back!—that I saw my service so strongly and so simply. I was there to protect and defend the little creatures in the world the most bereaved and the most lovable, the appeal of whose helplessness had suddenly become only too explicit, a deep, constant ache of one's own committed heart. We were cut off, really, together; we were united in our danger. They had nothing but me, and I—well I had *them*. It was in short a magnificent chance. This chance presented itself to me in an image richly material. I was a screen—I was to stand before them. The more I saw, the less *they* would. I began to watch them in a stifled suspense, a disguised excitement that might well, had it continued too long, have turned to something like madness. What saved me that, I now see, was that it turned to something else altogether. It didn't last as suspense—it was superseded by horrible facts. Facts I say, yes—from the moment I really read them.

This moment dated from an afternoon hour that I happened to spend in the grounds with the younger of my pupils alone. We had left Miles indoors, on the red cushion of a deep window-seat; he had wished to finish a book, and I had been glad to encourage a purpose so laudable in a young man whose only defect was an occasional excess of the restless. His sister, on the contrary, had been alert to come out, and I strolled with her half an hour, seeking the shade, for the sun was still high and the day exceptionally warm. I was aware afresh, with her, as we went, of how, like her brother, she contrived—it was the charming thing in both children—to let me alone without appearing to drop me and to accompany me without appearing to surround. They were never importunate and yet never listless. My attention to them all really went to seeing them amuse themselves immensely without me: this was a spectacle they seemed actively to prepare and that engaged me as an active admirer. I walked in a world of their invention—they had no occasion whatever to draw upon mine; so that my time was taken only with being, for them, some remarkable person or thing that the game of the moment required and that was merely, thanks to my superior, my exalted stamp, a happy and highly distinguished sinecure. I forget what I was on the present occasion; I only remember that I was something very important and very

quiet; and that Flora was playing very hard. We were on the edge of the lake, and, as we had lately begun geography, the lake was the Sea of Azof.

Suddenly, in these circumstances, I became aware that, on the other side of the Sea of Azof, we had an interested spectator. The way this knowledge gathered in me was the strangest thing in the world—the strangest, that is, except the very much stranger in which it quickly merged itself. I had sat down, with a piece of work—for I was something or other that could sit—on the old stone bench which overlooked the pond; and in this position I began to take in with certitude, and yet without direct vision, the presence, at a distance, of a third person. The old trees, the thick shrubbery, made a great and pleasant shade, but it was all suffused with the brightness of the hot, still hour. There was no ambiguity in anything; none whatever, at least, in the conviction I from one moment to another found myself forming as to what I should see straight before me and across the lake as a consequence of raising my eyes. They were attached at this juncture to the stitching in which I was engaged, and I can feel once more the spasm of my effort not to move them till I should so have stendied myself as to be able to make up my mind what to do. There was a third person in view—a person whose right to be there I instantly, passionately questioned. I recollect counting over perfectly the possibilities, reminding myself that nothing was more natural, for instance, than the appearance of one of the men about the place or even of a messenger, a postman or a tradesman's boy, from the village. That reminder had as little effect on my practical certitude as I was conscious—still even without looking—of its having upon the character and attitude of our visitor. Nothing was more natural than that these things should be the other things that they absolutely were not.

Of the positive identity of the apparition I would assure myself as soon as the small clock of my courage should have ticked out the right second; meanwhile, with an effort that was already sharp enough, I transferred my eyes straight to little Flora, who, at the moment, was about ten yards away. My heart had stood still for an instant with the wonder and terror of the question whether she too would see; and I held my breath while I waited for what a cry from her, what some sudden innocent sign either of interest or of alarm, would tell me. I waited, but nothing came; then, in the first place—and there is something more dire in this, I feel, than in anything I have to relate—I was determined by a sense that, within a minute, all sounds from her had previously dropped; and, in the second, by the circumstance that, also within the minute, she had, in her play, turned her back to the lake. This was her attitude when I at last looked at her—looked with the confirmed conviction that we were still, together, under direct personal notice. She had picked up a small flat piece of wood, which happened to have in it a little hole that had evidently suggested to her the idea of sticking in another fragment that might figure as a mast and make the thing a boat. This second morsel, while I watched her, she was very markedly and intently attempting to tighten in its place. My apprehension of what she was doing sustained me so that after some seconds I felt I was ready for more. Then I again shifted my eyes—I faced what I had to face.

VII

I GOT hold of Mrs. Grose as soon after this as I could; and I can give no intelligible account of how I fought out the interval. Yet I still hear myself cry as I fairly threw myself into her arms: "They *know*—it's too monstrous: they know, they know!"

"And what on earth—?" I felt her incredulity as she held me.

"Why, all that we know—and heaven knows what besides!" Then, as she released me, I made it out to her, made it out perhaps only now with full coherency even to myself. "Two hours ago, in the garden"—I could scarce produce it—"Flora *saw*!"

Mrs. Grose took it as she might have taken a blow in the stomach. "She has told you?" she panted.

