

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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ART LITERATURE &
CURRENT EVENTS



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"DEFENDERS OF THE FLAG"

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THE EDITOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY NEW YORK CITY

ROBERT J. COLLIER, EDITOR

NEW YORK MARCH TWELFTH 1898

WHAT WILL BE DONE ABOUT THE MAINE?

AT THE hour when we write, less than a fortnight has elapsed since the destruction of the battleship *Maine* in the harbor of Havana, and the report of the naval Court of Inquiry is not yet forthcoming. It is generally understood, however, that the catastrophe was due not to any internal accident, but to some external force. If a report to that effect be rendered, what will be the duty of our government?

From the viewpoint of international law, it is obvious that much depends on the details of the verdict arrived at by the officers detailed to make the investigation. Let us assume, for the sake of argument, that they simply report, in general terms, that the loss of the *Maine* must be attributed to some external explosive force, either fortuitously and unintentionally brought in contact with the vessel, or designedly applied thereto by some person or persons unknown. Such a verdict would absolve the chief representatives of the Spanish government at Havana from direct and conscious complicity in the crime. Does it follow that they should not be held to a rigorous accountability? It was as much their duty to protect the warship of a friendly power lying in their harbor as it would be to protect the house of an ambassador. If there were any ground mines or submarine torpedoes near the anchorage of the *Maine*, it was their imperative duty to cut or disconnect the wires leading from them to the shore. It was equally their duty to safeguard the warship against possible collision with a floating torpedo or against the attempt of individual fanatics to attach a mass of dynamite to the vessel, either by means of a boat or through recourse to a diving apparatus. All wharfs, piers or vessels, also, from which the operations of hostile divers might have been conducted should have been carefully watched. It was, in a word, not only the duty of the Spanish authorities to use what is termed "due diligence" to avert acts of aggression against their guest on the part of their subjects, but, in this case, "extraordinary diligence" was called for, because the *Maine* had not been permitted to choose her anchorage, but had been ordered to moor at a particular spot. It was known, moreover, that the captain of the *Maine* had been instructed to take none of the precautions against submarine mines and torpedoes, or against the operations of hostile divers, which would be taken in time of war, lest he should seem to doubt the good faith of a government from which he was receiving hospitality. The fact that a catastrophe occurred through the application of an external explosive—we assume that such a fact will be established by the Court of Inquiry—would afford strong presumptive evidence that the Spanish authorities did not evince the extraordinary diligence called for in the premises and that they are, consequently, guilty of what is known as contributory negligence. Should such a presumption not be rebutted by conclusive evidence of exceptional vigilance on the part of the Havana authorities, our government will undoubtedly demand that Spain pay not only actual but punitive damages, besides instituting a rigorous investigation for the purpose of detecting and punishing the perpetrators of the crime.

This is, manifestly, not a case for a recourse to arbitration concerning the amount of punitive damages, for the American people will not suffer either Spain or any outside power to set a price upon the blood of our seamen, or appraise the value of the national honor, wounded by an insult to our flag. We shall fix the damages ourselves; we shall also designate a day, and no distant day, for paying them. If the indemnity prescribed by us is not punctually forthcoming, our navy will be undoubtedly instructed to occupy one or more Cuban seaports by way of security for the debt. That is the way England dealt with Nicaragua, when the payment of damages fixed by England herself was delayed. That is the way Germany dealt with China when she seized Kiao-Chow Bay, to make sure that she

would be indemnified for the murder of her missionaries; that is the way that any European power would deal with Spain at this juncture under the circumstances supposed.

We have here indicated the outcome of the most probable contingency. Should it turn out, contrary to general expectation, that the Court of Inquiry ascribes the loss of the *Maine* to an internal accident, due to some fault of construction or lack of vigilance, we should, of course, have to absolve the Spaniards from any share of responsibility for the calamity, and we should have reason to be thankful that the officers of the ship and our national Executive had the good sense to avoid any premature expression of opinion. Let us take an equally improbable hypothesis, and assume that the destruction of the *Maine* can be brought directly home to Governor-general Blanco or to some member of his staff. We consider this hypothesis incredible, but, assuming that it should be confirmed, we can see that no time would be wasted in negotiations about damages. Spain would have committed an act of war, which would place her outside the pale of civilization, and we should, forthwith, deal with her as an enemy of the human race. The people of this country will never brook another *Virginian* affair. In that case, it will be remembered, a merchantman, flying the American flag, was captured on the high seas by a Spanish war vessel, was taken into the port of Santiago de Cuba, and there a large fraction of the men on board of her, including many American citizens, were summarily shot. For the dishonor of our flag and for the butchery of our citizens we accepted, after some two years' delay, a perfunctory apology, the surrender of the vessel, which, by that time, was unseaworthy, and the pitiful sum of \$80,000. No wonder that Spaniards, who recall that incident, view the United States with contempt, and assert defiantly that there will be no war, no matter what the Court of Inquiry may discover regarding the destruction of the *Maine*. They will find, however, that, although no genuine American can remember the *Virginian* affair without a flush of shame, there is yet a broad difference between a merchantman, believed to be using the American flag to mask filibustering designs, and a national warship representing the American government, embodying the nation's dignity, and dispatched upon an errand of peace to a friendly harbor. Had the loss of the *Maine* occurred in 1873, we have no doubt that General Grant would have ordered our navy to occupy Havana the moment a Court of Inquiry should have ascribed the catastrophe to an external cause. He would have talked about damages later; the first thing to be done, in his judgment, would have been to make the harbor of Havana a safe one for American warships to enter.

It is certain that the people of the United States have been wrought to far greater excitement by the destruction of the *Maine* than they were by the capture of the *Virginian*. If reparation shall prove to be due, and it will be due if the Spanish authorities were guilty of contributory negligence, our people will insist on getting it at once.

IF SPAIN FIGHTS, SHE WILL HAVE NO ALLY

AT ONE time or another during the last three years, there have been rumors to the effect that, in the event of a war between Spain and the United States, the former combatant could depend on the assistance of at least one power. The report is said to have been confirmed by the late Spanish Minister, at Washington and by certain Madrid newspapers supposed to enjoy the confidence of their government. There is reason to believe, nevertheless, that the assertion is unfounded, as will appear when we inquire in what quarter Spain would look for a coadjutor.

It is, in the first place, absurd to suppose that Spain could look for co-operation to any of the Spanish-American republics, which revolted successfully against her in the first quarter of this century. They will never aid her against the country which was the first to recognize their independence, nor will they undertake to rivet upon the necks of their Cuban kinsmen the yoke which they, themselves, threw off. The same thing may be said of the republic of Brazil; the Brazilians cannot fail to regard with sympathy the Cuban effort to do as against Spain what they, themselves, did against Portugal. We may, therefore, expunge all the Latin-American commonwealths from the list of Spain's possible allies. Could she secure the aid of France? There is no doubt that overtures on her part have been made to the French Government, and it is tolerably certain that an acceptance of them would be advocated by most of the Paris newspapers, which, in this matter, reflect the views and interests of the French holders of Spanish securities. There is one decisive obstacle, however, to the conclusion of a coalition between Spain and France. A move of that importance would not be made against the wishes of the St. Petersburg Government, and it is indubitable that Russia is the best friend that we possess in Europe. While it is possible, therefore, that the French Government, at one moment, may have disclosed an inclination to support Spain against the United States, we may take for granted that the Czar and his advisers have interposed

a peremptory veto. No complications, therefore, need be feared by us in that direction.

How is it with the three monarchies composing the Triple Alliance? It must be admitted that Italy does not regard us with ardent sympathy. Neither has the Emperor of Austria any reason to wish us well. His brother, Maximilian, might have been alive to-day, had we not compelled the French soldiers to retire from Mexico; it is, moreover, his near relative, the Queen-Regent of Spain, by birth an Austrian archduchess, who is now threatened with the loss of her finest transmarine possession. Neither Italy nor Austria, however, can be said to have an independent foreign policy; in international affairs, each of those powers follows instructions from Berlin. Is it likely that Kaiser William II., at a conjuncture when the whole of his naval strength may be needed in Chinese waters, would co-operate with Spain against the United States in a war which, from the nature of the case, would be mainly maritime? He knows beforehand that, by such a step, he would give deep offense to Russia and, probably, to England also, whereas for him it is of the utmost moment to conciliate those powers if he would carry out his Chinese programme. Were he, and, through him, the Triple Alliance, to form a coalition with Spain, he might drive us into a combination with Russia and France, which would prove overwhelmingly preponderant on the ocean. It should be remembered that, ever since Germany backed Russia in demanding a revision of the Shimonoseki treaty, the influence of the St. Petersburg Government has been wellnigh as potential in Berlin as it is in Paris. In a word, the friendship of the Czar is to us a tower of strength, and, so long as we retain it, we need not apprehend a demonstration on behalf of Spain by any of the Continental powers.

There remains only England, and we do not believe that Spanish diplomacy would, even in desperation, try to secure aid from a country which, next to the United States, did most to promote the liberation of the Spanish-American colonies. It is absurd to suppose that Great Britain would violate her most honorable traditions by helping to suppress in Cuba a struggle for independence, when she favored similar uprisings in Mexico, in Venezuela, in Buenos Ayres, in Chili, and in Peru. Nor are we constrained to forecast her attitude in the prospective crisis by recalling her conduct in the past. We are not left in the dark concerning the views of the Salisbury Government. The London newspapers and periodicals, which are known to express the opinions of influential Ministers, especially the *Standard* and the *National Review*, have repeatedly deplored the devastation of Cuba, have declared that the island is lost to Spain, and have indicated a belief that it is the duty of the United States to put an end to the war. There are even signs that Lord Salisbury might go beyond an intimation of approval, and that, should the German Emperor evince a willingness to side with Spain, in her effort to subdue or exterminate the Cubans, he would be informed that the British Government would regard such a course as counter to the interests of civilization.

Our conclusion is that, in the event of a war with the United States, the Spaniards would have no ally, and that, failing to obtain assistance from any foreign power, they would also be unable to borrow money from any European bankers. The struggle would be, therefore, a short and for them a hopeless one, though we are far from denying that the natives of Barcelona and Biscay are good sailors, that they fought better at Trafalgar than did the French seamen, and that they would try to give a good account of themselves in naval combats. In ships, men and money, however, Spain would be too greatly overmatched, and she would be fortunate if she escaped the loss not only of Cuba and Porto Rico, but also of the Canaries and of the Philippines. Of course, we should not wish to keep the two insular groups last-named, but we could easily sell the Canaries to England and the Philippines to Japan, and thus recoup ourselves for at least a part of the expenses of the contest.

ARE THE TROUBLES IN CHINA AT AN END?

THERE seems to be no doubt that a loan has been made to China of \$80,000,000 by two banking institutions, one English and the other German, and that, consequently, all of the war indemnity which is still due to Japan will be turned over on May 8, the day fixed by the Shimonoseki treaty for at least an installment thereof. Had there been any default in this matter, the Mikado, of course, would have been justified in retaining Wei-Hai-Wei, the great naval stronghold on the north-east coast of the province of Shan-tung, which commands the entrance to the Gulf of Pe-chi-li. Will the payment which is now certain to be made stop the threatened partition of China? Will the European powers and will Japan be satisfied with the existing arrangements? To answer this question we must know what the existing arrangements are, for it may appear that the acquisitions made at the expense of the Pekin government have been unequally distributed.

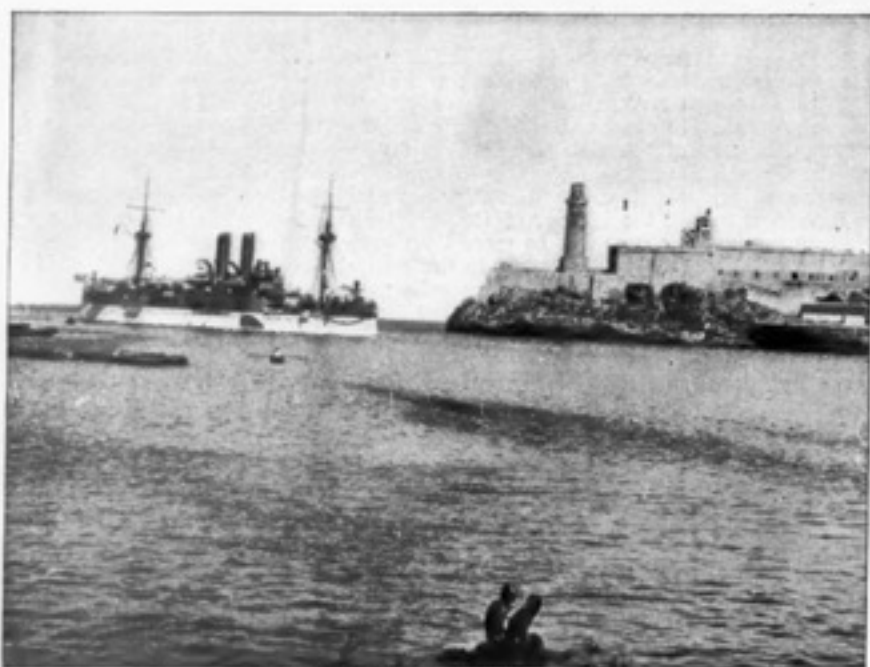
How, in the first place, is the new loan of \$80,000,000 to be paid? Out of the surplus of the income derived from the cus-

toms duties levied in the treaty ports, provided there be any surplus, which is doubtful in view of the charges which previous loans have imposed upon that source of revenue. There will be but a small surplus, if any, and therefore it is understood that in order to provide for interest and a sinking fund, the makers of the new loan are to control through their agents either the land tax, or else the *li-kin*, or inland barrier tax; that is to say, the impost levied on goods transported from one point to another in the interior of the Middle Kingdom. The latter source of revenue will be more than sufficient, for it has been a fountain of profit not only to the central government, but also to the Mandarins who have collected it in the various provinces. We may take for granted that the lenders of the money will be paid, but what concession does England secure in return for her kind offices? Apparently nothing but this: The Pekin government agrees to open within two years a treaty port in the inland province of Hu-nan, which port will be, of course, on the Yang-tse-Kiang, and, moreover, to concede to foreign powers the free navigation of that great river, the valley of which is inhabited by upward of 100,000,000 souls, and which is navigable for steamers as far as I-chang, 1,300 miles from its mouth. China agrees further that she will never cede, mortgage, or lease any part of the basin of this vast waterway. So much, at all events, has been obtained by England for the world's free trade with China. On the other hand, Lord Salisbury has been forced to abate a portion of his original demand, and it seems evident that both Germany and Russia will, so far as British intervention is concerned, be suffered to keep what they have got; that is to say, the German Empire will retain the spacious Bay of Kiao-Chow, together with a circumjacent district, which means that she will claim as her sphere of influence, or *hinterland*, at least the southern half of Shan-tung, a province which is very rich in coal and contains some 19,000,000 of inhabitants. The Russians, on their part, occupy Port Arthur, and have declined to promise that their warships shall be withdrawn after the end of winter. Meanwhile the withdrawal of England's demand that a treaty port shall be opened at Talienwan, which lies on the Liau-tung peninsula just north of Port Arthur, signifies that Russia will be allowed to control not only that peninsula, but Chinese Manchuria and the whole of the Celestial Empire north of the Great Wall, besides securing an ice-free terminus for the Trans-Siberian railway.

What does Japan get? Japan gets nothing extra in view of the new order of things, but receives simply what the revision of the Shimonoseki treaty gave her, that is to say, Formosa; the original money indemnity for which Wei-Hai-Wei was to be security; and a relatively small additional indemnity, for her retrocession of Liau-tung and of Chinese Manchuria. The extra indemnity has already been paid, and half of the main indemnity as well; it is probable that a good deal of reticence will be maintained by the Mikado's advisers with reference to their future course until after May 8, when the outstanding part of the main indemnity will be paid. That money is sorely needed by Japan in order to carry out the naval programme which is intended to make her predominant in the Pacific. When the whole of the outstanding indemnity has been paid, however, it may be that Japan will decline to evacuate Wei-Hai-Wei, on the ground that since the conclusion of the Shimonoseki treaty an entirely new situation has been created through the seizure of coigns of vantage on the Chinese coast by Germany and Russia. It will be remembered that at the conclusion of the Franco-German war other French provinces besides Alsace and Lorraine were occupied by Germany as securities for the payment of the war indemnity. That indemnity was quickly paid, but, if meanwhile France had ceded Picardy to Russia and Normandy to England, or even allowed those powers to acquire footholds in those provinces, it is probable that Germany would have insisted on retaining all the French territory which she had provisionally occupied. Then, again, the question arises, What has fallen to the lot of France amid the general distribution of favors? It was certainly a fear of the French fleet rather than of the Russian or the German, which caused Japan to assent to a revision of the Shimonoseki treaty, yet although the partners of France in the demand therefor have both been provided for, she is, thus far, left with empty hands. There is doubtless, however, some understanding by virtue of which at the proper time she will take possession of the island of Hai-nan, which commands the entrance to the Gulf of Tonquin. Hai-nan is a large and populous island, being 160 miles long by 90 broad, and containing nearly 3,000,000 inhabitants. The island is in some respects a more desirable acquisition than Formosa, and in the hands of France would doubtless prove more valuable than any of her other possessions in the Far East.

