

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED
JOURNAL OF

ART LITERATURE &
CURRENT EVENTS



COPYRIGHT 1898 BY PETER FENELON COLLIER. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

VOL. TWENTY-ONE NO. 2

NEW YORK APRIL 16 1898

PRICE TEN CENTS



WAR

AWAITING THE WORD

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL OF ART LITERATURE
AND CURRENT EVENTS

SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS

EDITORIAL AND GENERAL OFFICES

521-547 WEST THIRTEENTH STREET : 538-544 WEST FOURTEENTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

MANUSCRIPT CONTRIBUTIONS

The Editor will not hold himself responsible for return of unsolicited manuscripts unaccompanied by stamped addressed envelopes. He will, however, do all in his power to read and, if unavailable, return manuscripts sent him for consideration. Authors are requested to address letters in reference to rejected contributions to

THE EDITOR, COLLIER'S WEEKLY, NEW YORK CITY

ROBERT J. COLLIER, EDITOR

NEW YORK APRIL SIXTEENTH 1898

WHILE our disagreements with Spain are in course of adjustment the American people will have ample opportunity to contemplate the cost of parsimony. Spain is the poorest and worst equipped European nation with which we could be at serious odds; we have more money, people, and resources in proportion to possible responsibilities than any other civilized nation, yet in a month of rumors of war we have spent nearly fifty million dollars in preparation, mainly for makeshifts. We have paid more for some twenty yachts and tugs, to be adapted to torpedo and picket service, than twice as many vessels especially designed for the service would have cost; yet the expense and loss of time in transforming these makeshifts must still be endured. Few, if any, of our officers below the rank of lieutenant-commander have had any command experience, or even executive duty, nor have a proper number of sailors had torpedo-boat drill, although, in actual service, the results of drill count for far more than personal courage. We are buying abroad many guns of calibers unknown in our service, so we must also buy ammunition abroad. Badly neglected as the Navy has been, the Army has fared no better. May Congress take the lesson to heart, and never again cut down the annual Army and Navy estimates.

Of the military societies founded since the Civil War, the National Veteran Reserve Association is the most sensible. Its purpose is to make a list of Americans who have served in any war and who are willing again to take arms in defense of their country. Old though most of the veterans of the Civil War are, they would be far more useful in our coast defenses than an equal number of volunteers; for they would at once be amenable to discipline, they could not be frightened like recruits, and their experience would be valuable in many ways. If called to service at posts nearest their respective homes, they could be organized more rapidly than chance volunteers, and their officers, if selected from among themselves, would be incomparably more effective than any new body of volunteer officers yet known in the United States; for they would not be guilty of those blunders of ignorance which are more deadly than any armed enemy.

SHOULD the government need a large body of volunteers for service in Cuba, it might confer a great favor upon certain apprehensive Southerners by raising regiments of colored troops in the Gulf States. Under good officers, no class of men are more willing, obedient, and brave than American negroes. The percentage of deaths and desertions in our regular army is smaller among the blacks than in the white regiments; besides, colored men seldom take yellow fever—the worst enemy of non-acclimated whites in Cuba. When again peaceful, Cuba will need millions of men to restore her old-time prosperity; it could accommodate all the colored people of the Southern States and still be less populous than Java—an island similar in size yet not by any means overpopulated—and the "color line" in Cuba is so faint as to be ignored by a great majority of the inhabitants.

ALTHOUGH there have been many rumors that Great Britain has "backed down" in the far East, the facts convey a different impression. Although she has avoided provocations to fight and to lose some thousands of seamen and some millions of dollars' worth of warships and ordnance, she appears to have secured almost everything she desired. Her principal desire in China was for unrestricted trade in the Yangtze Valley—the largest and richest section of the Empire that is controlled by a single river and its tributaries—and she has secured it. After Russia's purpose at Port Arthur was apparent, Great Britain desired a seaport as near to the Chinese capital as Russia and Germany are, and it was supposed that the government would think it lucky could it secure the port of Che-foo; still, by mysterious diplomacy, of which Japan has not complained as yet, Britain

has obtained a "lease" of the great fortified town and harbor of Wei-hai-wei, now held by Japan as security for payment of China's war debt. "Backing-down" would become popular all over the world could it assure successes of such magnitude.

THE Ohio's flood at Shawneetown, Ill., was one of the most destructive to human life that was ever caused in this country by the breaking of a levee. The accident seems to have astonished the inhabitants of the entire Mississippi Valley, for the more serious floods are expected only along the Mississippi itself. The disaster should warn the State and national governments that the Ohio grows more dangerous year by year, through the filling of its channel with soil and the robbing of the headwaters of its tributaries of their trees, and that, in proportion to its length, its levees deserve quite as much attention as those of the great stream into which it empties.

PUBLIC SENTIMENT AND THE PUBLIC PRESS

IS the feeling, undoubtedly operative in a great portion of the community, that war with Spain is not only probable and its provocation adequate, but that, these considerations apart, it is, in itself, a desirable consummation,—is this popular manifestation of "militant" Americanism the creation of an intemperate press, or do such newspaper utterances *per contra* reflect a sentiment actively existent in the public mind? According as we answer this question must we arraign or acquit during these pregnant times the conduct of a large portion of the press.

The ordinary mental attitude, in times of peace, of most Americans toward editorial counsel or journalistic exhortation is scornful, indifferent, at best tolerant. The saving sense of humor that is so salient a feature of the American character discounts with good-natured facility headlines diurnally misleading. But when the *Maine's* destruction lent veritable color to statements however startling, our equanimity, our sense of proportion, was disturbed. Rumors the most fantastic won common credence with indisputable facts; the entire press tossed, laboring, in uncertain seas. The interest aroused was indeed so national that many a leaky editorial boat carried as passengers its quota of believers. Hence we can well credit the "circulation," otherwise inexplicable, vouched for by certain metropolitan newspapers of the meaner type.

Thus far press and people were at one; eager for facts, snatching at straws of rumor. But when the report of the Sampson Board of Inquiry was made public, when the issue became one of diplomacy versus intimidation, peace versus war, conscience versus circulation, then sensible people and responsible journals on the one hand, hot-headed partisans and sensational newspapers on the other, parted company. The sensible people, violently dubbed advocates of "peace at any price," went quietly to work preparing against the unwelcome event of war, satisfied that, all honorable expedients exhausted, History should hold us blameless; the hot-heads, including not a few Congressional demagogues, wasted many words in declamation, which the sensational newspapers heralded in gigantic headlines. And so the situation stood,—a spectacle of the discrimination, drawn by every crisis, between the wise man who is also brave, and the fool who, besides being a braggart, is a coward.

Certain phases, however, of the war-for-any-reason movement merit especial reprobation. When, for instance, the expected message of President McKinley was withheld for reasons of state, the vituperative outburst that followed in a New York newspaper bespoke more than partisan animosity; it was a slap in the nation's face, an insult to every citizen of the United States. Insinuations, at the best of times, directed against the President's integrity are poor taste and poorer policy; insults to the nation's chief in a national crisis are more than unpatriotic, they are treasonable. Face to face with a foreign foe, it is the part of a traitor to foster disaffection. Such meanness of spirit, such shamelessness of speech, should be put down by the strong hand of popular indignation. And if the people themselves read these venomous slanders and listen to their poisonous suggestions shall we hold them guiltless of dishonor? Surely there is no citizen whose patriotism is so halting, whose public spirit is so small, that he will not intrust to the nation's chosen Executive the conduct of the country's policy, the safeguarding of the country's honor? Surely these unscrupulous sheets, reeking of sensation and untruth, which sell their principles for pennies, are no wiser guide in such stressful times as these than the President of the United States?

Answering the question we asked in the beginning, we firmly maintain that while the press of the country as a whole stands for peace and honor with the President, for war, if it must come, united behind the President, and while the people themselves stand for honor, whether by war or peace, with and behind the President, yet there is a mischievous section of press and people, reacting each on the other, that voices loudly a demand, senseless and disloyal, for "War, be it right or wrong." It is for the mass of the people, who are neither fools nor cowards, to repress this silly clamor, repelling at the same time the imputation that only the braggart can be brave, only the demagogue a patriot.

WOMEN'S VOICES

BY ALICE MEYNELL



HE sweetest speakers in Europe are the French and the Scotch. There are certain Scotchwomen, and women on the extreme north of the English coast, about Holy Isle and the basaltic rocks of windy Bamborough, who must be the most charming speakers in the world, because nothing could be more charming than their voice and accent. Their voices are pitched high up in the scale, and have none of the harshness of a deeper tone. Musical one should not call them (with Shakespeare's leave), for the sung note and the spoken note are two; but if they do not utter pure music, they do utter pure tone—pure tone without accompanying noise.

The noise that wraps round the tone—a scraping of the chords—is most common in English voices. Few listeners have vigilant ears, so that not many people understand what is meant by a scraping of the chords. Most people think you mean hoarseness, which is quite another thing. If that rather distressing noise were generally detected, and were known also as a perfectly avoidable annoyance, it would be immediately put down. Girls would not be allowed to begin to make it. It is an unnecessary evil. It exists in some English and in some American voices so conspicuously that there is hardly anything else to be heard; while others are, as conspicuously, never untuned for a moment by any jar of it. The jangle has nothing, by the way, to do with loudness. It mars the quietest tones as well as the most powerful. It is heard in none but the deeper tones, but the deepest tones of some sweet contralto speakers are quite free from it. Negresses, by the way, are said to have soft voices; but it happens that one of the voices most charged with noise—so that the tone almost disappeared—ever heard by an English observer was that of a full-black negress.

Voice is habit. It is influenced by a perpetual mimicry. Therefore, it would be well worth while to make a girl talk with Scotch women or French women, if a constant checking proved unavailing to stop the scraping of the chords. Maternal perseverance is able to conquer mere faults of phrasing in a child:—"like you did" may be cured after three years of steady work, and a case of "the idea-r-o" in four. Why, then, should not a habit of the voice be treated? Yet nobody thinks of it. Some pains would certainly be taken to unwrap the sounds of the instruments of the orchestra, and to set free the music of their notes, if the thing were possible. The husk of noise that surrounds the note of brass wind-instruments is, to some ears, all but intolerable; and the wood wind-instruments have their share—irritating, if not so distracting and desperate. One listens to a "Tannhäuser" chorus, blessing the music and execrating the noise. This seems to be irremediable. But the adulterating noise of the female voice can and should be abolished. We cannot teach the trumpet, the trombone, the flute, or the hautbois another habit; but we surely would if we could.

The Scottish voice, which is so irresistible, is softly pitched higher up, out of the danger of any such croaking habit. The gentle sounds of the vowels are unhampered. There is sound, loud or low, but there is no noise; unless we should call noise the little accompaniment of the consonants. Some of the consonants do indeed produce a small noise—such as the sibilant letters; but this, except in the case of one of our actresses—is only human.

If the Scottish voice is not the most beautiful in the world, it has no rival except the French. But it is perhaps the most beautiful. The French is happier, but the Scottish loses nothing by that little appeal to the hearer—that slight wistfulness. The inflection makes it—the cadence that, like some Gregorian melodies, does not finish, as it were, on the keynote, but dips a little way, and then is suspended. What adds to all this charm is the little tone of education which the Scottish voice possesses in all ranks. In England sweet voices are very much a matter of caste. There, servants are taught to speak quietly, but they do not speak sweetly. The Scottish voice and accent are gentle in all classes. So are the French. Obviously there are exceptions, but it is true in general. A French shopwoman who is educated enough to speak correctly speaks like a lady. It is most of all in England that there is the ugly difference. Elsewhere there is only this—which is inevitable: the difference between indoor women and out-of-door women. The *plein-air* woman never speaks sweetly. The tones of her voice are forced and altered by calling. She has not the scraping deep noise of educated English women, but she has a harshness of her own. Especially is this true of the people that have much the custom of calling.

People do not call in England. They have invented a thousand ways of communication rather than use the human voice. But there are calling people. The Genoese, for instance, who have the acutest harsh voices in the world, and a twang as well. Their chanting in church is so wry that it makes you start; and their language has sharp nasal sounds in it, caught from the Portuguese who trafficked with their port, and who helped the Turks and the French to make the dialect. They are well aware of the disadvantage of their voices, and attribute it, with humility and good-humor, to the oil. But it is clearly the hereditary result of prolonged shouts. They have called, for genera-

tions, where other people would go in search, or would ring bells, or let off steam-whistles, or attract attention in some other way. The Genoese are patient callers. The peasants have not many names among them—a majority of boys being called Battista after St. John the Baptist, and a majority of girls being named Caterina in honor of a local St. Catherine. And these two names, altered into the strident *patois* of the district, they teach continuously to their olive hills. First comes a long vowel of preparation—a very open "Oh," more like "awe" in English: "Oh-h-h- Bachiching!" The cry goes on at regular intervals for half a summer morning. John Baptist is deep in the vineyards of another hill. He never seems to come or to answer.

The indoor Scotchwomen who speak so well have never called. They belong to a reserved race. Their fisherwomen no doubt jangle the sweet bells out of tune, for they have a great deal of the prevalent wind in their faces; and in France the *poissarde* is proverbial for her shouts. But none the less are the sweetest of all speakers French and Scottish.

The French are the warblers. It is charming to hear a bouquet of Parisian indoor women talk together. The very discords of the chatterbox voices are pretty, like the chance discords of birds. Many varieties of tone lie within the limits of their rather high pitch. They have "sweet dividing throats." Their tones are gay and warm. They have a kind of fundamental consciousness of their habit of soft and animated speaking. No more than they would take long steps would they use hard tones. And for all this their voices are not artificial. Rather, indeed, than hear an artificial voice, with no directness in its expression, one would listen, with comparative pleasure, to the rasping drawl of the English contralto and to the piercing head-tones of the Genoese soprano at once.

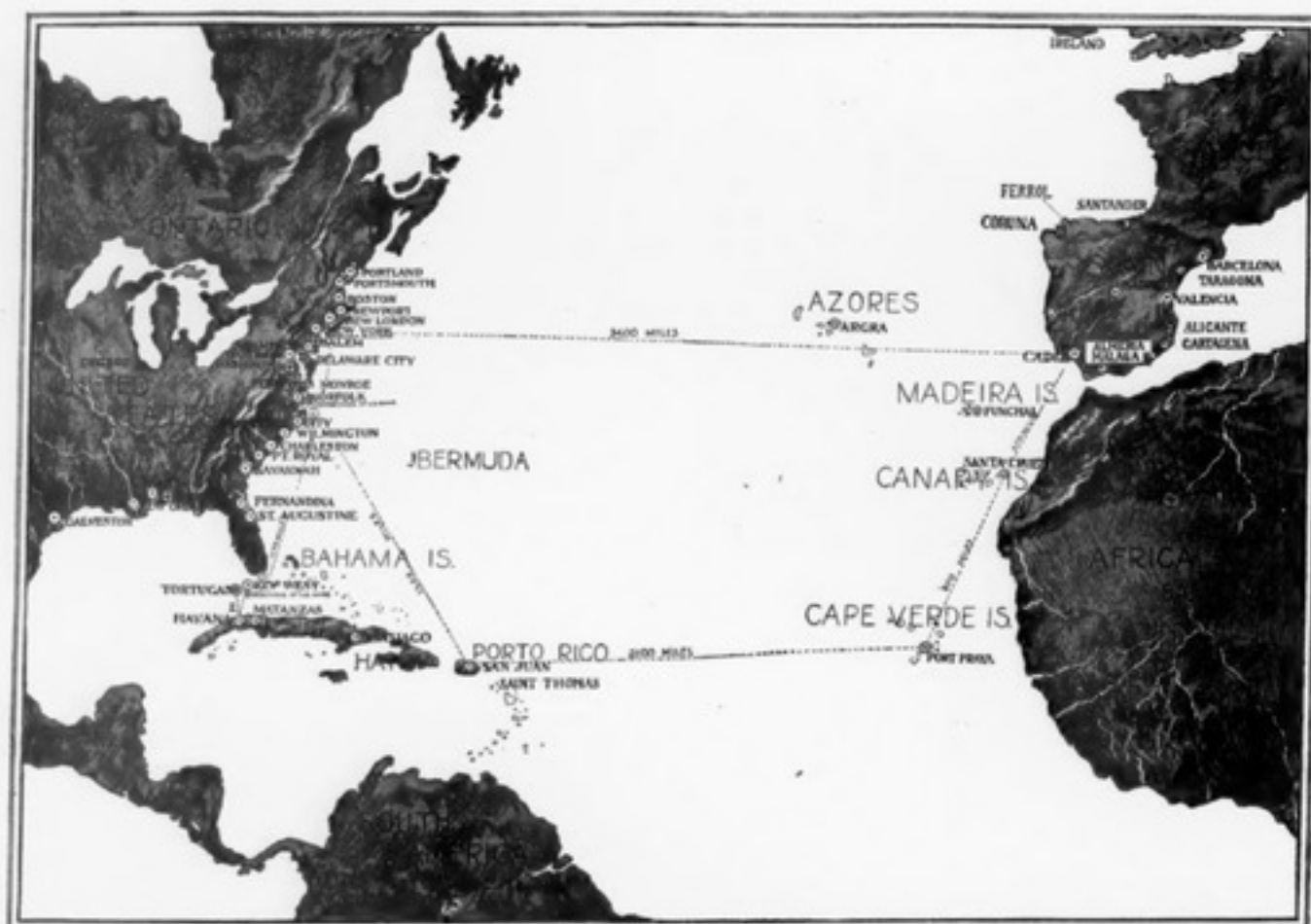
Indeed, a voice must not be self-conscious; but the little self-consciousness of education is easily effaced. We need not fear it in the training of a voice more than we fear it in the training of manners. The present English national indifference has really produced very dull habits of speech. And it seems to be a modern thing. Shakespeare's women did not forget or disregard their voices. We can guess at his Cleopatra's voice by the word she gave to her rival's: she called it by precisely that word—dull. A great many Englishmen—male voices must of course be allowed noise as well as tone—are dull-voiced because they are by temperament undramatic. This may be better than a tedious vivacity—and the vivacity of women is often tedious. But let the dullness at least be soft and warm.

In truth, the best thing about an assembly of women is the sweetness of the sound of their talking. It would be still sweeter if it were a collection of monologues. The slight strain and raising of the voice, inevitable where woman is talking to be heard, makes a little discord and jangling of tone. Something of manner of utterance our own talkers might perhaps learn from the sound of the singing of a wood-full of birds.