"Not a word—that's the horror. She kept it to herself! The child of six, that child!" Unutterable still, for me, was the stupefaction of it.

Mrs. Grose, of course, could only gape the wider. "Then how do you know?"

"I was there—I saw with my eyes: saw that she was perfectly aware."

"Do you mean aware of *him*?"

"No—of *her*." I was conscious as I spoke that I looked prodigious things, for I got the slow reflection of them in my companion's face. "Another person—this time; but a figure of quite as unmistakable horror and evil: a woman in black, pale and dreadful—with such an air also, and such a face!—on the other side of the lake. I was there with the child—quiet for the hour; and in the midst of it she came!"

"Came how—from where?"

"From where they come from! She just appeared and stood there—but not so near."

"And without coming nearer?"

"Oh, for the effect and the feeling, she might have been as close as you!"

My friend, with an odd impulse, fell back a step. "Was she some one you've never seen?"

"Yes. But some one the child has. Some one you have." Then to show how I had thought it all out: "My predecessor—the one who died."

"Miss Jessel?"

"Miss Jessel. You don't believe me?" I pressed.

She turned right and left in her distress. "How can you be sure?"

This drew from me, in the state of my nerves, a flash of impatience. "Then ask Flora—she's sure!" But I had no sooner spoken than I caught myself up. "No, for God's sake, don't: she'll say she isn't—she'll lie!"

Mrs. Grose was not too bewildered instinctively to protest. "Ah, how can you?"

"Because I'm clear. Flora doesn't want me to know."

"It's only then to spare you."

"No, no—there are depths, depths! The more I go over it, the more I see it, and the more I see in it the more I fear. I don't know what I don't see—what I don't fear!"

Mrs. Grose tried to keep up with me. "You mean you're afraid of seeing her again?"

"Oh no; that's nothing—now!" Then I explained. "It's of not seeing her."

But my companion only looked wan. "I don't understand you."

"Why, it's that the child may keep it up—and that the child assuredly will—without my knowing it."

At the image of this possibility Mrs. Grose for a moment collapsed, yet presently to pull herself together again, as if from the positive force of the sense of what, should we yield an inch, there would really be to give way to. "Dear, dear—we must keep our heads! And after all, if she doesn't mind it—!" She even tried a grim joke. "Perhaps she likes it!"

"Likes such things—a little girl of six!"

"Isn't it just a proof of her blessed innocence?" my friend bravely inquired.

She brought me, for the instant, almost round. "Oh, we must clutch at that—we must cling to it! If it isn't a proof of what you say, it's a proof of—God knows what! For the woman's a horror of horrors."

Mrs. Grose, at this, fixed her eyes a minute on the ground; then at last raising them, "Tell me how you know," she said.

"Then you admit it's what she was," I cried.

"Tell me how you know," my friend simply repeated.

"Know? By seeing her! By the way she looked."

"And you, do you mean—so wickedly?"

"Dear me, no—I could have borne that. She gave me never a glance. She only fixed the child."

Mrs. Grose tried to see it. "Fixed her?"

"Ah, with such awful eyes!"

She stared at mine as if they might really have resembled them. "Do you mean of dislike?"

"God help us, no! Of something much worse."

"Worse than dislike?"—this left her indeed at a loss.

"With a determination—indescribable. With a kind of passion of purpose."

I made her turn pale. "Purpose?"

"To get hold of her." Mrs. Grose—her eyes just lingering on mine—gave a shudder and walked to the window; and while she stood there looking out I completed my statement. "That's what Flora knows."

After a little she turned round. "The person was in black, you say?"

"In mourning—rather poor, almost shabby. But—yes—with extraordinary beauty." I now recognized to what I had at last, stroke by stroke, brought the victim of my confidence, for she quite visibly weighed this. "Oh, handsome—very, very," I insisted; "wonderfully handsome. But infamous."

She slowly came back to me. "Miss Jessel—was infamous." She once more took my hand in both her own, holding it as tight as if to fortify me against the increase of alarm I might draw from this admission. "They were both infamous," she finally said.

So, for a little, we faced it once more together; and I found, absolutely, a degree of help in seeing it now so straight. "I appreciate," I said, "the great decency of your not having hitherto spoken; but the time has certainly come to give me the whole thing." She appeared to assent to this, but still only in silence; seeing which I went on: "I must have it now. Of what did she die? Come, there was something between them."

"There was everything."

"In spite of the difference—?"

"Oh, of their rank, their condition"—she brought it wofully out. "She was a lady."

I turned it over; I again saw. "Yes—she was a lady."

"And he so dreadfully below," said Mrs. Grose.

I felt that I doubtless needn't press too hard, in such company, on the place of a servant in the scale; but there was nothing to prevent an acceptance of my companion's own measure of my predecessor's abasement. There was a way to deal with that, and I dealt; the more readily for my full vision, on the evidence,

of our employer's late clever, good-looking "own" man; impudent, assured, spoiled, depraved. "The fellow was a hound."

Mrs. Grose considered as if it were perhaps a little a case for a sense of shades. "I've never seen one like him. He did what he wished."