When we try, then, to answer the question whether the troubles in China are over, we see that everything depends upon Japan. If she insists upon remaining at Wei-Hai-Wei, she will give umbrage to the Russians who are stationed at Port Arthur, on the opposite side of the entrance to the Gulf of Pe-chi-li, and she will also offend the Germans, who do not wish to have her as a competitor for ascendancy in the province of Shan-tung. We shall know nothing, however, with certainty about the Mikado's intentions until after May 8, when every dollar of the outstanding war indemnity will have been paid into the Japanese exchequer.

THE HAVANA TRAGEDY



ENTERING HAVANA, PAST MORRO CASTLE

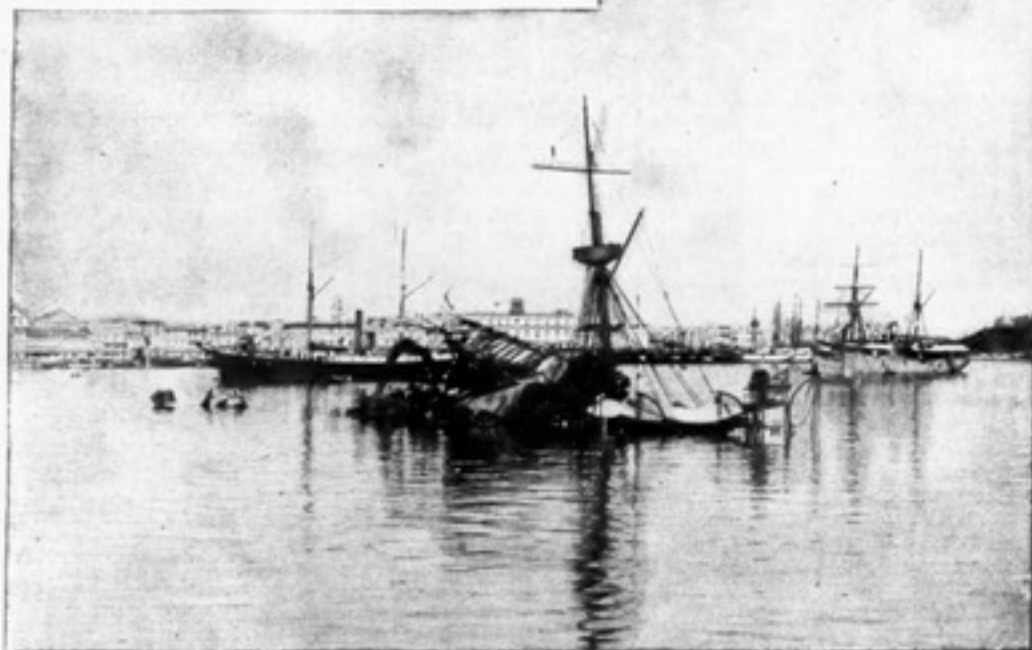
IN TIME of peace the soldier or sailor imagines himself and his post of duty forgotten by the people; yet a mishap to either branch of the service is the cause of more general interest than is ever manifested in any other subject, politics not excepted. Nearly a month has passed since in the twinkling of an eye the *Maine* was changed from a well-appointed battleship to the most abject large wreck ever caused by explosives, but interest in the vessel and her crew does not subside. Pictures of the *Maine* still sell better than those of noted beauties and other celebrities; news reports are eagerly read, even if their veracity is suspected; and, through sympathetic influence, the entire naval service has become the object of active interest.

Among the pictures sent from Havana by our artist, the first on this page sets at rest the story, oft-reprinted though oft-denied, that when the *Maine* entered Havana Harbor she enraged the Spaniards by being "stripped for action." From the photograph it appears that while passing Morro Castle she did not differ outwardly in any respect from her customary

appearance when in harbor; stripped for action her boats would have been in the water and all movable top hamper would have been placed out of sight. Had she been tempting the guns of Morro Castle it is extremely unlikely that directly in range would have been a man in a small boat and two contemplative Africans sitting on a stone.

The picture showing the *Maine* on the morning after the explosion is probably from as perfect a plate as ever was taken in Havana; no better view of the wreck and its surroundings has been made or can be expected, for soon after the first morning there was formed a cordon of rowboats, tugs, etc., which has remained and to which was soon added the wrecking company's boats and appliances.

Among our smaller pictures is one of a scene familiar to all news-gatherers at Havana and mentioned frequently by all



THE MORNING AFTER THE EXPLOSION

of them—the chaplain of the *Maine* looking after "his boys," even when they were lifeless, some of them indistinguishable. The specified duties of a naval chaplain are but few; the cares with which he may charge himself are innumerable, and all survivors of the *Maine's* company agree that Father Chidwick



MAYOR OF HAVANA VIEWING THE WRECK



START OF FUNERAL—MUSICIANS AND FIREMEN



FATHER CHIDWICK IDENTIFYING BODIES

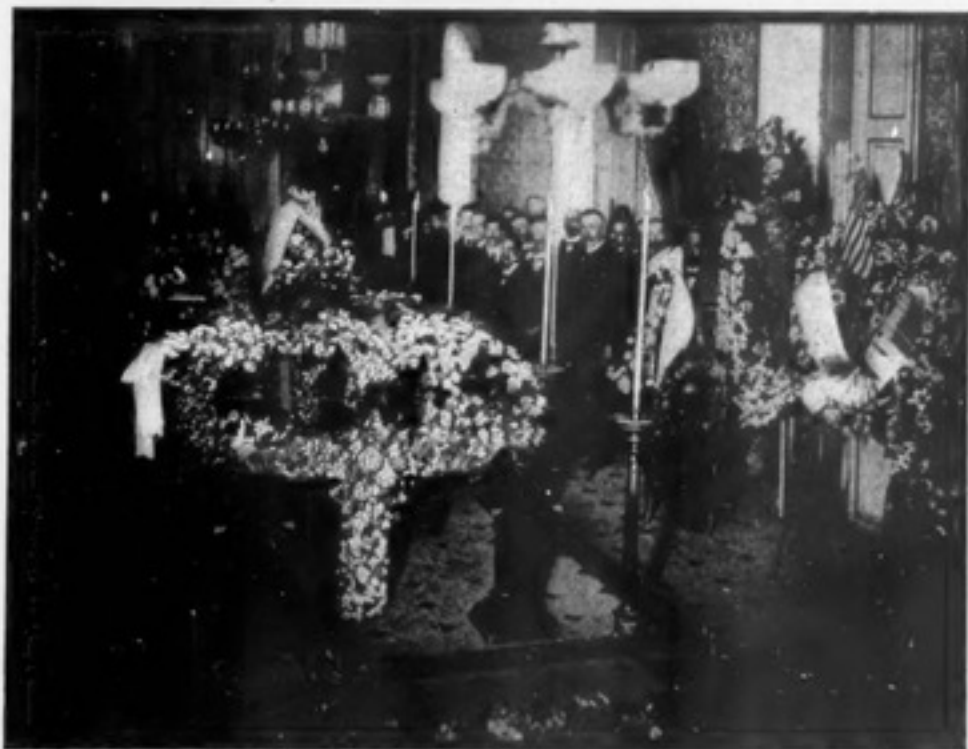


THE FUNERAL PROCESSION

has been untiring in endeavors for the spiritual and general good of every one aboard, and that he had gained the hearty regard of all by his earnestness, cheerfulness and cordiality. On the night of the disaster he moved untiringly about the wreck in search of the living, especially of the dying, and did not withdraw his boat until assured that none of "his boys," as he called the crew, remained alive. He has been faithful to the abhorrent work of viewing the remains taken from the harbor and the wreck from day to day, and has endeavored to distinguish the bodies, see that all should receive decent and Christian burial, and that the families of the victims should receive such information as they might desire.

The funeral of the many dead sailors recovered soon after the wreck was described at some length in the news dispatches; private letters from Havana agree in declaring that it was one of the most imposing demonstrations ever made in the city. Whatever the sentiment with

which the shopkeepers and the rabble regard Americans, the better classes of Spaniards are sensitive, sentimental and ceremonious; so the enormity of the disaster, the suddenness of the deaths, the fact that they occurred in Spanish waters and the feeling that the explosion might be attributed to Spaniards combined to make all the funeral ceremonies the occasion of extraordinary manifestations of sorrow and respect. The remains lay in state, in the customary Spanish manner; they were viewed by many thousands of persons, all of whom seemed to mourn with the American people; and although the official portion of the funeral procession was all that could have been expected or asked—although Spaniards never do such things by halves—the popular additions formed much the greater part. According to all accounts the most pathetic incident of this great ceremony was the participation of the *reconcentrados*—the rural peoples whom the fortunes and compulsions of war had brought to the island's capital, where most of them found themselves friendless, penniless and without occupation. Thousands of them had been saved from starva-



LYING IN STATE



FUNERAL PROCESSION—RECONCENTRADOS AWAITING THEIR TURN

tion by the charity of the people of the United States, so a great body of these claimed place in the funeral procession, were granted it, and showed to the dead the affectionate respect that had been earned by the living.

Meanwhile the cause of the *Maine's* destruction and of the greatest recorded loss of life on an American naval vessel remained unknown but not unsuspected; but stranger than all else has been the avoidance of outbreaks by irresponsible partisans of either nation. Despite any and all reports to the contrary, Americans are not leaving Havana, except for the reasons that would call them away in the most tranquil times. Neither are they being abused, insulted or molested in any way. Our consul-general walks, unattended, between his office and his hotel; it is said that he is always well armed, but there is nothing unusual in that—at Havana—nor in many cities of the United States that might be specified.



OUR NOTE-BOOK

BY EDGAR SALTUS



ABLA V. ESPAÑOL? Perhaps not. It is a very pretty tongue however. There is Latin in it, of course. Then there is Punic, Gothic and Arabic. In these elements reside its construction and its history. Spain means hidden. A long time ago the Carthaginians discovered the country. When the Romans discovered it too, they threw a toga over it. The Visigoths stuck their gutturals there. The Moors brought their filigrees and arabesques. Latin was beaten in with the hilt of the sword, Gothic with a trowel and Arabic with a scimitar. From those three assaults the Spanish of to-day is the result. It is a very pretty tongue, but it can be embellished. It is a trifle barbaric. The aspirates need softening. A dose of the Stars and Stripes will do that.

THE SHIP OF STONE

Spain is very fertile. It produced algebra. The first clock that struck in Europe was a present from the beloved Haroun-al-Raschid to Charlemagne. It produced the compass, it produced gunpowder. It was in Seville that checkers were invented. It was in the courts of the caliphs that the canons of chivalry were framed. From Grenada came the dulcimer. From Cordova the guitar, and from both the serenade. It was from Spain that we get rhyme. Throughout medieval Europe it was the only land that thought. It was from there that the Renaissance emerged. In art, science, learning and legend its past is glorious. It produced the Cid. It produced Columbus. There was its masterpiece. There, too, the splendor began with which it dazzled the world. That splendor the Goths delayed. The latter were a curious lot. In tattered furs they issued from Danubian fens, swept over antiquity like a tide and startled the descendants of the nursing of a wolf. After Paganism had been strangled, some of them, the Ostrogoths, went back to their cattle; others, the Visigoths, erupted in Spain. Previous to their coming Cadiz had been a famous seaport. The Romans called it The Ship of Stone. Its sons had been immemorial explorers. The presentiment of a land across the ocean haunted them. They were in love with the sunset. They sailed as near it as they could, returned for provisions and sailed again, ever nearer that way. The Visigoths put a stop to it. To them the theory of the antipodes was a heresy. The prow of the Ship of Stone they turned from the West and let it founder in the sea of ignorance which they undiked. The world is indebted to them. To Spain herself the debt of the world is notable. The fact is worth remembering whether we eat her up or whether we don't.

THE ELEMENTS OF LUXURY

Zola was recently asked in what fashion he proposed to amuse himself during the term of imprisonment to which the Liberty, Equality and Fraternity of France has condemned him. "How do you suppose?" he replied. "In growing roses?" As a matter of fact he is free to do as he likes. He may raise hexameters, raise the Old Nick. He will have but his own conceptions of decorum to consider. The political *détenu* at Sainte-Pelagie is deprived of his freedom and of nothing else. The jailers constitute a retinue of servants. The cells elongate into suites. The table is served by Paillard—providing, of course, that there be coin. Sainte-Pelagie is quite as comfortable, and just as expensive, as the Grand Hotel. A by-law enacted in 1867 inhibits any "article de luxe" from penetrating the gates. But what is a luxurious object? The wardens have tried to determine and they have failed. To a starving Cuban a rotten banana would come under the designation. To an habitué of Cuban truffles cooked in champagne would not. Murger noted that Mimi Pinson was so luxurious that she took an omnibus whenever she went out. The Rev. Dr. Rainsford declared that New York was plunging into luxury because Mrs. Bradley Martin gave a fancy ball. Luxury is like truth: there is no criterion of it. At Sainte-Pelagie, in consequence, everything goes. Zola may, if it pleases him, squander his substance there in riotous living. He may lead an existence of Sardanapalian voluptuousness and grow fat. Or he may practice asceticism and write a book. Presumably he will. Sainte-Pelagie is just the place to do it.

SAINTÉ-PELAGIE

La Pitié was its original name. It is an old convent. During the reign of Louis XIV. Mme. Beauharnais de Miramion, a lady who had seen life of every color, got religion, incidentally two letters patent from the king, evolved into an earlier baniered Gerry and twisted the convent into a home for wicked little girls. There they and those that followed remained until the Revolution opened the doors. Subsequently the municipal-

ity changed the building into a penitentiary. It was then enlarged into its present commodiousness. Under the first empire it became a prison. Bonaparte stuffed into it those who did not agree with him. Louis XVIII. stuffed in those who did. People who could not or would not pay their debts kept them company. Paul de Kock sent his choicest heroes there. Balzac, after imitating him, was sent there, too—not for debt, but for contumaciousness. He had refused to be a municipal guard. Coincidentally the atmosphere was purified. From that time until the present day it has served as a retreat for political offenders and gentlemen guilty of what is technically known as *délit de presse*—newspaper misdemeanors such as insults to the government, libels, indiscretions, etc., etc. The prisoners are of three categories. The first includes those legally exempt from labor. The second includes those who may purchase that exemption. The third includes those who not only have to labor but who are paid to. Their salary is not large. It is a penny a day. The price of exemption for second-class offenders runs all the way from twelve to fourteen francs per month. Zola, in his quality of misdemeanant of the first class, will be free to kick his heels. If advice be worth anything, the deponent would suggest that he kick them to some purpose.

ZOLA'S OPPORTUNITY

Zola has written thirty volumes and but one book. "The Assommoir" will live. The others won't. The vogue of Pigault Lebrun was relatively as great as his. To-day even in France he is forgot. He wrote, as Zola has, to the gallery. As the gallery passes the writer does too. An echo may linger, it soon subsides. This is Zola's opportunity. He can enjoy that luxury which to an author exceeds all others. He can be alone. No one not in the trade can understand how populous solitude is, how loquacious its phantoms are. There is the real home of inspiration. That Zola has lacked. Within him is a little of the spirit of Dante, a little of Hugo's soul. It is not to their monitions he has listened, but to the rumble of Parisian life. That the walls of Sainte-Pelagie are thick enough to deaden, and when he issues from them may he have under his arm not another document, but the novel which the world awaits.

THE JUDENHETZE

The Anti-Semitic movement which Paris has been enjoying is interesting, as all such things are when considered not from without, but from beneath. Christian, and even atheist, France is honest and incompetent. Hebraic France is the reverse. The Latin is not a trader. The Jew is. Business, Sardou noted, is another man's money. Where in matters mercantile the European has perceptions the Israelite has instincts. But the chief difference is ethical. Some one suggested to De Kotzebue that this difference was due to the fact that Hebraic morality had its origin in the Orient, that it came from the Far East. "Oh, much further than that," said the old diplomat. It may be that he was right. In any event the basis of conscience is not the same. But there is another factor. Ages of humiliations have had their natural result. The Jew is slow to anger. Whoso, said Montaigne, has no anger and no honor will succeed. In France the success of the Jews is notable. They number there less than eighty thousand, and their possessions exceed one-fourth of the entire wealth of the land. They have turned the Almanach de Gotha into an Almanach du Ghetto. Barring the army they have pervaded everything, from the fauteuils of the academy to the foyer of the opera. But success has been insufficient. In their ability to buy the earth it is only natural that they should have had an eye on the Elysée. Were it not for De Reinach, Herz, Arton and a few others, they might be nearer it than they are. In the dream of power was the memory of the old covenant in the wilderness. That memory took a syndicate of them to Renan. The latter was then completing his "History of the People of Israel." The syndicate offered a million if he would make the final volume a glorification of the contemporary race. Renan was poor, yet the million pieces of silver did not tempt him. There was not money enough in the world to get him to praise what he did not admire, and, as he refused, it may be that he remembered Schopenhauer's jest, "The Jews are God's chosen people, are they? Well, tastes differ. They are not mine."