Birds sing, no doubt, without reference to each other; and that keeps the whole concert natural and untired. Every blackbird has his *leit motif*, which is a perfectly human phrase. A slight uncertainty of note here and there is perceptible; for not a bird even sings perfectly in tune; but it is only an uncertainty. The blackbird is generally in major, but he knows the minor scale, and now and then sings a more than usually lovely phrase in it. He comes while the dawn is still gray and cool, and sings his few and intelligible notes aloud, in their definite shape and form. Other kinds of birds are still whispering, without rhythm or rest. He is the only singer of perfect and valued pauses. Perhaps Tennyson was aware of this when he wrote "O blackbird, sing me something well"; for the blackbird sings "something"—the other birds merely sing. His song is shaped by silence. Otherwise, the poets have been devoted to other birds rather than to this one bird of the golden voice. "The blackbird breaks the young day's heart," says, nevertheless, Mr. Coventry Patmore, who heard in the daybreak song one of the most poignant of all the uninterpretable voices of Nature. The same poet says of another bird—"the heavenly-minded thrush"—that it "talks." That is, indeed, the effect of those continuous and incomplete notes—a divine prose. Your blackbird is the only poet.

But whether perpetual or complete in their singing, all the birds sing in a manner quite aloof. They talk to the morning or to the month of June—to nothing that has an ear. And every poet knows that he, too, speaks so when he speaks well. Whereas, when there is a crowd, and emulation, human talkers, even women, talk louder than they should, to make their neighbor hear—a platitude.

NOTE.—As we go to press the outlook is so threatening that we have decided to despatch a special correspondent and artist to Key West, who will accompany the fleet, in case of hostilities, on a fast steam yacht. Our Art Editor, Mr. Walter Russell, himself a well-known marine artist, is leaving for Key West to-night, and through him and our special photographer, Mr. J. C. Hare, who has just arrived there from Havana, we shall doubtless be able to provide our readers with the most timely and interesting illustrations of naval events. Mr. W. Louis Sonntag, Jr., whose work has long been favorably known to readers of the WEEKLY, will illustrate, in his usual striking style, any naval engagements that may take place.



THE NAVAL AND MILITARY SITUATION

THE mainland of the United States is practically protected, in case of any warlike attempts by Spain. No seaport or harbor of importance is without defenses; some of these might be passed by a great fleet that could afford to lose a few vessels, but Spain's navy is so small that it can take no risks.

Our map shows the principal cities on the Atlantic coast; none is without fortifications, and the weakest of these can afford protection to a disappearing gun or two—force enough to check any possible Spanish naval demonstration.

Each of the larger ports and cities is protected by several forts and many guns. Among them are Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington. None of these would be attacked direct from sea; only a land force, moving from some point on flank or rear, could reduce them.

The large cities on Long Island Sound are protected by the works at either entrance of the Sound itself—modern works with abundant modern weapons. South of Hampton Roads, at which is Fortress Monroe and always some naval force, the practicable inlets of the North Carolina coast are protected. Monitors guard Port Royal, and Charleston and Savannah are well fortified.

On the Gulf coast two of the important cities—Mobile and New Orleans—have good forts on the water approaches and modern guns have been hurried to them. Galveston has but two powerful guns, but the city could be protected at short notice by sinking two hulks in the bay's narrow outlet. Our most vulnerable port is safer than Spain's strongest.

Any of our seacoast towns is practically a coaling station; our naval vessels have no others. The Spaniards are still worse off, and are therefore more likely to attack for coaling purposes than for booty or glory.

Of naval stations we have but four of great consequence—New York, Hampton Roads (Norfolk Navy Yard), Port Royal, and Key West, the last-named being accidental and of importance because of its nearness to Spanish territory. Between Key West and Tortugas, about sixty miles to the westward, lie almost all the vessels of the North Atlantic fleet; there is always a naval vessel or two at the navy yard at New York and at Norfolk, near Hampton Roads, south of which the only great docking and supply station is at Port Royal, S. C., although some service may be had at Pensacola and New Orleans.

Except in torpedo boats our North Atlantic fleet is stronger than Spain's available navy; for of Spain's seven great armored cruisers, ranking almost with second-class battleships, not more than four are to be depended upon for immediate offensive service; the *Pelayo*, Spain's one battleship, is also incomplete or under repairs, although she and the *Charles V.* might assist in defending a Spanish harbor. The best show, therefore, that

Spain can make in comparison with our battleships *Indiana*, *Massachusetts*, and *Iowa* consists of the *Vizcaya* and two, possibly three, others of the same type—fine cruisers, but without half the offensive power of first-class battleships. Much has been printed regarding the *Cataluna*, *Cisneros*, and *Princesa de Asturias*, but these armored cruisers, of the *Vizcaya* type, are still in builders' hands. Neither has Spain any cruisers that could escape from the *Columbia* or *Minneapolis*, nor even from the *Brooklyn* or *New York*. The *Alfonso XIII.* is a fine new, protected cruiser of 4800 tons displacement, but she has less engine power in proportion to her size than our *Cincinnati*.

The new fleet said to have been organized at Cadiz is supposed to consist of the *Maria Teresa* (of the *Vizcaya* type), the *Alfonso XIII.*, the battleship *Vittoria*, and the armored cruiser *Cristobal Colon*. The latter is a new vessel, shorter, narrower, and of lighter draught, armor, and armament than the *Vizcaya*; her heaviest ordnance is two 10-inch guns. The *Vittoria* is an old-fashioned, single-screw, iron-clad battleship, built twenty-one years ago, when guns were arranged only in broadside. Her armor nowhere reaches a thickness of six inches, and her main battery consists of 8-inch and 9-inch muzzle-loading rifles. It is this fleet that is to convoy the new flotilla of five torpedo boats and three destroyers; it could give our flying squadron a hard fight, for any of its cruisers could keep out of range of the heavy guns of the *Massachusetts*, which in turn could quickly annihilate the *Vittoria*—a vessel as slow as any of our older cruisers.

Spain's torpedo boats far outnumber our own, and some of them are much larger than any in our service. Were they on this side of the ocean there would be cause for much uneasiness, but all of the large boats that left Spain several weeks ago are believed to be at the Cape Verde Islands, almost two thousand miles south of Cadiz, with the Atlantic still to cross. Dangerous though they are in action, they are structurally fragile and uncertain; a new Spanish torpedo boat of the best class broke almost in two last month while going through a moderate sea on the Scotch coast, where it was built.

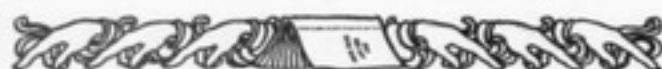
Spain's military force in Cuba is more than twice as large as the entire army (regular) of the United States; it consists almost entirely of infantry, all of which is well armed and fairly disciplined. The cavalry and artillery arms of the Spanish service in Cuba are small and badly equipped and the transport service is too small to land a great force on our mainland. More than two-thirds of our own army could be moved to any point on our coast at three days' notice.

On another page will be found descriptions of Spain's seaports.



WITH THE GULF SQUADRON

1. Captain Harrington, of the Monitor "Puritan." 2. Captain Sigbee, leaving Havana. 3. Captain Ludlow, of the Monitor "Terror." 4. Lieutenant-Commander Rodgers, Executive Officer of Battleship "Iowa." 5. Captain Evans, of the "Iowa." 6. The Officers of the "Iowa."



OUR NOTE-BOOK

BY EDGAR SALTUS



WAR, what it means, and particularly what it means to Spain, history may be trusted to relate. If a forecast be worth a row of pins, it is conservative to assume that an ailment will be eradicated. For a long time Spain has suffered from an hereditary gout which specialists diagnose as monarchy. It will go. There is another republic in sight. If the latter is able to find a President half as wise as Mr. McKinley, the intervening losses may teach again the good that comes of evil—the beauty of courtesy, the benefits of arbitration, the policy of good faith. Spain has much to say of her traditions. Traditions are nice. But they should be lived not down to, but up. Spain has assortments of every kind. There was an epoch when she was the best mannered, best lettered, best governed country in Europe. It has gone. There was an epoch when her ignorance was equaled only by her brutality. It has continued. At one period she could have antedated Monte Cristo and cried The world is mine. The opportunity will never come to her again. But her pluck has subsisted, and so also has her guile. Both are indigenous. She got the first from the Moors, the second from the Goths. There are her traditions. In a little while she may be nursing them at home. In which event it is to be hoped that they will be more instructive in the future than they have been in the past. The fresh ones she will then possess may show her perhaps that this is a utilitarian age and that she is too old for war.

THE MAN TO SPIKE THE GUNS

Captain Sampson, Commander of the Navy, is an officer with whom Captain Eulate will do well not to run foul. He began life by splitting wood. He may end it splitting Spain. Between trees and territories the difference, if enormous, is relative. Captain Sampson is just the man to make them follow suit. His father was a day laborer. Of his grandfather nothing is known. But a long time ago there was a hero with a name like his, and it may be that from him he descends. Between the Philistines and the Peninsula forces there is a difference too, but one which is relative also. Captain Sampson was born in this State on a farm at Palmyra. The site is historic. It was there that Joseph Smith found the gold plates from which he rattled off the Book of Mormon. That, however, is but a detail, interjected for its local color. The point is that in the intervals of splitting wood Captain Sampson pegged away at books, got what school learning he could, capped it with an appointment to Annapolis, graduated top of his class, and during the late war was put in command of the ironclad *Patapsco*. On the bridge of that vessel, the target of a thousand rifles, his men dropping at his side, he rode up to Charleston. The harbor was full of explosives which he had been ordered to destroy. Before he had the chance there was a roar, the boat was lifted from the waters, and he was shot sky-high. That was his baptism. Captain Eulate, look to your laurels. And, while you are at it, look to your guns. There is the man to spike them.

THE PANTHERS OF THE PHILIPPINES

The Filipinas, which Destiny has in charge, and which, like Cuba and Puerto Rico, the United States may have in charge also, are the fairylands of Oceania, the home of the humming-bird and the fire-fly. The climate is a thing to feed on, the scenery is a caress to the eye. Barring the wild-cat and the Spaniard, there are no beasts of prey. The Spaniard came in the train of Magellan. He had to fight to do it. The adventure cost Magellan his life and a vast amount of jealousy on the part of Portugal. It was in the neighboring waters that the two great maritime powers of the sixteenth century struggled for the dominion of that New World which neither the one nor the other was to rule. The circumstance is noteworthy in view of the fact that it was this hemisphere which bore the brunt of Spanish violence. Malasia was approached more gently. On its shores there disembarked warriors more pacific and priests less inquisitorial. Far from Castile, and continuously threatened by Portugal, the Spaniard understood that to gain subjects mercy was better than might. In that part of the globe he became indulgent. In every other colonial enterprise he developed into a brute. It is only since possessions here have vanished that in the Filipinas the beast of prey appeared. In earlier days, apart from Portugal, he had only Chinese pirates to fear. The latter so bothered one of the governor-generals that he got ready to set out and conquer Cathay. In that epoch the average Don was fuller of fight than of wisdom. Time has not changed him in the least.

THE COMMOTION IN CUBA

San Francisco's earthquake, had it occurred when the years went slower, would have been regarded not like the comet, as a portent of war, but as an indication of the anger of God. In modern Greek earthquakes are called *theoménia*, literally God's anger, a term suggested perhaps by Psalm civ. 32. "He looketh on the earth and it trembleth: He toucheth the hills and they smoke." As a means of diminishing the census earthquakes have been almost as effective as Spain. In the one which occurred at Lisbon sixty thousand people died. It lasted just six minutes. In the one which occurred in Messina in two minutes the inhabitants were dead. Altogether it is estimated that thirteen million people have perished in this way. In the convulsion which, half a century ago, occurred on the island of Majorca a stone tower spun like a top. The sight must have been worth seeing—from afar. When Lisbon fell, Europe shook, the Alps tottered, the Pyrenees had the palsy. They quivered as leaves do in a storm. The convulsion was felt in Africa. Near Morocco an entire city disappeared; the earth opened and closed, it had gone. The vibrations extended to Finland. They reached Canada. They affected Cuba, too. It is curious that the earthquake in San Francisco should coincide with the commotion there.

NO FLOWERS—BY REQUEST

The "Pall Mall Gazette" has a chrysanthemum show. The flowers are the gay exotics of foreign speech. They are sickled from the fields of contemporary literature. They comprise every variety. There are the tender tints of Amour propre and the crimson of Vates sacer. The collection is curious and colorful. In exhibiting them the "Pall Mall" breaks a spade. It shows them off, pronounces them weeds, and demands their extirpation. But it would be a pity to have the whole parterre removed. There are a few specimens that would be missed. In the editorial buttonhole *Casus belli* looks very well. In each journalistic garden there should be a sprig or two of *Table d'hôte*. *Quasi* is a bud which all poets cultivate. The seeds of *Pourparlers*, *Cause célèbre*, *Dreibund*, *In forma pauperis*, and *Cherchez la femme* every self-respecting reporter uses to perfume his copy. Conjointly they form a bouquet which the average reader loves to smell. Even to please the "Pall Mall" we can't relinquish them entirely. Among the lot there are tiger lilies and rhododendrons which are not merely fragrant and decorative but which are very handy to conceal an absence of thought. The "Pall Mall" has got the wrong bulbul by the wing. It is not flowers of speech that need weeding, it is flowers of fancy. There are a thousand ways of expressing a given idea, there is but one which is exact. The artist always finds it. He never tangles a sentence with a metaphor. Yet if a foreign term is more precise than a long-winded equivalent he is not an artist if he does not use it. In connection with this it may be noted that in literature only three things count: style, style polished, style repolished. Style may be defined as the harmony of syllables, the fall of sentences, the infrequency of adjective, the absence of metaphor, the pursuit of a repetition even unto the thirtieth and fortieth line, the use of the exact term no matter what that term may be. These imagination and the art of transition aid but do not enhance. Grammar is an adjunct. It is not an obligation. No grammarian ever wrote a thing that was fit to read.

ANOTHER ILLUSION ABLATED

Othello died a long time ago. From evidence recently produced it seems that he died earlier than has been supposed. It is asserted that he died before Desdemona did. In one of the twelve million volumes which constitute the Archives of Venice, and which are strewn through the two hundred and ninety-eight rooms of the Monastery of Santa Maria Gloriosa dei Frari, a statement to that effect has been found. It is contained in a diary kept in 1542 by the Candian representative. The writer relates the arrival in Venice of Othello, he relates his marriage, various episodes in his subsequent career and his death, which event, he says, was mourned by Desdemona in her *casa* on the Grand Canal. There is a fine story ruined. It was first told by Cinthio. He told a lot of other stories. Some are true, some are not. In style and treatment they are modeled after Boccaccio. He called them the "Hecatomithi." They are divided into two parts, each containing five subdivisions of ten novels apiece. Hence the name. The first edition appeared in 1565. The story of Othello is the seventh of the third subdivision. Shakespeare did not alter the plot, he improved it. The old handkerchief is there, but instead of a pillow there is a slung-shot. After Desdemona has been killed the house is pulled down in order that it may be supposed that she has been buried in the ruins. Othello's accomplice then informs against him. The Moor is put to torture, subsequently released and assassinated in a dim lagoon by Desdemona's relatives. The story, even in the original, is too picturesque to be disturbed. We have lost illusions enough. The diary of the Candian representative is not wanted to-day. It should have been obliterated by the Council of Ten.

THE CASE OF MUSICK ET AL

Mr. John R. Musick of Kirksville, Mo., has been denounced as a plagiarist. For the enhancement of certain novels of which

he is the author he is accused of having pillaged Dickens and Bernardin de St. Pierre. Mr. Musick's reply is entertaining. He first denies the charge and then insinuates that in view of the unconscious thefts of bigger authors he might be forgiven. The plea, if naïf, is just. Mr. Musick cites Shakespeare, Goethe, and Johnson as precedents. He need not have stopped there. It would have been more to the point, too, had he cited Bernardin de St. Pierre. The latter lifted from Longus the very story passages from which Mr. Musick is charged with lifting from him. Then, also, it would have been highly literary on the part of the defendant had he admitted the robbery but denied that the goods belonged to the plaintiff. Voltaire did that, and he did it very well. He was accused of stealing a piece called the "Ermite" from Parwell. "I never heard of the gentleman," Voltaire replied. "I took the piece from a twelfth century fabliau edited by Legrand d'Aussy and I presume Mr. Parwell has done the same." The presumption was correct. Yet where perhaps Mr. Musick might have improved his answer would have been in omitting the term "unconscious." There was nothing unconscious in Shakespeare's thefts. He sacked everybody right and left and gloried in it. He was not a pirate, he was a conqueror. The territories which he annexed he made part and parcel of his splendid realm. The same is true of Dante. The same is true of Milton. Said Molière: "I take my property where I find it." Said Dumas: "These pages with which I am accused of eloping are so many young women who were not in good company and whom I have put where they belong." Said Rossini on hearing a composer execute a fugue: "It is too good for that pig"—and cribbed it then and there. Every schoolboy knows what a highwayman Virgil was. But to mention all who have been caught with their hands in other peoples' paragraphs would require not a column but a catalogue. Mr. Musick need not mind. In matters of this kind it has long ceased to be important whether an author has lifted anything or not. The one point is, did he embellish what he took. If Mr. Musick can show that he has, then by all means let his prayer be answered and forgiveness be his.

THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. GILBERT AND MR. JUPP

Mr. W. S. Gilbert's libel suit, which directly preceded his revival of the "Gondoliers" at the London Savoy, may not have had commercial enterprise for inspiration, but otherwise it is worthy of note. One may feel quite sure that Mr. Gilbert is not pompous, that he is not envious, that he is not ungrateful, as has been alleged. But one may assume that he likes his own jests best. After all, there is nothing unnatural in that. It is his objection to the waggery of others that is strange. Ever since the memory of man runs not to the contrary he has been having all the fun he could. It has been his trade, and a very merry trade he made it. In the *editio princeps* of his *magnus opus* the following lines occur:

"I love a man who'll smile and joke
When with misfortune crowned;
Who'll pun beneath a pauper's yoke,
And as he breaks his daily toke
Conundrums gay propound.

Just such a man was Bernard Jupp.
He scoffed at Fortune's frown;
He gayly drained his bitter cup—
Though Fortune often threw him up
It never cast him down."

There are sentiments which are simply beautiful. There, too, is the picture of a whole-souled man. It was assumed that in portraying Mr. Judd's agreeable disposition it was the author's own lovable temperament which was described. And so no doubt it was. But here is the tragedy of it. Bad puns have had their effect. His nature has become dual. Able still to laugh at others, he grows dangerous when others laugh at him. Mr. Judd one day, he is Dr. Gilbert the next. Were it not for the pathos of the case it ought to be set to music and put on the stage. Eliminate the melancholy, add a score from Sullivan, and you would never know the libel suit from one of his old-time operettes.