"With her?"

"With them all."

It was as if Miss Jessel had again appeared in my friend's remembering eyes. I seemed at any rate, for an instant, to see their evocation of her as distinctly as I had seen her by the pond; and I brought out with decision: "It must have been also what she wished!"

Mrs. Grose's face signified that it had been indeed, but she said at the same time: "Poor woman—she paid for it!"

"Then you do know what she died of?" I asked.

"No—I know nothing. I wanted not to know; I was glad enough I didn't; and I thanked heaven she was well out of this!"

"Yet you had, then, your idea—"

"Of her real reason for leaving? Oh yes—as to that. She couldn't have stayed. Fancy it here—for a governess! And afterward I imagined—and I still imagine. And what I imagine is dreadful."

"Not so dreadful as what I do," I replied; on which I must have shown her—as I was indeed but too conscious—a front of miserable defeat. It brought out again all her compassion for me, and at the renewed touch of her kindness my power to resist broke down. I burst, as I had, the other time, made her burst, into tears; she took me to her motherly breast, and my lamentation overflowed. "I don't do it!" I sobbed in despair; "I don't save or protect them! It's far worse than I dreamed—they're lost!"

(To be continued.)



OUR FASHION LETTER

MY DEAR MAY:

You and all other model housewives who are busy spring cleaning will be glad to hear of a most useful and inexpensive contrivance which has just been brought out. It is a "Drapery Holder"—such a neat little "notion," which does away with the use of pins or tacks in all draperies for mantel-shelves, chairs, pianos, screens, etc. With the advent of spring we either buy new soft drapery silks or bring out those of last season, which have been cleaned "and look as good as new," and start to make our homes bright; nothing gives a more charming appearance to a room than graceful draperies. This clever little clip can be bought for fifty cents a dozen; by using it materials will last longer and can be draped in many different styles, as there will be no contriving to hide old tack-holes. Our bric-a-brac, too, will be much safer; very often in draping a mantel-shelf one puts vases here and there to keep the folds in place. Any one admiring the "pretties" is liable to catch a button, or one of the many trinkets which dangle from the chatelaine, in the fringe

Pears'

The skin ought to be clear; there is nothing strange in a beautiful face.

If we wash with proper soap, the skin will be open and clear, unless the health is bad. A good skin is better than a doctor.

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to pieces. This painful trial will
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cealed amid the folds and puffs
of the silk, etc. These "Drapery
Holders" are the invention of a
man named Barker, and can be
bought from him at 120 East
Thirty-second Street, New York.

With the "spring cleaning" one
naturally gives all furniture and
woodwork an extra rubbing. A
splendid furniture polish is made
of equal portions of linseed oil,
bees'-wax and turpentine melted
together, to be used after standing
two or three days; but if the furni-
ture or wainscoting has become
greasy it should be thoroughly
well washed with warm beer be-
fore using the furniture cream,
which must be accompanied by
plenty of "elbow grease" to give
a good result. If all the carpets
are not taken up there is a splendid
way to make them look fresh and
bring up the colors: have the car-
pet thoroughly well swept with a
broom dipped in oxalic acid and
water—about two ounces to a
bucketful of water; but you must
be careful not to leave the mixture
within reach of children or ani-
mals, as the acid is a poison; it
can be bought at a drug store for
a few cents. Oxalic acid is also
very good for removing ink-stains
from silver, brass, wood or ivory,
but you want a strong solution,
which must be briskly rubbed over
the stained spot with a piece of
flannel; an ounce to a pint of
water, which will take quite forty-
eight hours to dissolve and require
frequent shaking during that time.
Any polished wood should be well
rubbed with furniture cream im-
mediately the ink-stain has disap-
peared.

After reading of the terrible fire
last week, which was really caused
by a spirit lamp used for curling-
tongs, every woman will learn with
delight of the invention of curling-
tongs that has a small alcohol lamp
attachment which, when lighted,
heats the iron and keeps it at the
same temperature. It does not get
hot enough to burn the hair or
fingers, but curls the hair per-
fectly; and it's such a comfort to
be able to do so without constantly
rubbing off the sooty smoke that
accumulates on the irons after
being held in the gas flame. This
little lamp, unfortunately, is not
for sale in the large uptown stores
yet, but will be within a few weeks,
so I am told. At present it can
only be bought in a small shop
downtown. The name of the
owner I must give you next week,
for I have mislaid the address.

The idea that soft ties and bows
for neckwear would have a short
life was quite an erroneous one.
There are new and most fascinat-
ing decorations for the neck. The
ostrich-feather boas come in a dif-
ferent style from those of last year;
they are in black, white, or the
natural color, and fasten at the
throat with a clasp.

Yours always,
MARJORIE.

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soothes the child, softens the gums, silences all pain,
cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

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intensely until finally relieved by frequent enemmas. All this was very
wearing. My brother insisted I should try Ripans Tablets and
finally he got them for me. I tried them, giving her two every night
for awhile, then two every other night, then she took them herself
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any trouble, and her bowels are in a very healthy condition. Her
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