ANOTHER NEW POET

Miss Nesbit is a poet, new, presumably young, and just now much applauded in England. "Songs of Love and Empire" is the title of her wares, and they are recited with an accent which may not be Bloomsbury, but which is certainly Brompton. In commending them the "Pall Mall Gazette" states that the management of Alexandrines will secure recognition and therewith unstinted praise from the critical. The phrase, of course, is stereotyped. Such lines as

"And by your crown, where love and fame consort,
Shines the unvanquished cloven crown of Agincourt,"

are, the "Pall Mall" adds, but samples of rich music and rhythmic cadence. They are nothing of the kind. The poet laureate could not do worse. The poverty of the metaphor is only

exceeded by the imperfection of the rhyme. Here is another sample:

"Float the bright pennons of the Cressy spears;
Shine shadowy shafts that fell, as snow falls, at Poitiers!"

Why not in Poitou? It would rhyme just as well, and at least have the merit of being historically more correct. But though Miss Nesbit's French is of the South Kensington order, her conception of Love is better, Girtton perhaps, but neat:

"Love is no joy that dies apace
With the delight of dear embrace;
Love is no feast of wine and bread,
Red-vintaged and gold-harvested;
Love is the god whose touch divine,
On hands that clung and lips that kissed,
Has turned life's common bread and wine
Into the Holy Eucharist."

INFORMATION FOR MR. MAHANY

Mr. Mahany a fortnight ago entertained the House of Representatives with his views on the vegetable party recently held at the home of Mr. Hewitt. Mr. Mahany stated that when the nation's head was bowed, and the dismembered fragments of her dead were going to their graves, high heaven was wearied with this social revel. Mr. Mahany has a command of language and a gift of metaphor which he should cultivate. It is regrettable that he did not use both to explain what Mr. Hewitt should have done. Mr. Hewitt is a private citizen. He has indeed been what I think I have seen somewhere described as a public man, but at the time he neglected to be a demagogue—a fact of which Mr. Mahany is perhaps in ignorance. I take pleasure in calling it to his attention. Mr. Hewitt omitted, moreover, to be anything else than simple, direct and conscientious—a fact of which Mr. Mahany is perhaps also in ignorance. That, too, I take pleasure in calling to his attention. When in office Mr. Hewitt was occupied with the performance of his duties. He had no time for stupidities—a fact to which, while I am about it, I will further signal to this gentleman. If he will consider it, together with the others advanced, it may occur to him, first, that his knowledge has been increased, and second, that behind them are qualities which, in conjunction with command of language and gift of metaphor, it might be just as well to cultivate also. For his additional instruction I may note that Mr. Hewitt had no recourse. As an American the loss of the *Maine* affected him, and probably much more than it did this gentleman. But as private citizen he could not recall invitations already extended without putting on that smirk of importance which talkative people when addressing the House occasionally display in order to masquerade the poverty of their conversation.

THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY

The Tsarina is down with the smallpox. Many another has been too. The Saracens found the disease in Africa and introduced it in Europe. That was twelve hundred years ago. Until Jenner came it was fashionable among all classes. Said the fourteenth Louis of France, "I have the smallpox." A courtier answered: "Sire, so has every one." He was not sympathetic merely, he was exact. It heightened Queen Elizabeth's absence of beauty. William III. gave it to one of his pages, and, that the honor might be becomingly remembered, gave him the duchy of Portland also. Maria Theresa had it. So did Queen Mary. It was endemic in palaces. But it was not confined to thrones. When it reached this part of the world it singularly aided the civilizing influence of Spain. Out of Mexico alone it took nearly four million people. In South America its helpfulness was relatively as great. Then, returning to Europe, it depopulated the Northland. A century ago Jenner got to work at it. Thereafter its efficiency waned. The Tsarina is the first modern sovereign whom it has attacked. One may regret that it should have done so. This lady is one of the prettiest women in Europe. As a young girl she was regarded as the fairest of the princesses. As empress she is unexcelled. As Tsarina she sits on a seat so high that she overlooks two continents. In her diadem the dominion of All the Russias gleams. In her scepter is the fate of kingdoms. Nature made her fair, destiny great. One might fancy her blessed beyond all other women. Yet neither beauty nor power served to protect her. Her husband has interested himself elsewhere. In his place smallpox has come. Who is happy? Mirabeau was asked. "Some miserable wretch," he answered. No plain woman need envy the Tsarina.

PSEUDO-PSYCHO-PHYSICS

Dr. Scripture contributes to the Contemporary Science Series a volume on psycho-physics which may be commended to the youth of Boston. It demonstrates in a fashion which can only be described as beautiful the manner whereby a sensation becomes disagreeable or the reverse, and explains the stimuli wherewith the condition is conditioned. That may look like an explanation which explains nothing, but the fault, if fault there be, resides in the subject itself. In Germany, where there is more of this sort of thing than here, whenever two students are detected discussing a matter which one does not understand and the other does not care a rap about, it is assumed that they

are talking metaphysics. Psycho-physics, a debutante in the drawing-room of letters, is its niece. What charms years and experience may produce in her is problematic. At present her attractiveness is rather veiled in formulae. She lisps, and in numbers. Dislike she expresses by 95, M V 3. 7. Pleasure she catalogues as 1. 1. 65. It is impossible to be more concise and less coquettish. It is difficult to be more suggestive too. A table of logarithms instead of kisses, Euclid instead of Cressy, and the differential calculus of matrimony becomes simplified to a degree.

THE TALE OF THE GYPSY MOTH

The Massachusetts Legislature granted last week an appropriation of two hundred thousand dollars. Behind that appropriation is a story of a puff of wind, of a door opened suddenly, of a current of air that has been instrumental in the destruction of property to the value of millions. Summarily it is as follows: Years ago a naturalist came to Medford. Among his possessions were some eggs. They were quite small, and one morning, when he happened to be examining them under a microscope, a visitor appeared. A window was open and the draught which the visitor brought with him blew the eggs through it. The naturalist went about telling what had occurred. No one cared. He added that the eggs were those of the gypsy moth. No one listened. Twenty years later the ravages of the moth were such as to call for legislative interference. The worms had then spread through thirty townships. Trees were ruined, crops were assailed. In 1890 the State ordered that fifty thousand dollars be expended in eliminating them. They fattened on it. Last year the entomologist of the Board of Agriculture submitted a report in which he estimated that to exterminate them it would require fifteen years and fifteen hundred thousand dollars. Hence the further and recent appropriation. If the estimate turns out to be relatively correct, some time in the twentieth century the mischief caused by a puff of wind three decenniums previous will have ended. Such is the tale of the Gypsy Moth.

A LITERARY PRECEDENT

Mr. Emil Ruedebach was recently arraigned in the United States Circuit Court for the Eastern District of Wisconsin charged with uttering a philosophic treatise. Mr. Ruedebach pleaded the rights and immunities of authorship. He pleaded that his treatise was sound and that his object in uttering it was justifiable. He pleaded neither to the deaf nor to the dumb. Mr. Justice Seaman, sitting there in banco by himself, ordered him off to jail, obiter dictum that the aim of a writ of immaterial, the presence or absence of logic also; that the one point at issue is the fashion in which he affects the reader. There is sound law and sound sense. It embodies an opinion which ought to be legislated into the code. The amount of rubbish spawned upon the public is incalculable. Heretofore there has been no recourse. Hereafter there should be. The precedent which Mr. Justice Seaman has established is excellent. But it is insufficient. It is not enough to jail a bore. There is a criminal worse than he. An author may sin, and often does. Yet his sin is human. It is due to innocence, sometimes to ignorance, often to both. There is nothing very uncommon in that. Besides, if every bore is to go to jail the appropriation for coast defenses and ironclads will have to be diverted into the erection of prisons. The real criminal is the publisher. It is through him that the spawning is effected. Let the Legislature shake the handcuffs, throw a half-dozen into stripes, make it a penal offense to put an imprint on a work which is not distinctly entertaining, and then perhaps in the current dry goods we may find something fit to read.

THE GAELIC HEROINE

Miss Janie Westropp, of Ballinacorney, County Cork, is a recent guest whom it is a duty to welcome. At the Limerick races a short time ago she saw a young man backing the winner, saw, too, that he was pleasant to the eye, learned that his mother was an O'Hara of Tarah's Halls, felt the harp in her heart beginning to hum, executed a fugue to Queenstown and here she is. Here he is also. With them is one of the prettiest romances we have had in a year and a day. In times gone by there were plenty of adventures of just this kind. Yet then there was the poetry of the post-chaise, the dignity of danger, pistol-shots through the windows and kisses at Gretna Green. Times have changed, customs too. The chaise has broken down, Gretna is deserted, and pistols are out of date. But kisses are not, thank fortune. Elopements still occur. And this one from over the sea it is a pleasure to applaud.

CAUSE AND EFFECT

Captain Eulate, before the *Viczaya* took him away, expressed his astonishment at the inhabitants of this city. He declared that the women are all beautiful and the men all in a hurry. The circumstance should not have astonished. It is an excellent example of cause and effect.

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MARDI GRAS AT NEW ORLEANS

THE Mardi Gras Carnival of the Crescent City has attained a world-wide fame, and the number of visitors is yearly increasing in proportion to the increase in extent and grandeur of each succeeding year's festivities. It is the ambition of every young man in New Orleans to be a member of one or more of the ten organizations that between them make the Carnival what it is. These clubs work in unison for the Carnival, yet strive individually to outdo one another; their united efforts have made the art of street parades what it is in New Orleans and made the Carnival balls unique.

This year's parades were much the same in tone as those held heretofore, but were upon a grander scale. The warships *Marblehead*, *Dubonديو* (French), and the *Donau* (Austrian) were in port to participate in greeting Rex; and on Monday, February 21, when his royal yacht turned the bend which gives the Crescent City its name, they began a cannonading which, with the shrieks of a thousand whistles, could be heard for miles, and furnished smoke enough to hide his Majesty's fleet. After landing, Rex was escorted by local and visiting military companies and by a part of the crews of the men-of-war to the City Hall, where the keys of the city were delivered to him. From that time until Ash Wednesday, Rex reigned supreme.

On Mardi Gras is the only day parade. Owing to its being given during daylight, it must be in costume and general appearance the finest of all. This is the parade to which all the merchants subscribe. The Harvest Queens was the subject this year. The first car, or float, bore the King of the Carnival, seated on a throne flanked by columns supporting crowns and backed by griffins. Golden censers stood at the foot of the steps of the dais. The throne was silver and white. This being the twenty-fifth presentation by Rex, a silver anniversary car followed, and then a greeting to Washington, Mardi Gras having been connected with his birthday. The other cars represented the Harvest Queens—Wheat, Sugar, Pineapples, Cotton, Corn, Strawberries, etc.

Comus, the oldest organization, and one of the finest, displayed "Scenes from Shakespeare." This parade attracted the largest crowd. Comus, the King, God of Dreams, was seated in a silver and white car drawn by doves, and issuing from the land of the rising sun. Before him were fleecy clouds of pink and white studded with gems. He held in his hand a golden goblet, and to the several queens and their courts seated upon the Carnival Club galleries drank his best wishes. The car was suggestive of the embodied fancies that were to follow. Among these "The Comedy of Errors," "The Tempest," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Twelfth Night," and the love scene of "Romeo and Juliet" were particularly fine.



THE ARRIVAL OF REX

This year the designers of tableaux proper of the Carnival parades not only eclipsed all their previous efforts but added to their triumphs by illumination effects. All electric roads lead to Canal Street, which is two hundred feet broad. In the center is a strip upon which the cars run; on either side the street the parades pass. For nearly a mile, the extent of the pageant's route on this street, on each side a continuous line of incandescent lights stretched, looped at intervals over special illuminations. In front of the Boston, Commercial, Pickwick, and Chess, Checkers and Whist Clubs noonday could scarcely have been brighter. On the top of the Boston Club was a huge gold crown, ornamented by a thousand lights in purple and green. Over this crown were strings of white lights from the top of the flag-staff to different portions of the building. Just below the crown were the letters M. K. C. ("Mistic Krew of Comus"), and K. O. P. ("Krew of Proteus"). All the windows and corners of the building were bordered with lights. The view herein reproduced was taken after the passage of the parades when the crowd had well dispersed.

Northern people who visit New Orleans on Mardi Gras imagine that the great parade of that day is the entire Carnival; on the contrary, the parade is almost the end of a season of gayety that is quite long, when its rapidity is considered. The Carnival season really begins on Twelfth-night with a grand ball, given by one of the above-mentioned associations, and followed by at least two great balls a week until Shrove-Tuesday. Such evenings as are not monopolized by balls abound in debutante parties, for in New Orleans the "coming out" of young women is a matter of extreme formality among all well-born residents, whether rich or poor, and "the season" selected for the purpose is that of the Carnival, when all the society of Louisiana and her sister States endeavors to crowd into New Orleans.



NIGHT ILLUMINATION OF A PORTION OF THE PROCESSION'S ROUTE



FOR A SECOND SHE HUNG . . . ON THE EDGE OF THE PARAPET

BIT O' MUSK

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

I



LA ILAHA ILLA 'LLAH!"

Full and rich as the song of a bird, fell the Refrain of Unity upon the toiling, sweating mart below, and under noon sunshine the bazaars of Cairo gleamed and glowed, like a great opal set in a jewel of silver. A blaze of color, a glory of light, a purple splendor of shadow mingled wondrously in that seething nest of life. The jingle and clink and flash of the brassworkers dazed ear and dazzled eye; like spiders in webs spun for Eastern fable from the looms of Syria and Persia sat the bearded carpet-sellers and venders of fabrics; red leather and orange flamed in streaks and patches where the sunlight dripped and splashed gold over the wares of the shoe-dealers; the jewelers paraded trinkets of magic workmanship and gems that reflected the light out of darkness; the fruit-sellers congregated together; the tables of the money-changers were as dingy spots in the ambient radiance.

Through the eternal chatter, the drone of distant stringed music and whine of singers sounded; and the busy mass moved like a winding rainbow, its gaudy raiment now vanishing from sunshine into shade, now rippling and flaming out from shadow into light. The great live monster with many hearts and heads rolled onward—men, women, and children, Turks and Arabians, Jews and Levantines, Greeks and Ethiopians—and from the tottering, green-turbaned Hadji of fourscore to the little dirty babe in the gutter, its eyes black with flies, all heard the muezzin's ringing call from the minaret of the mosque. For it was a new voice that sounded the clarion to-day.

"La ilaha illa 'llah! There is no God but God."

At one spot flamed tomatoes and giant purple radishes, with oranges and other fruits massed in a bank of brilliant color; while behind them like a silver wall appeared dried onions and garlic all sprinkled with gold where the sun pierced a tattered awning.

Little Miskah, the daughter of Jamil al-Uzri, stood by the fruit-seller's stall unnoticed in the crowd, and she glanced up-

ward with more than a passing thought of Allah in her wonderful eyes as the voice rang out from the parapet of the minaret.

"Abu!" whispered the parted lips; then an old woman jogged her roughly in the back.

"Have a care, Bit o' Musk, or thy father shall hear of that glance and sigh. Come, hasten."

"You speak vainly, Zeinab; I but repeated the Name."

"I am not deaf. 'Twas 'Abu,' not 'Allah,' passed your throat."

The girl's little red lips pursed up tight, her young bosom heaved, and there was a light in her eyes the veil could not wholly hide. Then she turned to where the house of her father stood beneath the shadow of the mosque.

"You are given before Allah to Said Sakar, the grain-seller," mumbled the old woman who followed her.

"Why must Allah's name be dragged into it?" whispered Bit o' Musk to herself; but to her nurse she only answered:

"Most true, and the grain-seller is a good, fat old man."

She disappeared, while ancient Zeinab, shaking her head, followed after.

Hard by half a dozen loafers were gathered beneath the mosque, and their conversation, awakened by the fresh voice of the muezzin, was as the utterance of a chorus to this story.

"Elian Sarkis grows old," said an ancient water-carrier, whose back was bent under a plump, shining skin full from the well. "He hath promoted the young man Abu Ishak to the Call."

"It is meet," said another Arab, "for the lungs of Sarkis have grown cracked in the service of Allah these many years."

"Long it is since so clear a message fell from the gallery," declared a third.

"A marvelous victory for Allah, that the son of Bahram Ishak should come to be a server in the Holy Places," pursued the water-carrier. "Inshallah! He doeth what seemeth good to Him. He hath even drawn Abu, despite the blood in his veins, from evil company, from the abode of sin, from the two reds."*

"Yet, cold water, dry dates, and long prayers cannot chill a young heart. He may fall back," murmured a skeptic.

* The two reds—meat and wine.

"Think it not! Whoso stumbleth on the same stone twice is a fool. He will keep the better part."

They looked up and a spot of bright color on the giddy parapet of the minaret showed that Abu Ishak still stood above.

From this elevated point of view the flat roofs of a thousand surrounding houses lay stretched beneath him, and, without any Asmodeus flight, a prying muezzin might gaze upon the affairs of his neighbors. But etiquette and law alike forbid long delay in the gallery.