THE AMERICAN ALMANACH DE GOTHAM MANUFACTORY

The Duke of Talleyrand, of Valençay, of Semgalle, and of Sagan, the old Frenchman who died a month ago in Germany, deserves an obituary. He represented an absence of merit which may be qualified as complete. Throughout the period of his long vegetation he did nothing worthy of praise, nothing worthy of blame. His first wife diligently shirked every duty in that sphere of life to which it had pleased God to call her, the second counted that day lost in which she had not invented some new mode of being disagreeable. From these ladies he had several children and a great deal to put up with. A tempestuous wife is highly chastening. Two of them make a man very indulgent. When the first departed he spoke of her as the most charming woman he had ever met. For the second he wore crepe on his hat for a year and a day. He was lack-luster but gentlemanly. In what manner he failed to be imposing he never inquired. There are

mysteries which are better ignored than elucidated. Whether he meditated on the subject is problematic. Language, his grand-uncle had announced, was given us to conceal our thoughts. The concealment which he effected was perfect. His eldest son was more talkative. But he was not convincing. Though he dictated fashion, he was unable to dictate to his wife. The latter, it may be remembered, recently smuggled him out of his club. This lady's brother married Mrs. Livermore. Here we get the local color. Mrs. Livermore, very well known in New York society, was the widow of one of the part owners of the Brunswick Hotel. The cisatlantic connections of the dead duke don't stop there. His nephew, the Marquis de Talleyrand-Perigord, also married a New Yorker, and, finding the breed to his taste, married another. The second was Mrs. Stevens. To celebrate the nuptials his father ceded to him the title—originally Neapolitan—of Duc de Dino. The lady of the first part was Miss Curtis. Eight or nine years ago her daughter married Mario Ruspoli, son of the Prince of Poggio-Suasa. It is in this way that local society is indebted to the defunct noble. It is in this way, too, that the American Almanach de Gotha is being made.

THOUGH YOUR SINS BE AS SCARLET

The Marquise de Talleyrand-Perigord's mother was a Shipton Giles. A niece of the latter has recently published a novel. She has also published a portrait. Taken conjointly they constitute a very pretty story by a very pretty girl. The title, "Though Your Sins be as Scarlet," is pretty as well. The language, too, is pretty. Of the plot I am not so sure. Once upon a time a young gentlewoman who revolved, and for that matter still revolves, in an upper-circle orbit, wrote a novel which she was forbidden to read. Her parents disapproved of it. They were cruel, perhaps, but just. There is a moral to all things. In her negligence she had omitted to provide one. Youth is careless. There is none of that carelessness here. In the present story there is a moral which, like its other elements, is pretty and which is the prettier perhaps because it is not insisted on. The first duty of a novelist is to entertain. The second is to have emotions and to be so prompt in displaying them that the reader shares their effect. The third is to instill some lesson. The fourth is not to hammer that lesson in. There are the law and the prophets. As the present story exemplifies them, its sins are not as scarlet as they seem. They are pink.

A MAGICIAN'S MIGRATION

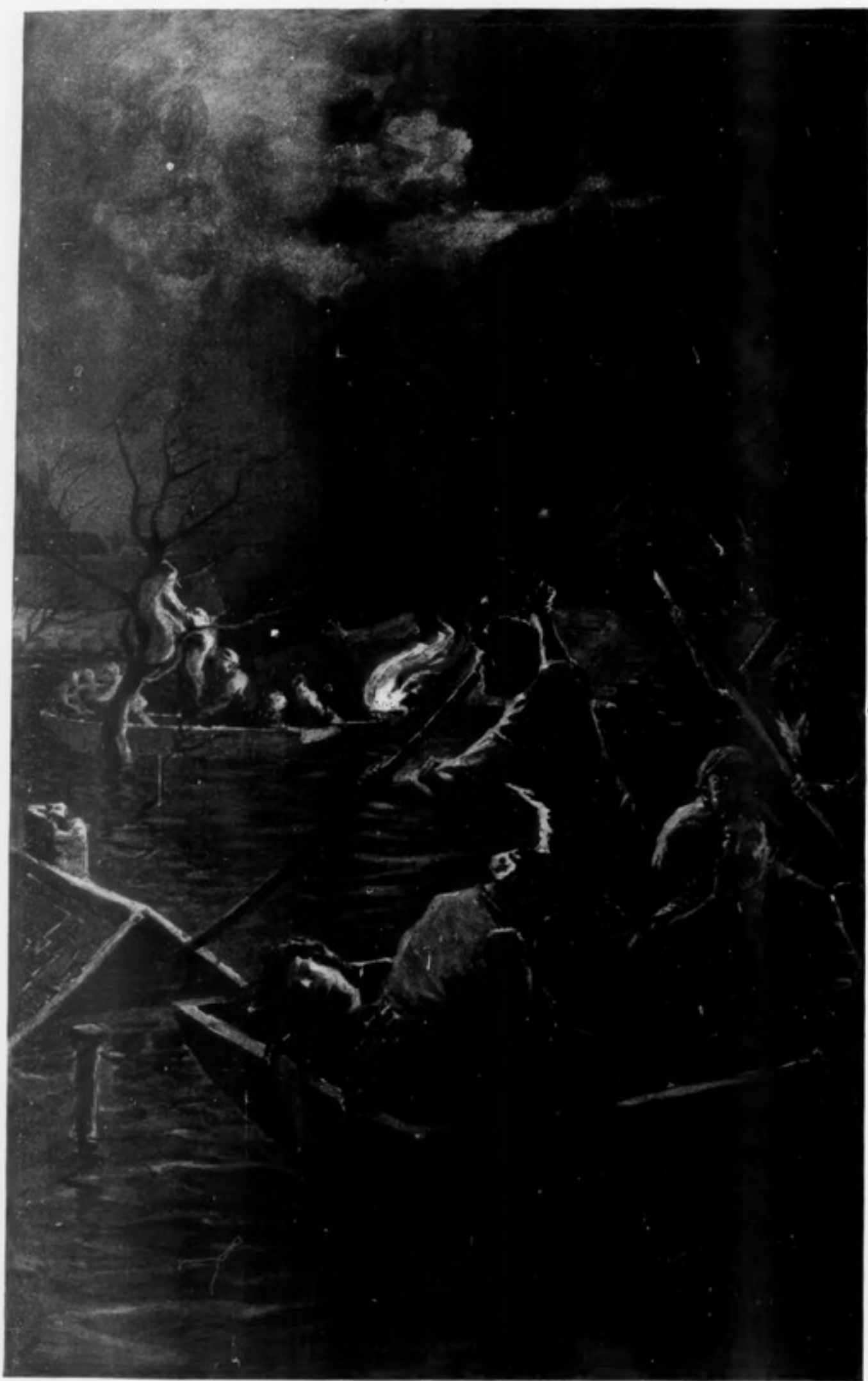
Seidl fanned violins into fusion. He reduced the complex to the unit. He made the many one. Under his baton an entire orchestra became a single instrument. From it he drew hurricanes of harmony. Their rise and subsidence was guided by him. He rode the whirlwinds which he evoked. On them he has passed from sight. Music is the vapor of art. It was reserved to him to transform it almost into a solid. In his climaxes there was the massiveness of architecture. Before his audience palaces of enchantment surged. Out of string and space he beckoned the unreal and made it the actual. He was not an artist merely, he was an artificer, a musician and a magician in one. Distinctly modern, unaffiliated with the classics, his interpretation of the past was always new. He made the dead dramatic. But it was the living scores of the present which, touched by his wand, leaped into their most tumultuous accords. Wagner used to whisper to him. Tchaikowsky was at his side. They were his masters. He has gone to join them. Already they have said, "Well done."

THE RICH WE HAVE ALWAYS WITH US

The "Temple Magazine" has been asking a number of gentlemen and ladies what they would do if they were millionaires. The replies are surprisingly philanthropic. It does one good to read them. You feel sure that were any of these delightful people really wealthy you would have but to knock and their check-book would open. In the circumstances it is a great pity that they are not. Otherwise the question, if futile, is not without charm. But it would be better reversed. The things a millionaire could do are unsuggestive in comparison to the things which he needn't. If cornered by an editor, for instance, he would not have to put on a false beard and try to look altruistic. Then, too, instead of asking the impecunious how they would spend money which they never will have, it would be more serviceable to learn how the rich would act if they were poor.

THE SALUBRIOUSNESS OF SAFETY

Summer being within beck and call, consideration of the summer-resorter is in order. Where shall he go in July? A Frenchman wrote a book which he instructively entitled, "The Dangers to be Avoided in Remaining at Home." A writer, equally sagacious, might profitably produce a work entitled, "The Advantages of not being at a Disadvantage this Summer." If guns should be booming along the coast girls will be few and fun will be scarce at the seaside. The mountains remain. So, too, does New York. It is very sticky. There are days and there are nights when the heat is Senegambian. But, however hot, it will be cooler than being under fire.



William. Henry Lawrence

NIGHT-SCENE NEAR THE OHIO WHILE THE RECENT FLOOD WAS RAGING

THE RESCUING OF JIMMIE

BY GERALDINE BONNER



CATASTROPHE had occurred in the Walker family. Jimmie Walker, the only son, was engaged to be married.

This, had it been an engagement which would have pleased his sister Lodelle, would only have been a cause for rejoicing. It was fitting and proper that Jimmie should marry. He was twenty-four years of age, a quiet, steady boy of a gentle and tractable disposition, and possessed of a fine income, not only from his position as president of one of the San Francisco electric car lines,

in which his father, Thaddeus Walker, one of the original Bonanza men, had placed him, but from a legacy of one hundred thousand dollars left him by his mother.

Jimmie, dowered with all these advantages, was expected by Lodelle to make a fine, creditable marriage. Lodelle—she was two years older than Jimmie and since their mother's death, eight years before, had ruled the house—had even gone so far as to select several local heiresses, who had broadened their minds and improved their tone by foreign travel, as fitting spouses for her eligible brother, and had given many elaborate and luxurious dinners at which these not unwilling maids had displayed their prettiest costumes and their most winning wiles for the subjugation of the desirable young man. But Jimmie, always courteous, kind, and politely attentive, had yet never given evidence, by look or word, that a warmer feeling than the calmest friendship had caused the heart under his broad and gleaming shirt-bosom to quicken its pulsations.

Thaddeus Walker did not enter with Lodelle into these ambitious schemes for the settling of his only son. The old man, truth to tell, had a distinct feeling of contempt for Jimmie. Thaddeus Walker had been a California pioneer of '49, and had lived the fierce and crowded life of those wild days. He had killed his man and made his pile, had seen unmoved and with a cynically meditative, watchful observation men lose and win in the race for fortune, and had been lifted and borne onward on the seething crest of the great wave of California's turbulent glory. To think of that life and its overfull measure of riotous experience, and then, looking across the shining expanse of his elaborate dinner-table at the thin, delicate figure of his only son, to contrast his own youth with the orderly, colorless existence of this unimpassioned young man, made him feel, with a little sardonic titillation of inward amusement, that the lion's whelp had turned out to be only a tame domestic animal.

So Thaddeus accorded to his son a good-humored, but not the less contemptuous, indifference. The old man, his fortune made, his wife—a sickly woman, whom his neglect and ill-treatment had irritated into fretful shrewishness—dead and disposed of, was spending the golden autumn of his life in a vigorous effort to make up by the joyous opulence of the present for the meager privations of the past. The iron-sinewed pioneer, whose tremendous frame had withstood the strain of a sixty years' struggle with the grim hardships and dizzying successes of his life, had now reached a time when, like his prototype in Biblical lore, he could lean back and say, "Now, soul, take thine ease."

But ease to the old pioneer meant merely a different directing of energies. In the world of men Thaddeus Walker reigned a king—a king whose subjects regarded him with envious and admiring dislike, but who noted his career, darkened with the stains of many misdeeds, as an admirable example to follow. That these blots upon his record were known and commented upon of all men did not cause old Thaddeus the slightest concern. From the pinnacle of his achieved ambitions, secure in the might of his money and the power of his unrestrained unscrupulousness, he could smile with good-humored disdain upon his detractors, knowing that they would all have done as he did if they had had sufficient brains and hardihood.

Old Thaddeus was always good-humored. If, as the French

philosopher has it, the only way to endure mankind is to expect nothing from it, then Thaddeus Walker had penetrated to the calm level of a perfected philosophy. He trusted no man, and believed in no woman. All alike were to be bought, the only difference being in the price offered. There was not a doubt existing in Thaddeus Walker's mind that, despite his sixty years and his tarnished record, he could marry any woman he chose. But he did not choose. His twenty years of married life had not given him a very exalted opinion of the institution of matrimony. What opinion it had given his wife was a view of the question that had gone to the grave with that weary and dejected lady. Her death had given Thaddeus the liberty to enjoy an Indian summer of bachelor freedom, and had given her release from a condition of hopeless and neglected superfluities.

The one person in the world for whom Thaddeus Walker entertained either affection or respect was his daughter Lodelle. This may have been because Lodelle resembled him closely. In her might be seen the same shrewdness and common sense without a suggestion of intellectual distinction, the same resolute and cool self-reliance, the same suave and imperturbable good-humor. They never harassed each other, these two. How infinitely preferable was his daughter's broad and catholic indifference to his actions to the tearful, intrusive concern of his late wife!

Moreover, Lodelle ministered to that feeling of personal pride which was latent in the tough-fibered, hard old man. As an appurtenance of his he was secretly mightily pleased that she should be large and fair-skinned and handsome as a Norse Alruna wife. He lavished money upon her that she might always be superbly dressed, and had already given her jewels that would have graced a princess's regalia. Watching her in her splendid young womanhood presiding with such a goddess-like dignity over the costly feast which she knew so well how to order and arrange, he felt that she contributed the one necessary element to make his success complete. From her came the distinguishing touch of elegance and refinement—the one thing he could not give.

It was with some surprise that she should be so disturbed that he listened to her account of Jimmie's engagement. Jimmie had evidently dreaded to meet the paternal disapproval, for Jimmie cherished a strong affection for his father, and only deplored with a pensive filial regret the many slips and stumblings of his sire's varied career.

Jimmie had expected protestations, if not wrath, from the paternal source. Old Thaddeus, however, did not evince any violent disapprobation. He listened with silent attention while Lodelle descanted on the disqualifications of the bride-elect: that she was eleven years older than Jimmie, that she was a divorced woman with two children twelve and ten years of age, that she was undoubtedly a sharp, designing creature and had simply tricked Jimmie—who, everybody knew, was one of those good, simple, silly boys any clever, unprincipled woman can

make a fool of—into saying something to her that she distorted into an offer of marriage. Lodelle was in angry desperation, all her cherished hopes shattered at a blow. She was very fond of Jimmie, taking a sort of governing, maternal interest in directing his career, and here, without a word's warning, came this intolerable engagement.

"He has got such a ridiculous sense of honor," she wailed on. "He says he would not desert her now for anything—that it would be unmanly and despicable."

"Does he want to desert her, as you call it?" queried old Thaddeus, with sharp, suspended alertness in his glance.

"Oh no, he adores her! He says she has taught him what life really ought to be. Can't you imagine how she has filled the poor boy with all sorts of fine sentiments she had out of novels and doesn't believe in for a moment?"

"If it was any one but Jimmie I'd think she must be a pretty smart woman," said the father; "but Jimmie's such a fool!"

"But can't you help me get him out of it?" urged Lodelle.



"I guess she's smart enough for breach of promise," mused the old man.

"You might buy her off. She would give it all up if you offered her enough money. Such a marriage would be the destruction of Jimmie."

"How do you know that? You haven't heard anything absolutely against her character, have you?"

"Nothing but the way she's duped Jimmie into thinking she is an angelic creature who is too good for this earth. And she's so much older, father, and is divorced and has two children. It's like an adventuress in a play."

"I don't see that any of that's so confoundedly damaging. The divorce is all right and she can't help her age, and there's nothing downright disreputable in the fact that she has two children. Why should not she marry Jimmie? If she's got some sense and style about her, Jimmie might do a good deal worse."

"Father, how can you talk so? It will be the ruin of Jimmie."

"I tell you what you do now, Delle, and you'll do it if you've got sense and want to put some into Jimmie—have her here to dinner."

"Good gracious, father, are you crazy?"

"Never was saner in my life. But I tell you Jimmie's a fool, and he's a pig-headed fool, and he's not going to give this woman up if he's gone so far as to engage himself to her. If we try to trample in and break the thing off he's just the fool who'll deliver an oration on his honor and will go off and marry her, and you'll lose your brother altogether and gain nothing. If you do the thing diplomatically you may be able to save the pieces. Have her here to dinner. If she won't do at all, if she's like the adventuress in the play, it will be no trouble to buy her off, and I'll engage to do it. If she's not—hang the eleven years and the divorce and the two children and let her have her Jimmie; she may make a man of him."

It was with reluctance that Lodelle yielded to the superior paternal judgment, and Mrs. Carey—Alberta Carey was the siren's name—was bidden to meet the family of her betrothed at a quiet little dinner. As Lodelle dressed for this festivity her feelings were anything but those of the hospitable hostess. Her usual placidity had given place to moody ill-temper. She was bitterly chagrined that Jimmie should have entangled himself in this calamitous engagement. She was keenly irritated by her father's passive toleration of the affair; but most of all was she enraged against Mrs. Alberta Carey, who, the more she thought of her, the more she felt was like an adventuress in a play.

But her feelings of annoyance gave place to those of profound astonishment when the curtains at the end of the long drawing-

room were drawn aside and Mrs. Alberta Carey, escorted by Jimmie, entered the room. That her entrance was theatrical and a good deal in the style of the adventuress in the play, Lodelle was too much surprised to notice. Every critical feeling was swept away in the astounded admiration evoked by Mrs. Alberta Carey's appearance.

She was a superb-looking woman in the full bloom of a resplendent and tropical beauty. Little, pale, thin, gentle-looking Jimmie was

a mere shadow beside her. She towered over him in the proud majesty of her five feet ten inches, and the style of her carriage, her head held proudly poised on her thick, ivory throat, her white and gleaming shoulders broadly squared, made her look even taller than she was.