"He must learn to cry the Tahlil and depart with better speed," said a Jew, clad in black garments, who joined the knot of speakers; "else there may happen to him what happened to a muezzin of the mosque by the Cattle Market. Still they tell how that man, who was too fond of peeping upon the housetops, fell by a secret bullet which had sped from Allah. He knows whither."

"Easy to guess where Abu Ishak's eyes wander," put in a porter who had joined the knot of speakers, and was at all times one deeply versed in the affairs of others. "Love of women is stronger than love of Allah when the heart is young. Consider, why did Abu, being a man of good substance, mew himself in a mosque? And why this Mosque of Sofian Bey before all others? They had opened their arms to him at the great mosques surely; they had squeezed him of his money for repairs in the ruin of Sultan Hassan, or for new splendors in the fane of Mohammed Ali. Thus he had won glory and banked his wealth in heaven; but he came hither, in a word, because the house of Jamil al-Uzri, the carpet-seller, is at the door, and the night wind that cools the wine-cup in the merchant's mashrabiya breathes next upon young Abu in the minaret of the mosque."

"He loved Miskah, men said."

"Too well to lose her at a father's whim," declared the porter. "I look at life as a wise man, and learn from the past to interpret the future! He is here for an end."

"Truly men have gone through fire and water and endured what is worse—long waiting—for girls less fair," declared the Jew.

"It is too late now," said the water-carrier, preparing to depart. "Her father hath set his heart on Said Sakar, whose purse and person are fat as his own olives, whose face is as yellow as his peas."

"She will be happier with him," hazarded the Jew.

"Perhaps—ten years hence, not sooner," said the porter.

II

MEANTIME Miskah entered her father's house, and the servant of Allah, descending from the gallery, busied himself with the duties of his office. His was the task of cleansing the House of Prayer, of lighting the manifold colored lamps that glimmered within and without the temple at times of feast and rejoicing, of filling and refilling the ablution vessels for those who came to wash and pray.

A stout and comely youngster of good presence, good heart, and scanty intellect, was Abu Ishak. Chance willed it that in early childhood he had seen much of Miskah during days long past, when his father and hers were friends, and indeed bosom friends. But after his favorite wife died, Bahram Ishak took to evil ways and riotous living, which had presently ruined all his family; but Fate struck him at the very outset of his journey on the narrow way.

Amid the dark places of Cairo he was found with a strange knife in his breast; so they buried him and forgot him, all save his former friend the carpet merchant. He, from the first, was fearful for little Abu lest he should follow his father's way; and when, as an unthinking boy of tender years, the lad fell among bad companions and for a brief space went astray, Jamil al-Uzri shut his door against him forever, saying, "Like father, like son."

Meantime, the young people had grown to love each other as much as a Moslem man and maid may love before marriage; and, quickened by the pure flame of an honest affection, this muddy-brained youngster set about regaining the respect and confidence of his father's old friend. His purpose was to prove that those evil instincts al-Uzri suspected were planted in him at his birth did not really exist there; and to that end, inspired moreover, as better men before him, by great love of a fair girl, Abu Ishak set forth to prove his strength. To the Mosque of Sofian Bey, where the carpet merchant himself worshiped, did the young man repair, and there, for a full year, he led a model life of work and humility under Jamil al-Uzri's eyes.

But these efforts were in vain, and now, full weary of his daughter's importunities, her father had affianced Bit o' Musk to Said Sakar, the grain-seller.

"He has a face like a pig," she said, when first the terrible news fell upon her; "and I will not wed him, as you very well know."

"He has a head of pure gold; and his ancestors were men of worth; and marry him you will at the Feast of Bairam," answered her father.

"Have you no heart for the child of your own begetting?" she sobbed. "What man of the sons of men, since the Prophet, ever lived a life more worthy and holy and perfect than Abu Ishak leads? To say ill of him is to lie before God."

"To say he is his father's son is no lie, but the truth. A jackal cub does not grow into a sheep. I have spoken, and as Allah gave thee into my hand, so what He puts into my heart concerning thee I shall do."

"I would rather die than marry this bag of lard."

"You have seen but fourteen years pass, and it ill becomes you from your baby-wisdom to speak thus of your father's choice."

"I will run away; I will drown myself; I will fling myself down from a high place."

"You are a fool, and must be treated as one. We will silence your tongue and cool your blood where the wine-cup cools. Peace and prayer and a silent place to think in shall best become you. Follow me!"

Within five minutes from that moment Miskah had found herself locked up in the mashrabiya of her father's house. It was as a little cage of finely carved lattice-work perched, like a swallow's nest, against the lofty side of the building. The woodwork of these cages is of venerable Arabian design, and few ancient streets in Cairo will be found unadorned with them. Some are only of size sufficient to hold the cup and the dish of delicate meats; others are as a covered apartment adjoining an inner chamber. The air blows through them to keep food and drink sweet; and eyes from below can see nothing of what is passing within.

A little room communicated with the lofty mashrabiya on Jamil al-Uzri's dwelling-house; and here, after the announcement of her future fate, Miskah was usually locked out of harm's way. Brief walks under the dragon guardianship of old Zeinab were her sole entertainment; and her sorrow was sharpened by the belief that poor Abu knew nothing of the disaster ahead, but proceeded in his godly calling with dogged determination to win her and change her father's opinion.

From her walk, after Abu's voice had warmed her heart, Miskah entered her little prison and wept a while. Presently, finding a dish of candied peaches, she ate of them, then crept into the hanging chamber of the mashrabiya, curled herself on a pile of silk pillows, and fought with the tremendous problem of escape. Before all things it was necessary for Abu to know the position of affairs, but how to communicate with him puzzled her quick brain, and the problem she feared would be far beyond the reach of his dull wits.

Her perch hung out above the roadway; so high that she could gain no sight of what was doing below; but above, on the opposite side of the street, rose the Mosque of Sofian Bey; and as the girl's prison was loftily situated for a mashrabiya and the minaret gallery of the mosque chanced to be more than common low, it happened that the distance separating them was not much above twenty yards. Presently Miskah peeped through the lattice, and, looking upward where the minaret gallery towered above her, she saw Abu Ishak, and her keen eyes noted that the light had gone out of his face and sorrow sat there.

III

BUT a few hours before, the young man had heard what was to be, and from the lips of Said Sakar himself he learned it. The grain-seller meant well in this confession, and told all bluntly when Abu entered his shop to buy dates and pulse.

"She is to be mine, her father wills it, and she will have a good husband and many jewels, such as girls love. Therefore think no more of her, but seek elsewhere," he said.

The other blazed for a moment, and his hand clinched over a hidden knife-hilt. Then he forced down what was burning his soul to cinders, even as a man crows an angry dog by word of command. Though scant of wit, Abu saw that any violent outcry then must mean ruination to the last faint hope. Therefore he bit his lips and held his passion and wished Said Sakar happiness in possession of the finest pearl all Cairo held.

"Kismet! There is no fighting against Fate," he said, even at the moment when his slow brain was planning the battle his lips declared impossible. "Allah shield Miskah and teach you how to make little Bit o' Musk happy."

Then he departed, and spent his rage where no man's eye might behold it. For this he had flung over the joys of earth—to find every hope and ambition broken against the stony heart of a graybeard. One thing he knew as he felt his strong muscles and gasped for action—the mosque life was done. Service there meant nothing now. A man's deeds lay before him.

Anon, as the sun turned westerly, he mounted to trim the minaret lamps of the gallery, and there he stood gazing and seeing nothing when Miskah noticed him. Beneath spread the huge city, aglow in sunshine, a-glitter with a thousand golden crescents above silvery domes and fairylike minarets. Far away gleamed the waters of the Nile—a shining ribbon in the dying green of its fertile basin, and still more remote, appearing above a tawny haze, misty pyramids rose gigantic and dim upon the edge of the eternal sands.

Then, by chance, his wandering vision caught the sudden flutter of something beneath; and his mind came back behind his eyes, and he read the meaning of a tiny scrap of sunset-colored silk that danced on the wind through the lattice of the mashrabiya below. For a few moments it twinkled there, then vanished, for Miskah had seen that her signal was noted. Abu

it was who had given her the little gift on a day far past; and now he recognized it, and surely knew whose hidden fingers held it there.

She could see him kneeling under the parapet of the gallery invisible to all but her. Then he departed, while she watched patiently, knowing that he would return; and the din and bray of the city below rolled against her ears as the music of bells floats fitfully on the unstable wind.

Within half an hour Abu Ishak was again aloft; and then, as her eyes strained upon him, Miskah suddenly saw a white butterfly flutter out from the gallery of the minaret. It was caught by an eddying breeze at the street corner, and wafted this way and that; but the wind blew southerly from the mosque to the mashrabiyyah, and, presently, after many an aerial gyration, the insect dropped upon the lattice above Miskah's head. So patience was rewarded, and the girl's slim fingers soon reached the paper butterfly-messenger from her lover. A tiny silken thread was fastened to it, a bond destined to great issues; while upon the butterfly's wing were words from Abu.

"Pearl of the Pearls," he wrote, "from the lips of Said Sakar himself have I heard the saddest news that ever hurt my ears and broke my heart. But if this reach you I shall live again, for your brain is compact of bright diamonds, and your mind, quickened by Love, is keener than daggers. Say, what shall I do? And first pull delicately upon this silken thread that unites us, so that good store shall rest with you, and ample means for the passing of letters by night thenceforth exist between us. Show once more your silken kerchief as a sign, and I will wind out the thread as you draw it in. Thus, invisible to the whole world, we are united. When darkness falls, I shall be here for lighting of the lamps; then show a light, and I will draw upon the silk and read your message. Abu."

With promptitude Miskah obeyed the directions this letter contained. First she drew in sufficient of the silk to leave a wide margin for safety; then she used her brains as never before had she used them; and the result was a letter that Abu drew safely to himself after darkness had fallen and the mosque lamps glimmered from the gallery like a constellation of great stars.

"Light of my eyes," wrote Miskah, "and heart of my life, I am here a prisoner by my father's will; and so it is best, for from this chamber only exists the possibility of any communication between us. Now, obey me, and we may yet live. After darkness falls to-morrow, send first a thicker, stronger thread across; then upon it tie a little saw, for cutting of wood, and some fine wire. My purpose is to cut out one side of the mashrabiyyah's lattice-work, then deftly fasten it in its place with the wire. Thus may no one suspect, and yet, when the time is ripe, I can move one wall of my prison-house, and—who knows?—fly away to thee.

"Act in secret; show no overwhelming sorrow; and be ready at the Feast of Bairam to speed away from Cairo forever. Show a red lamp under the parapet of the gallery, when I shall pull the thread to-morrow; and after I have the saw, draw back the thicker thread upon my signal, that only the invisible silk may join us through the hours of daylight. Farewell. I have much yet to think upon, and my thoughts lead to an action that frights me when I picture it. Thy Bit o' Musk."

Thus love quickened Miskah's wit, and this was the first step to a daring scheme that involved at least some risk to her own life. Believing now that success must in great measure depend upon blinding her father to her real intentions, she modified her open scorn of Said Sakar, expressed some contrition, and tried to make Jamil al-Uzri suppose that she yielded to his wishes. But the change was somewhat too sudden to be quite natural, and Miskah's father did not abate the close watch and ward kept upon her, though he expressed his satisfaction at his daughter's increase of good sense.

IV

IN due time the tools she had called for reached the prisoner's hand, and, first making fast the lattice with wire that it might not fall into the street, she cut it out, and thus had it ready for removal at a moment's notice. Her further designs were also completed, and, after two days, there came a night message to Abu that set his heart beating with fierce admiration for his loved one.

"Thou canst not come to me, and pluck me from the trouble that awaits me; therefore, Abu of the stout arm, I must come to thee. 'Tis but a short flight through the air, and I shall not see the great gulf that yawns beneath me, for it will be hid in the dead darkness of night. The rest lies with you; to see that swift conveyance awaits us to Port Said, or where you will, beyond pursuit. Then shall we not take ship, and pass to the North? But, escape first! Thy Miskah."

Henceforth the lovers corresponded freely while the world slept, and the details of their plan were gradually determined. Their design was to escape a week before the appointed marriage day; but, on seeing him one noon, his daughter suddenly learned from Jamil al-Uzri that it would be desirable to hasten the date for Said Sakar's convenience. This poor Miskah heard eight-and-forty hours before the proposed event, and a frenzied message flew to the gallery of the minaret that night.

But Abu Ishak rose to the occasion happily, and comforted

her by a speedy return message. "This only hastens our happiness, and my dove must take her flight to-morrow. All is ready. The wicker basket I bid my friend weave—telling him that it was for one of the old mummies they dig out at Dashur—has been made doubly strong, and the rope lies waiting. To-morrow pull the string when you see the red lamp, loosen first the side of the mashrabiyyah, then the cord will bring a stronger cord to your hand; pull upon that, and a light rope will follow; pull that, and there will reach you a strong rope such as the ship men use.

"Down this the basket will slide to you, tied by a stout cord of strength sufficient for the purpose; and, when all is prepared, and you are safely in your cage, make the signal, and leave the rest to me. But see to the fastening of the rope within your chamber. Salvation depends upon that. Look to it, therefore, as a thing whereon your life and mine will hang. Make it fast with many a turn and twist; tie it with a thousand knots to such stout and massive articles as cannot flinch or move. To Allah the sequel! Inshallah! To-morrow you will hear that I have departed from the mosque, but believe it not. Abu."

To this Miskah made answer:

"So be it. Death is better than the grain-seller. But I fear nothing, knowing whose hands will draw me upward. I shall perch the basket on the open side of the mashrabiyyah; and it will come with a light burden, for I am very thin with tears. Miskah."

Next day Abu's design to avert suspicion nearly defeated its own object; for, when the carpet merchant, who had suspected him to the last, learned that the young man was gone from the mosque, a weight rolled from his mind, and he went in graciously to Miskah, and made her a present of her liberty. That had been a priceless gift three days before; now it was of all things the last she wanted. Under close lock and key she had been able to make her plans and plot the deeds that very night was to see; but, everything being now in readiness, to alter existing designs must prove impossible. Miskah, therefore, acted as craftily as she knew how, and with well-feigned thankfulness first accepted her father's offer, and then, on second thoughts, refused it.

"You are right, as you always are," said she, "and you read Abu wisely by the light of his father's life. No more of him! I will forget my wasted tears, and do what a girl may to pleasure this good husband you have found for me. Yet, my father, will I not go free nor so much as walk under the orange trees nor ascend to the roof. I surely do a wiser thing by abiding peaceful and alone within the mashrabiyyah until the time of my bridal has come. Here let me stay with the stars that twinkle through the lattice by night, for they bring good thoughts. You see your child has won a little of your wisdom, and would spend these last days of her maiden life alone with Allah."

What father ever yet fathomed a wife-old daughter? Jamil al-Uzri, albeit some shadow of suspicion clouded the satisfaction of his mind upon this utterance, nevertheless accepted it as truth. For a moment he marveled that Miskah could thus calmly receive the news of Abu's sudden departure; then he looked into her eyes, believed he saw a twin honesty throned in each, and declared her decision a wise one. So Miskah smiled until he went out, and then she wept many silver tears, and prayed Allah to pardon her falsehoods and suffer her angels to bear her safely through the darkness of that night.

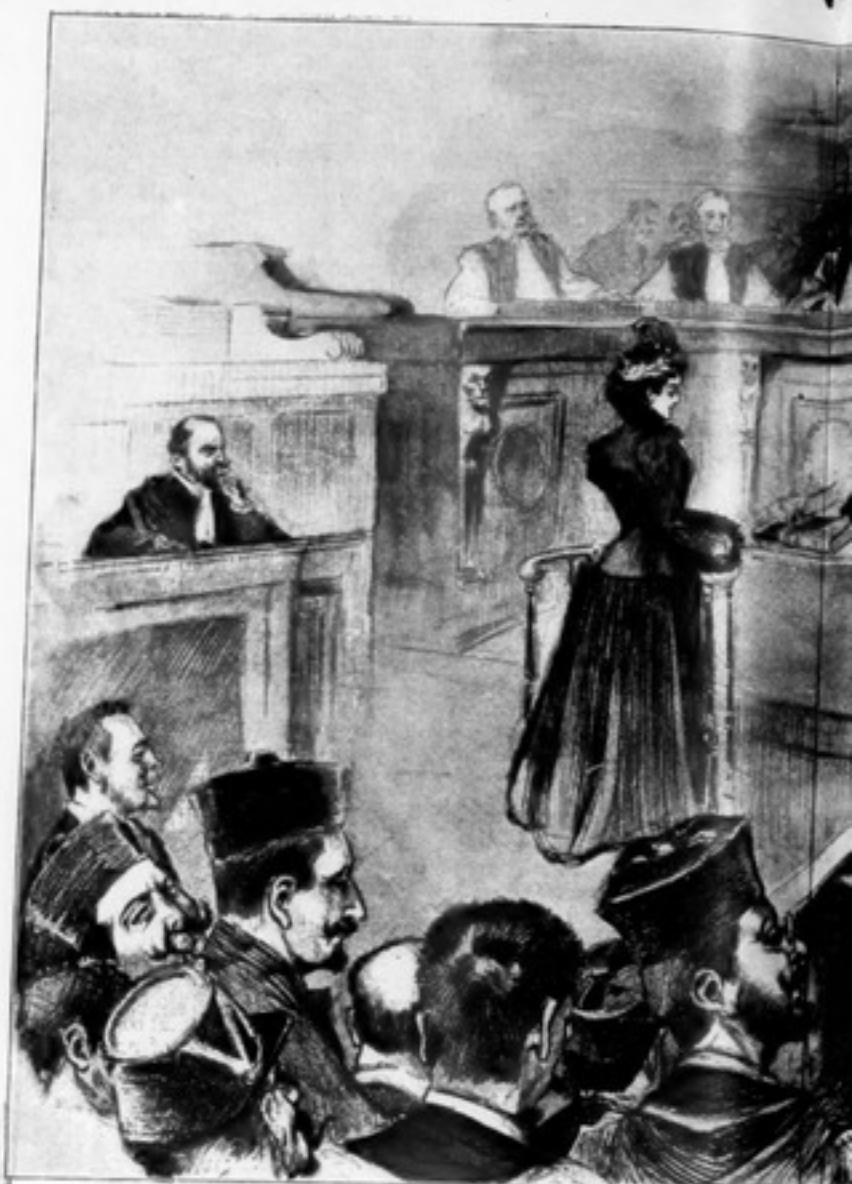
V

NOW it happened some hours later, when the day was done, that Said Sakar's head ached from a heavy cup of wine, and instead of retiring somewhat early, according to his custom, he went out into the air after praying the Night Prayer. His habitation was over against that of his future father-in-law, and as he sat and smoked a while, and sighed with fat satisfaction at the vision of his coming wife, there happened a thing transcending the grain-seller's wildest and most fantastic experiences. It caused him to drop the coil of his pipe and upset his nargileh into the road; it took away his breath; it produced a sudden physical activity, to which Said Sakar's limbs had long been strangers.

Against the star-strewn oblong of sky that rose between the houses and the mosque in front of him, there suddenly appeared a floating figure, as it had been some astral shape of wandering soul. This thing, mummy-like in its outlines, moved darkly against the night, appearing first as a silhouette upon a wall silvered by the waning moon, then floating forward and upward, slowly and silently, into the air.

This coffin-shape thus sailing across a midnight sky woke first a frenzy of fear in Said, then a keen curiosity. He rose, rushed into the street, stood with his back to the moon, and so began to realize the truth of what he saw. A line stretched sharp and clear from minaret to mashrabiyyah—to the mashrabiyyah wherein he well knew his Bit o' Musk should now be sleeping. And hung upon this line, moving steadily and climbing higher every moment, the astral figure ascended.

Now Said Sakar belonged to those who are ever first at the feast and last at the fray; but before this terrific apparition of a flying bride, the man in him awoke. He lifted up his voice, bawled to the wandering watchmen, then, rushing across the street, thundered at the door of Jamil al-Uzri, and roused a



THE ZOLA TRIAL—SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL

1 SCHEURER-KESTNER

2 IN THE LOBBY

3 MME. DREYFUS TESTIFYING

4 THE

These sketches arrived by the Steamer "La Champagne"



OUR SPECIAL ARTIST MR. HENRY MAYER

4 THE LUNCHEON HOUR
 "Le Drapeau" six days overdue—ED

5 ZOLA

6 AN IMPORTANT WITNESS

sleeping house. By this act, strange is it to say, and in all innocence, Said performed for Miskah and her lover a signal service. Indeed, it is hardly too much to declare that by so doing he saved the girl's life.

In the silence, while Miskah's frail cage swung steadily higher and higher, and she shut her eyes and held her breath, she could hear, not only the thunder of Said Sakar against the house door far below, but a nearer rending of wood and battering of timber. Her father was forcing his way into the deserted chamber of the mashrabiya.

Possessed of an uneasy intuition, the old man had found himself wakeful that night, and, passing his daughter's door, listened a moment there, to find her active and awake behind it. He had called, and received no answer; he had attempted to open the door, and found it locked. A strange creaking and rasping sound, as of wicker-work with a strain upon it, next came to his ears—and then great silence. Upon this he struggled savagely with the door, and smashed it panel by panel, while Miskah gave the signal and floated out into space before the astounded eyes in the street below.

When, a moment later, Said Sakar called Jamil al-Uzri's attention, the furious father immediately hastened downstairs, believing his daughter was captured in the street; but he only found the grain-seller incoherent and pointing upward to the gallery of the mosque. The elder man thereupon hastened again to his daughter's room and completed the task of winning an entrance. He saw the open side of the mashrabiya, the straining rope, the basket already under the shadow of the minaret. Then, beside himself with passion, his knife flashed, the rope was severed, and the basket fell headlong into the street below.

But though the ship was wrecked, its precious freight came safely to port, and even as the basket fell from beneath her down the dizzy side of the mosque, a stout arm was already round Jamil al-Uzri's daughter. For a second she hung like a little white cloud on the edge of the parapet, then found herself within the gallery beyond Death's reach. A moment more and her furious father had slain poor Miskah, but Allah sleeps not; she was safe, and Jamil's soul free of blood-guiltiness and the slaughter of his own flesh.

Chattering and swearing, the carpet merchant and his friend rushed to the Holy Place and wakened the keepers of it. But Abu Ishak knew more about the Mosque of Sofian Bey than most people. Its secret places were familiar to him, and long before a hue and cry was set up, he and his Bit o' Musk had fled. Miskah had done her share; now it was his turn. Speeding past the tomb of the Founder, Abu dove into a narrow opening behind the minbar or pulpit, descended half a hundred steps, and presently found himself with Miskah at an iron grating, of which three bars were already filed away and only wanted a push.

Without, invisible under black shadows, stood a camel with a palanquin upon its back, and a moment later, lifted in strong arms like a feather, Bit o' Musk found soft cushions beneath her, heard the curtains sharply drawn, felt the swaying of the great beast beneath as it began to move, and that fast.

Abu rode a horse before the camel-driver; and thus it came about that before the mosque was fairly aroused, and lamps glimmered far and wide within it, the fugitives were already speeding eastward upon the road to Port Said. That city was indeed visible soon after the Zodiac light, or, as men call it, the "Wolf's tail," heralded dawn upon the wide eastern sky. Thither, a few days later, the lovers were tracked, but from the port all sign or token of them vanished.

Not until more than a year later did Jamil al-Uzri learn further tidings of his daughter; then there came a letter from Constantinople, that contained among other matters these words, fashioned by a cunning little hand:

"We have a tiny son, as like to thee, dear father, as date to date. And my heart aches to set him in thine arms. Forgive the overwhelming passion of great love that taught thy daughter treachery to the best of begetters; forgive her and suffer her to come again before thee and kiss thy beard. Abu goeth onward in all goodness and honor even as a man after thine own heart; and he, too, longs with a great longing to behold the forgiveness of thy face."

Then did the carpet merchant, upon whom his life was somewhat heavy, bid Miskah return to his heart, and bring her babe; and this he did the more freely because Said Sakar had long ago taken a wife and forgotten all about little Bit o' Musk—a thing that shows 'tis more than common hard to break the heart of a fat man.



DESTINY

A SUNBEAM kissed a river-ripple—"Nay,
Naught shall disserve thee and me!"

In night's wide darkness passed the beam away,
The ripple mingled with the sea.

G. H. DIERHOLD.



HAWTHORNE'S VITASCOPE



THE hostility between North and South during our Civil War was not so bitter as that which was developed between the different parties at the North. There was a minority which opposed the conflict, and were dubbed Copperheads by the majority. The copperhead is a snake as venomous as the rattler, but, unlike the latter, it does not play fair: it does not give warning before it strikes. We could forgive the Southerners for openly fighting us, but we never forgave Northern sympathizers with the South for their veiled opposition.

A similar split in public opinion is visible now, when there is question of war with Spain. There is a party which stands ready to fight on the drop of a handkerchief; which hates Spain on general principles, and desires to see her humiliated and suing for mercy. This party is sure we must win, belittles the arguments based on our lack of preparation, thinks any money spent in such a cause will be well spent, summons all men to its standard in the name of patriotism, and calls all who decline to respond traitors. The latter, meanwhile, call themselves conservatives, and declare that they alone are truly patriotic. The war party, according to them, are reckless and irresponsible mischief-makers, if not worse; they minimize or deny the alleged pretexts for war, point out the enormous cost, dwell upon the anachronism of the Cain spirit between civilized nations, deny that any offense was meant on one side or should be taken by the other, and are ultimately found in the position of betraying a higher esteem for Spaniards than for their own countrymen who do not share their pacific views. An attitude of moral superiority and philosophic calm is characteristic of this party, and, like Talleyrand, they can be kicked from behind without abandoning for one moment the composed benignity of their facial expression.

Setting aside the individuals, on both sides, who are actuated simply by personal and selfish motives, there can be no doubt that both points of view are honestly adopted. And the cause of the abysmal difference is nothing more nor less than that old mystery—temperament. The man who is impelled to go fast is opposed by the man who insists on going slow; the excitable by the phlegmatic, the reckless by the cautious, the spendthrift by the economist. Above all, the pugnacious man is at unalterable odds with the peaceable one. Each looks in his own chosen direction, and is physiologically incapable of turning his head the other way, even "for the sake of argument." The divergence of the two can never be harmonized; they are incompatible as fire and water. The logic of events is powerless to reconcile them. The result of the Civil War did not convince those who had objected to it. They still believe that most of our troubles are due to that conflict. "Look at the poverty of the South; consider the negro question. Anything," they say, "may happen; but principles are eternal"—and they are men of principle.

It is obviously impossible to pass any final judgment upon the merits of this quarrel. The parties to it are helpless; they cannot act otherwise than as they do. They are the creatures and servants of their organizations. They imagine they are free agents, and bolster up their views, each with an ingenious array of reasons. "There is only one reason," said Emerson; no doubt that is true; but the same reason may be urged both for and against the same course of action. The disputants may harangue each other forever, and end precisely where they began. Nor is anything gained by calling each other names. Not every jingo would enjoy the sound of bullets whistling about his ears; and the courage of many of the old Copperheads in sticking to their guns amid popular execration was as great as that of many a hero in the field of battle. The short of the matter is that no event, of importance enough to attract general attention, can take place without creating a definite cleavage in opinion; and the more important it is, the deeper the cleavage will be. It is a law of human nature, corresponding to that of action and reaction in physics. On any given proposition, one or the other party is bound to suffer defeat. But the loser will still think he was right; and the winner who imagines that his victory vindicates his superior sagacity or virtue is wrong. He was not less weak and foolish, personally, than the other; but the issue was decided by a power above and beyond him, of which he was but the blind instrument.

NEWSPAPER ENERGY

War, or the apparent serious imminence thereof, is an unequaled revealer of the resources of civilization, as well as of the capacities and capabilities of men. It awakens every kind of activity, and brings to the final test of efficiency every appliance of production. It stimulates imagination and invention, likewise, and the progress of many years is concentrated into a few months or even weeks. In all directions a stupendous amount

of energy is liberated, and the results astonish even the most sanguine statisticians.

We were told by the Keep-Quietists that we were totally unprepared for war, and that it would take years and years to place the country in a decent posture of defense—to say nothing of an offensive one. It takes so long to make guns and ships, so long to fortify harbors, so long to enlist and train men; and so forth. Besides, Congress was sure to be dilatory and was likely to be corrupt; and if mischief were afoot against us, it was certain to have done its work before our preventive measures have in sight. Chapter and verse were adduced in support of these statements, and it lay not in the mouths of ignorant laymen to contradict them. Yet see what a single thrill of genuine war-feeling has done! In general, it has showed that there is nothing which the united population of a continent, provided with practically inexhaustible means, cannot do; and scarcely any limit to the speed with which their deeds can be accomplished. The money, the brains, the hearts and hands of seventy million people are here to draw upon, and miracles become child's play. No doubt it may require more money and more energy to build Aladdin's Palace in a single night than in twenty years; but the point is that it can be done, and if need be, will be. Leaving higher motives out of the question, our national common-sense instantly perceives that it is better to spend two billion in defense than one billion in indemnities. Weapons and munitions which cannot be made in time can be bought ready-made of other nations. If we cannot wall our coasts with steel, we can plant them with torpedoes. We have received an object lesson as to the value of that kind of warfare which should be amply reassuring. The lack of one kind of weapon rouses the inventiveness which will provide another and a better. In a word, the only condition to the fulfillment of a want is that it shall be acutely felt: the thing that is universally and urgently demanded is ours almost as fast as we can ask for it.

There is no finer and fuller illustration of this than the exploits of newspapers in war-times. It is difficult to get news from a seat of war. To realize this, you have only to go there and try for yourself. Go to Havana and investigate, if you like; see with what evasions, silences and lies your questions will be met, and what walls of inaccessibility are raised against your researches. A newspaper reporter is no different from you, only he puts forth a trained energy which you can hardly form a conception of. He not only gets news, but he sifts the important from the insignificant, applies himself to the best sources, observes constantly and intelligently, and detects the presence of the diamond in the clay. Most reporters are young men, of ordinary education, whose names may never be heard, but whose faculties have been brought to an edge by practice and experience, and upon whose work as a basis the newspaper exists. After they have got their news, they surmount enormous difficulties in the way of instantly reducing it to clear and pregnant writing, and transmitting it to the home office. The editor, meanwhile, has not only had the foresight and judgment to send the reporter in advance where he can do the most good, but he has distributed him in a score of different places, so that when the great news comes, he can at once catch its echoes in all parts of the world, obtain the opinions of leading men on its effect upon every national and international interest, forecast its ultimate consequences, and anticipate so far as may be the verdict upon it of history. His photographers, too, have been busy with their cameras; and the result is that within a few hours of the noise of the *Maine's* explosion, for instance, you were presented at your breakfast-table with a picture of the scene as it appeared, accompanied with the most exhaustive and yet concise description of it, and with every comment and interpretation which the most thorough command of the subject could require. You saw it and comprehended it much more clearly and understandingly than you would have done had you been on the spot yourself; in fact, no eyewitness could have such a thorough command of the situation, its characteristics and consequences, as you in your New York breakfast-room, sipping your coffee. A thing is but half seen when its meaning and relations are not grasped; the newspaper enables you to do that. That such a feat should be accomplished is wonderful; but that it should be accomplished so swiftly is astounding. Here is the raw event on one side of the earth; and before you can turn round, the account and explanation has not only been thought out and written out and filed at the telegraph office and ticked off to the home office; but it has been assigned its proper page and place and type, it has been set up, cast and printed, it has been delivered to the newsboys and agents, and carried by trains to all points of the compass. And this is not done during certain special office hours, but it is done every hour of the four-and-twenty; you have no sooner read the first edition than the second is ready, with the third in sight, and so on all day long. Energy! Where in all fairy-tale is there an enchanter who could achieve anything half so marvelous? When war comes, if come it does, every man who can read, and is not himself at the front, will practically be present at every operation and turn of fortune and be able to tell the veterans when they return home more about what they have been doing than they know themselves. Space and time, as hindrances to knowledge, have ceased to be.

And the end is not yet. More and more every day the men

who make history are becoming direct makers of newspapers likewise; you see their signed statements on every page; you see announcements and decrees which are themselves the cause of events. From the Pope to the Mayor, their thoughts are drawn from them, and you know just what they are doing and contemplating. It is in vain that diplomats and governments lie, prevaricate and conceal; the truth is detected and published before they have time to ask Heaven to pardon their perjuries. By-and-by they will realize the futility of their falsehood, and will tell the facts as soon as they know them—which, however, is not likely to be before they are known independently of them. It is revolutionary, it is terrible, it is magnificent. The modern newspaper introduces a new age, unlike anything imagined heretofore.

THE GOOD OF FIGHTING

War hath her victories, no less renowned than Peace:—it seems proper thus to reverse the familiar quotation. We have had the benefits of peace preached to us to the point of nausea; and most of the preaching, as was but too evident, was done by persons who feared war not because it was cruel and wicked, but because it might interfere with their plans to swell their bank accounts by depleting other people's. War has its evil side; and war by massacre and treachery, like this in Cuba on the part of the Spaniards, is evil all through. But war waged in a good cause, by open and honorable means, is a blessing so great that its bad side becomes almost invisible in comparison. Victory in the field in a good cause is good; so is the training of millions of men to habits and deeds of courage and discipline; but greater than these are the benefits to the great community which stays at home.

The excitement and the slumping on our stock exchange is a phenomenon due to the timidity of large speculators, or to their schemes to make a profit by artificially creating distrust where no ground for it exists. As a matter of fact, war with Spain would stimulate all our industries except perhaps our foreign commerce, which might receive a temporary set-back. But that at best does not amount to much, and loss there would be much more than offset by gains in other directions. War would do what the Dingley bill has failed so dismally to accomplish; it would give our people good work at decent wages. The "hurry-orders" on all kinds of products—on things to eat and wear as well as to fight with; on roads and railroads, land and sea vehicles, harbors and fortifications—would keep the whole working part of the nation happily and usefully busy. Capital would find endless and profitable employment; and if Government should issue a war loan, it would be subscribed many times over. What matter if we spent a hundred or a thousand millions, if the money continued to circulate in our own country, and got into pockets that needed it and out of some that were already overfull? There is no question that the financial and industrial situation would be immeasurably improved by war. Money spent for powder and shot to use against our enemies is just as well spent as for food and drink to fortify our bodies.