Lodelle, as she moved forward in silent and mechanically smiling welcome, noted that she wore her diamonds—Jimmie's diamonds—with the queenly unconsciousness of one to whom diamonds are a natural belonging. Even among her Bonanza friends Lodelle had seen few who wore their diamonds this way. In her handsome face, with its large, finely-cut features, the expression was one of serene self-confidence, and her skin was so healthy and fine that the red and white with which she augmented its tinting had not the usual obviousness, which is generally found in this form of decoration. Lodelle felt, with a sinking at her heart, that the mere untutored masculine eye would never see how plenteously and daringly Mrs. Alberta Carey was painted. Her manner, too, was suave and perfectly self-possessed, and, like her appearance, singularly distinguished by a peculiar dominant quality of mastery and command. A woman of such a striking presence could never be otherwise than remarkable, and Lodelle realized, before she had heard the sound of her voice, that where Mrs. Carey sat there would be the head of the table.

Seated in a high-backed carved oak chair at one side of the round dining-table, with its gold-embroidered centerpiece, its gold and crystal lamp under a crimped yellow shade, its golden side dishes glowing against the sparkle of cut glass and the smooth sheen of delicate napery, Mrs. Alberta Carey looked to be very fittingly placed amid all the gleaming luxuriousness of her environment. The rich background became her admirably, and her exotic beauty seemed to gain in fineness of coloring and distinction of bearing from the sumptuousness of its setting.

The suggestion of pride and reserve in her manner melted rapidly in the congenial brilliancy of these attractive surroundings. She was talkative, merry, and showed quite a neat spirit of repartee. Jimmie, opposite, let a look of timidly furtive surprise temper the reverential admiration of his fond glances. Old Thaddeus, his hard gray eye full of keen, speculative appreciation, engaged the hand-converse, brilliant with compliment. Mrs. Carey, able to parry his neatest lavish encomiums, with self-possessed and mocking gayety, and, leaning back, her chin raised, her full lips just parted with rising laughter, shot coquettish glances at him from her broad dark eyes.

Jimmie and Lodelle had not much place in the conversation. Jimmie listened to his fiancée's brilliancy with not quite comprehending earnestness, his puzzled seriousness now and then broken by chuckles of sudden comprehension. A sharp observer might have noticed that Jimmie was conscious of and slightly overawed by the superior grandeur of his future wife. But Lodelle was silent and looked chilled. For the first time in her life she felt pushed into the background, and the sensation was not pleasing.

After Jimmie had left to escort Mrs. Carey home, Lodelle lingered about in the long drawing-room, turning down lamps and fingering the masses of flowers that stood about in great Chinese bowls, waiting for her father to make some comment. Old Thaddeus, sitting in a chair, his feet on an embroidered stool, had made himself comfortable by unfastening his collar and waistcoat, and, soothed by the crowning comfort of a large cigar, appeared to be sunk in deep cogitation. For some moments he puffed in silence, then removing the cigar from his mouth and leaning forward, with some gasping and a creaking of stiffly-starched shirt-bosom, to throw the ashes into the flower-filled fireplace, he remarked in a thoughtful voice:

"It don't appear that Jimmie's such a fool, after all."

The Walker household, after this initial meeting, saw quite a good deal of Mrs. Carey. To establish friendly relations with the future members of the family it was necessary that she should be constantly entertained. Such reluctance as Lodelle had shown to this feting of the prospective bride was promptly overridden by her father and Jimmie, who were unable to understand the instinctive, mistrustful dislike that is so frequently and unreasonably felt by one handsome woman for another.

Moreover, the entertaining of Mrs. Carey was more a pleasure than a task. She was an attractive feature at the round dinner-table, not only because of her beauty, but because of her



conversation, which was always amusing, and often witty. Lodelle, with all her self-possession and ability to look queenly and manage a large establishment successfully, was not conversationally brilliant. There was more laughter under the shade of the gold and crystal lamp when Mrs. Carey was there than there had ever been before. She was always gracious, always in high spirits, always good-humored. She was even more good-humored than Lodelle, or than Lodelle used to be, for Lodelle was not so good-humored now.

Old Thaddeus himself was quite enough to rasp Lodelle's temper. He was as non-committal after he had met Mrs. Carey as he had been before. But he showed none of the disapproval of that lady's showy beauty, of her loud-voiced and laughter-laden conversation, that his daughter felt. Even when Lodelle complained that Mrs. Carey's complexion was more brilliant than nature intended it to be, old Thaddeus remarked mildly that "if she could make herself better-looking that way, he didn't see why she shouldn't pretty up a little."

Maintaining his air of passive unconcern, he tacitly refused to agree with Lodelle in her scathing criticisms of Jimmie's fiancée, but at the same time he endeavored by a silent and soothing indifference to placate the annoyance of his angry daughter. The old pioneer, while he entertained but a poor opinion of women, had laid it down as one of the great general laws of conduct, never to irritate them by openly crossing or defying them. It was impossible for Lodelle to extract from him his frank and honest opinion of Jimmie's fiancée. All that could be remarked by this observant young lady was a slight acceleration of consideration and respect in his manner to Jimmie himself.

A feeling of unaccountable depression, a vague presentiment of unhappiness, lay heavy upon Lodelle's once equable spirits. She felt that alone and unaided she was not sufficiently powerful to rupture the engagement between her brother and Mrs. Carey. With her father's help she could have done it, but her father with maddening unconcern and a distracting obliviousness to the unsuitability of the marriage, responded to her plaints and pleadings with nothing but remarks of a mildly deprecating, soothing indifference. For the first time in her existence Lodelle realized how hopeless it is to try and influence a man, especially when he happens to be a relative, into dislike or rebellion against a disapproved of but attractive woman.

She felt that, unless a miracle intervened, the doom of Jimmie would be sealed. She knew her brother's gentle and trusting nature, and, if she knew anything of women, she knew that Mrs. Carey had played upon that with diabolic cleverness, and that, when Jimmie did see through her, did understand that all her fine sentiments were chaff, and her yearnings for a life of noble, humanitarian endeavor could be translated into yearnings for a life of moneyed ease, it would be a terrible, a stupefying shock. Moreover, let him dissemble and prevaricate as much as he chose, she knew her father could see through Mrs. Carey too. She was sure that he thought her, if not exactly like an adventuress in a play, at least a sharp, designing woman, who never would have consented to marry Jimmie if he had not been president of an electric car line and heir to a Bonanza king. She had seen her father listening to Mrs. Carey, while she indulged in some of her lofty flights, with an expression of cynical, unbelieving amusement in his half-shut eyes. Lodelle knew the very way he looked when he thought a woman was telling him lies—leaning back, with one square knotty hand pulling at his short chin beard, watching her closely, his narrowed glance full of an investigating, debating astuteness.

Gloom, pronounced and hopeless, had finally settled down upon Lodelle. Her brother, whom she sincerely loved, was about to destroy his life, and her father, who had always been her firm friend and staunch ally, would not put out a hand to save him. She felt very sore and bitter, and lonely too, standing back from this gay trio, who all seemed to understand each other so well and to be so merry. Her harassed spirits showed themselves most plainly to her father, who, for the first time, saw his daughter's handsome face clouded and was met by her with morose silence or sullen comment.

After two or three ineffectual efforts to restore friendly relations with her, old Thaddeus, one afternoon, met his daughter in the hallway arrayed for her afternoon round of visits and teas, and greeted her with buoyant, unconscious cheerfulness. But Lodelle was not to be pacified, and, with the low-toned, surly response of an angry woman, attempted to pass him. Her father, catching her by the arm, held her.

"It's about time you got over your mad, Delle," he said good humoredly.

"I don't think I ever will," said Lodelle fiercely; "and you know why."

"You don't think I've played fair about Jimmie and Alberta—is that it?"

"Yes, you know it is. You promised to help me and you never did."

"Well, now don't be too quick to jump at conclusions. I have helped you."

"How? What do you mean?"

"I mean I've done what you wanted—broken the engagement."

"Father!" cried Lodelle, clasping her hands wildly. "Oh, did you truly? Oh, is it true?"

"True as Gospel," said the old man with stolid amiability—"Jimmie's free."

"How did you do it? Did you have to buy her off?"

Old Thaddeus looked out of the hall-door window for a meditative moment—"I suppose in a roundabout sort of way you might say I did," he said at length.

"Tell me how you managed it?" urged Lodelle breathlessly.

Old Thaddeus moved a trifle so as to be able to survey his daughter's trim coupe which stood waiting at the foot of the marble steps.

"Well," he said, with a pondering deliberateness of utterance—"well, I decided that she was thrown away on Jimmie."

"Thrown away on Jimmie?" ejaculated Lodelle, looking startled. "I don't understand you."

"Thrown away on Jimmie," continued the old man imperterritably—"Jimmie's too big a fool for Alberta. She's worth something better, and is too good to go out of the family, and so I've decided to marry her myself."

OUR MAN-OF-WAR'SMEN

THE American man-of-war'sman of to-day is as different in personal character from his predecessor of a few decades ago as is the steel-clad, turreted, mastless battleship of 1898 from the graceful, wooden frigate of past generations. The new weapons, motive power and other equipment of latter-day war vessels necessitate different and often higher qualities in the men that handle them. To this is due the fact that the modern man-of-war'sman is more of a mechanic and a soldier than a sailor pure and simple.

But this is not all. The general character of Uncle Sam's blue-jacket has undergone a change, since the development of the new navy, as radical as his professional training. Such familiar phrases as, "Like a drunken sailor" and "Spending money like a sailor" no longer apply, for Jack is to-day sturdier, more self-respecting and better behaved than the average man in his own walk in life on shore.

Where, in former days, but few would return on board ship on time, "clean and sober," from a day's liberty, it is now the exception for liberty to be broken. A party of liberty-men on shore from an American cruiser is an orderly, respectable body of men. Several causes have contributed to this change for the better. One is the apprentice system, which has been in successful operation now for about twenty-five years, a period long enough to give predominance to the American-born seamen graduated from the apprentice training ships. This system has given to the service a large number of respectable young Americans, who have displaced a like number of irresponsible foreigners, waifs of fortune, whose only interest in our navy was the pay and the food, both decidedly better than they could get in the navies or merchant marines of their own countries.

Another potent cause of the good quality of the American man-of-war'smen of the present day is more intelligent treatment. In the days of the "old" navy the men were allowed to draw but a small fraction of their pay each month, the remainder accumulating until the end of the period of enlistment. The final balance due was paid in full at the time of discharge. The men, unaccustomed to handling much money at a time, did not know the value of what they had received, so they squandered their money. Quite likely they became the prey of sharpers; in either event they were compelled to re-enlist soon, and in dismal spirits.

When "liberty" was given, in the old days, it was the custom to let a whole "watch"—half the ship's company—go ashore at once, and then only at long intervals. Knowing that it would be a long time before they would get on land again, the men thus freed would endeavor to concentrate as much revelry as possible in the short period given, and were usually regardless of consequences.

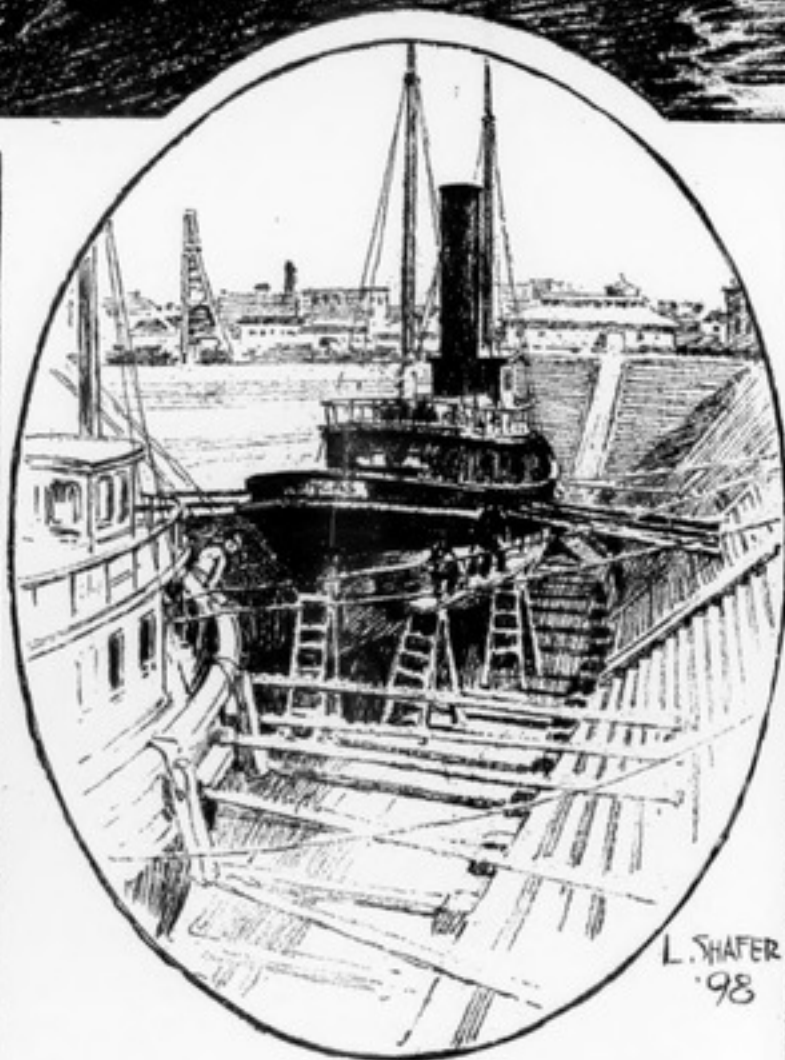
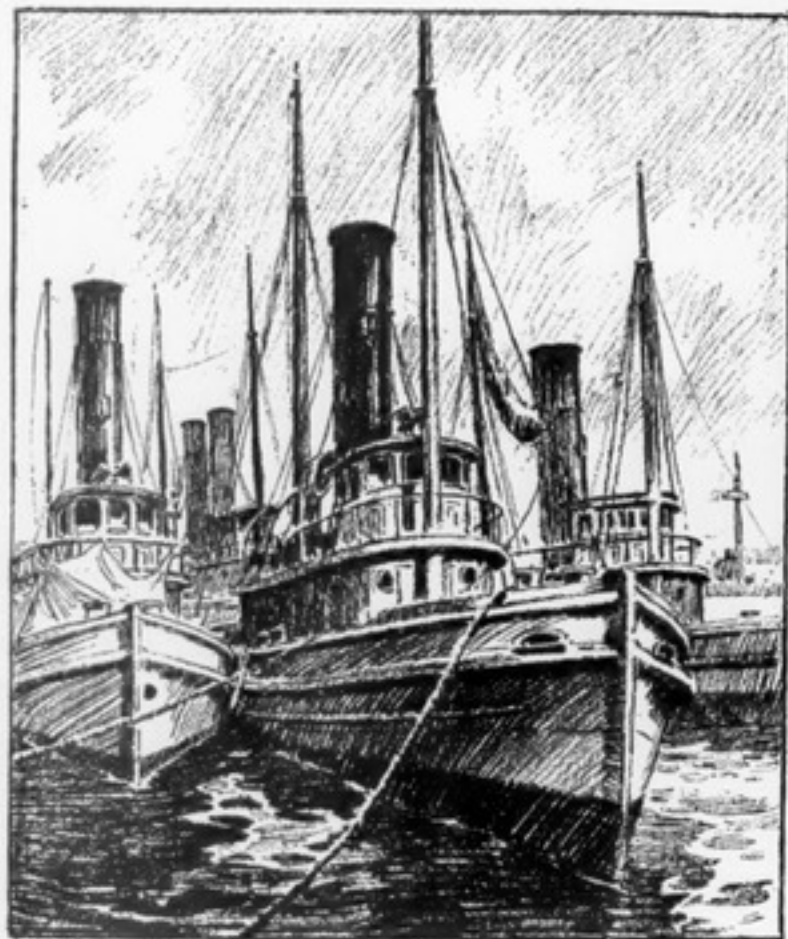
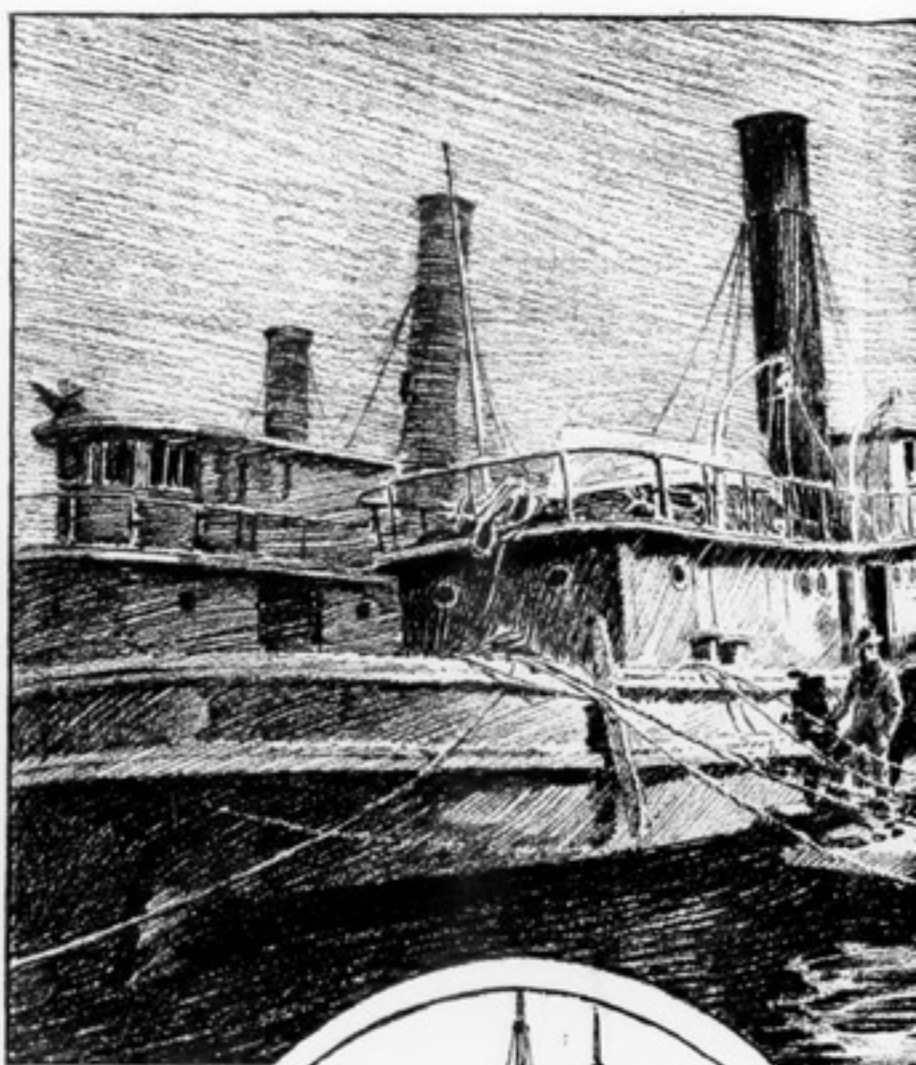
All that has been changed. The crew of a man-of-war is now divided into three conduct-grades, according to behavior. Those in the third or lowest grade are permitted ashore at long intervals, in the discretion of the commanding officer; those of the second may have liberty once a month, and those of the first once a week, while there is what is known as the "special first class," the men in which are given almost as much shore leave as the officers.