And with its industrial life, all other phases of national life would be stimulated. Intellectual and moral development would take a stride in advance. A thousand inventors would awaken and spring to their feet; men would feel a new impetus to learn and know; lungs would inhale deeper, and hearts beat stronger. The tendency to morbidness and unhealthiness would lessen; the list of daily suicides would be cut down to a mere nothing. Why should a man wish to kill himself when he may die, if die he must, honorably for his country? Why should a woman take poison or jump in the river when she feels the mighty vitality of the nation pulsing through her heart, showing her that there is more for every human being to live for than one span of life can ever compass? With the uplifting of the national conscience and sense of honor, there would come to every citizen the desire to make himself more worthy of citizenship; the children in the schools would study their lessons more faithfully; the business men would conduct their affairs more honorably; the men of learning would study means of turning their knowledge to the public good; the working folks would do better work, because they would labor with hope instead of doubt and fear; even the politicians and government officials would feel the touch of the spirit of the new life, and would begin to comprehend that it might be worth while to serve the people instead of only robbing them. Meanwhile, the theatre, music and literature would take on a fresh activity, both because artists and men of letters would find new inspiration, and because the people would require the amusement and relaxation which balance the strain and excitement of daily affairs. In brief, the entire standard of the community would be raised, and its substance purged of the dross which a generation of sluggishness and small ends has engendered; we should feel that we were a people, not a mere aggregation of self-seeking individuals. The clean muscles of the athlete would replace the flabby tissues of the huckster and pettifogger; and eyes which have of late contemplated the Stars and Stripes with shame and sadness would sparkle with the renewed conviction that it was the emblem of the mightiest and most generous nation of the earth.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.



DRAWN BY JOHN LA FARGE

Illustration

THE TURN OF THE SCREW

BY HENRY JAMES

X



I REMAINED a while at the top of the stair, but with the effect, presently, of understanding that when my visitor had gone, he had gone; then I returned to my room. The first thing that I there saw by the light of the candle I had left burning was that Flora's little bed was empty; and on this I caught my breath with all the terror that, five minutes before, I had been able to resist. I dashed at the place in which I had left her lying and over which (for the small silk counterpane and the sheets were disarranged,) the white curtains had been deceivingly pulled forward; then my step, to my unutterable relief, produced an answering sound: I perceived an agitation of the window-blind, and the child, ducking down, emerged rosily from the other side of it. She stood there in so much of her candor and so little of her nightgown, with her pink bare feet and the golden glow of her curls. She looked intensely grave, and I had never had such a sense of losing an advantage acquired (the thrill of which had just been so prodigious,) as on my consciousness that she addressed me with a reproach. "You naughty; where have you been?"—instead of challenging her own irregularity I found myself arraigned and explaining. She herself explained, for that matter, with the loveliest, eagerest simplicity. She had known suddenly, as she lay there, that I was out of the room, and had jumped up to see what had become of me. I had dropped, with the joy of her reappearance, back into my chair—feeling then, and then only, a little faint; and she had pattered straight over to me, thrown herself upon my knee, given herself to be held with the flame of the candle full in the wonderful little face that was still flushed with sleep. I remember closing my eyes an instant, yieldingly, consciously, as before the excess of something beautiful that shone out of the blue of her own. "You were looking for me out of the window?" I said; "you thought I might be walking in the grounds?"

"Well, you know, I thought *some one* was"—she never blenched as she smiled out that at me.

Oh, how I looked at her now! "And did you see any one?"

"Ah, no," she returned, almost, with the full privilege of childish inconsequence, resentfully, though with a long sweetness in her little drawl of the negative.

At that moment, in the state of my nerves, I absolutely believed she lied; and if I once more closed my eyes it was before the dazzle of the three or four possible ways in which I might take this up. One of these, for a moment, tempted me with such singular intensity that, to withstand it, I must have gripped my little girl with a spasm that, wonderfully, she submitted to without a cry or a sign of fright. Why not break out at her on the spot and have it all over?—give it to her straight in her lovely little lighted face? "You see, you see, you *know* that you do, and that you already quite suspect I believe it; therefore why not frankly confess it to me, so that we may at least live with it together and learn perhaps, in the strangeness of our fate, where we are and what it all means?" This solicitation dropped, alas, as it came: if I could immediately have succumbed to it I might have spared myself—well, you'll see what. Instead of succumb-

ing I sprang again to my feet, looked at her bed and took a helpless middle way. "Why did you pull the curtain over the place to make me think you were still there?"

Flora luminously considered; after which, with her little divine smile: "Because I don't like to frighten you!"

"But if I had, by your idea, gone out—?"

She absolutely declined to be puzzled; she turned her eyes to the flame of the candle as if the question were as irrelevant, or at any rate as impersonal, as Mrs. Marcet or nine-times-nine. "Oh, but you know," she quite adequately answered, "that you might come back, you dear, and that you *have*," and after a little, when she had got into bed, I had, for a long time, by almost sitting on her to hold her hand, to prove that I recognized the pertinence of my return.

You may imagine the general complexion, from that moment, of my nights. I repeatedly sat up till I didn't know when; I selected moments when my room-mate unmistakably slept, and, stealing out, took noiseless turns in the passage and even pushed as far as to where I had last met Quint. But I never met him there again; and I may as well say at once that I on no other occasion saw him in the house. I just missed, on the staircase, on the other hand, a different adventure. Looking down it from the top I once recognized the presence of a woman seated on one of the lower steps with her back presented to me, her body half-bowed and her head, in an attitude of woe, in her hands. I had been there but an instant, however, when she vanished without looking round at me. I knew, none the less, exactly what dreadful face she had to show; and I wondered whether, if instead of being above I had been below, I should have had, for going up, the same nerve I had lately shown to Quint. Well, there continued to be plenty of chance for nerve. On the eleventh night after my latest adventure with that gentleman—they were all numbered now—I had an alarm that perilously skirted it and that indeed, from the particular quality of its unexpectedness, proved quite my sharpest shock. It was precisely the first night during this series that, weary with watching, I had happened to feel that I might again without laxity lay myself down at my old hour. I slept immediately and, as I afterward knew, till about one o'clock; but when I woke it was to sit straight up, as completely roused as if a hand had shook me. I had left a light burning, but it now was out, and I felt an instant certainty that Flora had extinguished it. This brought me to my feet and straight, in the darkness, to her bed, which I found she had left. A glance at the window enlightened me further, and the striking of a match completed the picture.

The child had again got up—this time blowing out the taper, and had again, for some purpose of observation or response, squeezed in behind the blind and was peering out into the night. That she now saw—as she had not, I had satisfied myself, the previous time—was proved to me by the fact that she was disturbed neither by my re-illumination nor by the haste I had made to get into slippers and into a wrap. Hidden, protected, absorbed, she evidently rested on the sill—the casement opened forward—and gave herself up. There was a great glitter of starlight to help her, and this fact had counted in my own quick decision. She was face to face with the apparition we had met at the lake and could now communicate with it as she had not then been able to do. What I, on my side, had to care for was, without disturbing her, to reach, from the corridor, some other

window in the same quarter. I got to the door without her hearing me; I got out of it, closed it and listened, from the other side, for some sound from her. While I stood in the passage I had my eyes on her brother's door, which was but ten steps off and which, indescribably, produced in me a renewal of the strange impulse that I lately spoke of as my temptation. What if I should go straight in and march to his window?—what if, by risking to his boyish bewilderment, a revelation of my motive, I should throw across the rest of the mystery the long halter of my boldness?

This thought held me sufficiently to make me cross to his threshold and pause again. I preternaturally listened; I figured to myself what might portentously be; I wondered if his bed were also empty and he too were secretly at watch. It was a deep, soundless minute, at the end of which my impulse failed. He was quiet; he might be innocent; the risk was hideous; I turned away. There was a figure on the lawn—a figure prowling for a sight, the visitor with whom Flora was occupied; but it was not the visitor most concerned with my boy. I hesitated afresh, but on other grounds and only a few seconds; then I had made my choice. There were empty rooms at Bly, and it was only a question of choosing the right one. The right one suddenly presented itself to me as the lower—though high above the gardens—in the solid corner of the house that I have spoken of as the old tower. This was a large, square chamber, arranged with some state as a bedroom, but the immense size of which made it so inconvenient that it had not, for years, though kept by Mrs. Grose in exemplary order, been occupied. I had often admired it and I knew my way about in it; I had only, after just faltering at the first chill gloom of its disuse, to pass across it and unbolt as quietly as I could one of the shutters. Achieving this transit, I uncovered the glass without a sound and, applying my face to the pane, was able, the darkness without being much less than within, to see that I commanded the right direction. Then I saw something more. Thick stars made the night extraordinarily penetrable and showed me, on the lawn, a person, diminished by distance, who stood there, motionless and as if fascinated, looking up to where I had appeared—looking, that is, not so much straight at me as at something that was apparently above me. There was clearly another person above me—there was a person on the tower; but the presence on the lawn was not in the least what I had conceived and had confidently hurried to meet. The presence on the lawn—I felt sick as I made it out—was poor little Miles himself.

XI

It was not till late next day that I spoke to Mrs. Grose; the rigor with which I kept my pupils in sight making it often difficult to meet her privately, and the more as we each felt the importance of not provoking—on the part of the servants quite as much as on that of the children—any suspicion of a secret flurry or of a discussion of mysteries. I drew a great security in this particular from her mere smooth aspect. There was nothing in her fresh face to pass on to others my horrible confidences. She believed me, I was sure, absolutely; if she hadn't I don't know what would have become of me, for I couldn't have borne the business alone. But she was a magnificent monument to the blessing of a want of imagination, and if she could see in our little charges nothing but their beauty and amiability, their happiness and cleverness, she had no direct communication with the sources of my trouble. If they had been at all visibly blighted or ravaged she would doubtless have grown, on tracing it back, haggard enough to match them; as matters stood, however, I could feel her, when she surveyed them with her large white arms folded and the habit of serenity in all her look, thank the Lord's mercy that if they were ruined they were ruined *that* way. The place of the imagination was taken up in her by her ample kindness, and I had already begun to perceive how, with the development of the conviction that—as time went on without a public accident—our young things could, after all, look out for themselves, she addressed her greatest solicitude to the sad case I presented. That, at any rate, for myself, was a sound simplification: I could engage that, to the world, my face should tell no tales, but it would have been, in the conditions, an immense added strain to find myself anxious about hers.

At the hour I now speak of she had joined me, under pressure, on the terrace, where, with the lapse of the season, the afternoon sun was now agreeable; and we sat there together while, before us, at a distance, but within call if we wished, the children strolled to and fro in one of their most manageable moods. They moved slowly, in unison, below us, over the lawn, the boy, as they went, reading aloud from a storybook and passing his arm round his sister to keep her quite in touch. Mrs. Grose watched them with positive placidity; then I caught the suppressed intellectual creak with which she conscientiously turned to take from me a view of the back of the tapestry. I had made her a receptacle of lurid things, but there was an odd recognition of my superiority—my accomplishments and my function—in her patience under my pain. She offered her mind

to my disclosures as, had I wished to mix a witch's broth and proposed it with assurance, she would have held out a large clean saucepan. This had become thoroughly her attitude by the time that, in my recital of the events of the night, I reached the point of what Miles had said to me when, after seeing him, at such a monstrous hour, almost on the very spot where he happened now to be, I had gone down to bring him in; choosing then, at the window, with a concentrated need of not alarming the house, rather that method than a signal more resonant. I had left her meanwhile in little doubt of my small hope of representing with success even to her actual sympathy my sense of the real splendor of the little inspiration with which, after I had got him into the house, the boy met my final articulate challenge. As soon as I appeared in the moonlight on the terrace he had come to me as straight as possible; on which I had taken his hand without a word and led him, through the dark spaces, up the staircase where Quint had so hungrily hovered for him, along the lobby where I had listened and trembled, and so to his forsaken room.

Not a sound, on the way, had passed between us, and I had wondered—oh, *how* I had wondered!—if he were groping about in his little mind for something plausible and not too grotesque. It would tax his invention, certainly, and I felt, this time, over his real embarrassment, a curious thrill of triumph. It was a sharp trap for the inscrutable! He couldn't play any longer at innocence; so how the deuce would he get out of it? There beat in me, indeed, with the passionate throb of this question, an equal dumb appeal as to how the deuce I should. I was confronted at last, as never yet, with all the risk attached even now to sounding my own horrid note. I remember in fact that as we pushed into his little chamber, where the bed had not been slept in at all and the window bare to the constellations, made the place so clear that there was no need of striking a match—I remember how I suddenly dropped, sunk upon the edge of the bed from the force of the idea that he must know how he really, as they say, "had" me. He could do what he liked, with all his cleverness to help him, so long as I should continue to defer to the old tradition of the criminality of those caretakers of the young who minister to superstitions and fears. He "had" me indeed, and in a cleft stick; for who would ever absolve me, who would consent that I should go unhung, if, by the faintest tremor of an overtone, I were the first to introduce into our perfect intercourse an element so dire? No, no: it was useless to attempt to convey to Mrs. Grose, just as it is scarcely less so to attempt to suggest here, how, in our short *tête-à-tête* in the dark, he fairly shook me with admiration. I was of course thoroughly kind and merciful; never, never yet had I placed on his little shoulders hands of such tenderness as those with which, while I rested against the bed, I held him there well under fire. I had no alternative but, in form at least, to put it to him.

"You must tell me now—and all the truth. What did you go out for? What were you doing there?"

I can still see his wonderful smile, the whites of his beautiful eyes and the uncovering of his little teeth, shine before me in the dusk. "If I tell you why, will you understand?" My heart, at this, leaped into my mouth. *Would* he tell me why? I found no sound on my lips to press it, and I was aware of replying only with a vague, repeated, grimacing nod. He was gentleness itself, and while I wagged my head at him he stood there more than ever a little prince. It was his brightness indeed that gave me a respite. Would it be so great if he were really going to tell me? "Well," he said at last, "just exactly in order that you should do this."

"Do what?"

"Think me—for a change—*bad*!" I shall never forget the sweetness and gayety with which he brought out the word, nor how, on top of it, he bent forward and kissed me. It was practically the end of everything. I met his kiss and I had to make, while I folded him for a minute in my arms, the most stupendous effort not to cry. He had given exactly the account of himself that permitted least of my going behind it, and it was only with the effect of confirming my acceptance of it that, as I presently glanced about the room, I could say—

"Then you didn't undress at all?"

He fairly glittered in the gloom. "Not at all. I sat up and read."

"And when did you go down?"

"At midnight. When I'm *bad* I am *bad*!"

"I see, I see—it's charming. But how could you be sure I would know it?"

"Oh, I arranged that with Flora." His answers rang out with a readiness! "She was to get up and look out."

"Which is what she *has* done." It was I who fell into the trap!

"So she disturbed you, and, to see what she was looking at, you also looked—you saw."

"While you," I concurred, "caught your death in the night air!"

He literally bloomed so from this exploit that he could afford radiantly to assent. "How otherwise should I have been *bad* enough?" he asked; then, after another embrace, the incident and our interview closed on my recognition of all the reserves of goodness that, for his joke, he had been able to draw upon.

XII

THE particular impression I had received proved in the morning light, I repeat, not quite successfully presentable to Mrs. Grose, though I re-enforced it with the mention of still another remark that he had made before we separated. "It all lay in half a dozen of his words," I said to her, "words that really settle the matter. 'Think, you know, what I *might* do!' He threw that off to show me how good he is. He knows down to the ground what he 'might' do. That's what he gave them a taste of at school."

"Lord, you do change!" cried my friend.

"I don't change—I simply make it out. The four, depend upon it, perpetually meet. If on either of these last nights you had been with either child you would clearly have understood. The more I've watched and waited the more I've felt that if there were nothing else to make it sure it would be made so by the systematic silence of each. Never, by a slip of the tongue, have they so much as alluded to either of their old friends, any more than Miles has alluded to his expulsion. Oh yes, we may sit here and look at them, and they may show off to us there to their fill; but even while they pretend to be lost in their fairy-tale they're steeped in their vision of the dead. He's not reading to her," I declared; "they're talking of *them*—they're talking of horrors! I go on, I know, as if I were crazy; and it's a wonder I'm not. What I've seen would have made you so; but it has only made me more lucid, made me get hold of still other things."

My lucidity must have seemed awful, but the charming creatures who were victims of it, passing and repassing in their interlocked sweetness, gave my colleague something to hold on by; and I felt how tight she held as, without stirring in the breath of my passion, she covered them still with her eyes. "Of what other things have you got hold?"

"Why, of the very things that have delighted, fascinated and yet, at bottom, as I now so strangely see, mystified and troubled me. Their more than earthly beauty, their absolutely unnatural goodness. It's a game," I went on; "it's a policy and a fraud!"

"On the part of little darlings—?"

"As yet mere lovely babies? Yes, mad as that seems!" The very act of bringing it out really helped me to trace it—follow it all up and piece it all together. "They haven't been good—they've only been absent. It has been easy to live with them, because they're simply leading a life of their own. They're not mine—they're not ours. They're his and they're hers!"

"Quint's and that woman's?"

"Quint's and that woman's. They want to get to them."

Oh, how, at this, poor Mrs. Grose appeared to study them. "But what for?"

"For the love of all the evil that, in those dreadful days, the pair put into them. And to ply them with that evil still, to keep up the work of demons, is what brings the others back."

"Laws!" said my friend under her breath. The exclamation was homely, but it revealed a real acceptance of my further proof of what, in the bad time—for there had been a worse even than this!—must have occurred. There could have been no such justification for me as the plain assent of her experience to whatever depth of depravity I found credible in our brace of scoundrels. It was in obvious submission of memory that she brought out after a moment: "They *were* rascals! But what can they now *do*?" she pursued.

"Do?" I echoed so loud that Miles and Flora, as they passed at their distance, paused an instant in their walk and looked at us. "Don't they do *enough*?" I demanded in a lower tone, while the children, having smiled and nodded and kissed their hands to us, resumed their exhibition. We were held by it a minute; then I answered: "They can destroy them!" At this my companion did turn, but the inquiry she launched was a silent one, the effect of which was to make me more explicit. "They don't know, as yet, quite how—but they're trying hard. They're seen only across, as it were, and beyond—in strange places and on high places, the top of towers, the roof of houses, the outside of windows, the further edge of pools; but there's a deep design, on either side, to shorten the distance and overcome the obstacle; and the success of the tempers is only a question of time. They've only to keep to their suggestions of danger."

"For the children to come?"

"And perish in the attempt!" Mrs. Grose slowly got up, and I scrupulously added: "Unless, of course, we can prevent!"

Standing there before me while I kept my seat, she visibly turned things over. "Their uncle must do the preventing. He must take them away."

"And who's to make him?"

She had been scanning the distance, but she now dropped on me a foolish face. "You, Miss."

"By writing to him that I have the honor to inform him that they see the dead come back?"

"But if they *do*, Miss?"

"And if I do myself, you mean? That's charming news to be sent him by a governess whose prime undertaking was to give him no worry."

Mrs. Grose considered, following the children again. "Yes, he do hate worry. That was the great reason—"

"Why those fiends took him in so long? No doubt, though his indifference must have been awful. As I'm not a fiend, at any rate, I shouldn't take him in."

My companion, after an instant, and for all answer, sat down again and grasped my arm. "Make him at any rate come to you."

I stared. "To *me*?" I had a sudden fear of what she might do. "Him?"

"He ought to be here—he ought to help."

I quickly rose, and I think I must have shown her a queerer face than ever yet. "You see me asking him for a visit?" No, with her eyes on my face she evidently couldn't. Instead of it even—as a woman reads another—she could see what I myself saw: his derision, his amusement, his contempt for the breakdown of my resignation at being left alone and for the fine machinery I had set in motion to attract his attention to my slighted charms. She didn't know—no one knew—how proud I had been to serve him and to stick to our terms; yet she none the less took the measure, I think, of the warning I now gave her. "If you should so lose your head as to appeal to him for me—"

She was really frightened. "Yes, Miss?"

"I would leave, on the spot, both him and you."

"Then what's your remedy?" she asked as I watched the children.

I continued, without answering, to watch them. "I would leave *them*," I went on.

"But what *is* your remedy?" she persisted.

It seemed, after all, to have come to me then and there. "To speak to them." And I joined them.

(To be continued.)



MEN MANNERS AND MOODS

LXXXII



R. EDMUND GOSSE never, I think, said a better critical thing than when he called Walt Whitman's work "literature in a state of protoplasm." The new London weekly whose name is "Literature," and which surely has nothing protoplasmic in its character, quotes the following passage from Whitman as "a sonorous and triumphant song, not unworthy of a place beside the lament of David for his brother Jonathan":

"Sing on, sing on, you gray-brown bird,
Sing from the swamps, the recesses, pour your chant
from the bushes,
Limitless out of the dusk, out of the cedars and pines.
Sing on, dearest brother, warble your reedy song.
Lead human song, with voice of uttermost woe.
O liquid and free and tender!
O wild and loose to my soul—O wondrous singer!
You only I hear—yet the star holds me (but will soon
depart).
Yet the lilac with mastering color holds me."

Now it is a fact that this passage is not a poem at all. It is a piece of prose rhapsody. You cannot say that any one could have written it, for you could not say that *any one* knows his alphabet or can spell, or correctly add fifteen to sixteen. Still, hundreds of thousands of fairly educated people could have done quite as well. The whole nine lines do not contain a single real idea. A bird is singing, and Whitman tells it to "Sing on, sing on!" Keats made to his "Nightingale" the same enthusiastic proposal, but a stanza of rich inspiration ensued. Whitman puts into two lines six adjectives—"liquid," "free," "tender," "wild," "loose," "wondrous," and there are fourteen adjectives in the nine lines. One secures, it must be confessed, a bit of genuine relief by hearing "Literature" ask the question "Why will critics run to wild extremes?" But ah, there is the very trouble. Those critics who run to wild extremes themselves accuse others of a like vice. It is precisely such heedless deportment that has dumped Whitman (I can use no less ponderous a word) upon the serious consideration of readers. Myriads of the latter have taken him up and dropped him in despair. All through his life he may have been a very good man; from the viewpoint of letters he is a cumbrous, lumbering absurdity. Admiration for him is a certain evidence of intellectual or temperamental weakness. With those who do not perceive his strut and swagger, his bombast, his slovenliness, his braggadocio that masquerades as breadth and his mere rowdiness that poses as democracy, there must inevitably be "something wrong." Emerson has achieved with the repose and dignity of an artist all that Whitman has striven to achieve with the snorts of a hippopotamus.

Certain fanatics are still striving to make for Whitman an actual niche in the temple of fame. They will never succeed.

It is noticeable, moreover, that his admirers, deep as was their devotion, did not by any means flock about him while he lay dying in the ugly little street of an ugly little New Jersey town. Many months elapsed during which he lay prostrated by paralysis of a slow, creeping sort. He was not in dire straits of poverty during all this period, but he was, nevertheless, quite poor. Countless comforts and kindnesses might have been bestowed upon him by those who held him to be so divine a personage. Were they bestowed? The truth is, about five out of every six among his "worshippers" did not show the least concern as to whether he survived or perished. His violent eccentricity served them as a peg on which to hang their regrettable theories, and all that they have ever yet found it possible appreciably to make of him has been a noteworthy foe of the beautiful, deathless artistic impulse. This they have failed to do, since Whitman has never been an enemy of Art worthy to count upon. He has been a rather pugnacious assailant, past doubt—but there it all ends. He has attacked the impregnable, but his spear was hardly doughtier than a walking-stick. For years before his death all the work most prized by his adherents had been finished. His, indeed, was not a case of "unjust neglect"; on the contrary, a very calcium light of "advertisement" was poured upon him. And yet a great majority of thinkers and scholars always held him in ridicule, and hold him so still. Notwithstanding an enormous amount of *fanfare*, he never secured the recognition craved for him so ardently by his friends. These have sometimes tried to defend him as a poet, a positive poet, inside the bounds of that great Restriction, that "goal of ordinance," which Æschylus, Virgil, Dante, and Milton chose to respect, but which this Nineteenth Century writer of bastard and sensational prose has endeavored to insult. If ever any man had his full trial before public and publishers, Walt Whitman was he. Twenty years ago I distinctly recall going to a reception given for him in a certain New York drawing-room. Even then he had the alleged "Homeric" look. His beard was white and copious. He sat on a sofa, with a big cane in readiness near him, and he stretched out a big hand, saying "how d'y'e do" in a cordial tone yet one stridently nasal. The entertainment was marked by speeches and poems in his praise; the drawing-rooms were quite crowded. I looked about me; I made inquiries regarding the guests. Not a single person could I discover who had ever gained the least distinction of an intellectual kind. "Who and what is Walt Whitman?" suddenly cried a slim gentleman with rolling eyeballs and a lemon-colored goatee. And then he went on to tell us that Walt Whitman was quite an up-to-date demigod. His syntax was at times a bit precarious, and I recall that during his dithyrambs somebody (I think it was a negro with a Seventh Avenue look) handed me something pink in a claret-glass, accompanied by a morsel of sponge-cake. All this may sound cruel and flippant, but I must protest that it isn't any more cruel or flippant than the boredom which for twenty succeeding years has been inflicted upon sensible persons by certain ill-advised rhapsodies. What I wish to explain is that for a very long period—a quarter of a century, in fact—previous to his demise, Whitman, in America, was belauded and puffed. But the two or three publishers who ventured to "print him" failed completely to gain for him the least distinctive cult. The "poems" he is declared to have written (the things with meter and rhythm and sanity in them) have been almost ludicrously shaken in the faces of his so-called "detractors." But in reality they are the feeblest stuff—no doubt as feeble as the short stories which he is said to have written under the name of "Walter Whitman," nearly fifty years ago. The very nickname which he adopted (the inexpressibly trivial one of "Walt") is in itself a pose that fits and corresponds with the ultimate pose of his "poetry." His lyric addressed to Lincoln, an attempt at real coherency, has been deluged by his devotees with preposterous eulogy. Calmly judged, it is an effort of sophomoric quality. To-day, in England and America, there are multitudes of college undergraduates who could surpass it. Taken all in all, it is wholly worthless as poetry, devoid of brilliancy, profundity, eloquence, power, finish—however dear (if he still exists) to the devout gentleman with oratoric gesture and lemon-colored goatee.

Mrs. Annie Besant, once a woman of thoughtful and rational mind, showed herself still deeper sunk in "fads," yesterday, by her lecture at St. James's Hall. No people of sense would heed Mrs. Besant's present outpourings if it were not that she once stood with such valiant energy for philosophic progress. Her intellectual downfall was pathetic, because she fell, as one might truly say, from a high height. The bones of her old associate, Bradlaugh, should have rattled in their coffin last night. She rose at a meeting of the London Spiritualistic Alliance, and made herself exceedingly droll—she who was once so exceptionally wise! She caused it to become manifest that the mighty truths of Theosophy were not sufficient for her. She desires a new world to conquer. She has a fresh "aim," highly picturesque, quite apart from the trifling question of its sanity. She wants "to draw the Theosophists and the Spiritualists closer together." Cheerless critics might affirm that this intention resembled a wish to harmonize the two diseases, brain-softening and brain-hardening, both of which may be supposed to have a sort of

cousinly sympathy with one another, like rheumatism and gout. Mrs. Besant announced that a certain amount of bad feeling had grown up between the table-tippers and the Blavatskyites (how strangely it sounds like blatherskites!), which is a piece of information very sad to hear. The great trouble, declares our new sibylline lady, is that Theosophy and Spiritualism have been divided on the subject of reincarnation. The former valuable sect had got to believe that the latter "gambled with souls." This certainly has a Miltonic sound. It is a kind of gambling, I should imagine, that might send new thrills of avarice through the spines of ladies and gentlemen who hug the big green table at Monte Carlo. If one can gamble with a soul, how petty an affair becomes any such hazardous procedure in respect to mere sovereigns and *louis d'or*? But the Theosophists, Mrs. Besant insists, have always conducted themselves, in this contest, with a superior propriety. Still, as she puts the case, it hints that Theosophy, notwithstanding all her majesty, had been affected by rather snobbish notions. It has decided that the Spiritualists consort with souls that belong to a "low sphere." Their mediums should weed their psychologic visiting-lists. Theosophy has long been "holding out a friendly hand" to them, *et cetera*. For my own part, I think Spiritualism quite right to keep her nose in the air at such *de haut en bas* treatment. It really isn't nice of Theosophy at all. If she wants Spiritualism to play in her yard she ought to throw open the area door with a good, polite backward push. If I were Spirituality I wouldn't go in one bit while it is held so grudgingly ajar. Besides, Mrs. Besant, representing her lofty sect, accuses its contemporary of dealing in "mere astral gossip." This is altogether too heartless and unkind. No spiritualistic medium with the least respect for the solid pecuniary profits of his profession ought for an instant to endure it.

Mr. Clement Scott, the widely known London dramatic critic, is getting the hottest of hot shot, here, for his recent arraignment of stage morals. Mr. Scott declares himself to have been an observer of "the stage" for over thirty years. Then, one asks one's self, why on earth did he bruit abroad the products of so prolonged an observation? Moreover, could he have found a less opportune time for telling us that there was something rotten in Denmark than when all London society had concluded to regard Denmark as an abode of the blest? During a recent interview Mr. Scott has gone to new lengths of animadversion and detraction. In the February number of "Great Thoughts" occurs this outburst:

"If any one I loved insisted on going on the stage contrary to my advice I should be terrified for her future and hopeless for the endurance of our affection or even friendship. For stage life, according to my experience, has a tendency to deaden the finer feelings, to crush the inner nature of men and women, and to substitute artificiality and hollowness for sincerity and truth, and, mind you, I speak from an intimate experience of the stage, extending over thirty-seven years. Of course, I refer now to the inner life of the theatre, to that which goes on behind the scenes. I refer to that life of which the outside public knows but little, and a good thing for it that it does know so little."

Surely we here discover the ring of no original note. Mrs. Kemble, in her autobiographic record, stated the same thing with a vividness quite as intense. For many a decade everybody who has thought at all on the subject has raised very much the same sort of wail. But it really seems more than surprising that Mr. Scott should have reserved his thunderbolts for a period of thirty-seven years, and then decided to hurl them forth at a time when English actors and actresses are treated with extreme courtesy and hospitality by people of secured place in the big outside world. It seems to me that his cross words may be construed into a desire that Freddy Footlights should no longer be asked to sup with duchesses, and that Grace Green-room should receive no further invitations to make one of a house-party at the Marquis of Marblearch's haughty home in Devon. Mr. Scott says the most fiercely bitter things about the whole "profession." In New York we are familiar with this same ironic and scolding attitude. But in New York, as every one is aware, the stage has always been socially discountenanced. Here, not so very long ago, it was discountenanced as well; and if one should go a little deeper into the history of it, one would reach the stern fact that its men and women were continually treated with arrogance and scorn. New York, provincial in so many ways compared with London and all the large European cities, may continue to hug her provincialism. Nobody particularly cares, here across the big oceanic "divide," whether she does so or not. But a great many Englishfolk care whether Mr. Clement Scott or any one in his public position chooses to tear down the respectability which now invests British dramatic people and things. Everything said, he has got his head into a hornets' nest from which it may emerge, at a later date, quite conspicuously stung. Half London is babbling, and with a good deal of rancor, at Mr. Scott's entirely needless and very venomous attack.

LONDON, FEBRUARY 16, 1896.

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GEORGE UNSWORTH, THIRD OFFICER OF "LA CHAMPAGNE"

A HERO OF THE SEA

THE hardest ocean cruise of the past season was that of the French steamer *Champagne's* lifeboat, under command of Third Officer George Unsworth. The *Champagne's* shaft broke on the 17th ult., when the vessel had more than half completed her run from Havre to New York. On the 18th the captain decided to send a boat in search of assistance and Unsworth was selected for the command, he being the only one of the ship's officers who could speak English. A volunteer crew was called for and instantly supplied; each lifeboat on a ship has its appointed officer and crew; as soon as it became known that Unsworth was to go the entire crew of his boat volunteered to accompany him.

The little craft was well-provisioned and the men well-clad, but lifeboat quarters are cramped at best; for a seven-day trip, to which Unsworth and his men were doomed, it is sadly inadequate. The first day was so foggy that the men and their signals could not be seen by passing steamers. The days that followed were very cold; some of them were stormy and the sea was high to the last; although bailing was incessant, Unsworth says there was at least half a foot of water amidship all the while. Part of the time the cold was so intense that the men had to work to keep from freezing, and Unsworth's log shows that the youngest members of his crew suffered most. There was but little chance to sleep, for to keep from being washed overboard the men had to clutch tightly at the sides of the boat. Yet despite the circumstances, ship discipline was maintained; the little crew was divided into two watches, and no man could smoke while on duty; worse still, the "off" watch discovered on the second day that all the matches were wet. Food and drink are as nothing to the suffering sailor who cannot smoke.

At midnight of the fourth day, while the boat was drifting with the storm, her sea anchor having been carried away, a large steamer was sighted. The lifeboat sent up two rockets and burned six Coston night signals, while the little crew shouted as loud as possible, but the steamer passed on, and within two hundred yards. Says Unsworth: "It was cruel. They must have seen us on that vessel. The men have cursed her and now are lying on the bottom of the boat exhausted and disheartened." On the fifth day the men's hands and feet were so swollen with cold that the necessary work was done with difficulty. Wine did not stimulate them and they drank much water. On the sixth day they could not eat, although the boat carried food in plenty. On the seventh day, which was clear and warmer, the exhausted crew was picked up by the Dutch steamer *Rotterdam*. Unsworth's salutation to the captain, Bongers, of the *Rotterdam* was an announcement of the *Rotterdam's* position and the captain admitted that it was correct; the lifeboat commander had carried instruments with him, and, true to his noonday custom aboardship, had just made an observation.