The result of this is that the men find it to their interest to behave well, their privileges depending upon their conduct. They are only required to leave one month's pay undrawn; they can have all else that may be due them, and the possession of cash is no longer such a novelty that it burns holes in their pockets.

Yet another and by no means the least factor in the high standard of personal character now prevalent in the United States Navy is the pride the men take in the wonderful new ships, coupled with the esteem in which the navy is held throughout the world. It is no longer "Poor Jack," but "The American Man-of-War'sman," and he may be depended upon to be a credit to his country.

ON THE BANKS OF THE WARASH—AND 30 other popular songs—with music, post paid for 10 cents.

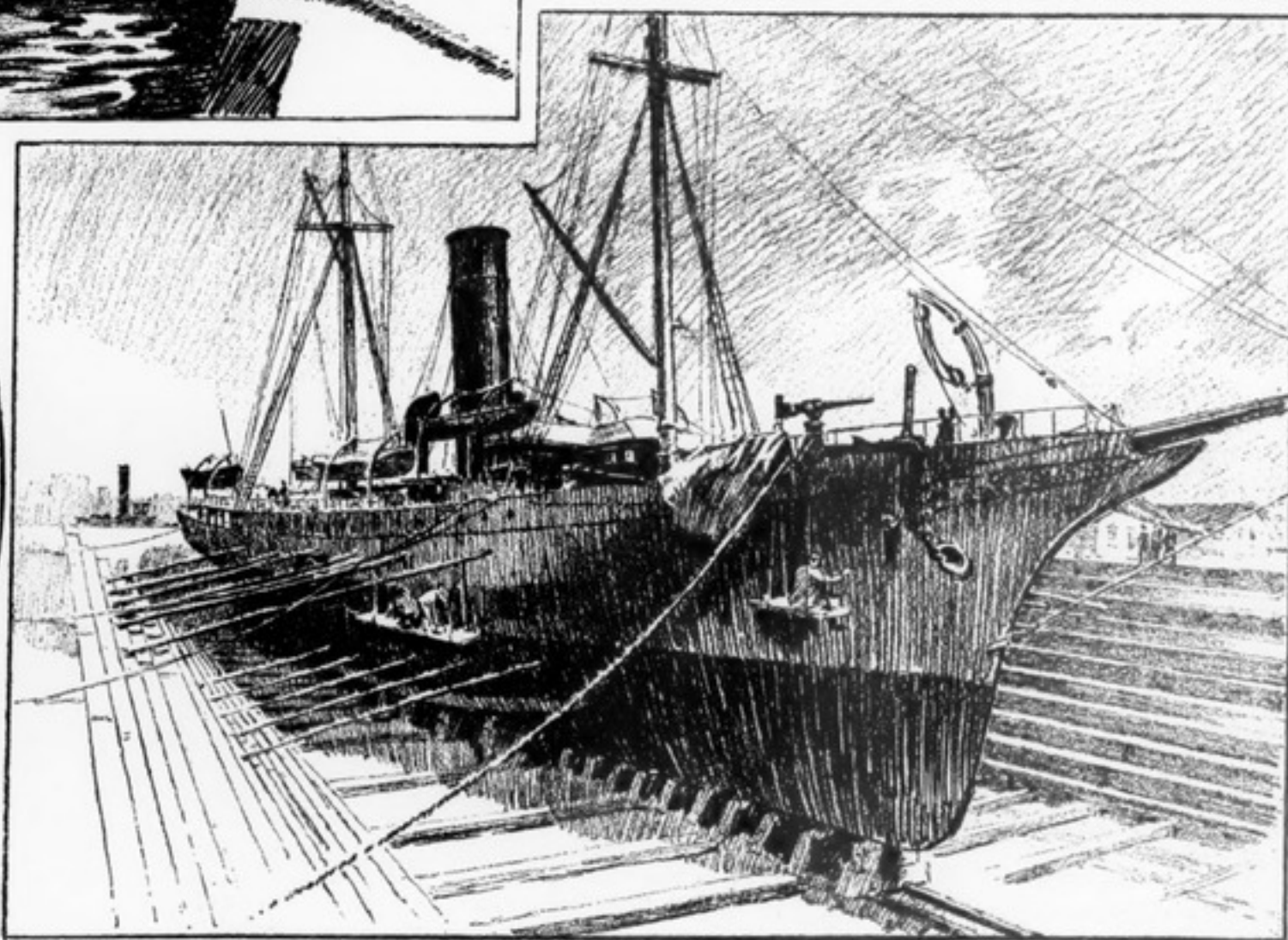
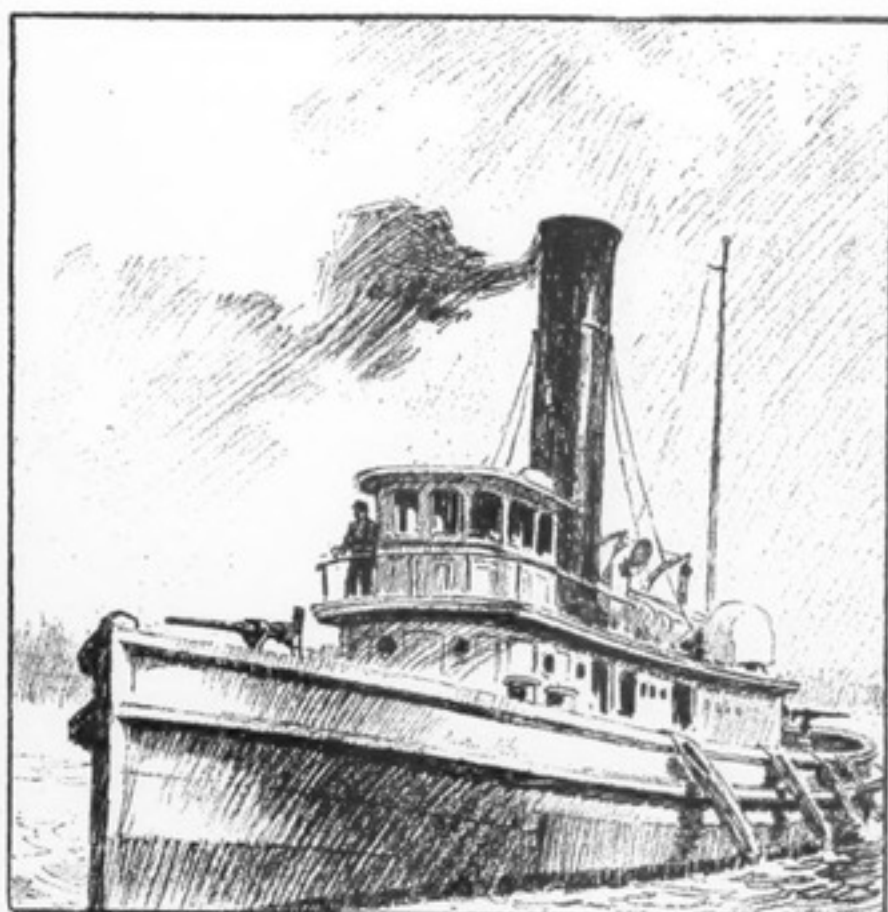
A. P. OMO NEWS CO., 218 Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.



EXTEMPORIZING A "MOSQUITO FLEET"

1—ENSIGN CROSSLEY, COMMANDING THE "ALGONQUIN"
2—PROTECTING THE HULLS OF TUGS WITH STEEL PLATES

3—ARMED FOR PICKET AND PATROL DUTY
4—TUGS AND STEAM-YACHTS AWAITING THEIR TURN



L. SHAFER
'98

D FLEET" AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD

CONTROL DUTY
WAITING THEIR TURN AT THE DRY DOCK

5—"UNCAS" AND "TECUMSEH" UNDERGOING TRANSFORMATION

6—THE YACHT "MAYFLOWER," 2,400 TONS, BEING CONVERTED INTO A WAR VESSEL

THE RAMBLE

AMONG the maple-buds we heard the tones
Of April's earliest bees, although the days
Seemed ruled by Mars. The veil of gathering haze
Spread o'er the silent hills in azure zones,
And in the pines the breezes stirred the cones,
As deeper strolled we in the wooded ways.
Then where the brook, transilient, softly plays
With muffled plectrum on her harp of stones,
We onward pushed amid the yielding green
And light resiliency of cedar boughs,
Until we heard—the forest lanes along,
Above the lingering drift of latest snows—
The Thrush outpour, from coverts still unseen,
His rare ebullieny of liquid song!

LLOYD MIFFLIN.



UNDER THE SUN



IT IS not surprising that you happen to think you will purchase a skull. We buy things uglier and more unprofitable every day of our lives. The surprise comes later. . . . You have a general impression that one skull is as good as another. In skull-land, the myth Democracy, that shibboleth in the world of strugglers, becomes, you have been given to understand, a verity. As you approach your destination the correctness of your sentiments, supported by book, verse, and an imposing row of thinkers, leaves nothing to be desired. His Royal Highness, Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, seems to be the immediate "control." Accordingly, in meditative mood, you take—rather gingerly—in your gloved hand the first object presented you, and your *Alas poor Yorick* arrives with the punctuality of the Vienna express. To ask the market price of a thing which from time immemorial has served as theme for philosopher and poet, as *memento mori* for saints, is a gross solecism; still, since shopkeepers cling to their little prejudices, you do your traditions this wrong.

Considerably less Danish than you were the moment before, you retort:

"But why should one cost ten times as much as another?"

The man regards you silently. It may be he has caught from his companions the gift of voiceless eloquence. In his eye is not reproach, not commiseration, but something more and less than either. At all events it suffices. It says you might as well ask why a Corot costs more than a chromo.

Silent still, he handles his Yoricks. He shuffles them about. He arranges them in a liberal curve before you. With a significant gesture he places two slightly apart from the others—for your higher education. Then he buries his head in his ledger.

As you gaze, be it imagination, be it perception—you slowly reconstruct. You restore the drapery. You behold the features which of necessity must have clothed each framework. Of the two specially submitted to your scrutiny it is clear one had bulging eyes, a narrow forehead, and a retreating chin. On the other you see a straight proud face—loved of women. The group contemplates you ironically. Conditions of acquaintance-ship, social relations are established. Inexplicable and imperious laws of being—sympathies and repulsions, are set in motion. You know which you would have found companionable and which you would have respected, but preferred to keep at a generous planetary distance. You are haunted by the image of the highly meritorious Gustavus Adolphus, one of the historical personages for whom you have always entertained a singularly unreasoning aversion. Individual are the characteristics of these open countenances; benevolent, mean, symmetrical—distinctly recognizable you are convinced, should you ever again be received in this polished circle. Perhaps the man imagines that he now detects in you a faint glimmer of dawning intelligence. He approaches with the answer to your long-forgotten question.

"It's beauty does it," he murmurs—"beauty," and fondly pats the brow of his Antinous. . . . Another reason why we cannot be too careful in the choice of our ancestors.

Count Zichy, Austrian Ambassador to the Court of Bavaria, recently delivered before the Anthropological Society of Munich an address upon *Racial Types and Resemblances*, and exhibited his rare collection of portraits of the reigning Houses of Europe, genealogically arranged. These old prints were in themselves worth seeing. Dwelling agreeably and at some length upon them he showed, with numerous examples, the realistic manner of the Sixteenth Century in contrast to that of

the Seventeenth, which idealized, and the Eighteenth, which flattered. . . . The Bourbons and Hapsburgs were his chief theme. A hundred and fifty portraits easily persuaded his audience that the Hapsburgs, with a certain frugality, preserve through the centuries a permanent family type; while the Bourbons have indulged in every imaginable variety. . . . Quite like them. When did they ever deny themselves anything? . . . Nevertheless, in the latter race, also, distinct resemblances to maternal ancestors, or ascendants, as Count Zichy called them, may be traced all along the line. Various theories as to the origin of the "Hapsburg lip" were mentioned and a series of pictures illustrated this imperial attribute. . . . We gather from Count Zichy's wholly unagitating conclusions that nearly every mortal's physiognomy strongly resembles that of a not too remote ascendant. A frequently recurring type may be noted in many races, but nature in this respect seems to follow no general rule. Babies of a race are apt to resemble one another whatever divergences appear in later years. Youthful portraits of parents are usually very like pictures of their children. . . . Finally, the speaker discussed cases of atavism and extraordinary physical duplicates cropping up after ages. . . . It was a highly interesting discourse and went far to prove that we look alike unless we happen to look otherwise; but, as in the classic case of little Johnny, about these things we cannot tell. . . . Of Count Zichy's most valuable lesson to us, doubtless he himself was quite unaware. We are indebted to him for tacitly suggesting that there are respectable employments and cheerful possibilities still open to plenipotentiaries. Whether we do or do not look like our great-grandmothers is upon the whole of less importance than that an ambassador can entertain in an amiable, scholarly, and harmless manner the people to whom he is accredited. The man who says ANTHROPOLOGICALLY two or three times a day has no leisure in which to make mischief between nations. Entomology is also recommended to the diplomatic corps. Sticking pins through beetles is said to be quieting to the nerves. The man's nerves, not the beetle's.

The Munich folk amusing itself is a stupendous spectacle. For the conscientious observation of this phenomenon, one needs in the course of the year no less than three hundred and sixty-five days and all the nights thereto until cockcrow. There is an ever-recurring paramount reason why Munich should shut up shop, put on its Sunday suit, and go forth rollicking. If not Christmas it is another convivial season—midsummer, Easter, or Lent. Is there no wedding, something else pleasurable invokes the festive spirit—a confirmation, an engagement, or a funeral. A co-partnership is formed or dissolved. A man passes an examination—or he is plucked. A stranger arrives, a friend departs. Another row of bricks is added to a house building. With birthdays, the poorest may plume himself. When all such resources are exhausted, a blessed saint's day intervenes. Those dear old roly-poly *München* saints!

Then there is Sunday, which in Munich may be anywhere from forty-eight to seventy-two hours long, but four-and-twenty, never. You proffer in a shop a modest request. You wish something done, a trifle requiring ordinarily a couple of hours. You reckon without your Munich. You are informed with inimitable indifference that as to-day is Friday and to-morrow will be Saturday you'd better come in again next week, say on Tuesday or Wednesday. This chronology seems impeccable. You take your turn at it and suggest there is a Monday. "Oh, it's no use promising any work for Monday. Our people never get here before noon or later." Not so much the humorous fact of the long foretaste of, and rebound from, Sunday's joys impresses you as the Rhadamantine manner. Argument is barred out. Business is an accident of life, pleasure its categorical imperative. Yet Munich is not impoverished, but prospers, laughs, grows richer, and continues to build huge beer-palaces, stately pleasure-domes, where amid dense clouds of smoke thousands upon thousands quaff rivers of beer, like "Isar, rolling rapidly."

That was a man after our own heart who declared in the winter he couldn't write and in the summer he wouldn't. This ingenuous reluctance—let purists call it by a less melodious name—lurks in the inner being of most writers. But its peculiarly leaden influence is never more pronounced than when one chances to approach a subject about which by good rights one ought to have acquired a tolerably large store of ignorance. On one's maiden trip, one prances through a country and reels off by the yard impressions of its institutions, its cities of men and manners. Bid me discourse, one cries. It is no trouble at all. But as one comes and goes many years within the borders of a great land, studies it east, west, north, and south, as well as frequently from without: behold, according to one's lights, its inner conflicts, its discrepancies, the sources of its strength, and the historical and inevitable reasons for its apparent absurdities, then the theme grows too vast for one's grasp. One fain would hold one's peace and let those who arrived yesterday, hence know all about it, expound and promulgate. Yet the instructiveness of their international polemics has a curiously familiar ring. It seems not long ago that one was as sure as they—doubtless with less reason.

But to-day one knows one cannot make a statement which one may not be inclined to withdraw to-morrow. Nothing is so tottering as your fact. The paradox is your only safe guide. Handling nations in any sense is work for Titans. In this province the average mortal has few lucid intervals and justice is a century plant. To chatter without fibbing about even the chimney swallows of a foreign town is no child's play. Fair-mindedness and discrimination do not grow beneath every hat. Prejudice is rampant in the whole world's coat-of-arms, and, in our off-moments, we all thank God we are not as this publican. . . Does Munich guzzle beer? It does. In unceasing floods and torrents. Yet the people are as strong as their mountains. They have no nerves. They play often, long, and much. Work in itself is no holier than play. One only wishes their play were not accompanied by so massive thirst. While Munich swims in beer, she never ceases with innumerable manifestations of brain and beauty to contribute to the world's science, literature, art, and music. These topics are fatiguing. The exhaustive influences of both summer and winter preclude at the moment any further consideration of Germany. Now if it were Hebron.

Ah, Hebron! What a theme! How it beckons and entices. When the time comes to launch one's little skiff upon that current then shall be written a book worth the reading, and a talent revealed never so much as suspected by one's self or anybody else. Through the heat and burden of the day, what inestimable comfort to know one is keeping Hebron on ice! One may—one must be dispirited. What else can the best-disposed Norus do for you if you love good work not wisely but too well and spy none within the range of your eyeglass? Effort is arduous, achievement mean. You are tortured by glimpses of things better than you know how to express with your present lumbering machinery—meaning, of course, the typewriter. But there *in petto* lies Hebron, and around it float visions delectable, revivifying. Such fine things. Odes, Epics, High tales. A romance that will march singing down the ages.

Why Hebron? Because primarily, secondly and lastly one knows nothing at all about it. No facts dismay, no statistics appall. Because cloudy and marvelous pictures of the City of Refuge, the City of the Plain, beheld with the eager eyes of childhood, are printed more indelibly upon one's soul than is one's sister-in-law's most retouched photograph of yesterday. Because Hebron is as ancient as Adam and Eve, and the apple and the serpent. Because the ones we liked—Abraham, Esau, David, Samson, and the rest—and the ones we despised—whom it is always wiser not to mention—and all the highly colored stories which children like (when not read at them in an awful voice) went on largely in that region of milk and honey. Hebron in the Land of Canaan. Hebron in the Land of Promise. Ah, there is the lure. Our Land of Promise is more real than Chicago or Berlin.