The rescued crew were well cared-for on the *Rotterdam*, but so exhausting had been their efforts and exposure that on arriving at New York all of the men had to be sent to hospital. When he left the deck of the *Champagne* Officer Unsworth was of ordinary fullness of face; our portrait of him, from a photograph made specially for COLLIER'S WEEKLY, shows his appearance six days after the rescue.

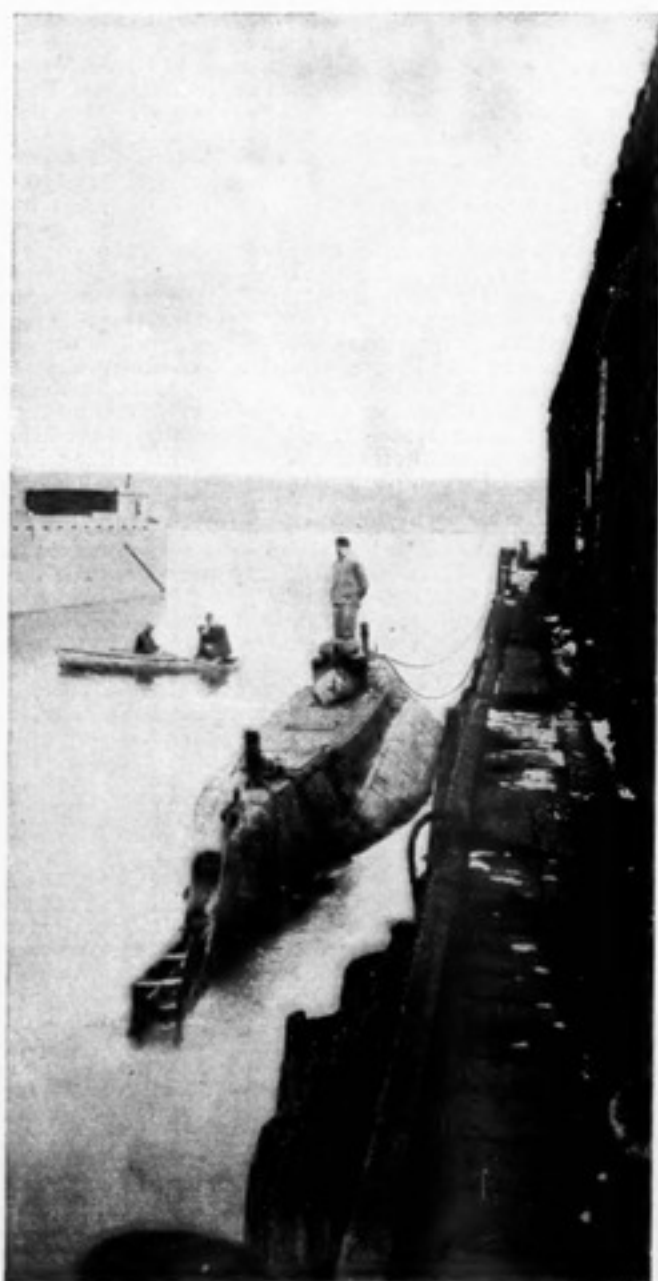
Eager for facts though scores of news-collectors were, days passed before it was learned that the modest third officer of the *Champagne*, who insisted that he had merely done his duty, was a man with an enviable record. Rightly first officer of another ship of his line, he was serving temporarily on the *Champagne* as substitute for a friend, and he had in earlier years been awarded medals by three different nations, for as many gallant acts of life-saving at sea.



THE NEWEST SUBMARINE BOAT

THE saying that "there is nothing new under the sun" will disappear when some one completes a submarine boat that shall be true to name and expectation. Dozens of craft have been made with special aptitude for disappearing, but their inability to bring their crews to the surface alive, or even dead, without the aid of a derrick had been depressing to men desirous of exploring the beds of rivers and harbors and examining the bottoms of ships.

The Holland boat, recently constructed, is known to have gone under water and returned without harm to any of its crew. How far its explorations have extended is known only to the persons most immediately interested. While the *Vizcaya* lay in New York Harbor a rumor spread rapidly that the Holland boat had suddenly disappeared—whether to affix torpedoes to the hull of the visitor, or to be appropriated by the Spaniard and sent down the coast to destroy our own fleet, seemed uncertain. Our special artist was sent in search of her and his camera caught her with the visible result hereunto appended. The new vessels of our navy are objects of great interest abroad, but it is safe to say that the Holland boat will be more respected than any of them should it ever demonstrate its ability to crawl about harbor-beds and allow safe exit to men and warlike munitions at stated hours and places.



THE HOLLAND SUBMARINE BOAT



CONSUL-GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE

MEN OF NOTE

FITZHUGH LEE has—but does not enjoy—the distinction of being more talked of than the entire remaining personnel of our consular service. The duties of his position are arduous, delicate and often painful, but General Lee was fitted for them by much experience in official positions, both political and military. He graduated from the Military Academy at West Point more than forty years ago, had much hard work as a subaltern in our regular army and rose to the rank of major-general in the Confederate army, after having had more experience in actual war than any English or Continental officer of his age. He afterward served two terms in Congress and became Governor of Virginia. A man with such a record is not likely to be frightened by war-talk, to be tricked by either soldiers or civilians, or even to be disturbed by newspaper rumors and attacks. In the last two years there have been attributed to him so many statements that he did not make, so many instructions that he never received, and so many sentiments and purposes of which he is ignorant that comparatively few people outside of Administration circles really know him for what he is—the able and faithful representative of our government in the most trying position which any American consular officer ever occupied.

Colonel H. C. Corbin, recently appointed Adjutant-general of the Army, with the rank of brigadier-general, is one of the ablest and most popular officers of our regular force. Like almost any general officer on the army list, he is not a West Point graduate, but he has had thirty-five years of service, in which were some changes peculiar to our military system. His first commission was as second lieutenant in an Ohio volunteer regiment in 1862; before the end of 1864, while still a lieutenant, he was appointed major of the Fourteenth U. S. Colored Infantry. Such an appointment distinguished a soldier among his fellows, even in that period of rapid promotion. Commissions in colored troops were issued by the President instead by Governors of States; they could be obtained only after rigid examination by a board of regular officers, to whom candidates had to be recommended by their immediate commanders, so to hold a commission in colored troops implied the possession of many soldierly qualities besides courage and endurance. When the Civil War ended he was colonel of his regiment and had

been brevetted brigadier-general; but, like many another able soldier who desired to remain in the service, he began again at the foot of the ladder as second lieutenant of infantry in the regular service. Several months later he received a captaincy and in 1880 was transferred to the Adjutant-general's Department where he received the rank of major and in which he has remained. He has had quite as much and as arduous field service during his period of staff duty as while in the line.

Among the tales that came down from the Klondike mining region a few weeks ago was a report that about a hundred famine-threatened miners were going down to Fort Yukon, on the American side of the line, to raid a lot of supplies known to be "cached" there. The deed seemed easy, as the fort had no garrison; but when the would-be raiders arrived they found themselves opposed by Captain P. H. Ray, Eighth U. S. Infantry, who, revolver in hand, held the crowd at bay, and compelled respect for the nation's property, after which he sold such supplies as the miners really needed. Captain Ray rose from the ranks of the volunteer army, from which he was mustered out as captain. He entered the regular service in 1867, as second lieutenant, and waited twenty-two years to again wear a captain's bars.

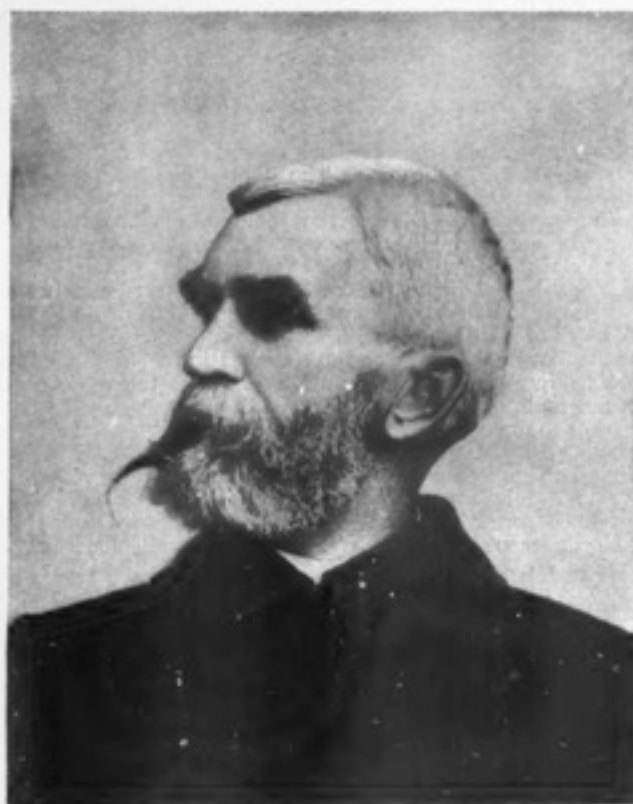
In any army but our own an officer of Captain Ray's age and experience would have reached at least the grade of colonel. "Peace hath its victories as well as war," but they do not make any show in the army register. When our great Civil War occurred many of the general officers who became notable in the Northern and Southern armies were company commanders

or subalterns, and were we to fall to war with any foreign nation and require a volunteer army all of the regimental, brigade and division commanders would have to be selected from among regular officers whose present rank is in no sense a measure of their ability. For such an emergency we are quite as well qualified as any nation of Europe, for while our army list is comparatively small, officers of all grades have had a variety of duties which would be impossible in England or on the Continent except to members of the general staff. While no one will deny that many volunteer generals fought bravely and manifested high ability, it is equally true that almost all volunteer troops came to feel much safer and braver under officers who had served in the regular army.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL H. C. CORBIN

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CAPTAIN P. H. RAY, EIGHTH U. S. INFANTRY



OUR FASHION LETTER

MY DEAR MAY:

Having read so much about frilled, flounced, ruched and trained skirts you will be glad to hear of one of the most sensible and practical additions to a woman's wardrobe. This new fad is a reversible skirt, one which really can be worn inside out; and for its invention we are indebted to a mere man, an ingenious tailor. These skirts are made walking length, in Scotch wove material, checked one side and plain the other, with the seams so deftly and neatly strapped that they look equally well on both sides of the garment. The edge of the skirt is bordered with broad bands of the material matching on either side and firmly stitched. The skirt is finished with a waistband of reversible woven linen, and the only thing to be done when the wearer wishes to change the appearance of her skirt is to turn the beautifully made pocket inside out. Could anything in the way of dress be more simple and economical? Another novel idea in skirts, and one that will find favor with those interested in "home-dressmaking," is the "ready-drawn skirt." The number of widths required are joined together, pressed and shirred; the shirrings are arranged in groups with plain spaces between; a wide piece of material is left loose at the lower edge of the skirt to be finished as the wearer wishes. For summer wear, the washing skirts, I am told, are to be all the rage again this season, in duck, drill, Galatea stripes, and butcher-blue linen. They are delightful and cool to wear, and so much more healthy than the everlasting serge skirt which is worn all through the hot months with the ever green shirtwaist; with the best of care they become dusty, etc., and, though cleaning is very good, there is nothing like "a good wash," and this the cotton skirts are bound to get very often.

The chemisette is again to the fore, and its reappearance will be welcomed by most women; for it is one of the most convenient and useful accessories they possess. When made in plain linen, well stiffened, it is the finish to a tailor-made gown which has the bodice so cut that it would be impossible to wear a shirtwaist underneath. The new chemisette, which has a high, straight collar, is made in fine lawn, chiffon, or mousseline de soie, with tucks running up, down, or across, or shirred in the same way, and gives a soft look to a costume otherwise stiff and severe. A spring gown in black serge has one of these chemisettes in tucked white silk worn with a black satin vest, which is fastened with cut-steel buttons. The skirt is made with a narrow front width and strapped to give the effect of an apron; the basque bodice is cut much shorter at the back than the front, which is well open and turned back with double revers, the upper one being braided in black in a large flower design; the sleeves are almost tight-fitting and finished with square tabs, which fall over the hand.

Braid trimming for spring gowns has come with such a rush that the simple tailor-made coat and skirt will have a strong rival. Black braid is evidently the most favored, but colored braids of a shade darker than the material of which the gown is made are very popular. Gowns and jackets are almost covered with braidings in most intricate and quaint designs. An imported model of navy-blue cloth is trimmed with a combination of Russian, flat and corded braids in a large, bold design. The edge of the skirt has an elaborate braid trimming all round, and at each seam there is a "skirt point" extending well above the knee; in addition there are five rows of braiding put on in curves just below the hips. The tight-fitting basque bodice is braided back and front in a pattern of points from neck to waist, with more points on the sleeves reaching to the elbow. Another dress, of cinnamon-brown cheviot, with the skirt heavily braided in an elaborate design, has the bodice trimmed with braid, military epaulets, cords, and knots. Gold and silver braids for delicate-tinted materials are charming, but should be used sparingly. A gown of white serge, with seven rows of narrow gold braid at the foot of the skirt, has an Eton coat bodice with the revers braided in a small design; with this is worn a tucked chemisette of fine mull.

For so many seasons we have had separate waists and blouses in all styles and materials that something new in this line seemed almost an impossibility, but the cry is "still they come," and now we have all-lace waists in white and black. These dainty things are to be worn with cloth tailor-made coat and skirt, which seems so incongruous one imagines they must look ridiculous; but such is not the case. The cloth coats are generally lined with white or some light-colored satin, which adds to the effect and does not soil the delicate fabrics. A very charming model is in white lace over white satin, slightly full into the band at the back; the fronts are quite full and have long lines of ruching, and hang in soft graceful folds; the sleeves are of shirred lace set into the shoulders with the smallest amount of fullness. The high stock collar is of turquoise-blue velvet covered with lace insertion, and the belt of white moiré ribbon is fastened with an enameled buckle studded with turquoise. These waists generally have the collar of some bright-colored velvet veiled with lace, spangled with gems or elaborately embroidered with beads

in all shades. Handsome waists for wearing with cloth skirts are also made in lovely rich brocades. Light colors being quite the smartest, white, pale blue, sea-green, or cream are the favorite shades. The designs of the brocades are so beautiful in themselves that little trimming is used, and the waists are simply made, the back fitting closely with just a little fullness gathered into the waistbelt, the fronts loose and graceful; the sleeves are of medium size and finished with a lace ruffle matching the soft tie which is invariably worn.

The newest cotton shirtwaist will be made in one self color—military red, butcher blue, navy blue, buff, or Nile green—with pointed or square yoke at the back, fairly full in front, and down the center a flat plait about two inches wide edged on either side with a knife-plaiting or ruffle of fine white linen. This style looks very smart when worn with a white leather belt and white linen collar. Blue is evidently the favorite shade for summer wear, and is to be had in every tone; the cornflower hue is, I think, the prettiest. Red blouses, too, are very fashionable, but will doubtless be worn chiefly by golfers (for red is not a summer shade), though the red coats with their gilt buttons no longer belong exclusively to them; they are now made in the most jaunty styles and are quite popular with all comers. The true military button is quite the decoration for these coats; many ladies are known to have searched the second-hand clothes dealers' shops for old uniforms and pay quite a large price for them for the sake of the buttons only.

The Spring Millinery which meets and delights the eye in all shops has many new features, not in the shapes of the hats so much as in the straws, trimmings, and colorings. The majority of the straws are wonderfully soft, the "Batavia cloth" especially so; it reminds one of hundreds of strands of blown glass so loosely plaited that the straw can be puffed, rolled, or twisted like a soft silk. The Yedda and basket straws are very fashionable and also very light. Many of the hats have straw crowns and brims of wire hidden with shirred chiffon or net. Flowers form the chief trimming for hats, but bows of ribbon in the gayest of colors, large rosettes of soft tulle or chiffon, and beautiful Rhinestone buckles and brooches, are almost as indispensable. The heads and wings of birds are conspicuous by their absence; out of over fifty hats I counted, only three had wings as ornamentation and only one bird's head was to be seen. Every one will admit that nothing could be more pretty and effective than the present trimming, and surely when we hear the spring songs caroled above us we shall raise our eyes to heaven and be thankful that we have not robbed any nest of its sweet songster merely to gratify a whim of Fashion. Burned orange or Otero yellow takes the lead in the color world, which abounds in all saffron tints; the wallflower, nasturtium, William Allen Richardson rose, and crocus colors all find places in the groups of Otero yellows; the "water blues" (really periwinkle and light cornflower blue), "watermelon pink" (a delicious soft shade), and the delightful combination of flame color, gray, and a purple hue which makes a beautiful color known as "iris," come next in favor, and all have their admirers. Softness in the trimming is the chief aim of all, and is not difficult to achieve with chiffons, tulle, and nets. White and black is most fashionable, and very smart; cunningly twisted rolls, soft puffs, and folds of white tulle are veiled with black tulle spangled with jet and dotted or

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