Not even a confrontation with the actual Hebron has shaken our faith. On the contrary, happening to be there exactly four hours last spring, we have accumulated a multitude of the most definite and valuable impressions, on the strength of which a truly up-to-date person would at once undertake a lecturing tour.

Dirt, noise, heat, tumult, and an exceedingly variegated and Oriental bill-of-fare interfered not a whit with the ineffable dignity of our previous conceptions of the place. That is the magic of a Hebron. Every influence—black, white, or gray—tends but to enrich and expand the city of one's dreams.

Out of the visible Hebron we pulled during our brief sojourn a new plum every moment. Elsewhere in Palestine we met with gentleness. Hebron is fierce and fanatical. A threatening rabble followed and called us picturesque names. Unmistakable enmity gleamed in many a swarthy face. Our coachman, in chagrin that one of the party, knowing the language, overheard and frustrated certain fantastic speculations with a willing landlord, stood in the middle of a courtyard and called down, in an ecstasy of rage, the undying curse of Heaven upon us and all our ancestors, in cataloguing whom he was indefatigable and very adroit. It was beautiful. Had the inopportune wise person not supplied us with an expurgated edition of this foaming invective, we should have taken the man for an Isaiah.

Another rich emotion was ours at the *Hardm*. Across its threshold, we being worse than infidels—women—might not pass. So two ladies sat humbly in the blazing sunshine on the lowest step, watched a line of men—such men!—climbing into the holy places beneath historic walls and minarets, and mused upon Ibsen, while a fat good-natured Turkish guard kept off the crowd. Admit, only Hebron is able to produce exactly this conjunction.

Later, the two inferior beings, in a species of wagonette, were meekly making for Abraham's oak. With them sat a youth of a pleasant countenance and un-Mohammedan principles. In front was a native driver. Behind, a troop of naughty, shrieking little Hebron boys attired in nightshirts of many colors.

The wagon jogged slowly along the hot road. The little boys, pattering after, now nearer, now further, grinned and jeered, but jeered more than they grinned. We suspected it was fortunate our polyglot friend was not present to interpret their compliments of the season. The most optimistic spirit could not have maintained that those hooting children were fond of us. Why indeed should they like foreigners—always and everywhere a ridiculous and reprehensible species? Besides, we were dogs of Christians—worse still, barefaced women. Having seen in our time other naughty little boys, not always so pretty or with so deep and gleaming eyes, we delighted in our escort of ragamuffins. However, in these circumstances your smile of *camaraderie* by no means conciliates. . . . Another proof of the inimitableness of Hebron. . . . Stones flew. It was impossible to induce the driver to notice these trivial incidents, and his horse, we perceived, had no pace but the one he was candidly exhibiting. The gentleman did what he could. Experimentally, he got down and sauntered back toward the children. He could not speak a word intelligible to them, but was qualified to tell them in English, French, and German, in Latin and Greek if necessary, that they were little donkeys and better stop that. Something of the sort he attempted, but his lingual helplessness made him laugh. None of the party took these murderous infants seriously. However, as he, amiable and untimidating, advanced, they retreated and soon disappeared in crevices and crannies, after the mysterious fashion known to small boys all over the globe. And it was well with us again in the plain of Mamre, and we were dutifully refreshing our reminiscences of Aunt Sarah and Aunt Rebekah and getting rather confused about Aunt Keturah—genealogy never having been our strong point—when a large stone struck one of the ladies violently in the back. This was lamentable and she nearly fainted. Still, where else but in Hebron could such opulence of episode have ensued?

In the twinkling of an eye, out of those inimical walls was conjured a refuge—an English home. Only Hebron has a *Hakim* like Dr. Patterson. The luckless little maid, weary and worn before the blow, suddenly found her weeping, laughing, much-shattered self in a delightful room with English appointments, where compresses, cologne water, a prompt cup of tea, coolness, solitude, a good bed, and a nap speedily restored her wonted valor. While her companion watched the unfolding of events and became with every new development but the more infatuated with Hebron.

The clergyman and Orientalist leading this band of pilgrims insisted upon complaining to the nearest magistrate. He, whatever be his honorable title, was delighted. He had probably had very little to do that season. He expressed unqualified horror of the deed. In the course of a long and blameless existence he had never known anything quite so iniquitous as that stone and he determined to make an example of the boy. Now it came to pass the youngster would not commit himself and the horde of little Moslems very properly refused to tell tales. Inability to establish the identity of the malefactor might in some communities retard criminal proceedings. Not in Hebron. The town was convulsed with excitement. The Four Hundred gathered behind their lattices. Horsemen galloped in every direction. An arbitrarily suspected boy was seized, and another lad—quite at random, merely to show that the law was not napping—and together with two fathers, two mothers, two aunts, and three uncles—all arrested while peaceably at work in distant fields—were forthwith cast into prison. Whereupon the numerous relatives of these unfortunates fell a-weeping and wailing prodigiously, and came in a body and begged for mercy. But the magistrate was inexorable. What mattered who was punished as long as authority maintained its prestige? And Europe in her arrogance deems herself more enlightened than Turkey. Why, even the Dreyfus-Zola-Esterhazy case—and the analogy between the two methods of procedure is obvious—can give no points to Hebron. . . . Meanwhile the culprit never budged. What a boy, though misguided, to hold his tongue while a whole town cursed and foamed at the mouth! Nor did the two howling little substitutes betray him. We like to think this was pure Etonian honor, but perhaps they could not peach, because they did not know. . . . In gorgeous topsy-turvydom the unique place vanished. That is, we drove back to Jerusalem. We never knew the end of the play, and have been constructing it ever since on Bible lines, in the aromatic atmosphere of the Arabian Nights, or with mingled reminiscences of both—an illegitimate but tempting warp and woof.

Such is Hebron. At least, such are its mere husks. Within lies the golden grain intact. Look out for that book. Not as things are. Oh, no! Later. Much later. Where typewriters are better.

MINNEN, MARCH 25, 1906.

BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 530 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.



DESIGN BY JOHN LA FARGE

MILNERS

THE TURN OF THE SCREW

BY HENRY JAMES

XXIII



H, MORE or less." I fancy my smile was pale. "Not absolutely. We shouldn't like that!" I threw in.

"No—I suppose we shouldn't. Of course we have the others."

"We have the others—we have indeed the others," I concurred.

"Yet even though we have them," he returned, still with his hands in his pockets and planted there in front of me, "they don't much count, do they?"

I made the best of it, but I felt wan.

"It depends on what you call 'much'!"

"Yes"—with all accommodation—"everything depends!" On this, however, he faced to the window again and presently reached it with his vague, restless, cogitating step. He remained there a while, his forehead against the glass, in contemplation of the stupid shrubs I knew and the dull things of November. I had always my hypocrisy of "work," behind which, now, I gained the sofa. Steadying myself with it there as I had repeatedly done at those moments of torment that I have described as the moments of my knowing the children to be given to something from which I was barred, I sufficiently obeyed my habit of being prepared for the worst. But an extraordinary impression dropped on me as I extracted a meaning from the boy's embarrassed back—none other than the impression that I was not barred now. This inference grew in a few minutes to sharp intensity and seemed bound up with the direct perception that it was positively *he* who was. The frames and squares of the great window were a kind of image, for him, of a kind of failure. I felt that I saw him, at any rate, shut in or shut out. He was admirable, but not comfortable: I took it in with a throb of hope. Wasn't he looking, through the haunted pane, for something he couldn't see?—and wasn't it the first time in the whole business that he had known such a lapse? The first, the very first: I found it a splendid portent. It made him anxious, though he watched himself; he had been anxious all day and, even while in his usual sweet little manner he sat at table, had needed all his small strange genius to give it a gloss. When he at last turned round to meet me it was almost as if this genius had succumbed. "Well, I think I'm glad Bly agrees with me."

"You would certainly seem to have seen, these twenty-four hours, a good deal more of it than for some time before. I hope," I went on bravely, "that you've been enjoying yourself."

"Oh yes, I've been ever so far; all round about—miles and miles away. I've never been so free."

He had really a manner of his own, and I could only try to keep up with him. "Well, do you like it?"

He stood there smiling; then at last he put into two words—"Do you?"—more discrimination than I had ever heard two words contain. Before I had time to deal with that, however, he continued as if with the sense that this was an impertinence to be softened. "Nothing could be more charming than the way you take it, for of course if we're alone together now it's you that are alone most. But I hope," he threw out, "you don't particularly mind!"

"Having to do with you?" I asked. "My dear child, how can I help minding? Though I've renounced all claim to your

company—you're so beyond me!—I at least greatly enjoy it. What else should I stay on for?"

He looked at me more directly, and the expression of his face, graver now, struck me as the most beautiful I had ever seen in it. "You stay on just for *that*?"

"Certainly. I stay on as your friend and from the tremendous interest I take in you till something can be done for you that may be more worth your while. That needn't surprise you." My voice trembled so that I felt it impossible to suppress the shake. "Don't you remember how I told you, when I came and sat on your bed the night of the storm, that there was nothing in the world I wouldn't do for you?"

"Yes, yes!" He, on his side, more and more visibly nervous, had a tone to master; but he was so much more successful than I that, laughing out through his gravity, he could pretend we were pleasantly jesting. "Only that, I think, was to get me to do something for you!"

"It was partly to get you to do something," I conceded; "but, you know, you didn't do it."

"Oh yes," he said with the brightest superficial eagerness, "you wanted me to tell you something."

"That's it. Out, straight out. What you have on your mind."

"Ah then, is *that* what you've stayed over for?"

He spoke with a gayety through which I could still catch the finest little quaver of resentful passion; but I can't begin to express the effect upon me of an implication of surrender even so faint. It was as if what I had yearned for had come at last only to astonish me. "Well, yes—I may as well make a clean breast of it. It was precisely for that."

He waited so long that I supposed it for the purpose of repudiating the assumption on which my action had been founded; but what he finally said was: "Do you mean now—here?"

"There couldn't be a better place or time." He looked round him uneasily, and I had the rare—oh, the queer!—impression of the very first symptom I had seen in him of the approach of immediate fear. It was as if he were suddenly afraid of me—which struck me indeed as perhaps the best thing to make him. Yet in the very pangs of the effort I felt it vain to try sternness, and I heard myself the next instant so gentle as to be almost grotesque. "You want so to go out again?"

"Awfully!" He smiled at me heroically, and the touching little bravery of it was enhanced by his actually flushing with pain. He had picked up his hat, which he had brought in, and stood twirling it in a way that gave me, even as I was thus just nearly reaching port, a perverse horror of what I was doing. To do it in *any* way was an act of violence, for what did it consist of but the obtrusion of the idea of grossness and guilt on a small helpless creature who had been for me a revelation of the possibilities of beautiful intercourse? Wasn't it base to create for a being so exquisite a mere alien awkwardness? I suppose I now read into our situation a clearness it couldn't have had at the time, for I seem to see our poor eyes already lighted with some spark of a prevision of the anguish that was to come. So we circled about, with terrors and scruples, like fighters not daring to close. But it was for each other we feared! That kept us a little longer suspended and unbruised. "I'll tell you everything," Miles said—"I mean I'll tell you anything you like. You'll stay on with me, and we shall both be all right, and I will tell you—I will. But not now."

"Why not now?"

My insistence turned him from me and kept him once more

at his window in a silence during which, between us, you might have heard a pin drop. Then he was before me again with the air of a person for whom, outside, some one who had frankly to be reckoned with was waiting. "I have to see Luke."

I had not yet reduced him to quite so vulgar a lie, and I felt proportionately ashamed. But, horrible as it was, his lies made up my truth. I achieved thoughtfully a few loops of my knitting. "Well then, go to Luke, and I'll wait for what you promise. Only, in return for that, satisfy, before you leave me, one very much smaller request."

He looked as if he felt he had succeeded enough to be able still a little to bargain. "Very much smaller—?"

"Yes, a mere fraction of the whole. Tell me"—oh, my work preoccupied me, and I was off-hand—"if, yesterday afternoon, from the table in the hall, you took, you know, my letter."

XXIV

MY sense of how he received this suffered for a minute from something that I can describe only as a fierce split of my attention—a stroke that at first, as I sprang straight up, reduced me to the mere blind movement of getting hold of him, drawing him close, and, while I just fell, for support, against the nearest piece of furniture, instinctively keeping him with his back to the window. The appearance was full upon us that I had already had to deal with here: Peter Quint had come into view like a sentinel before a prison. The next thing I saw was that, from outside, he had reached the window, and then I knew that, close to the glass and glaring in through it, he offered once more to the room his white face of damnation. It represents but grossly what took place within me at the sight to say that on the second my decision was made; yet I believe that no woman so overwhelmed ever in so short a time recovered her grasp of the act. It came to me in the very horror of the immediate presence that the act would be, seeing and facing what I saw and faced, to keep the boy himself unaware. The inspiration—I can call it by no other name—was that I felt how voluntarily, how transcendently I *would*. It was like fighting with a demon for a human soul, and when I had fairly so appraised it I saw how the human soul—held out, in the tremor of my hands, at arms-length—had a perfect dew of sweat on a lovely childish forehead. The face that was close to mine was as white as the face against the glass, and out of it presently came a sound, not low nor weak, but as if from much further away, that I drank like a waft of fragrance.

"Yes—I took it."

At this, with a moan of joy, I enfolded, I drew him close; and while I held him to my breast, where I could feel in the sudden fever of his little body the tremendous pulse of his little heart, I kept my eyes on the thing at the window and saw it move and shift its posture. I have likened it to a sentinel, but its slow wheel, for a moment, was rather the prowl of a baffled beast. My present quickened courage, however, was such that, not too much to let it through, I had to shade, as it were, my flame. Meanwhile the glare of the face was again at the window, the scoundrel fixed as if to watch and wait. It was the very confidence that I might now defy him, as well as the positive certitude, by this time, of the child's unconsciousness, that made me go on. "What did you take it for?"

"To see what you said about me."

"You opened the letter?"

"I opened it."

My eyes were now, as I held him off a little again, on Miles's own face, in which the collapse of mockery showed me how complete was its ravage of unreason. What was prodigious was that at last, by my triumph, his sense was sealed and his communication stopped: he knew that he was in presence, but knew not of what, and knew still less that I also was and that I did know. And what did this strain of trouble matter when my eyes went back to the window only to see that the air was clear again and—by my personal triumph—the influence quenched? There was nothing there. I felt that the cause was mine and that I should surely get *all*. "And you found nothing!"—I let my elation out.

He gave the most mournful, thoughtful, little melancholy headshake. "Nothing."

"Nothing, nothing!" I almost shouted in my joy.

"Nothing, nothing," he sadly repeated.

I kissed his forehead; it was drenched. "So what have you done with it?"

"I've burned it."

"Burned it?" It was now or never. "Is that what you did at school?"

Oh, what this brought up! "At school?"

"Did you take letters?—or other things?"

"Other things?" He appeared now to be thinking of something far off and that reached him only through the pressure of his anxiety. Yet it did reach him. "Did I *steal*?"

I felt myself redden to the roots of my hair as well as wonder if it were more strange to put to a gentleman such a question or to see him take it with allowances that gave the very distance of his fall in the world. "Was it for that you mightn't go back?"

The only thing he felt was rather a dreary little surprise.

"Did you know I mightn't?"

"I know everything."

He gave me at this the longest and strangest look. "Everything?"

"Everything. Therefore *did* you—?" But I couldn't say it again.

Miles could, very simply. "No. I didn't steal."

My face must have shown him I believed him utterly; yet my hands—but it was for pure tenderness—shook him as if to ask why, if it was all for nothing, he had condemned me to months of torment. "What then did you do?"

He looked in vague pain all round the top of the room and drew his breath, two or three times over, as if with difficulty. He might have been standing at the bottom of the sea and raising his eyes to some faint green twilight. "Well—I said things."

"Only that?"

"They thought it was enough!"

"To turn you out for?"

Never, truly, had a person "turned out" shown so little to explain it as this little person! He appeared to weigh my question, but in a manner quite detached and almost helpless. "Well, I suppose I oughtn't."

"But to whom did you say them?"

He evidently tried to remember, but it dropped—he had lost it. "I don't know!"

He almost smiled at me in the desolation of his surrender, which was indeed practically, by this time, so complete that I ought to have left it there. But I was infatuated—I was blind with success, though even then the very effect that was to have brought him so much nearer was already that of added separation. "Was it to every one?" I asked.

"No; it was only to—"

But he gave a sick little headshake.

"I don't remember their names."

"Were they then so many?"

"No—only a few. Those I liked."

Those he liked? I seemed to float not into clearness, but into a darker obscure, and within a minute there had come to me out of my very pity the appalling alarm of his being perhaps innocent. It was for the instant confounding and bottomless, for if he were innocent, what then on earth was I? Paralyzed, while it lasted, by the mere brush of the question, I let him go a little, so that, with a deep-drawn sigh, he turned away from me again; which, as he faced toward the clear window, I suffered, feeling that I had nothing now there to keep him from. "And did they repeat what you said?" I went on after a moment.

He was now at some distance from me, still breathing hard and again with the air, though now without anger for it, of being confined against his will. Once more, as he had done before, he looked up at the dim day, as if, of what had hitherto sustained him, nothing was left but an unspeakable anxiety. "Oh yes," he nevertheless replied—"they must have repeated them. To those *they* liked," he added.

There was, somehow, less of it than I had expected; but I turned it over. "And these things came round—?"

"To the masters? Oh yes!" he answered very simply. "But I didn't know they'd tell."

"The masters? They didn't—they've never told. That's why I ask you."

He turned to me again his little beautiful fevered face. "Yes, it was too bad."

"Too bad?"

"What I suppose I sometimes said. To write home."

I can't name the exquisite pathos of the contradiction given to such a speech by such a speaker; I only know that the next instant I heard myself throw off with homely force: "Stuff and nonsense!" But the next after that I must have sounded stern enough. "What were these things?"

My sternness was all for his judge, his executioner; yet it made him avert himself again, and that movement made *me*, with a single bound and an irrepressible cry, spring straight upon him. For there again, against the glass, as if to blight his confession and stay his answer, was the hideous author of our woe, the white face of damnation. I felt a sick swim at the drop of my victory and all the return of my battle, so that the wildness of my veritable leap only served as a huge betrayal. I saw him, from the midst of my act, meet it with a divination, and on the perception that even now he only guessed, and that the window was still to his own eyes free, I let the impulse flame up to convert this climax of his dismay into the very proof of his liberation. "No more, no more, no more!" I shrieked, as I tried to press him against me, to my visitant.

"Is she *here*?" Miles panted as he caught with his sealed eyes the direction of my words. Then as his strange "she" staggered me and, with a gasp, I echoed it, "Miss Jessel, Miss Jessel!" he with a sudden fury gave me back.

I seized, stupefied, his supposition—some sequel to what we had done to Flora; but this made me only want to show him that it was better still than that. "It's not Miss Jessel! But it's at the window—straight before us. It's *there*—the coward horror, there for the last time!"

At this, after a second in which his head made the movement of a baffled dog's on a scent and then gave a frantic little shake for air and light, he was at me in a white rage, bewildered, glar-

ing vainly over the place and missing wholly, though it now, to my sense, filled the room like the taste of poison, the wide, overwhelming presence. "It's he!"

I was so determined to have all my proof that I flashed into ice to challenge him. "Whom do you mean by 'he'?"

"Peter Quint—you devil!" His face gave again, round the room, its convulsed supplication. "Where?"

They are in my ears still, his supreme surrender of the name and his tribute to my devotion. "What does he matter now, my own?—what will he ever matter? I have you," I launched at the beast, "but he has lost you forever!" Then, for the demonstration of my triumph, "There, there!" I said to Miles.

But he had already jerked straight round, stared, glared again, and seen but the quiet day. With the stroke of the loss I was so proud of he uttered the cry of a creature hurled over an abyss, and the grasp with which I recovered him might have been that of catching him in his fall. I caught him, yes, I held him—it may be imagined with what a passion; but at the end of a minute I began to feel what it truly was that I held. We were alone with the quiet day, and his little heart, dispossessed, had stopped.

THE END

SPAIN'S VULNERABLE SEAPORTS



HOULD the disagreements of Spain and the United States cause an American fleet to attack the Spanish seacoast, nothing except an alliance with some European power or the massing of Spain's naval force could prevent the ruin of many Spanish cities.

A century ago the Spanish cities on tide water were the best fortified in the world, many of them being almost impregnable. To-day the only town on the Spanish coast which could not be destroyed by the guns of our fleet is Gibraltar, an English possession. Thanks to the friendly feeling of the English, the Stars and Stripes can pass by the great rock unmolested, as its guns completely command the entrance to the Mediterranean.

Three of Spain's seaports outside of Gibraltar would be at our mercy. On the Bay of Biscay, within six miles of the open sea, are the cities of Santander and Corunna. They are of about the same size, each having a population of thirty-five thousand. From them are shipped large quantities of iron and copper ore, and at Santander is a large portion of Spain's wheat supply from abroad. Although a battery was placed on Santander Bay about two years ago, its guns are very light and would not prevent such cruisers as the *Brooklyn* and *Minneapolis* from steaming to within three miles of the heart of the city. Corunna, containing an obsolete citadel and two small forts, is practically in the same condition and could be destroyed by shells from any modern vessel.

A far more important port, however, is Cadiz, on the Atlantic coast, northwest of Gibraltar. This is one of the oldest and wealthiest cities of Europe. It is at the end of a narrow peninsula and surrounded by walls built several centuries ago. The harbor is so good that vessels drawing thirty feet of water can approach within pistol shot of the docks. The only protection against an attack from sea is a chain of sunken rocks about two miles from shore; there is nothing, however, to prevent a warship's 8-inch guns from reducing its principal buildings to ashes. Cadiz is one of Spain's largest naval stations and contains a dry dock and several extensive shipyards, all of which are within easy range of modern ordnance, while the extent of coast-line is such that it would be impossible to place any chain of torpedoes or other submarine defenses in such a manner as to prevent an enemy from coming within attacking distance.

The Mediterranean coast of Spain is still more vulnerable; it is also more important, owing to the number and size of its seaports. From the border of France westward to Gibraltar are to be found harbors large and small upon which are towns of importance. Beginning at the east with Barcelona, Spain's largest seaport city, and ending at Malaga on the west, a series of seven important cities are located directly on the coast or within five miles of it. Besides those mentioned are Tarragona, Valencia, Alicante, Cartagena and Almeria. Barcelona is the great industrial city of the country, the majority of its population being engaged in the manufacture of cotton, woolen and silk goods, and ornamental glass. Here the government manufactures cannon, small-arms, and powder. The harbor contains twenty feet of water in the shallowest part and is crowded with shipping. Every portion of the anchorage would be within range of the 8 and 10-inch rifles of cruisers at the harbor's mouth. The trade of Barcelona has been estimated at \$25,000,000 annually, and its people are among the wealthiest in Spain.

Further westward is Tarragona, which, like Valencia, Alicante and Malaga, is the center of an extensive grape growing district. Its population is about twenty-seven thousand. Within half a day's run by sea to the west is the famous town of Valencia, located on the Guadalquivir River, four miles from the sea. Its factories have made it one of the richest cities of Europe, its specialties being silk and linen fabrics, wine, fruit

and raisins. Olive oil and wines are shipped in large quantities from Alicante.

From the American standpoint Cartagena may be considered the most important of Spanish cities. Here are the largest arsenals, and an ordnance factory which for hundreds of years has turned out most of the cannon used by the Spanish forces. The guns of the famous Armada of Philip II. were made at this port in buildings the ruins of which are still to be seen. Cartagena's sail-makers supplied the canvas for all the Spanish vessels which took part in the great sea-fights of history. The Spanish naval officers receive their education at the school of Cartagena, which may be termed the Annapolis of Spain. Of the city's entire population of seventy thousand, fully one half are in the service of the government. The largest dry-dock on the Mediterranean Sea is at this point; it was built for government use exclusively.

Almeria, a city of forty thousand people, is perhaps the least important of the chain of cities, as its business is confined almost entirely to wines and fruits. About seventy miles east of Gibraltar the city of Malaga lies close to the seacoast on a level plain, nearly surrounded by mountains: vessels drawing twenty-five feet of water can readily enter its harbor. Annually it ships millions of dollars' worth of the well-known Malaga grapes and has the largest sugar factory on the Continent.

As a traveler approaches these cities from the water, the view is picturesque in the extreme. Most of them were so placed, in the olden days, that a small garrison could withstand an army. All of them are fortified in some manner. Several are what were classed, in the old system of fortification, as "walled cities," the most important portion of the town being surrounded by walls of masonry ranging from three or four to twelve feet in thickness. As a rule these walls are strengthened by towers or bastions at intervals of a few hundred feet, while in the most commanding position is built a citadel or fortress, circular in shape, through which can be seen the muzzles of fifty to one hundred cannon. To the novice in modern warfare the first view of one of these coast cities is imposing, for an impression of massiveness and strength is given. On close examination, however, it is seen that appearances have been deceptive. The cement has crumbled from between the great stones, and portions of the walls have fallen away, leaving gaps through which a pair of horses could be driven. The massive iron gates, some of them erected four and five hundred years ago, have rusted on their hinges so that they can scarcely be closed; some have fallen down. The citadels, which are relied upon for the greatest resistance, are as a rule in a dilapidated condition, and few of them contain anything but muzzle-loading cannon. These have about the same range as the old Rodman guns with which Fortress Monroe and New York harbor were equipped during the Civil War. The strongest works are at Cadiz and Cartagena, where modern rifled cannon have been placed in the fortresses, and at Barcelona, where a pier in the harbor has modern ordnance. This includes a few Krupps, but the majority of the guns are of Spanish make. They would be more formidable in modern defenses, but owing to their elevated positions the fortresses form an excellent target for turret guns especially, which can be elevated to throw projectiles high in the air.

As already stated, the outline of the coast is such that cruisers of the *Brooklyn* and *Minneapolis* type could readily approach within effective distance. Most of the attacks would probably be made by the ships, for the height of the fortresses and the steep ascents to the defenses would place storming parties at great disadvantage; Cadiz, for instance, is on a hill five hundred feet above tide water, while Tarragona is divided into two parts, the "upper town," as it is called, being seven hundred and fifty feet above the sea. Alicante is also elevated nearly three hundred feet above the landing mole. Cartagena and Malaga are the only cities on comparatively low ground.

Had the Spaniards prepared their cities for defense with modern disappearing guns, surrounded by emplacements such as America and Great Britain have been building within the last few years, the natural features of most of their cities would make them practically invincible; but they have neglected their opportunities. So, although the fortifications are being patched up here and there and a few high-power guns placed in the larger towns, as already stated, it would require several years to place them in the proper condition to withstand the attack of a modern fleet.

The wealthiest section of the kingdom lies along the southern and southwestern seacoast. Its most productive vineyards, its most fertile grain fields, and its richest pasture lands, are on the Mediterranean, and their products find a market at the seaports; consequently, should the latter be placed under ransom by an enemy, their inhabitants could raise ten times as much as their countrymen in the interior. The cities of Barcelona or Malaga could readily contribute five times the cost of the *Maine* rather than suffer bombardment by such ships as Uncle Sam could send across the water.

It is improbable that Spain would neglect to make some show of resistance; she has old cruisers that might be utilized for coast defense purposes, especially to prevent landings of troops, but the range of naval guns is determined largely by caliber, and it is known that Spain has no surplus stock of large rifled cannon.



MEN MANNERS AND MOODS



HERE in Venice, I doubt if there are many English residents, nowadays, who concern themselves much with home affairs. They who live here all the year round are quite alienated, unless I err, from their native land; and these, when summed up, are relatively few. I should think it would be, all in all, a most unpleasant winter dwelling-place. The gondolas, in December, January, and February, must freeze their occupants, who have no other mode of transit except they choose to take the little steamboats which only traverse one great liquid highway of the town. As for spring in Venice, it comes tardily, and now, at the verge of middle March, the most affluent sunshine still necessitates a stout overcoat. Since I came here, a fortnight or more ago, much rain has fallen. This, however, they call an exceptional year; but when, after all, has the weather, anywhere, been other than "exceptional"? We are always expecting it to deport itself "as usual," and in truth there is nothing that so systematically disregards its reputation for good behavior. Florence is not such a great stretch further south on this comparatively small peninsula, and yet I found her, just two years ago, with her tawny Arno sparkling bland responses to a sky of tenderest charm. A dead friend of mine once told me that he reached the Vale of Cashmere to find there four or five inches of snow, and when I watch it rain in Venice I know precisely how he must have felt. Gray lights and tearful heavens do not become the Queen of the Adriatic. She is apt, then, to show her worst wrinkles, and it must be admitted that she has many. Never, I imagine, is she now so dismal as in carnival time, and this year I lighted upon her when that effete festivity was backgrounded and encompassed by dank nights and drizzling days. The Roman carnival has grown vulgar enough, of late, but the Venetian one is coarseness untold. All the more somber does it now seem, besides, when one recalls the splendors of its past. Noblesse of either sex once took part in it, and even the Doge himself. The Square of St. Mark blazed with perpetual rainbow-tinted revel. Flowers and *confetti* were tossed from gondola to balcony, from balcony to gondola. Picturesqueness rioted. Intrigue whispered its witcheries behind masks of velvet and satin. Gold was flung to the poor by prodigal *illustrissimi*. Flowers, lights, music, passion, poetry, the very quintessence of all romanticism, wove intoxicating spells. But now? . . . A few troupes of the commonest loafers and hoydens go dashing about in cheap masquerade gear, yelling strident songs, pushing their impudent noses into *trattoria* and *caffè*, as betinseled and acrobatic and bawdy and rowdy as the three-o'clock A.M. output from some Bowery ball.

A day or two after this paper-muslined and spangled orgy, came the news of Cavalotti's terrible death at the hands of his former friend, Macola. Walking through a narrow passage, on the afternoon that followed that dire occurrence, I saw "*Morte Macola*," written in huge black letters on white stucco. The Venetians loved Cavalotti, and were very proud of him. New York papers have probably, by this, recited all the particulars of the duel, in its bloodthirsty nonsense, its solemn silliness. Fervid excitement prevailed here on the evening after its occurrence. I saw troops of soldiers rushing through the *Piazza San Marco*, and when I asked the cause of this demonstration I was told that the people had flocked about the Mayor's palace, urging him to put all official flags at half-mast, which for some reason he had refused to do. They had thereupon hurled missiles at his windows, breaking them. But in spite of calling out the soldiery, and in spite of getting his windows smashed, the Mayor evidently yielded next day; for as I passed through the great Square to the Merceria (that narrow yet shop-lined and ever-thronged thoroughfare) I saw, at half-mast, the three Italian flags whose towering poles face the great church. . . . Well, here once more is an example of the infamy and tragedy of dueling. I talked yesterday on this subject with the keeper of a Venetian restaurant, a man of intelligence fostered by the aid of travel. He assured me that among the "people" this practice was held in great esteem. It is only the "better classes" (more shame to them!) who persist in it, and how loathsome a lesson do they teach their so-called inferiors! Of course such a character as that of the ill-fated Cavalotti would be unknown outside of the Latin countries. And what a combination of brilliancy and folly his life presented! He had distinguished himself as one of the most prominent figures in the Italian Parliament. His politics were of strongly liberal kind, though not in any sense, as I understand, anarchical. He was a poet of much distinction, and a dramatist whose chief play, "*I Pezzenti*" ("*The Beggars*"), achieved phenomenal success at Milan, and has been more than once pronounced an ending master-piece. In 1860 he fought side by side with Garibaldi at Milazzo

and Voltorno, with a bravery that almost eclipsed belief. Again, in 1866, he joined Garibaldi against Austria during the Tyrolean campaign. Still again, in 1870, he joined the Italian volunteers, headed by Garibaldi, and went with them to France, where they captured from the Prussians the only flag secured throughout that brief, calamitous war. In 1884, when one thousand people were daily perishing of cholera at Naples, he assumed leadership of a noble corps of succor. . . . And yet this man, all the while, had been in course of fighting no less than *thirty-five duels*! Could human inconsistency approach more closely the limits of the puerile? His last contest, in which he flung away his life, was with another man who had engaged in *fifteen duels*! Both were Deputies, that is to say, lawmakers, and the law of Italy, as it now reads, is that a duelist who kills his adversary shall be adjudged a murderer. But no Italian jury, from Turin to Naples, could be found acquiescent. In Europe the century is doomed to die with this frightful curse still regnant. France, Italy, Spain, Germany, Austria, are all stained with it. England, to her honor and pride, though it once branded her with so dark a stigma, now shines out, among all nations of the Old World, as its ever-to-be-commended foe.

A good many vulgar English come here to Venice, and a good many vulgar Americans as well. I often wonder whether she appeals to them in her lovely desolation, and I constantly assure myself that she does not. They "do" her because she is "the thing to do," and there it ends. For Venice is not at all like her three sister cities, Rome, Florence, and Naples. She is different, for that matter, from any other city that the world has ever seen. But I do not allude to this intensity of individualism, just now. Apart from it, she possesses an immense characteristic beauty, yet it is not at all of the same nature as that which marks the three other cities I have named. Venice, for example, has hardly any Roman kind of grandeur. Most of her churches do not win you by their exteriors, and both a Saint Peter's and a Campagna, to put it in rough summary, are totally absent from her little archipelago of such quaint and fascinating endowments. She is not, like Rome, fountained and statued at every new glimpse of the eye, every hundred yards or so of the faring foot. She is Italy, and Italy in the acutest sense, but she has no semitropic influence of palm and ilex, like Naples, no olive-clad steeps, no precipitous azure companionships like those of Vesuvius and Somma. Again, her resemblance to Florence is one medieval alone. The enchanting little Tuscan town makes you treasure her almost at a glance. Disdaining literalness of definition, one might even translate Firenze not as the "City of Flowers," but as the "City of Love at First Sight." If it would not flavor of disrespect to her imperial Duomo, her rich sculptures and her lordly encompassing hills, one might almost call Florence "cozy." She is certainly, in mystic unison, the friendliest yet stateliest of spots. . . . But with Venice there is attraction totally *sui generis*. Hundreds of even cultivated people, I should say, yearly visit her for the first time with pangs of disappointment. To her great disadvantage, in this respect, she has been outrageously (there is no other word) misrepresented. Not to speak of the things written concerning her, the things painted concerning her are frequently mere polychromatic falsehoods. She is rarely pictured by any artist except with tints of the most unblushing flattery. Were she a sentient personality, conscious of this mendacious "handling," one would perforce liken her to some antiquated court-beauty, some septuagenarian queen, who has enjoyed having her portraits multiplied by many a sycophantic and unconscientious brush.

The reason of all this deceptive artistic "treatment" is wholly clear. Venice was once a marvelously beautiful city, both in color and outline. She is still exquisite as to outline, but otherwise too often haggard and faded in piteous degree. Yet her decay, while pathetic to the actual observer, incessantly creates professional "opportunity" for him who has a palette wherewith to exploit it. Even photography hides it in extraordinary way; but, after all, there was perhaps never so colossal a fibber as the camera may become. Besides, it has only the curves and circles, the lineaments and contours of the place to deal with, and these, as I have stated, are all harmony itself. They who paint Venice rarely make a complete failure. It is like the indifferent actor playing *Hamlet*; he never comes to grief in it, and it is usually "the best thing he does." Nevertheless Venice continually lures the artist into absurd idealizations. He is apt to make of her "Venice Preserved," with a vengeance, whereas she is not preserved but neglected—a lily of bedraggled petals, a lamp of tarnished appanage, a brocade of texture defaced. She is the incarnation of the autumnal. She has winters, it is true, just as she has summers and springs. But always her autumn remains, for it is a part of her, it is indeed she. Byron by no means wrote his worst verses when he made "*Childe Harold*" say of her that

"A dying glory smiles
O'er the far time when many a subject land
Looked toward the winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state throned on her hundred isles."

VENICE, MARCH, 1888.

EDGAR FAWCETT.



CLEARING A COVE

FROM FOREST TO PAPER MILL



HERE was a time when all paper was made of cotton or linen fiber, obtained indirectly from the ragbags of the people. In later years the common papers required for wrapping purposes were evolved from fragments of buggings and ropes—still later from straw, and finally from wood. Until the latter was used, all papers not made of rags were dingy of hue, but some of the output of the wood-pulp mills was so near white that the newspapers, made to endure for a day or two only, wished that it might be whiter, so bleachers experimented with it, as did also chemists, and as a final result the greater part of common paper now used by printers is made of wood.

This new business made cause for another—that of logging as an all-year occupation. The men who have supplied the lumber mills with logs have usually gone into the woods in winter, when their output could be moved over snow to the creeks, down which it could be floated when the snow melted. For good lumber, the trees must be felled only in the autumn

and winter, when there is least sap in the trees. For paper, however, the trees may be felled at any time, and the logs floated to the mills so long as there is any water to float them; so the season is longer. Another difference is in the size and length of the logs; for lumber mills thick tree-trunks, sawn to thirteen-foot lengths, are desirable; at the paper mills thinner and longer logs are acceptable. These may be obtained in great quantities in forests that already have been "skinned" of trees fit to be sawn into builders' material, and such trees can be moved to the water much easier and cheaper than saw logs.

Spruce is the wood preferred at the mills that prepare pulp for the paper manufacturers, and large quantities of it are obtained from the headwaters of the Connecticut. During the winter months, while the streams are frozen, the loggers fell trees from daylight until dark; the day is so short that a camp is roused long before dawn, to feed the horses, take breakfast, and get into the woods. The working day frequently ends soon after four in the afternoon. Human hunger in a logging camp is constant and astounding; the food-supply per individual is quite as great as in the Klondike mining camps under the Arctic Circle.

The business does not provide much excitement—or "fun," as the loggers call it—until the snow and ice melt and the logs start down the creeks and the river. Then begins a variety of special efforts, compared with any of which the felling of trees and dodging of other trees that are being felled is mere child's play. The ways of rivers and logs are as devious and unexpected as those of politicians. The country is hilly, and all the streams are crooked and of uneven width, sometimes expanding into shallow lakes, in which thousands of logs may ground, and again contracting into narrow, tortuous ways in which the current becomes so swift that it heaps logs upon one another until they dam the stream and arrest all that comes down until hun-



A LOGGERS' CAMP IN SPRING



WHERE A JAM MAY BEGIN

dreds of thousands of logs are strewn on the rocks far from the channel, and must again be carried, one by one, to the water after the "jam" has been broken.

When the logs begin to move in the spring the camp moves also. All winter long the men have lived in solid houses of logs, warmed by great fireplaces and stoves, but from the start of the logs the men, like soldiers, live in tents and move their camps according to the movements of the enemy—that is, the masses of great sticks that seem conspiring to do everything but what is expected of them. Axes are seldom seen now, except in the vicinity of camp-kitchens, but every man carries a long pole tipped with a spike, or a

hook, or both. This pole is almost the only means of dealing with refractory logs. Yet its ways are successful to a degree that is simply marvelous.

Long experience has taught the men the ways of the stream—its cross-currents and eddies, and its rocks that at certain stages of water have a way of arresting a log or two and thus preparing foundations for a jam. It is the sole duty of the men and their poles to keep the logs moving; to do this, over a watercourse not more than two hundred miles long, often takes half a year.

Our illustrations indicate the utter lack of adaptiveness and sense of responsibility of the average log in the water. In one picture a single log seems floating downward in the middle of the stream; it really is "binding" on a partly submerged log.



STARTING A JAM



AT THEIR JOURNEY'S END

with a mid-stream rock to assist it; either of two more, that are due in a moment, may strike it exactly right and send it on—or both may remain to keep it company and begin a jam. On the other side a cross-current has packed two or three closely against the rocks; others will soon join them, unless forcibly dissuaded; it is not by accident that nearly twenty men are gathered at this innocent-looking bend of the river. A few rods upstream fifty or more logs have been left by a receding jam or stranded during a freshet; each one must be personally assisted to the edge of the rocks and into the stream.

Another picture shows a great jam, of which most of the logs have been left high and dry by a falling stream. The only way to get them out is to release such logs as are still in the water; occasionally these can be moved only singly, but in logging, as in everything else, there is opportunity for displaying talent and genius. There are men who can discern and manage the key-log of a jam; when they have done so, scores and hundreds of other logs align themselves in the water and move along as rapidly as if their life's desire had been to rush into literature by way of a pulp-mill. The man who would "start" or break a jam requires the genius and courage of a great soldier, for the achievement seems impossible and the menace to life is appalling, escape being possible only among and over the moving logs. The camps are full of stories of men who conquered many great jams, only to be suddenly destroyed by innocent-looking little combinations of logs.

Almost as retentive and tormenting as the jam, although seldom dangerous, is the eddy. Ordinarily this is at a cove toward which the current sets and is deflected in quite a sharp curve; when, in such a cove, logs are arrested, then started in a circular course, they catch and retain all that touch them. As

the coves are among the shallower portions of the stream, their eddies arrange for the stranding of many logs at low water, so some of the men clamber over the mass of timber, which is as compact as a raft, and with poles dislodge the outer logs and push them toward mid-stream; others deflect a few logs at a time by spiking a line to a log that seems to command several others; the rope is then treated as a towline by a well-manned skiff.

It would seem an easy task to push a long, slim tree-trunk from beside another and give it a down-stream tendency, but the fact is that wet logs on which the bark still remains have a wonderful power in adhering to one another; a push that is a trifle too vigorous may cause the pusher's footing to become uncertain.

It is even more difficult to induce a small body of logs to leave an eddy and take their appointed course down stream. Frequently two logs weigh quite as much as the tugging boat and its crew, so, until the point of effort is also that of least resistance by the water, the logs drag the boat toward the circling mass of lumber. In such case there is nothing to do but cast loose or cut the tow-rope and look for a new field of endeavor. The centrifugal force of the eddy lessens with falling water, but at the same time the chance of stranding increases, and stranding signifies that each log left high and dry must be moved to the water by manual labor, so an eddy is at all times and in all circumstances a nuisance.

The serious work ends when all the logs have reached the pulp-mills, where they are arrested by a "boom"—a stoutly anchored combination of timber, cable, and chains—from behind which the mills draw their supply of material from day to day.



BREAKING LOGS FROM AN EDDY



THE LATE ANTON SEIDL

BY the death of Anton Seidl the music-loving people of the United States sustain a loss that seems to be irreparable.

Except Theodore Thomas, there was no other conductor to whom the people could look confidently for satisfying renditions of the works of the great tone-masters—and Mr. Thomas had wearied of the apparent caprice of such of his admirers as professed to desire operatic performances.

Seidl was of Hungarian birth, and was less than forty-eight years of age when he died. In his tenth year he entered the Conservatory at Leipzig, where he remained eight years, returning to Budapest, his birthplace, to study conducting under Hans Richter.

At twenty-two he had the rare fortune to become secretary and assistant director to Wagner at Bayreuth. He proved sympathetic and otherwise apt, and assisted the composer in the production of the great *Nibelungen* tetralogy, after which he had sixteen years of experience as opera director in various cities of Germany, Austria, Italy, Holland and Belgium, and even in London.

In 1888 he was persuaded to come to the United States and produce several of Wagner's operas at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. Most of the works were known here only by selections that had been given by Theodore Thomas; Seidl made them popular and profitable. He afterward gave many concerts of high quality, gained a large following, and became leader of the New York Philharmonic Society, which steadily prospered under his management.

In 1896 Seidl was again called to the Metropolitan Opera House as conductor of German opera—in other words, Wagner's operas—and the successes of 1888 were repeated. In 1897 he produced Wagner's operas in London, and afterward, by request of Mme. Wagner, at Bayreuth; this spring he was to have directed a Wagner season in London, all seats for which were engaged long ago. A society named for him was started in 1889 and has grown to large proportions. A still larger and more important enterprise was the organization of a permanent orchestra; money had been liberally subscribed for this, with the understanding that Seidl was to be its director, and the society is now sadly searching the world for a worthy successor.

PURE WHISKY

costs you than the adulterated kind if you buy it direct from the distiller and save the half-way profits. There is only one whisky bottled at the distillery under government inspection, 100 proof, seven years old, that is sold to consumers direct, without the intervention of wholesalers, jobbers, agents or retailers. That's the *Rayner Pure Rye Whisky*, made by the Rayner Distilling Co., 309-325 West Fifth St., Dayton, O. They are thoroughly responsible, have been in business over 30 years, and refer to every bank and business house in Dayton as to their financial ability and the quality of their goods. Four full quarts, that would cost \$5 if bought in the usual way, will be sent you, express paid, in plain box, for \$3.50, if you live east of Denver, there being a slight advance in transportation charges on a package sent west of that point. No other pure whisky is sold so cheap.



OUR FASHION LETTER

MY DEAR MAY:

With our country in such an unsettled state it seems almost unnatural to think of such trifles as changes in or additions to the world of Fashion; and yet, war or no war, we must be clothed, and, whenever possible, we choose a style which shows that even in the matter of dress our thoughts are with the brave defenders of our land. The sailor hat is here again in all its glory. The sailor blouse, which is one of the newest things in waists, is made with pointed revers and finished with a broad sailor collar extending quite across the shoulders; the fronts are caught together with links, genuine naval brass buttons being used when procurable, or torpedo-shaped links set with stones matching the color of the material.

A navy blue blouse, with the facings of the revers and sailor collar in white silk finely tucked and linked with brass buttons, is quite up to date. Another blouse of light-blue taffeta, made in the same style, has the revers and collar of Russian green covered with thick biscuit-colored lace and the links set with turquoise. The sailor blouse and other more elaborate waists are all fashioned to be worn with chemisettes of mull, lawn, or soft silk; richly jeweled belts of velvet or filigree, oxidized silver, gold, or pure silver are worn with these dressy waists, but the correct belt for wearing with cotton shirtwaists is of leather, either carved plain or ornamented with nailheads, fancy stars, cubes, or diamond shapes, which has a buckle decorated with swords and guns. Gun-metal, which has been used chiefly for cigarette-cases and match-boxes, is now being employed in the manufacture of photo-frames, inkstands, penholders, and all articles necessary for the writing-table; the dull brightness of this metal gives it a refined appearance, and, as it is rather expensive, let us hope that it will not become so common as silver, which has almost lost its charm.

The "hard front" shirtwaist has again made its appearance, and though a little less masculine than it was some seasons back, because of the folds which are laid flat on the outer edge, it is still very mannish and will find favor only in the eyes of those who think being a woman is not good enough and their only happiness is in trying to ape the man. These hard fronts never look womanly, and in the summer they must be remarkably uncomfortable. We should be more than surprised to see our men friends on the street without coats or waistcoats, and yet women who will wear these stiff, hard-fronted shirtwaists will look just as odd and out of place.

The duck and pique skirts to be worn with waists of the same material are made fitting closely to the knees, where they flare and become about four and a half yards in width. They are finished with a broad plain hem, or the flare is trimmed with many rows of cotton braid, or bands of embroidered insertion. Trimmed skirts have found their way to the front and are now decidedly the favorites, though chiefly in thin materials, where ruffles, frills, flounces in lace, baby ribbon, organille, mull, or lawn crowd one on top of the other. The Spanish flounce,

Pears'

"Beauty is but skin-deep" was probably meant to disparage beauty. Instead it tells how easy that beauty is to attain.

"There is no beauty like the beauty of health" was also meant to disparage. Instead it encourages beauty.

Pears' Soap is the means of health to the skin, and so to both these sorts of beauty.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.



full and circular, is much used, trimmed in lattice style, though with such a name we hope it will soon die a natural death. The Paquin flounce, which curves high at the sides and low in front, is more suitable to most figures, as it is not so inclined to dwarf one. These flounces, which start from the knee, are so cut that there is no fullness where they join the skirt. The "Princess" dress, which clings to the figure, is a most graceful style for those who can adopt it, but the princess woman must have a willowy form; these dresses are necessarily made with a demi-train (and most suitable for house gowns) and in soft materials, one color only being used and the whole style as simple as possible.

Demi-trains are here after all, and, in spite of the outcry against these unhealthy dust and germ raisers, they will be worn; we can hardly expect the shopkeepers to study health at the risk of loss to their pockets, but if women would be guided by their own common sense, instead of being led by the dictates of Dame Fashion, they would abstain from wearing anything detrimental to their own health as well as that of others, and soon there would be no sale for such abominations as demi-train skirts for outdoor wear.

The new "cut-away" tailor suit at Wanamaker's, in cloth, in blue-green and gray, has a Paquin skirt

with the lining of grayly striped taffeta, made separate but fitted into the same waist-belt, and as carefully finished as the skirt itself, which has a dust frill of the silk. The coat is tight-fitting in the back and reaches just to the hips; the cut-away fronts fasten with one button at the bust. These costumes cost thirty dollars. There are also coats and skirts of serge, cheviot, canvas cloth, and mixtures in all the useful colors to be had from ten dollars upward.

All light, transparent, lacy materials will be used for summer gowns made up over silk. Charming organdies in the most delicate self-colors or figured with innumerable tiny ruffles, frills, bands of black baby velvet ribbon, rows of narrow lace making lattice trimmings for the yoke and flare, can be bought for as little as twenty dollars and up to almost any price. A delightful morning frock, which would look well in any of the fashionable wash materials, has a new skirt which is made with a yoke having a flounce almost the entire length of the skirt, shirred on at about eight inches below the waistline but carried up into the gathers at the back, and measuring five yards at the hem; the bodice is a sailor blouse made with a wide sailor collar, the points running quite into the belt and edged all round with white embroidery. The sleeves are medium-sized leg-o'-muttons, and finished at the wrist with a turned-back cuff of the embroidery. A tucked chemisette of mull is worn with this gown, which is most effective and stylish, and could be easily made by the deft-fingered home dressmaker.

Net and lace gowns come almost completely made, requiring only the back seam to be stitched. They are mostly in black and white, and are made up over satin. A black net has a full skirt with ruffles in Paquin form; the bodice, accordion-plaited, is pouched in front and finished at the neck and waist with turquoise velvet in folds; the sleeves are long and have quite a large velvet bow at the wrist. Sleeves having been robbed of the trimming at the top are now having cuffs turned back or pointed at the wrist, rows of trimming, bands of color in contrast to the groundwork of the gown, or bows, the loops in many instances standing out much beyond the lines of the sleeve.

Glittering, brilliant, sparkling effects for evening gowns are more in vogue than ever; lace draperies on skirts and bodices are literally dancing with jewels. The sleeveless bodice, which is a network of passementerie, lace, fancy braid, and cord, is a loose blouse reaching only to the yoke-line, and is finished with shoulder-straps. In delicate shades it forms the chief adornment for dinner and ball gowns. These jeweled slips are really works of art made in the most beautiful designs, interlaced with threads of gold and silver, jewels and spangles, but the slips of black passementerie, brightened with jet beads, sequins, and cut-steel ornaments, are wonderfully effective, worn over a chiffon bodice with long transparent sleeves and yoke fitted into a wide collar-band of jet insertion.

Very pretty capes for wearing with the dainty gowns are made



of white moire, reaching just to the elbow; they have full frills of chiffon at the lower edge and wavy bands of cloth barely half an inch wide as trimming; the collar is a full ruffle of chiffon. Many of these spring capes, which are delightful confections of delicate lace and ruffles of chiffon, are suitable only for carriage wear; the less gorgeous models are very pretty and can be bought for fifteen dollars.

The newest thing in millinery is the large old-fashioned Leghorn hat, which always bears the "good style" stamp. It is trimmed with the new full bows, of white silk and large sprays of white lilac, the brim being bent in graceful curves and caught up at the back with a large bunch of the flowers. This is an ideal Easter hat, the charming simplicity being its greatest attraction.

In listening to the numerous comments on Easter fashions one feels how little thought many women give to anything outside the world of hats. "The Lord is risen," "He is risen indeed." The old greeting and acknowledgment for Easter day have quite died out and with it the significance of the day. How many of those, who for weeks have given the greatest thought to the gown and hat to be worn on Easter day, have for a moment remembered what the festival means? When we meet to do honor to the friends whose birthdays we celebrate, we offer presents and tender greetings, wearing our most charming attire out of love for them. But when we go to the house of our dearest Friend, Master, and Lord why do we wear our best clothes? Not in many cases because we realize that nothing is too good or good enough to wear in honor of Him to whom we owe all, but to look well in the eyes of acquaintances and lovers, and, I fear, often in the eyes of an enemy whose envy we court. We most of us forget that spring joys—the budding of the trees which have looked so lonely and miserable in their nakedness all through the winter, the bursting into bloom of exquisite lilies and other flowers, the fresh green grass springing up all around, and the glorious rays of the bright sun—are all in honor of that second birthday, if so we can call the Ascension of our Lord. At Christmas we one and all make new resolutions which we determine to carry out through the new year, yet when a quarter of it has gone we realize how little we have done, and ought to grasp Easter

day as a reminder and second chance, as it were, given to help us to become more worthy of the eternal happiness to which we become heirs by the agony suffered and borne by Him for us. Instead of De Voe's prophecy of the "warmest and therefore brightest Easter on record" being published by one of our papers as a "hopeful prophecy for the Easter hat," let us thank the weather prophet who foretells that we shall have weather worthy of the day we all rejoice to celebrate. There are hundreds of women who soar far above the petty delight taken in millinery, gowns, furbelows, and fal-lals, and it's a deplorable thing that so many appeal to the poorer senses of those other members of the gentler sex. By all means let us adorn ourselves with the freshest, most spotless clothing for church on Easter day, but in doing so remember that we go to greet Him to whom we owe more than we can ever repay, and forget all other contemptible feelings for dress and fashion. Yours always,

MARJORIE.

60c. GOLD SHIRT SET, 15c.

Our 1898 Introduction Offer. A complete shirt set for either lady or gentleman, all of best quality, with gold buttons, and a pair of socks, for only 15c. per set. The shirt is made of the finest quality of white cotton, and is guaranteed to last for years. The socks are made of the finest quality of white cotton, and are guaranteed to last for years. The set is made up in a most attractive and useful manner, and is guaranteed to be the best value for the money.



We want you quick

\$200 in 20 days made by our Vapo-Bath. Our Vapo-Bath is a most effective and useful preparation, and is guaranteed to be the best value for the money. It is made up in a most attractive and useful manner, and is guaranteed to be the best value for the money.

Colorado:

ABOUT THE CLIMATE

A little 20-page pamphlet which we will cheerfully mail you, free, if you drop us a note or a postal card. We are particularly anxious to put it in the hands of physicians and invalids, but others are welcome to a copy. Please address,

B. L. WINCHELL,
210 Chessman Block,
Denver, Col.

Ask any disinterested mechanical expert and he will tell you

Columbia

Bicycles
ARE THE BEST.

They are absolutely uniform in quality and finish. You have the added satisfaction of knowing no one can buy a Columbia cheaper than you. We sell for one price only—the advertised price.

Columbia ^{Best} Chainless, \$125
Columbia Chain Wheels, - 75
Hartfords, - - - - 50
Vedettes, - - - \$40 and 35

POPE MFG. CO.,
HARTFORD, CONN.

Catalogue free from any Columbia dealer, or by mail for one 4-cent stamp.

